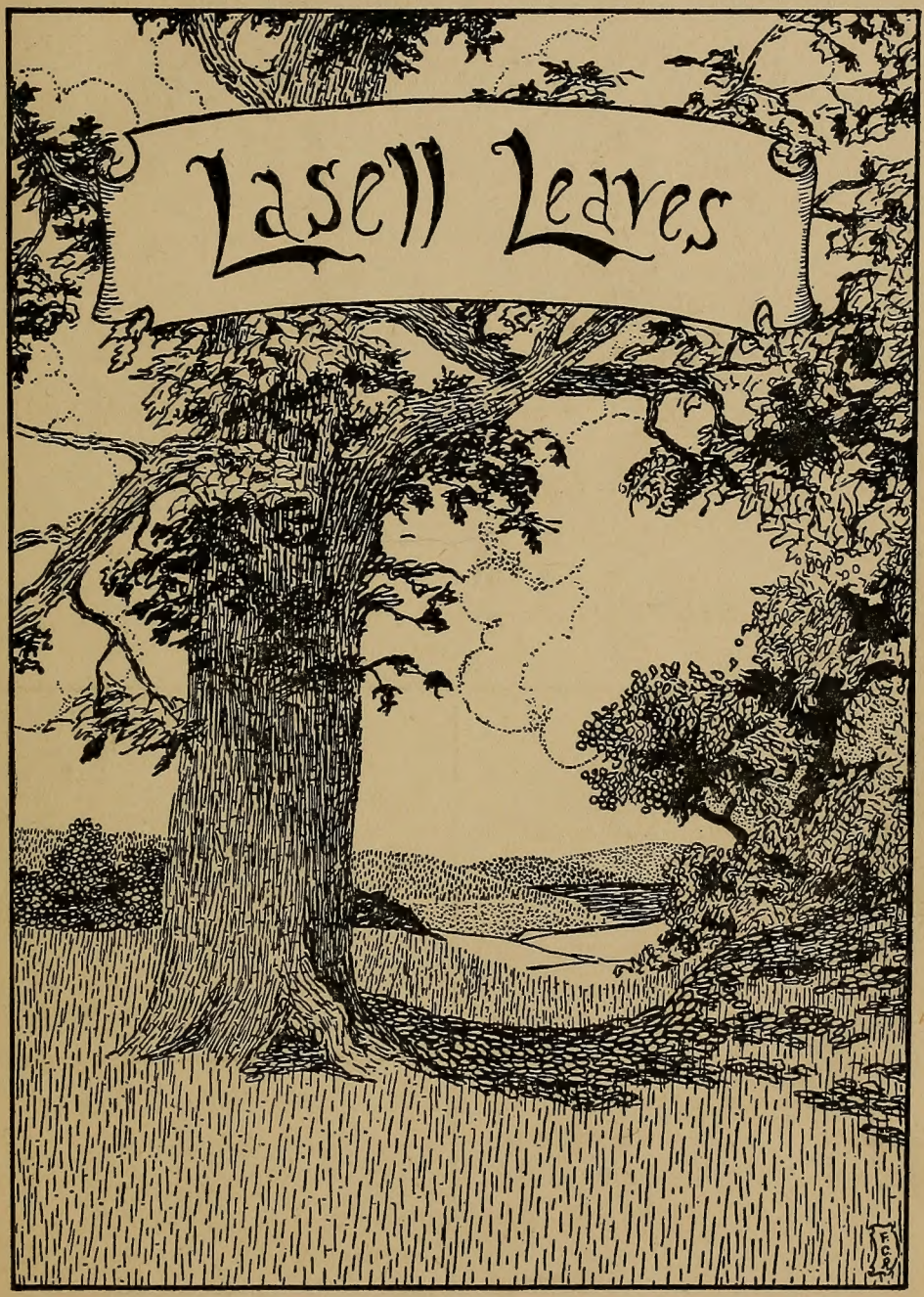
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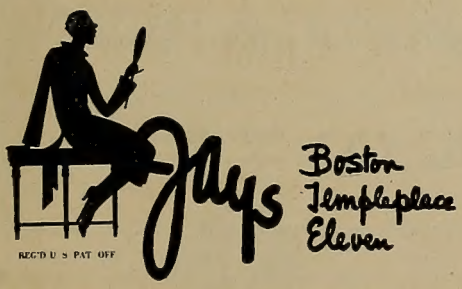
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LITERARY

THE JACK-O-LANTERN WITCH

The grim iron doors of the prison clanged as the turnkey shut and fastened them.

"Did you hear that sound of the locking of doors, Jonathan? It means that we caught and imprisoned another witch," said Desire as she touched the sleeve of the little boy whom she was walking home with.

The boy, a quaint little figure in his long trousers, short jacket and ruffled shirt looked, wide-eyed, at the little girl. Quite as strangely dressed a child as Jonathan, was small Desire, the only daughter of Elder Baxter who was high in authority in Salem in those far-away days.

Jonathan set down the basket of food he was carrying for Desire and touched the iron paling that shut in the prison.

"Do you know who the witch is, Desire?" he asked, his voice low with awe.

"Not I," the little maid answered, "but they do say that she has been brewing her spells for six months' time before the elders caught her. I heard mother and father talking about it only this morning. They said that before the day was over that the witch who was the cause of all our recent troubles would be caught and safely imprisoned."

"What troubles?" Jonathan asked.

"Have you not heard?" Desire lowered her voice, "Mercy Talcott's teakettle boiled over and nearly scalded Mercy's mother. On the way for some ointment at the doctor's to put on her mother's hand, Mercy saw the witch herself fiying over the top of the trees and Gallows," and Desire's voice was a whisper now, "She was riding on a broom stick."

"How did Mercy know she was a witch?" asked the more practical Jonathan.

Desire tossed her head, "It was towards evening and Mercy says that she saw a lone, dark form in the trees and she heard the dark leaves rustle."

"Crows!" muttered Jonathan.

"For shame, Jonathan," said Desire.

A little farther along they passed a great white meeting house with white pillars which stood at either side of the door way.

"The witch will be tried here in the morning," Jonathan said, and the children walked a little faster toward a pleasanter stopping place, Governor Endicott's big white house, set in the midst of his quaint and pretty English garden.

"Was not the Governor kind to give us the pumpkin?" said Jonathan.

"And wasn't Granny kind to show us how to make it into so strange a hobgoblin of a creature as is our Jack?" added Desire. "She said that almost no other Granny could remember the time in England when they used to carve a pumpkin into a face. She told me to keep it a secret until All Hallow E'en and then take the pumpkin with a tallow drip shining inside of him, lighting his funny face, down through the street to show the other children.

"I lighted it last night," Jonathan confessed. "I went to Granny's house with a cheese ball that was a gift from my mother."

"How did the pumpkin look?" asked Desire eagerly.

"Fearsome!" laughed Jonathan as he remembered the spectacle.

"Here we are at Granny's; let's go in a

moment," said Desire as the two approached a small white cottage at the end of a tiny lane.

Having no kin of her own, Granny Hewitt loved boys and girls who passed the cottage every day on their way to and from school. She made them molasses candy. She put balm on their scratches, and covered their primers with pieces of bright calico. No wonder did Desire and Jonathan want to stop a moment at Granny Hewitt's house.

Desire lifted the big brass knocker on the door, letting it drop with a thud.

There was no sound inside.

"She has gone to market," Jonathan said.

"Well, goodbye, Jonathan," Desire said, taking the basket from the small boy's hand. "I probably shall not see you tomorrow. It may be father will let me sit in our pew in the meeting-house during the witch's trial."

Jonathan's eyes almost popped out of his head in surprise, "Could I go too?" he asked breathlessly with excitement.

"I'll see if I can get you in," Desire promised as the two friends parted.

The morning of the trial dawned bright and peaceful as the fall sun lighting field and dingy streets and roofs could make it.

Inside the meeting house every pew was filled. Desire sat prim and quiet beside her mother. On the other side sat Jonathan whose urgent request to come had been granted.

Jonathan nudged Desire's elbow. "Where is she?" he asked.

"Ssh," the little girl put a warning finger to her lips. "They'll bring her out in a minute."

Suddenly Elder Baxter rose and began to speak.

"We are met together to pass judgment on a woman of Salem town who has by her magic cast spells over a child and thrown into dire sickness our friend Elder Talcott. A child of twelve saw her do this. Mary Talcott will please come to the platform. Bring in the witch."

Two jailers guarded her, one on each side. She was shaking from head to foot in her fright. Her head was bent low but not low enough so that Desire and Jonathan could not see her face.

"Why it's Granny Hewitt!" they both cried in a sobbing breath.

Desire pulled Jonathan from his seat. They both went up to the pulpit and stood facing the governor.

"Your Excellency, I beg your mercy for our dear Granny. She is not a witch but a kind friend to us all. If your Excellency remembers you gave us a pumpkin and we took it to Granny Hewitt and she helped us make it into a Jack whose tallow drip lighted Granny's window. Oh, speak, Jonathan and attest to the truth of what I am saying!"

Going to Mercy's side, he said, "It was crows you saw on Gallows Hill. You never saw Granny riding on a broom stick. Say so."

"I never saw Granny riding on a broom stick. She isn't a witch." Mercy declared.

The meeting was over and Granny Hewitt was pronounced "Not Guilty."

"Hurrah for the Jack-O-Lantern Witch," some one said, and the crowd shouted their happiness and relief, for you see every one loved Granny Hewitt. *Jean Starkey, '29*

IF WE BUT KNEW

There once lived, not far from the river Indus, an old Persian by the name of Ali-Hafed. Now Ali-Hafed was a rich and contented man. He was contented because he was rich and rich because he was contented. He had broad fields of grain, blooded horses, and everything he could wish for.

One day there visited that old farmer a priest, one of the wise men of the East, and as they sat by the fire and talked that evening, the priest told Ali-Hafed how this old world of ours was formed, He said that once it was a mere bank of fog, and that the Almighty began to slowly stir it around, increasing the speed, until at last he whirled the bank of fog into a ball of fire. Then it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, condensing the moisture until it fell as rain on the earth's surface and cooled the

outward crust, and then the internal fires burst outward forming the mountains, the hills and valleys. And if this moulten mass cooled very quickly it formed marble, less quickly iron; and after iron, gold and silver. And after that the sun shone down on the earth and formed diamonds. It is scientifically true that diamonds are deposits of carbon from the sun.

And the old priest told Ali-Hafed that if he had one diamond he could purchase all the land for miles around, and if he had a great many diamonds he could, because of his great wealth, place his sons on the thrones of Asia and Europe. So after Ali-Hafed had heard all about diamonds and how much they were worth, he went to bed a poor man—poor because he was no longer contented with what he had.

So he determined to go out and search for diamonds so that he might become powerful—and the next morning he sold his lands, stock and all that he had, then leaving his family in the care of a neighbor he started out to search for diamonds. He followed the river down to the sea, and after several years we find him in Europe, all his money gone, half-starved and wretched. And as he stood on the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, he could not resist the temptation to jump in the rushing water and it closed above his head forever.

In the meantime, the man to whom he had sold his land, while out watering his camel at the spring, noticed a bright shiny pebble reflecting all the hues of the rainbow; he picked it up and took it into the house and gave it to one of his children to play with. Several weeks later, the priest came and noticed the child playing with the stone, and when he examined it, he found it to be a diamond.

The priest and the farmer went out to the spring and stirred the sand with their fingers and found gems larger and more beautiful than the first. Thus was discovered the most valuable diamond mine in the world—the Golconda, from whence came many of the crown jewels of Europe. "Happiness lies at our feet," he said.

Dorothy Herring, '30

HOW SHALL WE ELECT OUR PRESIDENT?

Since this is the period in which the public interest is centered chiefly around the presidential election, various questions concerning it are bound to arise. A question which occurs very frequently is that of direct election of the President. Although an amendment on this question has never been offered to the people, many have been proposed in Congress.

State corruption is the weapon most often hurled by both sides when debating the matter. This is certainly the stronger weapon when used by the devotees of direct election. Temptation for corruption is far greater where six hundred votes bring in thirty-nine electoral votes than where they are counted as a small portion of thirteen million. When discussing states, however, we must always remember that point which, like the poor, we have always with us—state equality. In direct election, small states would be sacrificed in the interests of larger ones. Again, we should always be in danger of having a President representing a small section of the country. For instance, the solid South might continue to elect its candidate because the rest of the United States might scatter its votes.

In either election by majority or plurality we run the risk of violating the spirit of the Constitution. The President would be elected as a representative, not of the people of the various individual states, but of the people of the United States. In losing the identity of the states, we should be directly violating the spirit of the Constitution which has provided in all its parts for "the indestructible union of indestructible states."

The Constitution never provided for party conventions. Its framers gave no thought to electors acting as mere dummys in voting for party nominees. Parties have become advertising instruments. They perform the function of concentrating public opinion and acquainting the voters with the candidates and issues. It is the business of the parties, primarily to frame the campaign issues and, secondarily to

nominate the candidate. Obviously the order in which the party duties are performed is reversed. A candidate nominated after the party platform is framed must be more or less of a figurehead.

Through the entire history of our presidential elections, we can trace the unfairness and corruption of block vote for "electors." Over six elections have been switched because of this. The temptation to pour money and promises into a few doubtful states is both obvious and inevitable. Not only do the money and promises pour into the doubtful states, but choice for candidates for both the presidency and vice-presidency is closely restricted to them. This is a party evil. Issues have been decided for the good of the party, therefore a "sure fire" candidate must be chosen. Thirty "sure fire" candidates have been drawn from New York, Indiana and Ohio and only fourteen from the rest of the country since the year 1880.

We, as Americans, are independent. That is the popular idea which we hope is true. The average voter, however, believes that the democracy and independence which was once established is no more. We future voters have the opportunity in our hands to become intelligent ones. Undoubtedly, as intelligent voters, we shall at sometime decide this question. Shall we too return from the polls feeling that voting is a farce and an ineffectual waste of time?

Mildred Sullivan, '30.

COPPER, BRONZE AND AMBER

The yellow-gold of elm leaves
  Well-burnished by the sun
Stand out against the turquoise sky.
  And maple leaves of ruby red
Are framed against the pine
  Whose sombre emerald needles never dies.
Copper, bronze and topaz leaves
  Of oak and poplar tree
Lie curled in amber piles upon the ground;
  While wreaths of lazy amethyst
From piles of burning leaves
  Send spicy smells of Autumn all around.

Teddy Pratt '29.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

Sociologists tell us that Hendrik Van Loon, in one of his cartoons, pictured two old men on Mars looking down upon the hurrying mass of automobiles on Earth.

"What are all those people on Earth doing?" asked one of the men.

"Going," was the quiet reply of the other.

"Going where?" questioned the first old man.

"Nowhere,—just going!" was the answer.

The cartoon was used as an illustration of a social problem, but it aptly suits what our own sentiments should be. Where are we going? In an age of completely reorganized social institutions, where jazz has become not only the blare of an orchestra in a badly ventilated dance-hall, but the tempo of our own inane lives in a bleary world—where are we going? To the complete abandonment of intellectual attainment, to the annihilation of the intensely worthwhile, and accordingly to the gilded frailty of crass materialism?

Materialists—we, more than any people in the world are branded with that term today. Lovers of money and the things that money can buy, things that we can touch with our filthy, careless hands—clothing and houses and automobiles, sparkling stones and expensive summer places, then later a tragic discontent. Americans are buying these things with a smack of the lips, which portrays their satisfaction at the completion of a good purchase. But are they worth buying?

In the face of this materialism, which even the most optimistic cannot deny has entered our lives today, what is to save us from the fate of those other famous materialists—the Romans? Or am I going too far in likening these successful Americans to the cold, brutal peoples of a civilization, long since doomed to destruction?

At any rate, there is only one path which one can choose in attempting to get away from the enforced materialism of one's life. And it is the path of *mental beauty,* the beauty of supreme intelligence. The apparent beauty of those things which money can buy, those things

so pathetically dear to American hearts, can be only a temporary beauty, which like a flower blooms brightly and fades away. The mere seeing of the flower with our eyes cannot preserve the richness of its colour nor can the smelling of it with our nostrils retain indefinitely its fragrance. Its real beauty remains only in the mental image given to our plastic minds. If we had no memory, we should forget it had bloomed before its petals had fallen away.

Not the mere acceptance of the glories of an advanced world but appreciation and the ability to appreciate are the ideals toward which intellectual beauty is striving. Appreciation of all that is and has been worth while--the drama, the novels, the poetry--all great literary achievements, the everlasting mysteries of science, the depths of rich music, the tremendous stimulus of ever-changing philosophy, the feeling of law and order in a physical and spiritual world. Not only this, but to distinguish between the excellent dramatic effect in one play and the lack of it in another, to mark the differences between a strong novel and a weak one—and the corresponding divergences in characterization, to tell great music in poetry from mere rhyme—a conscious artist from a spontaneous producer, to weigh the experiments of new science—tempering our decisions with the knowledge of the old, to find a little good in the worst of jazz and a bit of a wrong in a perfect symphony, to know Nietzsche, Santayana and James, but to appreciate Schopenhauer and Kant and even Plato none the less. To temper whatever we do with a past experience which was similar, and weigh whatever we think with others opinions besides our own. That is real wisdom, real appreciation; that is intellectual beauty.

When we have attained that, we shall find in each blooming flower the memory of another that has faded, and in each fading flower—the promise of one yet to be. When we have cultivated our abilities to appreciate, when we have "won success, however arduously, to comradeship with those artists, poets and philosophers whom only the mature mind can comprehend," as Will Durant so aptly expresses it, then we shall have solved the problem of materialism. For materialism does not thrive in the appreciation of great art, poetry and philosophy—that appreciation is something which our money cannot buy, however shiny our gold or high our social position.

Plato said over twenty-three hundred years ago that we should seek beauty of form in our youth. Yet like that admirer who, many years later, was to translate his Dialogues and find in them many of his own ideals, Plato unknowingly embraces intellectual beauty.

It is the only beauty in the world which can truly survive. An exquisite painting burns in ruthless flames, a glorious sunset fades away in the darkness of the night, a work of genius meets the unfriendly eyes of the critics and disappears, a pretty face loses its attraction with the passing of the years—but the beauty of mind, there we have a beauty which no flames can annihilate, which no darkness can erase, which no criticism can smother, which is immune to the passing years. A beauty which even death cannot destroy for the fruits of that mind live on in the minds of those people with whom it had contacts, and its remembrance endures forever.

When we are young, we are too apt to value the finite over the infinite, the present issue over the one which is bound to come. We embrace the things which give us physical comfort and present pleasure, forgetting that nothing mentally lasting ever came of any experience except an intellectual one. It is so tragic that we cannot find anything guiding in the lives of other people, that we must always, always experience things ourselves.

If we could only start our life by looking at every phase of it with intelligent eyes, and saying vigorously, "I shall do this and learn that, I shall experience this and forget that, I shall live thus and so because it has been proven best, I shall contribute this to humanity because it appears to be most last-

ing. It might make our lives duller, but it would make them safe."

Then we would all choose intellectual development for there is nothing more crushing to youth than the sudden knowledge that after all when it dies, it will die only to be forgotten. The comment may be given that the desire to be immortal is born of narrow motives and selfish desires. It really is quite the opposite; our desire to be immortal is only the desire to be good enough to be immortal. There is a distinction.

Wordsworth speaks of the "faith that looks through death, in years that bring the philosophic mind"; Shelley sees the day becoming "more solemn and serene when noon is past." These are days when the senses have long since ceased to satisfy, when time has robbed us of all things beautiful except our minds. How tragic it would be to find nothing in them except a fragmentary jumble of lost impressions. Then would loneliness be many times loneliness, and we would turn our tragic eyes back onto the intellectual companionship we might have known.

Just as intellectual beauty can take us from materialism to deep appreciation, from a brief futile life to one endowed with the attributes of immortality, so it can guarantee us an intellectual companionship in our autumnal years which shall be the most certain gift of all. Surely we, like the ethereal Shelley, should make our invocation to the spirit of intellectual beauty—

"Then let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee . . ."

Elizabeth Gilbert Forsyth, '29.



TONG WAR

It was a cold damp November night in New York's Chinatown. A young Chinaman rushed madly down the side of a dreary and dark warehouse. He circled out as he reached the street, at once taking on the air of a nonchalant stroller. Behind him there was confusion. A mob of other Chinese was coming after him, and yet he strolled leisurely.

"Hip Song! Hip Song!" The cry went up from the hundred odd throats in the crowd. "Hip Song! Hip Song!" What was there in these two meaningless words that electrified the step of the stroller? He quickened his pace and running to a cab at the curb, climbed in rapidly. He leaned forward to give his directions to the cabby.

"Flower Hospital," he commanded in a gruff voice, and sank back as if quite exhausted with his run through the crowd. A scarcely noticeable lurch caught the driver's attention as he started his engine and drove through the oncoming crowd with never a thought for his young passenger. Mobs are common enough in Chinatown, just as common as cabfares are scarce. Why stop when you have a long ride in your cab?

All the way uptown to the hospital the cabby wondered why the young man had never moved a muscle or said any word in that curiously gruff voice. It was curious that such a young man should have a hoarse and old-sounding voice. As they went in the circular drive of the hospital, the driver looked at his meter, a goodly amount. Well, it was lucky he had gotten this ride, luck had been pretty poor that day.

Stopping in front of the doorway he reached back and unlatching the door sat a moment or two waiting for the young man to alight. Hearing and seeing no movement, he turned and over his shoulder he asked, "Whyn' the devil don'tcha get out? This is Flower, y'know."

No answer was forthcoming so he turned angrily about and with all the force of a longshoreman's inimitable vocabulary, proceeded to berate the silent and still figure in the rear

seat. As the light from the entrance shrank into the recesses of the cab, his anger evaporated. The youth was huddled into one corner. His expression was one of uttermost horror, a hideous fright was in his eyes, and his mouth had dropped open. His face would have been almost ludicrous had it not been so terribly stricken.

"Hey! You—you—come out of it! My gawd, he's dead."

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

TRAINS

"But there's not a train I wouldn't take, no matter where it's going." And isn't this quotation of Edna Saint Vincent Millay's true? There is an irresistible lure to these powerful, black monsters. An appeal which is hard to withstand. Why is a train so fascinating? Because it is a link between you and home perhaps, but have you thought of the adventures trains must have? They have been to distant places, then they stop for a while in some station seemingly tamed and quiet but suddenly a bell rings, and, like some dauntless explorers, they are off again to the ends of the earth, while we are left dreaming of the distant cities they will visit. What tales a train could tell of the beauty of snow-capped mountains and the glories of wind-swept plains. Alas! it cannot speak but must hold forever within its iron sides the memories of the things it has seen. Of course not all trains travel to distant places. There are many funny important little trains which bustle back and forth from surburban stations to the city, carrying an army of people daily. And then there are the slow, mysterious freight trains that pass at night with a dull rumble. They're bringing giant Redwood from California and cotton from the South, lumber from Maine and cattle from the West. But whatever kind of train they are they're doing their bit to link the scattered districts of the country into one unified whole.

What a strange place this America of ours must have been in the days before the train was used. In those days when Indians roamed the plains and the fastest means of communication was the Pony Express. The contrast between our Twentieth Century Limited and the Pony Express shows us how fast civilization and invention advance.

Do you ever stop to realize the drama of a train speeding away with its load of humanity? Several hundred souls of widely diverse natures, all traveling together in one vast moving house. Immigrants, hooded and shawled, seeking farms in the West; students going home for vacations with their gay laughter and bright clothes; suave, pompous business men who are always traveling; pampered, elderly dowagers with their dogs and companions. All are bound together. All put their trust in the thing of iron and steel which is hurtling them to their destinations.

The sinews which hold our nation together are the thousands of miles of shining steel tracks, and the emblem of this Age of Machinery is the huge, impressive Twentieth Century Limited, tearing across the country at its highest rate of speed.

Frances Mann, '29.

MY PEARL

With feverish fingers I clutch my pearl.
With burning eyes I peer into its soul.
I close my aching lids and hear
The heavy pound of heart beats.
Oh, my pearl when first I found you,
So perfect-pure a glistening, lonely, thing
Half-hidden in the sand.
With mad wonderment, I snatched you up,
Held you to my heart and loved you.
Into the light I thrust you
Worshipped and adored you
And felt you were divine.

Trembling, I see the flaw that steals across
Your shimmering face.
If I were only wrong and could erase it,
Or were it but a passing shadow could rejoice.
But oh, my pearl, it is a yellow streak!

F. Fitch '29.

INTERIOR

James relit his pipe and settled, man-fashion, complacently lower down into the puffy Morris chair with a gesture suggestive of complete comfort. Mrs. James Blair inquired solicitously as to his most recent business trip, knowing something was making him a bit bearish and veritably grumbling.

"Honestly Ann, you can't imagine how glad I am to be back. I had the rottenest time of it. Typical train trip; I was bored every minute. Nothing interesting. Most common place crowd."

"Didn't you talk to a soul?"

"Oh yes. Talked to the people who sat with me at dinner. One couple no doubt honeymooning far west, rather wealthy looking. And once I sat next to a little girl who didn't look old enough to be alone. Shy, little scarey thing. Nothing unusual at all.

"Met a rather boorish man in the smoker whom I imagine was an agent or traveling salesman. That's all I remember of."

"You surely must have longed for home then. It doesn't sound inviting."

"Don't worry, it wasn't. And the damned porter was very annoying. Never around when I wanted him, and when he picked up my bags he acted queerly and didn't even look where he was going. Almost knocked me over, the fool. I really think such things should be reported—there was no denying he'd had a bit too much. Lord, I'm glad to be home!"

* * * *

It was about nine and the scream of the "Century" ploughing headlong into the darkest night was heard for blocks. It caused a laugh from the couple in the diner.

"Doesn't that sound like the scream of an infuriated beast angered because it is always held in leash?" she asked.

"Yes, always wanting to get away. And if our train should break suddenly loose. . . ."

"Oooh! I'm enjoying life too much." This with a warm glance, a compliment in itself.

He responded eagerly, phrasing a pretty reply, seeming as he had been ever since they had met the day before at breakfast, to be at her very fingertips. They seemed to all the other comrades of the trip to be falling very romantically in love. The few who felt privileged enough to speak a bit familiarly of her talked in low whispers in the diner. "Yes, Hildegarde Connors. Is she well-known? Well, rather! Her father's been with Morgan so long I honestly think he could buy and sell 'the Street.' She has millions in her own name. Look at the jewelry she's sporting now!"

Yes, Hildegarde Connors, traveling "far west" to meet a maiden aunt was as well-known at Newport and New York as in the Sunday supplements. She was a treat to see, sleek, as properly coiffured and gowned for merely a train journey as for the races. Only one beautiful single strand of pearls against the flattering cream of her throat. Further accentuated by the blackest satin of her simple ensemble, they fascinated and held many wandering gazes throughout the car.

The man alone, however, seemed oblivious to all but the beauty of her face. Constantly together since they had been introduced by a mutual acquaintance the day before, evidently well-known to him, merely another name attached to a face she seemed to recognize, to her. At least, they had met in the proper way and she really believed that her years of social prestige had brought her finally to fall in love on a train with a man she really knew nothing of, except that they shared a mutual infatuation. When she returned, no doubt they would become engaged, for truly this was real.

So thus, dinner over, they dreamed and talked into the night on the platform of the observation car. Realizing it was time to say good-night she permitted his arm to lightly encircle her shoulders and a single quick kiss before the train snorted and wheezed into the station. They vanished into the train, she to her car, and he to his. She heard him speak to the porter in a low voice of "this being the station" or some words like that. She wondered, and a tiny question mark formed in her

mind. She quickly dismissed the momentary doubt, however, and entered her tiny drawing room.

The Century pulled out, and standing in the station, a man laughed softly, his hand deep in his coat pocket as though guarding something precious. He turned and vanished into the shadow.

Five minutes later Hildegarde Connors stood before her mirror. Something seemed to be gone, amiss, what was it? Suddenly she screamed, her hands flew to the creamy throat.

The pearls were gone————!

* * * *

The whistle of the train startling her from morbid reverie, only caused a chill in the veins of the little girl crouched in the corner of the dining car chair. No! On closer observation, no little girl but yet not a young woman. Surely she couldn't be over sixteen! A drab little mouse, she hid her staring betraying eyes from the other passengers. It seemed to her that the eyes of all were on her, that her life was an open red-typed book to the accusing travelers. She shrank from the man next to her and turned quickly to the window to hide the burning tears. Only three nights since she and Joe—oh God, forgive me—had been together—alone. Gee, but the sunset had been pretty from his cabin in the woods, always a marvel to her, though, unknown to all the world but she and Joe, she had seen it many many times from that spot. They had been happy there, meeting for stolen hours, loving completely, beautifully. Then, the whisper in the village, a mocking laugh in her ear—and she turned suddenly white. No, Joe never untrue, not her Joe, knowing their secret, planning a marriage to crown their happiness! The little suspicions grew and with torturing fingers drew her steps up the woodland path to the little cabin, his cabin. Then she saw the one light and crept to the window. The very heart of her turned to solid, beating ice, and as she moved to the door, she prayed for strength. With the shot, she screamed and tore madly through the underbrush to the town again, and knew that *he* had been the target and her life a ruined mistake. She ran, fast as she could, to her little house and past her father, all unsuspecting, feet on table, face hidden by the newspaper. The few poor clothes were hastily packed, and the tiny tin bank hastily cracked. Enough? Yes, but only for a railroad ticket. She could never stay now. They'd never be married, and all the town would know, would know, and point shaking fingers at her, and she'd maybe be found out about the murder—and oh, God—she did love him!

The ticket-agent looked quizzically at her but she kept the brave little front—a smile and steady voice, and when he asked "where to, Miss?" she might have said, "I don't know but what does it matter?" Instead she gave the name of a town that seemed countries away to her, in reality about three hundred miles, and entered the puffing Century—the first train out.

She sat in the diner, visualizing it all in the reflecting, sparkling window. She wondered how the picture would end and looked to the window to reflect her mental visions again. As she did, the train entered a tunnel and all was blotted from her sight. The window momentarily disappeared into oblivion, she crouched lower and prayed.

* * * *

Of all the faces in the gray and black interior of the club car, none was more commonplace, more ordinary than that of the heavy-jowled, stout and bald man who incessantly smoked stogies. No one would look at him twice, no one would guess twice at his occupation. Yet more alert than any of the minds in the car, Georges Chapman was awake to the slightest movement of every man passenger. Were his true identity made public, he would have been surrounded in the time it took for the occupants of the club car to reach him. As it was, he rushed westward because it was the farthest away from the hands which clutched after him. Georges Chapman, sought after by five countries, the reward offered for

him enough to buy and sell the men whom he had injured. He might have been called the lone wolf, but Georges, fully aware of the disadvantages of being labelled definitely, had eluded the authorities so many times that they were unable to discover if it was one or half dozen men who, daring the discovery so swift to follow one slip, had swindled men of every nationality of all they possessed. In New York, his latest retreat, he had made his biggest "haul," and once again was on his way, watchful, waiting for the talons of the law to catch up with him. His guise was clever, never did he attempt any disguise. He merely exploited to the fullest extent his natural characteristics. Inclined to obesity, bald and florid of countenance, he carefully nurtured his personality to conform. Self-confident, proud of the record his daring had made, he discussed politics and oil, weather and presidents with the chance train acquaintances. How was Georges Chapman to know that at the biggest city of the Middle West a dispatch of special police and a warrant which meant complete disclosure of all he had accomplished was waiting him? That in fewer days than it took him to accomplish one deception, his name, spoken on every tongue, would go down in criminal history as the greatest of all swindlers to be captured and convicted as he deserved?

Cool, fastidious, and unnoticed among the other men of the car who claimed greater importance Georges Chapman yawned and filed his finger-nails.

* * * *

The little negro settlement in an Alabama city did not boast of wealth or prosperity, but it contained the happiest, most contented families of the section. Somehow in their own little district, they all envied together in the utmost peace. And proudest of all of his little cabin and family was Lincoln Cheswell, who so rarely saw them. Porter on the best transcontinental limited, he saw them for a few short weeks of summer. But none was happier and the three little pickanninnies who shouted and laughed and sang for their proud father were the delight of his heart. No porter was more eager to talk of his outside life, none more cheerful or willing to lend himself or his meager funds to a comrade in distress. His radiant face was a well-known beacon to usual travelers across the continent. Then that day of February he was carolling joyfully of the happy Southland when a telegram was sent in to him. It was brief and only told him that Spencer, the baby, the youngest and dearest, lay dying of a fatal and catching disease. He couldn't get away—what could he do but hope against reason and pray? This he did throughout his regular day, but oh what a different face greeted the travelers on that day! How absent-minded, seemingly indifferent, irritated he was! And that blue jacket concealed a heart which the overflowing tears were slowly breaking. He hoped, and worked. And Link Cheswell, carrying his grief within himself, knew in his innermost soul that his hopes were futile, his dreams in vain. An empty, barren existence awaited him at the last far-off destination.

* * * *

James relit his pipe and settled lower into the puffy Morris chair with a gesture, suggestive of complete comfort.

"Yes, Ann," he said, "you can't imagine how glad I am to get back. I was bored every minute. Nothing interesting. Most commonplace crowd. One couple in the diner, no doubt honeymooning, rather wealthy looking, going West. And once I sat next to a little girl, who didn't look old enough to be alone. Shy, little scarey thing. Nothing unusual at all. Met a rather boorish man in the smoker whom I imagine was an agent or traveling salesman. And the damned porter was very annoying. Never around when I wanted him and when he picked up my bags he acted queerly, and didn't even look where he was going. Almost knocked me over, the fool! I really think such things should be reported. There's no denying he'd had a bit too much. Typical train trip! Lord, I'm glad to be home!"

June Pankhurst, '29.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. A NEW NOTE OF AFFAIRS

Whereas everyone was 'Vo-do-des-o-ing' the popular song hits last year, the latest form of vocal exercise is by the 'Ba-bah-da-da' method.

A good 'Ba-da-er' is also adept in shaking the head in time to the music.

Should one chance to see a Lasellite wagging her head furiously, and 'Ba-da-ing' some tune such as "Ready For The River," don't call the nurse. The afore-mentioned vocalist will come out of it all right, even though one feels like "getting the river ready" and sending her down to 'Ba-da-da' to the fish!

Jazzically speaking, to 'Ba-da-da' in perfect rhythm, that is, to know when to 'ba' and when to 'da,' is an art in itself.

While the music department does not offer a course in this type of singing, such a one would undoubtedly prove to be very popular among the student body.

Kay Forgey, '28.

2. EXCESS BAGGAGE

We who are seeking our education at a boarding-school are facing this very difficult problem, "Shall we return home with excess baggage? Shall we face our family and our friends with a superfluous amount of flesh?" This indeed is a very *weighty* problem for most of us are living on a crack-a-jack motto. "The more we eat, the more we want."

We have raised the flag of food and bravely we face our opponent "Sir Calory." Each day we gallantly attack luscious pastry, candy and ice-cream and each day brings our palate in contact with the members of Monsieur Starch's family, le pomme de terre et le pain blanc. Again the little calories have a jolly game of add a little more flesh here and there. Each little vitamine slips gently through our orifice and adds another little roll to our sylph-like figures.

We have noticed through careful observation that the girls who are accustomed to life in a girls' school are well over the habit of eating to keep from getting lonesome, and they exhibit some fine qualities of self-control. For instance, the new girl hastens into the school-store and with a little weak famished voice says, "Gimme a Hershey bar No, not the plain, with nuts, please. I'll take a can of those chocolate cookies, too," and then she ambles out of the store munching on the "highly colored" bit of sweet. The experienced old girl with her excellent will-power strolls into the store and says, "A package of life-savers and an apple, please" and then she saunters out.

After several months have elapsed, the new girls will join with the old girls and together they will strive to reach that stage in the game when they can wear what they please, eat what they please, and do what they please.

For the welfare of our school, we of the Lasell Leaves give this motherly advice to all our girls—Never eat in between meals! Run four miles before breakfast, avoid starchy foods and all sweets, and take gym. six days out of the week.

More power to you, girls!

J. C. '30.

3. I ASK YOU

Did 'ja ever get up at 7.15, run to the bathroom, half wash your hands and face, tear back to your room, put your clothes on hastily, grab some shoes, run down the hall pulling on your dress, skip down two stairs at a time, arrive on the first floor puffing and blowing, and then find out it was only twenty-five past seven? I ask you, did 'ja ever?

J. C., '30.



EDITORIALS

Every year the LEAVES lives another life as in fact every school or college publication does. Only the LEAVES changes more radically by virtue of the two year education. In colleges or strictly preparatory schools the controlling offices are more or less worked into by members who contribute from year to year and learn the management from the out going crew. Here we have almost entirely "fresh" material every year and consequently demand much from our recruits, much more than any average publication does. We take them raw and thrust upon them reponsibilities which perhaps they have never had the least chance of preparing for. Our writers are young and quite inexperienced but rather than a hinderance this ought to be an asset for we will have, "Pure and unsophisticated thought left untainted by the passing world!" "Though lacking in the maturer knowledge and judgment we will have the unrestraint and buoyancy of youth that maturity has long left behind and will never know again. We are not proud—we merely wish to defend ourselves from the attacks that may be hurled against us. And here in the very first issue of our journal on the morn of its new year we wish to acknowledge our faults and weaknesses and ask you to be benevolent. We plead strangeness, incapacity and youth, we promise earnestness, interest and never-dying hope!

In lieu we wish a certain leniency of judgment in our readers, a little sympathy for our new and stranger work and as one editor quoted, "We sometimes live on beefsteak but more often on lettuce salad!" Therefore, Oh Generous Readers, do not disdain our simple fare, we will try most earnestly to please you.

A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

Our supposedly great thinking American public is at present committing an indiscretion, the significance of which, I am certain, it does not realize. We have honored several of our citizens with nomination to the highest office of the land, the presidency of the United States. Having done so, and having been fully aware that these and only these have been the chosen representatives of one hundred and twenty millions. We are proceeding to allow our prejudice, our blind, purely personal bigotry to misguide our thoughts, side-track our reason, and poison our minds. Our newspapers, our magazines, even the air of the continent through the radio, are placing a valuation on prejudice which overrides patriotism. The great voice of the nation is speaking, and what is it saying? It is announcing to all the world, that having chosen, we cannot be big enough to silence the lashing tongue of religious intolerance before an issue over which it can hold *no* power.

Sane, clear-headed Americans all over the land have attempted to stem this rushing tide of hatred loosened by the incentive of propaganda. Foresight in any degree whatsoever, a cool contemplation of the respective factors and their relative importance (too extensive to be entered into here), will show the inevitable result of such narrowmindedness. We are blinding ourselves to the real issues, the ones which will matter when campaigns and electioneering are history.

In almost every possible way, the real thinkers have tried to appeal to the public. Irrespective of political creed or church affiliation, one must respect the presidency, and one

must not dishonor its high office with such pettiness. We have chosen—can we not abide by our own choice in so vital a matter? Will this one issue be of prime importance after election no matter who is victor? It will not!

We are thinking at this particular moment of the candidates of the two major parties and we would say: "Let Democrat and Republican cast aside the barriers of religious faith and its petty differences arising from such adherence, and proclaim the office for the man of ability. We do not care if his socks are blue or green, as long as he is good for the position—what should we care if he prefers a church with which our own views do not agree?" With the limitations placed on even the highest office in the land, religious conviction cannot affect the nation or its government.

This is not a Democratic appeal—it is purely patriotic. We must rise above our childish beliefs and face a situation we have created. Now let us be noble enough to live up to its demands!

"APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

Ours seems to be the beginning of a new era. In past days the human race accepted the actions of friends and fellow-beings as the natural trend of human nature. Today everyone is racing madly about talking about the psychological reason for "freak ideas" or crazy natures. There is probably a pyschological reason for every act that is committed, but our friends may have to scratch their heads many times in order to comprehend the actions of certain persons.

We might say: "Just what is the psychological reason for a red-haired person wearing heliotrope trimmed with orange? Possibly you have never seen such a combination but if you have I am sure that you too would rush to the library, and pore over books to find out why certain colors attract certain people.

But after all there is another side to psychology, a very practical one for all and one which we can practice in our dealings with one another here. We all love those who are courteous, friendly and kind to others. Friendliness has an instantaneous psychological effect, for we all love a friend. And is it really so different if we too "apply psychology" realizing that our friendliness will be returned?

Perhaps if in the remaining days of this year and from the first day of next year we would work together, we would save our friends the trouble of wondering just why we are what we are and everyone would discover that applied psychology has more truth than fiction in it. Lasell girls would then bring an important study out of the classroom into common everyday school life.

NOUVELLE

"Old friends are best—"
She seems to flaunt it in my face
As she passes me with a mere slanting glance
And leans on the arm of her old friend.
But who am I, indeed,
That I must kneel in jealousy
And remind her that her old friend once was new
Even as I?

Margaret A. Wethern '29.

Dear New Girls:

Everything great has a beginning. You are now beginning what will probably be the greatest year of your life. Not great, perhaps, in the sense of accomplishing deeds for which you will be made famous, but for building character and forming friendships which will be a help and a comfort to you for all your life.

You will find that Lasell has wealth in history and tradition. New history is being made all the time. It is set down, related from time to time and referred to when questions arise.

Traditions also are gradually being created, but we keep them right with us and respect them more than rules. The finest traditions, however, are the oldest ones, and they are handed down from class to class as treasured possessions.

The Class of '29 welcomes you, Juniors. You have every indication of being a fine class—a

class to whom, when our short year is over, we shall be happy to entrust the ideals which every Senior and true Lasell girl is proud to uphold.

Emily Crump, '29

Dear Girls:

It is hard to realize that another school year is now upon us. How delightful it is to know that this new year is solely ours, and that in it we can add newer and richer experiences to our lives.

School is back in its daily routine. Work has commenced again. The Missionary and Christian Endeavor Societies have been started, and the Student Council has also become an organization.

The week of October 8th each Senior house elected house presidents, and they automatically became representatives to the Student Council.

Jean Smith was elected from Clark, Barbara Wilson from Carpenter, Ruth Ford, from Gardener, Marjorie Billings, Myra Paige, and Muriel Hagerthy from Blaisdell, Hawthorne, and Bragdon respectively.

The representatives from Woodland are Jessie Taylor, and Martha Hoffman, while Bragdon's representatives are Helen Roberts, and Helen Jordan.

Girls, the Student Council belongs to you, and you are part of it. Each one of your groups is represented. It is the only medium between the faculty and the students. The Council is working for you, as well as for the school, we all love. You are free to submit your problems to your house representatives or to the President, and they will be considered with the utmost fairness.

Sincerely yours,

Jane E. Gray, '29

ATHLETICS



Athletics? Of course! Athletics are one of the most prominent topics of the day. The newspapers print it as one of the outstanding features, magazines are full of it, and it is a popular topic for novels.

This year we are trying to develop a successful athletic column in the "Leaves." We want to make athletics a permanent part of our school paper. We feel that heretofore, not enough praise has been given to athletics and those predominate in them. The only way in which these things are brought to our attention is the Athletics Bulletin Board. Is this sufficient? Indeed we feel that it is not.

Therefore, in the best possible manner that we know, we shall try to make this column something that we all enjoy and look forward to in each "Leaves" edition.

There has been no set schedule determined upon as yet because of the lack of interest. There is an opportunity for any girl who is interested in sports to come out and join the squads. Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon is open to anyone who cares to join in the sports.

Girls, we need you and your spirit.

K. E.



September 18: Bewildered and awed by the strangeness of the surroundings, the new girls arrived to begin one more year towards broadening their education.

September 19: Between shouts of laughter and screams of delight, Miss Potter's "little white doves" came "flying" with clipped wings, back once again to their old Alma Mater. The afternoon was spent in merry prattle from which we tore ourselves free and proceeded to the dining room where strains of popular tunes played by an orchestra greeted our eager ears. After dinner an informal dance was held in the gym thus ending a happy and adventurous day for all.

September 20: Today was our first chapel service and it certainly was wonderful to begin them once again for another year. Dr. Arthur Ellis, pastor of the Congregational Church of Newtonville, delivered a very impressive message on "Objectives of our School Year."

September 21: The Missionary Society and Christian Endeavor royally entertained us in the gym with "stunts," games and refreshments, after which we danced for the rest of the evening. We are indebted to them for a very pleasant evening.

September 22: Dr. Elmer Leslie of Boston University preached at our opening Vesper Service. The theme of his sermon was that we should have God in our daily lives throughout the school year.

September 28: Senior Class held meeting at Gardner and elected class officers with much success. Emily Crump — President, Julia Tiffany—Vice-president, Mary McConn—Secretary, Phyllis Beck—Treasurer, Isabelle Daggett—Song Leader, and Maude Williams —Cheer Leader.

The first Christian Endeavor meeting of the year was led by Jane Grey. She took as the basis of her topic the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and interpreted it very well. The usual program, which included hymns and a prayer, was followed.

September 30: At the vesper service Dr. Brewer Eddy of the Congregational Board, a favorite of Lasell girls, spoke to us. He told us of John Bunyan and his Pilgrim's Progress, using this as a foundation for a fine inspirational message. He emphasized making high standards for our lives.

October 2: Senior House elections! The following presidents should be congratulated on the honor conferred upon them:

Gardner—Ruth Ford
Carpenter—Barbara Wilson
Clark—Jeanette Smith
Blaisdell—Marjorie Billings
Hawthorne—Myra Page

October 3: With usual laughter and singing girls boarded the busses for a holiday, mainly to Plymouth. Places of interest and historical nature were observed by all. Our Plymouth Rock was not such a boulder as we expected, but was well worth seeing. Like starved heathens we arrived at the summer home of Mr. Amesbury who welcomed us with enough food to satisfy our appetites for a long period. While at his home we made the most of the ocean and motor boats. We continued to enjoy ourselves for the rest of the afternoon and then piled in the busses for home. They soon rolled us up to Bragdon and Woodland, bringing to an end a perfect day.

October 5: Miss Evelyn Douglass, last year's president of the Christian Endeavor, took charge of this meeting. The unusual theme of her talk was "Don't short-change in the little things in life." She presented her message very clearly.

October 6: The "New Girl-Old Girl dance:" All in bib and tucker arrived for "the" first dance of the year, but were surprised to find no orchestra. Isabelle Daggett and Julia Clausen like worthy seniors came to the rescue and furnished us with very good music. 'Twas not the "lost chord" this time, only a lost orchestra. All had a perfect time and most assuredly will not forget it.

October 7: A most interesting speaker of this afternoon was Dr. Howard Chidley of Winchester. His fine sermon brought home to us the fact that although we may lose ourselves and our way, we may find our best selves through religion.

October 8: Seniors held class meeting and elected Kay Edwards president of the Endowment Fund Committee.

We certainly were very fortunate to have as one of our lecturers of the year Count von Luckner, known as "The Sea Devil." He entertained beyond measure with blood-curdling tales of his adventures on the seas during the World War.

October 10: The Golf Club held their first meeting today and elected Helene Swick, last year's golf champion, as president, Olive French—secretary and Ruth Ford—treasurer.

October 11: Election in the chapel of Missionary and Christian Endeavor presidents. Jeanette White—President of the Missionary Society and Anne Colson—President of Christian Endeavor.

Tonight the Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Emily Crump who made a very beautiful contrast of our lives with diamonds. Anne Colson, our new president, made a short introductory speech and the group was dismissed with the benediction.

October 14: Lasell has a new friend, Dr. Everett C. Herrick, president of the Newton Theological Institution, who spoke tonight at Vespers. Dr. Herrick told us of the World's great machines, the greatest of which is within our own power, our hands. He explained how we should use our hands in our religion—to create good. This was Dr. Herrick's introductory visit to us and we all cordially invite him to come again soon.

October 16: Open House! What greater thrill during the year could be more enjoyed than to visit all the Senior Houses with critical eyes for the first time this year! The rooms and houses were more than attractive and all underclassmen were green with envy. A new dormitory has been added and has been named Blaisdell. All were over-anxious to see this new addition to our family. Our Seniors should be congratulated on their achievements and their ability to be charming and gracious hostesses.





Under, climbs down from his high stool, scratches his bald pate, and wrinkles his old nose as he extends to you a gnarled and ink-stained hand for the new year. To those of you who have not met Under before we now present him and to those of you who knew him previously we hope that you will be glad to renew his acquaintance. Please be lenient with him as he is a perverse and positive old man. When you become annoyed or bored we beg you to remember his age and forgive him for his sins! He is a very queer old man as he is seldom seen away from his desk. But you may occasionally meet his small bent wizened frame hurrying through the winter dusk. He will not see you as his head his bowed and unless you speak very loudly he will not head you. Even then he will only mutter, "Oh, yes—yes, yes of course. Fine evening—fine evening," and hurry on. In the morning most methodically does he hang up his coat and hat and then most carefully peruses his little black book, after which he clambers up onto his high stool and begins to arrange his desk. He will take the papers in his unsteady hand, and squinting his far-sighted eyes, will thumb them over one by one. As he glances at each paper with great precision and care, he takes his pen and puts down a note or two. He repeats this many times and were you to stand down below and scream to him he would continue what he was doing in the selfsame, meticulous manner until he had finished. After laying down his pen he would turn around on his stool and scowling down at you would ask you what you wanted. Were you in the greatest hurry for his answer you would have to wait until he wiped his glasses! But Under is a great old man and to those that know and understand him he gives many favors.

After having met Under we are sure you would like to know the new members of the staff.

SHORT STORIES

Beatrice Adam, Maplewood, N. J., Bragdon
Natalie Ames, Somersworth, N. H., Bragdon
Constance Chase, New Bedford, Mass., Carpenter
Kathryn Dow, West Hartford, Conn., Woodland
Margaret Heath, Worcester, Mass., Carpenter
Elsie Moore, Waltham, Mass., Day Student
Betty Wells, Haverhill, Mass., Carpenter

ESSAYS

Jean Cannon, Chicago, Ill., Woodland
Laura Strober, Hornell, N. Y., Woodland
Mildred Sullivan, Quincy, Mass., Woodland
Betty Ellenberger, New Haven, Conn., Gardner

POETRY

Harriet, Hewins, Worcester, Mass., Clark

LOCALS

Alice Mealey, East Cleveland, Ohio, Bragdon

EXCHANGE

Jeanette White, Indianapolis, Ind., Gardner

ATHLETICS

Dorothy Herring, Mansfield, Ohio, Bragdon

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Clarice Liscomb, Bar Harbor, Maine, Gardner

ART

Rosalie Starkweather, East Orange, N. J., Clark

As usual the short stories are the most popular. It is evidently thought that they are as interesting and as pleasurable to write as to read, or perhaps their popularity is due to the fact that they look "easier." We don't wish to blast anyone's illusion but a short story is one of the most difficult things to write. We have only one "Captain Courageous" in our new recruits for the poetry department but we wish her great success and achievement in her work This year we hope to make something of our Exchange column under the able management of Jeanette White. It is extremely difficult to have profitable exchange due to the fact of there being comparatively few Junior Colleges. However, we expect to exchange with several of the Senior colleges and also with Boarding Schools.

F. F., '29.



Wedding announcements are always first in order in the personal column of the Leaves. We record with pleasure the following marriages of our former schoolmates:

On Saturday, September 1, Ruth Dinsmore, '23, became the bride of Mr. John Philip Tilton.

Mrs. Guy Albert Rice announces the marriage of her daughter, Marion, 1923-1924, to Mr. Alf Severson on Monday, Septetmber 24, at Springfield, Massachusetts.

Audrey Elois Goddu, 1923-1924, and Mr. Alvin Macaulay Litchfield were married on Thursday, September 27, at Winchester, Mass.

Mrs. Katherine O. Studley announces the marriage of her daughter, Vera Estelle, '28, to Mr. Chester Lee Bailey on Thursday, June 28, at Rockland, Maine.

On October 3, Harriette Phelps Case, '22, became the bride of Mr. Harold Frederick Bidwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer P. Elliott announce the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Crafts Elliott, 1925-1926, to Mr. Walter Leland Wagner on Saturday, June 23. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner are now at home to their friends at Bluefield, West Virginia.

On June 30, 1928, Miss Harriette Mercedes Rendell '23, was married to Mr. John Porter Freeman at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Yonkers-on-the-Hudson.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Margaret Purdue Fisher, 1927-1928, to Mr. Reginald J. Byers on Monday, October 1, at Watertown, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Byers will be at home to their many friends after October 15 at 323 Caroline Street, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Word has been received of the marriage of Edrie Mahaney, '22, to Mr. Vinton Talmadge Rathburn on October 13, 1928.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Theodore Sprague announce the marriage of their daughter, Mona Charlotte Towle, 1922-1928, to Mr. Charles Faulkner Knowlton, Jr. on Friday, September 7, at Wayland, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seidel Throm announce the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Sarah, '23, to Mr. Charles Webster Detweiler on Saturday, September 22, at Reading, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Detweiler will be at home after November 15 at 310 North Fifth St., Reading, Pa.

On Saturday, June 16, Erna Helen Schmidt, '26, became the bride of Mr. William J. Awalt.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Louise May Hegeman, '25, to Mr. John Talcott Whitman on Thursday, June 28.

Mr. and Mrs. William Andrew Brown announce the marriage of their daughter, Dorothea LaVerne Brown, '25, to Mr. Stewart Augustus Christian on June 27. Mr. and Mrs. Christian are now at home at 2253 Horton Ave., S. E. Grand Rapids, Mich.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Ruth Clark Butterworth, '11, to Mr. Mark Philip Kiley on Saturday, July 7.

Mrs. Ella Stoneman announces the marriage of her daughter, Ruth, '24, to Mr. John Dickson Hamilton on Saturday, June 30, at Willoughby, Ohio.

On Saturday, July 21, Lucile Maria Norris, '24, became the bride of Dr. Newton Edwin Leyda. Dr. and Mrs. Leyda are now at home to their friends at 234 Patterson Road, Oakwood, Dayton, Ohio.

Word has been received of the marriage of Lucy Carter MacLeod, '27, to Mr. Burwell Bassett Smith on Tuesday, September 4.

Mr. and Mrs. William Herman Butler announce the marriage of their daughter, Helen Pauline Butler, '21, to Mr. Leon McGregor Poore on Wednesday, September 12. Mr. and

Mrs. Poore's new address will be 561 Main Street, Haverhill, Mass.

On July 11 Miss Elinor Stearns became the bride of Mr. Ivan James Martin. Miss Stearns has been a teacher of Expression at Lasell for the past two years.

Word has been received of the marriage of Dorothy Field Warner, '21, to Mr. Robert Renwick Askew on Saturday, October 20.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Ross announce the marriage of their daughter, Mildred, 1921-1922, to Mr. Laurence Morse Curtis on Saturday, September 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King Terry announce the marriage of their daughter, Helen Gildersleeve, '24, to Mr. Arthur LeRoy Francisco on Saturday, October 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bill Eaton announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Frances, '20, to Mr. Elliott Wilder Gumaer on Thursday, October 18. Mr. and Mrs. Gumaer will be at home to their friends after December 1 at 33 South Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson H. Denison announce the marriage of their daughter, Louise Beatrice, '26, to Mr. Ford Rogers, Jr. on Wednesday, October 17.

On October 27 Gertrude Mildred Wragg, '24, became the bride of Mr. George Kingsbury Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bradley announce the marriage of their daughter, Naomi, '16, to Mr. Gordon Wies Reed on September 18. Mr. and Mrs. Reed will be at home after January 1 at 872 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. John E. Williams announces the marriage of her daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. Allen Davidson on Saturday, September 15.

The following engagements have been announced:

Olive Marble French, 1927-1929, to Mr. Alexander King Whitehead; Irene Alice Murray, 1928-1929, to Mr. Joel MacGregor Nichols; Elizabeth Whiting Wells, 1923-1929, to Mr. Henry Thompson Furneaux; Celina Marie Belle Isle, '21, to Mr. Thomas Thedford Forman; Elizabeth Oppel, '26, to Mr. Florian Albert Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Hitt of Chicago have announced the engagement of their daughter, Margaret, '27, to Mr. Ralph C. Perkins of St. Louis. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. Helen Ordway and Ruth Ordway, '21, were recently the guests of our principal and his wife and also of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow. Ruth's visit was brief and she hastened back to her professional duties. At present she is decorating the walls of the 59th Street Orthopedic Hospital. Having selected the story of "We" we can well believe that the airy flights of Col. Lindbergh and his ship will furnish the children with thrilling inspiration.

Haru Tokito, '28, did at last get our government's permission to sail across to England where she is at present studying in Oxford. Her address is care of Penn Club, 9 Tavistock Square, London, England. Many of her Lasell friends will be glad to wish her further success. In her last letter to Dr. Winslow she writes: "I shall have some fine experiences in England as I have had in America during these delightful three years."

Dorothy Barnard, '24, Helen Perry, '24, Ruth Hopkins, '23, and Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, following Horace Greeley's advice all went far West this summer and their travelogue recounts one delightful experience after another.

Florence Jones Allen, '12, looking as lovely as a this year's June bride, made Lasell a friendly call early in the vacation and brought her charming husband with her. She reported the following good news concerning her former Lasell mates:

Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12, whom she had just visited, is the proud mother of twins born May 29,—Edgar Potter Maxson, Jr., and Mary Starr Maxson the fifth. At Watch Hill, Rhode Iisland, on a delightful farm she found Etta MacMillan Rowe, '13.

Pamela Spargo Eckbo '12, has recently returned to her far away home in South Africa.

Pam has a daughter ten years old and a son eight.

While in New England Florence had an opportunity to dine with Clara Parker Colby, '12, and Ruth Coulter Bierer, '12. She also brought to us good news from her sisters, Ida Jones Hayden, '05, of Monterey, California, and Margaret Jones Clemen, '11, of Winnetka, Illinois.

Ruth Shepard, '25, called in July and reported that she had been appointed to a fine position for the coming year at the Hyannis Normal School.

While visiting on the shores of Narragansett Bay, Miss Potter had a delightful meeting with Mildred Smith Leach, '14, and together they motored to the lovely summer home of Ruth Thresher Jenks, '14. Ruth, her husband and friends were off on a cruise in their private yacht, but Ruth's youngest son met us and extended a cordial greeting. We shall not soon forget the mannerly little chap who exclaimed repeatedly, "How sorry my mother will be to have missed you!" In a note from Ruth which followed a few weeks later, she writes: "I shall always be grateful for my Lasell training in Household Economics" and also expressed her regret at missing the Lasell callers.

Mildred Smith Leach, '14, our hostess on this particularly happy evening, also lives in a lovely home not far from Ruth's. We tarried long enough to get an affectionate greeting from two dear little night-gowned brothers who came down to greet their mother's former teacher.

Lenette May Rogers Atkinson, '17, took part of her honeymoon in the far West and a few happy days with Jeannie MacKay, 1911-12, was included in her itinerary. She also called on Harriet Frey Golder, 1914-15, in Ithaca, who is happily "taking care of her family." Lenette's husband is one of the professors at Amherst College.

Just before school closed we reported our Mrs. Blanche Martin as a semi-invalid, but no one will be surprised to hear that she suddenly arose from her sick bed, declaring herself "well and happy," and put out for the far West. A note from her written in Vancouver, B. C., reports that she had actually run away from illness and was enjoying every minute of her visit with a relative. While in Toronto Mrs. Martin read "If I were King" and received many congratulations from those who enjoyed her fine interpretation. Mrs. Martin enclosed a most attractive program containing her picture and a complimentary notice of her work. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Toronto Division of the International Society for Scientific Living.

When last heard from, she was on her way to California and expected to lovingly "round up" the old Lasell girls on the Pacific Coast and declared she would not forget to see Dr. Bragdon while in his zone.

In a letter to Miss Witherbee from Louise Paisley, '09, she writes of her new and delightful task as private secretary to the American ambassador in Constantinople. Her mother has joined her. They have their own little home in the Turkish capital and their days are filled not only with work but delightful experiences, meeting many distinguished Britishers and also people from America and other lands. She has come in touch with the faculty of the colleges near Constantinople and is if possible more in love with the East than ever.

We occasionally meet dear Helen Black, '25, always to our delight and more frequently get some loving word from her direct or through others. In a recent note to Mrs. Hooker she asks for an application blank for her sister's entrance in 1930.

In her note of July 30, Mary Fulton, '27, writes: "You have no idea how happy I am to have my sister at Lasell. I never have had a more happy year than the one I spent in Auburndale and I hope Edith's two years will mean just as much to her. I am returning to the University of Wisconsin this fall. Mary Mann, '27, is there too. I recently met Katherine Rice Broock, '20, and we had a

wonderful time talking over Lasell days. Somehow they cannot be forgotten."

At this writing Mary's dear sister is well established at Lasell and has already taken possession of the hearts of many of Mary's former colleagues.

How just like Betty Van Cleve, '26, it was to send a "howdy," as she expresses it, early in the year and in her fine note to enclose a generous check for the Missionary Society and $2.00 for the annual subscription for the Leaves. It is now two years since Betty was at Lasell as president of the Missionary Society and not once has she forgotten to remember in this generous and practical way her old school and this important branch of its work. We express through the Leaves our appreciation and wish for her a winter as happy as this dear "little dove" deserves.

Our national treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, is at present, to our delight, a near neighbor. We were happily surprised to find her as well as she is after her long and serious illness. She called at Lasell a short time ago and with her was her gifted daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing Taylor, who recently wrote the Centennial poem at the time of the celebration of the founding of the Union Congregational Church in Westford, Massachusetts. The poem attracted so much attention that the committee and those who heard it have asked that it be placed in permanent form. We know that the news of Mrs. Cushing's recovery will be gladly received by hundreds of her girls all over the country.

Ruth Throm Detweiler, '23, writes that during their happy wedding journey through Canada and the White Mountains, she and her husband stopped to see Adrienne Fontaine Caron, '23, her husband and darling baby. Ruth promises to visit Lasell soon, bringing her husband with her. They will be most welcome.

Carolyn Vicary Krider, '24, her dear mother and sister, Marguerite, 1908-1910, very naturally and loyally paid their respects to Lasell while in the East. They come on a day in early fall. Marguerite told us some most interesting things concerning Grace's little daughter who has been a precious member of their family ever since the "home going" of the dear mother. It was a joy to again meet and greet the members of this loyal Lasell family.

"Sally" Stultz, 1923-1924, her parents and brother motored to Lasell from Chicago during this past summer. Although having enjoyed years of schooling in Western colleges, Ruth actually contemplates returning to Lasell in order to complete a half year's unfinished work and receive our diploma. "No school like Lasell for me," said Ruth. We thank her for tthis unsolicited, spontaneous tribute.

Maurine Moore Allen, 1919-1920, and her parents looked in upon us one day in midsummer, having motored from Chicago. All of them looked the picture of health and happiness. We were sorry to learn from Maurine of the pasing away in March of Mr. Pantzer, husband of our dear Dorothy Lewis, 1919-1920, of Indianapolis.

Amalia Rosenbaum Gluck, '12, and her husband were among our summer visitors. Seldom have we heard a more interesting resume of the political situation in our country than was given by Mr. Gluck, a lawyer who has been honored repeatedly with positions of trust.

Myra Tomlinson, 1916-1917, is now living in Los Angeles, California and is private secretary to the manager of one of the successful business firms in her city. She and her mother spent their vacation in coming as quickly as possible back to New England and dear Lasell. She declared "I could hardly keep back the tears when I found that we were again in Massachusetts."

To Miss Witherbee, Lillian Douglas, '07, writes from California: "We are vacationing here for a while. Asilimar is out on the end of Monterey Peninsula which has been enveloped in fog ever since we came. A few miles away at Carmel and Monterey the sun shines brightly.

"I spent a day with Edith Simonds Bennett,

1904-1905, not long ago and she had just returned from Tehoe where she, Earl and Barbara had been visiting.

"Asilimar, my camping place, is owned by the National K. W. C. A. organization and during tthe summer months, many conferences are held here. The coast line is very wild and rugged. On this peninsula the Monterey Pines meet the ocean and the sand is piled up in immense dunes all along the shore. In the spring, the dunes are covered with flowers just as the Desert is. Even now there are many in bloom. This morning a friend and I walked for several miles over the sand dunes.

"My club work goes on for another year and I am anticipating it very much. I have almost entirely the planning of the programs.

"Lela Goodall, '08, is remaining in Hollywood all summer.

"I try to read the fiction that every one is reading but consider most of it just trash."

We are grateful for these bright bits from Lilian's letter.

Through the courtesy of Lucia Shumway Suffel, '97, a newspaper notice of the passing away of Lucile Parish Chickering, 1895-1896, has been received. This sad news will be received by the girls of her day whom we are sure will wish to extend tender sympathy to her bereaved family.

In a recent Chicago paper there appeared a picture of a tower at Hortis, England, erected nearly a hundred years ago. The fine monument proved the enduring qualities of concrete. The photograph was sent to our Principal by Mr. William T. Shepherd of Evanston, Illinois, father of our Rebecca Shepherd, '94, and brother-in-law of Dr. Bragdon. With the picture came this explanatory note from Mr. Shepherd who was for a long time in residence at Lasell and the genial friend of many an old student: "Some fifty years ago I built two stone posts at the Grove Street entrance of the Lasell grounds which still stand intact because I also used English concrete to hold these stones together."

On an unlucky day last summer our Personal Editor was away and so missed a call from Helen Schroer, '24. "Pep, that calling card was simply an aggravation. Please come back and tell us all about your dear self."

What a world wide traveler is Mildred Warren, '94. Her latest travelogue was mailed from Cairo, Egypt. The lovely country of old Touraine was also in her itinerary. We have accompanied this Lasell girl on a former journey and know just what an intelligent, delightful traveler she is and rejoice with her over this new and novel experience.

Mary Dorothy Pryor, '28, is now enrolled at the State University of New Jersey and "enjoying it immensely," but we were selfishly gratified to have her add: "I hope some day to get back to dear Lasell for a visit." Come right along, Mary. You will find a warm welcome awaiting you.

Lillian Grant, '20, is not only an important member of the Connecticut State Library staff and also the able secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, but has made a most successful debut as an elocutionist. An attractive circular is lying on our desk which gives an outline of her program and contains some fine and complimentary testimonies as to her success as a reader. We wish her godspeed and nearby Lasell Girls will be fortunate in securing her services as an entertainer.

Misses Witherbee and Irwin have returned from their summer journeyings in England inspired and inspiring. As one of the "old girls" observed: "their years of intensive study in the department of English must have proved a fine preparation for this particular journey."

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, called at Lasell this fall. Accompanying her were her dear mother, husband and oldest son. The son was just entering M. I. T. Ida's oldest boy seems to possess something of his mother's fine military bearing which so impressed those of us who knew Ida when she was the efficient commandant of the Lasell girls, back in the old days of military drill. We were especially happy over Ida's reassurance that later her daughter will be a Lasell girl.

How like Trudie Wagner, '28, it was to send a pleasant report of her summer's doings and wishing a happy new school year for Lasell. She writes: "I have been having a wonderful vacation but my one wish is that I might be returning to Lasell this fall. We all feel that way. I must tell you a bit of news. Mary Mann, '27, is engaged. Such a sweet girl. Alice Crawford, '27, is coming West to visit Mary and of course we are to have a Lasell reunion." Our congratulations to petite Mary and thanks to dear Gertrude who always was a promoter of good news.

Rev. Mabelle Whitney, '03, not only sent a note of appreciation to the Lasell Missionary Society for their contribution towards her ministerial work, but also added some worthwhile facts concerning her personal itinerary. She writes from Brewer, Maine: "I am here at the Epworth League Institute with four of my young people whose expenses the Lasell girls have helped to defray. Three of the four delegates have offered themselves for life service. I myself am getting much personal inspiration for my own work. This is a beautiful spot overlooking the river with Fort Knox opposite and lovely hills in the distance. But my very own parsonage looks out on this Penobscot River and I have sunlight streaming into every room and the advantage of Bangor but three and one-half miles away."

It is twenty-five years since Mabelle was graduated yet she closes her letter to Miss Potter with these words: "Still one of your little white doves."

In a recent letter to Dr. Winslow from Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, she writes: "A short time ago I wrote you that my sister, Cornelia Williams Hutchison, '86, would be back in this country soon. However, plans have changed and they are now on a round-the-world tour, expecting to reach San Francisco in August. Some weeks will be spent in New Zealand and Australia. Will try to give you their address when they are located in California."

We are indebted to Mrs. Towne for this bright bit of news about a group of Lasell girls whom she met in a summer camp in Maine. She writes: "I had such a delightful experience recently that I do want to share a bit of it with you. Mr. Towne and I went over to call on Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, the directors of the Katherine Ridgeway Camp, and found seven Lasell girls there,—Gwendolyn McDonald, Natalie Best, Louise Thompson and sister, Maude Williams; also Louise Woolley, '23, in charge of the Dramatic Art, and Betty Smith, '26, in charge of the juniors, 15 little tots who adore her. Mrs. Hunt is most enthusiastic in her praise of all our girls and feels they stand out strongly in the camp."

Marion Ordway Corley, '11, to our joy, has moved even nearer Lasell, her husband's business having brought him to Medford, Massachusetts. It was pleasant for us to meet Marion recently and find that she was about as enthusiastic over her move as her friends are at Lasell.

During the summer Miss Dorothy Shank, her mother and sister, were for several days guests in Auburndale, dividing their time between Mr. and Mrs. Wagner's home and the seminary. Glimpses she gave us of her work were very interesting and certainly prove her an efficient and successful worker in her chosen profession, Domestic Science.

Miss Potter had an unusual treat during the vacation days in having as her guests at the seminary her older brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Potter of Minneapolis, and her younger brother, Dr. L. T. Potter of New Jersey.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, and her sister, Anna, '06, spent a large part of the summer in Boston where Miss Anna attended Boston University Summer School and Miss Constance availed herself of the advantage of Boston's fine Public Library. Occasionally they ran out "home" to Lasell. Anna is now attending the annual conference of the W. F. M. S. in Los Angeles, California and before long will return to her missionary field in India.

Mlle. Le Royer and her husband are back from a delightful summer spent overseas. Those of us who have the privilege of reading the Boston *Transcript* kept in touch with the head of our French Department and her gifted husband through Mr. Chamberlain's contributions to his paper. One of the most exciting experience of the summer was their flight from Paris to London by airplane.

Our Mrs. Watson of the secretarial department is very happy these days because she has been joined at the seminary by her little daughter, Dorothy. The coming of this sunny little child into our seminary life is appreciated by all.

Professor Schwab reports a very successful course at the Fontainbleau School of Music this summer and also some delightful glimpses of France. He comes back feeling that his summer was well spent and his pupils will benefit by his musical experience.

We at Lasell feel a bit lonesome with Marjorie Winslow away. She is now a Sophomore at Tufts College.

Mrs. McDonald has again assumed the directorship of the Junior School and this in addition to her duties at Woodland Park. She reports Gwendolyn happy in her new college life at Mt. Allison University. We were not at all surprised to find that she had entered with advanced standing in the department of music. Gwendolyn is happy in being under the special care of her cousin, Miss Ellen Hemmeon, who is dean of women at Mt. Allison.

One of the pleasant incidents of Miss Potter's visit to Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, was a call by Louise Titus Calef, '24. Mrs. Pinkham, the mother of our dear Barbara Pinkham, '24, and Marcia Pinkham, '27, was entertaining Louise and came with her and her dear little boy. Later Louise stopped at the seminary en route to Florida and then and there we had the pleasure of meeting and greeting her husband.

Eva Robertson, 1903-1904, and Fannye MacKenzie, 1903-1904, went far afield this past summer, touring out over the Canadian Rockies, taking in Alaska and incidentally Louise Lothrop Haley, 1903-1905, in Portland, Oregon, with whom they had a happy visit.

Irene Murray, 1927-1928, had time only to break bread with us, but we were thankful for even a glimpse of this dear "live-wire."

Mary-Alice Timmins, '28, has not forgotten to send a friendly word to her Alma Mater and hosts of Lasell friends. She is at home this winter but plans later to go on with her studies.

A number of the Class of 1928 nearby graduates proved themselves very friendly and neighborly. President Helen Cole, '28, and Evelyn Douglass, '28, are enrolled at the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word and again are roommates. Evelyn gave a fine talk recently at our C. E. meeting.

Peg Basley, '28, was with us during the opening days and her untiring assistance will not soon be forgotten by the new girls and those of us who were also trying to extend to them a hearty welcome. Peg is now regularly enrolled at the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word.

Glorian Duvall, 1925-1928, spent her closing vacation days in and about Boston and made frequent visits out to Lasell. She tells us she is planning a fine trip to California later with her parents.

Mildred Curtis, '28, is taking a course at Vesper George School of Art and promises to report soon at Lasell.

Helen Campbell, 1927-1928, is now regularly enrolled at Miss Forhand's School of Domestic Science, and has promised to come "home" often.

We are pleased to learn that "Bee" Hawkins, '27, is again studying in Boston and we are counting on many a friendly visit with her during the year.

Ruth Dunning, '27, has completed her course in Dietetics at the Waltham Hospital and has a position in the same institution, but plans to go to California in the near future. What "doves of passage" are these dear Lasell girls!

Christina Finlayson, '28, took a course at Harvard Summer School and is now teaching

in the South End Music School in Boston, and appearing between times to our delight, at Lasell.

Dorothy Finken, 1927-1928, is keeping up educationally at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School and reporting occasionally at Lasell.

Mary McAvery, '28, not only came but entertained new and old girls alike delightfully with her singing. Mary is enrolled this year at the Longy School of Music.

Marjorie Blair, '28, and her dear mother, who seems like an honorary member of our school, have dropped in once or twice and made us glad by telling us they have settled in Boston for the winter.

Phoebe Dotten, '28, and Katharine Paige, '28, came together. Phoebe is busy doing secretarial work and Katharine is keeping house for her parents. They seemed glad to get back and we were equally glad to have them here again.

Ruby Rice, '26, called one Sabbath afternoon when our personals editor was away. Come again soon please, Ruby.

During the summer we received a call from Maidie Dealey Maroney, '14, of Dallas, Texas. She was accompanied by her husband and children.

Florence Wallace Hand, 1910-1913, called at Lasell with a friend not long ago.

Louise Woolley, '23, is a new member of the faculty at National Park Seminary and Helen Lightbody, '23, is also teaching in the same fine school. This is their first year as instructors at N. P. S. We wish for them signal success.

Elizabeth Stahl, '28, and Hester Shaw, '28, are both enrolled at Tufts College and to our joy are inclined to be neighborly.

The following is a list of "oncoming Lasell girls and their cousins" whom we imagine may later be enrolled at M. I. T. or Harvard, or some *conveniently* nearby college:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Berkeley (Grace Thayer, '25,) announce the arrival of a daughter, Patricia, on September 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Griffin (Helen Louis, 1919-1920) announce the arrival of a little son, Charles Henry, Jr., on May 22.

On July 30, John Kimball Dean arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dyer Dean (Mary Quick, '14).

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund F. Payne (Ruth Winslow, '16,) are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter, Dorothy, on June 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donaldson Scott (Anita Hotchkiss, '18,) announce the birth of Robert Donaldson, Jr., on July 16.

A little daughter, Nancy, has come to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barton Cole (Margaret Rix, '26).

A dainty card announces the arrival of Horace Henry Hougen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hougen (Bonnie Orlady, '23,) on September 8.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Keeney (Maude Hayden, '16,) announce the birth of Florence Elizabeth Kenney on July 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Talbott Hiteshew (Marie Andrews, '06,) announce the arrival of Talbott Hiteshew, Jr., on August 29.

On August 16 Lyndon West Haigh arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Haigh (Nell West, '21,).

Mr. and Mrs. W. Theodore Peirce (Alice Violet Comley, '22,) are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter, Priscilla, on June 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy K. Coats (Charlotte Lesh, '12,) announce the birth of Ora Elizabeth on July 10.

Robert Dean arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean Stanley (Jeannette Geist, '21,) on August 20.

On October 16 a daughter, Priscilla Ruth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Anderson, Jr. (Florence G. Skinner, 1913-1914).

A recent caller at Lasell announced the pleasant news that Gladys Wright Webb, '18, and her husband are the proud parents of a dear little daughter. We welcome this future Lasell girl and wish we knew more about her.

A recent Boston press notice bears the caption of "Boston Soloist at Norfolk" and this report follows: "Miss Mariesta Dodge How-

land of Scituate is to be at Norfolk, Virginia, the guest of the family of the Swedish consul.

Hon. Herman Aspegren, at "Sunny Court", Algonquin Park, Norfolk. Miss Howland made the journey on the steamship Dorchester and gave the ship's concert, singing in French, Spanish, Italian and English.

"Miss Marta Aspegren who is entertaining Miss Howland is well-known in this locality and was graduated from Lasell Seminary in 1927. Miss Aspegren recently has returned from eighteen months' study in Stockholm. She made her debut both in Norfolk and in Stockholm."

Among the callers whom our personals editor missed this summer to her regret were Elsie Hughes Hilton, '18, from Rochester, N. Y., and Clara Eads Levings, '93, of Paris, Illinois.

Ida Jones Hayden, '05, by her friendly, generous note to Dr. Winslow indicates that Lasell is very near and dear to her loyal heart. In her note to our Principal she writes: "I am enclosing a check for sixty-two dollars, five dollars of which is for my pledge to the Endowment Fund for last year, five dollars for this year, two dollars for the alumnae numbers of the LEAVES, and the remaining fifty dollars is for the Endowment Fund."

Ida encloses a snapshot of her dear little son, Rufus, and also a very cordial invitation for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to visit her in her new home at Monterey.

Ada Patterson, '15, of Ashland, Ohio, in her most recent message to Dr. Winslow has a very kind word to say of Marjorie Hubler, one of our new students, who is evidently fulfilling Ada's prophecy and adjusting herself to the routine of Lasell. We cannot but feel that it was largely through Ada's instrumentality that this fine new girl enrolled at Lasell. Of herself Ada writes: "I have been going to the college here in Ashland and will graduate from the normal department in three weeks and expect to teach school next winter. Our college has been recently accepted for membership in the Association of American Colleges and we are quite proud of that fact."

We thank Ada for her friendly estimate of our new student from Ashland and also for these most interesting items about her dear self. We wish for her the very best of success in her chosen profession, pedagogy.

This is good news from Margaret Gordon, '25. She writes to Dr. Winslow: "I am under contract to teach English in the high school at home this coming year. I was graduated from Russell Sage College in June with Josephine Miller, '25, and Edna Hart, '25.

"Now that I am to be at home for the winter I hope to have an opportunity to visit at Lasell."

Congratulations to Margaret and here's hoping that she will be able to carry out her pleasant plan of revisiting her Alma Mater.

Grace Conklin Bevin, 1884-1885, the mother of Alice Bevin Leewitz, 1913-14, writes to Dr. Winslow a good word for Elizabeth Rogers, one of our new girls, and also adds this most interesting news item concerning her daughter: "I am sending under separate cover a copy of the July 21 *Literary Digest* on the cover of which there is a copy of a painting by my daughter. She spent some time in Brittany last summer and held an exhibition at the Holt Gallery in New York in March. She returned, with her husband and daughter, to their home in Paris in May and has been painting in Switzerland this summer. I speak of this because of the interest the 'Lasell family' take in the 'old girls'."

We are certainly grateful to Mrs. Bevin and justly proud of our dear Alice Bevin Leewitz.

Great credit is due Lucile Joscelyn, '15, who has been forging ahead ever since she was graduated. Through successful work for the Red Cross, she earned a two-year scholarship in the Boston School for Social Service. She then transferred her work to Illinois and later was sent to Nebraska to organize a county chapter for the nursing service. A second scholarship gave her an opportunity for a summer course at the University of Wisconsin. Later she accepted a position as executive secretary for the Child Welfare work in Minne-

sota. She was then made executive secretary for the Child Welfare Board of the county and this she writes: "Gave me opportunity to work for our State Children's Bureau as a District Representative which position I have held for the past three years. I have supervision of thirteen counties in the Northwestern part of Minnesota and am away from St. Paul, my home city, about two-thirds of my working time. I enjoy my work immensely but am beginning to realize that I have climbed as far as I can go without obtaining my college degree. I have planned to stay on with the state for another year and then will try for a scholarship in either the University of Minnesota or Chicago."

We certainly extend our heartest congratulations and Godspeed to this successful graduate.

Marion Brown, '26, and Marie Dibell, '27, walked into the office of the personals editor recently, looking just the same and seemingly as carefree as when they were here as students three years ago. They had just driven from their home in Joliet, Illinois, to New England, stopping en route to visit Mary Harris, '27, Virginia Wellington, '27, Mary Louise Stanton, 1925-1927, (soon to be married) Elinor Barclay, '26, Dot Denney, '26, (whose wedding is near at hand) Martha Barclay, 1926-1927, Grace De Orsay, '27, and last of all Marion King, '27, of Newport, Rhode Island, whom they expect will drive back with them to Joliet.

Marion Brown is private secretary to her father and Marie Dibell is the private secretary of the superintendent of schools in Joliet.

The personals editor was indeed surprised and very much interested when Dr. Winslow shared his last letter from Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, dated not as of yore in Brookline but this time she writes from Rockford, Illinois. Let her explain her hegira in her own words: "We gave up our home in Brookline in July and spent the summer in Westerly, Rhode Island. I called up Mary Starr Maxson, '12, and had some very happy hours with her. She has a very pleasant husband and some wonderful children. The twins, three months old, are unusually bright. Mary Starr is the same wholesome girl, but to be sure, time has made some slight changes. We left Westerly early in September, coming to Rockford. My husband's firm has loaned him to their Chicago office for a few mniutes to do some special work on textiles. It is quite possible we may be near Chicago for some time. I have talked with Margherita Dike Hallberg, '10, and she has promised to let me know when there is a Lasell luncheon in Chicago and I shall certainly try to get there. Please remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mlle. Le Royer and all who may remember me and accept my best wishes for a happy and successful year.

An unusually interesting letter is that of Marriott Degan MacDonald, 1906-1908, to our Principal. It does not seem possible but we must accept Marriott's word for it that twenty years have passed since she left dear Lasell. With Dr. Winslow's permission we give a few excerpts from Marriott's letter:

"Our last Southern California Lasell luncheon was not as large as usual, only thirty-six being present and had it not been for one disappointment we would have had our usual happy time. For the first time since our organization in 1909, Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon were not present. We all felt it deeply and while our dear president, Mrs. Bertha Gray Richards, did everything possible to make it a happy event, our hearts were heavy. We have always felt that the girls of California were more fortunate than the rest in having Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon with us. Next year we are planning on having the luncheon in Pasadena and hope by being near Dr. Bragdon he will be able to attend.

"I know you are always eager for any news we may have for you. Let's see! What I have will probably be mostly a family affair. As I married into the MacDonald family (a brother of Annie, Edna, Josephine, Argenta and Hilda) my news is mostly of them. Annie (she was my roommate) lives in Chicago, has a fine seventeen-year-old son who expects to enter Ann Harbor next fall, and a daughter,

thirteen. Edna and Hilda married brothers and lives in Idaho Falls. Edna has four husky youngsters and Hilda two. Josephine lives near me in South Pasadena, has a son and daughter in college and another son in high school. Argenta lives on a wonderful ranch not far from San Diego. As for me, I'm well and happy. You know my home is in Mexico, my husband being a mining engineer, and I'm spending part of the time here while the children are being educated. My seventeen-year-old son, Russell, expects to enter Stanford University next fall and my little daughter, Helen, will be a Sophomore in high school.

A few of we Lasell girls have formed a club and once a month we meet and have the best times. Our members are Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901, Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, Laura Chase, '02, Ellen Chase Wood, '02, Josephine MacDonald Smith, 1901-1902, Catharine Kendrick Cole, '02, Marion Stall King, 1901-1906, Ina Scott Bryant, '01, and I.

"Leona Benner Brotherton, '08, has been a semi-invalid for over a year. She has a dear little son who must be about eight years old.

"I am hoping that some day I may have the opportunity of visiting dear Lasell again.

"My best wishes to you, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mrs. Martin, Miss Witherbee and Mlle. Le Royer."

The recent convention of the American Society of Physicians here in Boston brought back to us several Lasell girls whose husbands or relatives were delegates. Aimee Flood Robertson, 1908-1909, of Galveston, Texas was one of these welcome guests. She told us with pride of her eight-year-old daughter.

Hilda Norman was another old girl who came with the medical delegation. It was truly difficult to realize that years had elapsed since her Lasell school days for she looked so young and seemed as vivacious as ever.

The annual meeting of the Corporation and Trustees of Lasell Seminary brought together a delightful group of old girls. Josephine Chandler Pierce, Annie Kendig Pierce, Susan Tiffany, Mildred Pierce Fuller, Maude Simes Harding, Helen Carter Marcy, Josephine Woodward Rand, Nell Woodward Collins, Mary Quick Dean and Lillie R. Potter.

There was little time for social visiting but it was pleasant to meet and greet and know that our interest in the future of dear Lasell brought such a goodly group together.

A recent copy of the Boston *Transcript* contained a fine picture of Mary Saunders, 1922-1923, announcing her engagement to Mr. George C. Houston of Maplewood, N. J., an M. I. T. graduate. The *Transcript* also gave a very complimentary notice of Mary and her school life since leaving Lasell.

The engagement was announced at a very charming bridge and afternoon tea given by her mother, Mrs. Caroline S. Saunders, at the Hotel Beaconsfield. Our good wishes and congratulations are extended to Mary who will always seem like one of our very own Lasell girls.

We have just learned of the great bereavement which came during the summer to our Maude Simes Harding and Margerie Simes Nickerson in the loss of their dear father. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Simes and the daughters and other members of the family.

In a personal letter to Miss Potter Mariesta Howland, '26, writes from Sunny Court, the home of Marta Aspegren, '27, in Norfolk, Virginia a most enthusiastic letter, speaking of the gracious hospitality of Marta's family and also of Marta's wonderful year traveling through Europe, visiting some very unusual points such as Finland. Marta made her debut not only in Virginia but also in Sweden. She adds further: "Betty Mitchell Ridout, '23, makes a very fine minister's wife. Louise Venable Kyle, '23, has two dear children.' She closes with "we both send our love to all Lasellians and especially to you."

Gertrude Schumaker, '22, had certainly a unique experience this summer for she visited England, Germany, France and Holland and was at the opening of the assembling of the League in Geneva. We expect to have a report from her concerning her summer in Europe

and especially her reactions as she visited the League in Geneva in which she is so actively interested.

Eleanor Steele, '25, is now, if you please at Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia. She writes Mrs. Hooker: "My official title is secretary to the college student adviser and together we have charge of all social activities granting permissions and taking up the girls' problems with them. The president is a wonderfully charming and strong personality. Just working with all these lovely people is an inspiration in itself. When I see these girls so eager for an education that they are willing to make all kinds of sacrifices, I realize that I have been about the most fortunate girl alive. More than ever I appreciate my parents and past blessings.

On one the brightest of these October days there came to us unexpectedly a distinguished graduate of long ago, Mrs. Isabel Treadwell Towne, '68, now a resident of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mrs. Towne and her cousin who accompanied her, had just returned from Europe. "I hastened home," said this dear graduate, now in her eighty-first year, "in order to vote for Hoover."

Mrs. Towne entered Vassar College on the opeing day of its first year and remained there as a student one year. Her sister, being a member of the Lasell faculty, induced Miss Isabel to transfer her allegiance to our school, from which she was later graduated.

Her personal information concerning many of her mates proved valuable and interesting.

We certainly hope that she will return soon to her Alma Mater and accept its hospitality.

The Boston *Herald* of October 14 contained a fine portrait of Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson, '02, president of the National Cash Register Women's Club. Mrs. Patterson was a delegate to the convention held in Swampscott, Mass.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

Picture a day in autumn, balmy yet not too warm, with the foliage standing out in the landscape like splashes of vivid colors dropped from an artist's brush, and the bright sunshine bringing out the colors still more beautifully as you ride along, and you realize somewhat how enjoyable was our trip to South Glastonbury on October 6, 1928 when thirty-seven Lasell girls once more gathered at the delightful Hale House to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. Four other members had planned to be present but circumstances at the last moment prevented them from attending. One of these members was Mrs. Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901, who had been taken ill the previous day, but who nevertheless sent greetings from the Hartford Hospital during the meeting.

The Lasell atmosphere was made more realistic by the presence of Dean Lillie R. Potter of Lasell and Susan E. Tiffany, '15, President of the Lasell Alumnae Association.

As is the custom, an informal reception was held at 12:30 and luncheon was served at one, the arrangements for which were in charge of Clara McLean Rowley, '02, assisted by Grace Warner Strickland, '21, and Jessie Hayden, 1882-1885, together with the President, Bertha Hayden King, '03, Vice-President, Carolyn Colton Avery, '23, and Secretary, Lillian G. Grant, '20. Contrary to the usual custom, the tables were arranged by classes, so far as possible, with from six to ten at a table, and the cooing of the "White Doves" seemed thereby to increase.

The oldest class represented was 1882, with the exception of 1880 represented by Miss Potter, the honor falling to Jessie Hayden who attended Lasell from 1882-1885. The honor of traveling the greatest distance fell to Eva C. Robertson, 1903-1904, having come from Brattleboro, Vermont, and having missed only two meetings of the club since its beginning.

Following the luncheon, President King—it is not often a President is also King—requested us to sing "In Moonlight Reposing" which was accompanied on the piano by Laura Hale Gorton, '16.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted as was also the report of the treasurer.

Fanny MacKenzie, 1903-1904, Chairman of

the Nominating Committee, who was assisted by Helen Wahlquist, '25, and Florence Skinner Anderson, 1913-1914, submitted the following list of officers for next year:

President—Freda Griffin Leining, '20
Vice-President—Marion Ordway Corley, '11
Secretary-Treasurer—Lillian G. Grant, '20
Executive Committee:
Chairman—Carolyn Colton Avery, '23
Helen Merriam Cornell, 1902-1903
Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03
Nominating Committee:
Chairman—Jessie Hayden, 1882-1885
Lucy Miller Robotham, 1903-1904
Sarah M. Hammond, '16

Messages and greetings were read by the secretary from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow who were unable to join us; Elizabeth Allen Paxton, '98, president of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club, in which she outlined the activities of that club which has twenty-five members who meet at the various homes once a month, serve a buffet luncheon and then sew for charity; Lillian Douglass, '07, President of the Southern California Lasell Club; Dorothy Wells Seller, '09, President of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club; Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, former President of the New Haven Lasell Club; Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, President of the Florida Lasell Club and Treasurer of the Lasell Alumnae Association, who had been very ill but wrote a most interesting letter; Katherine Rice Broock, '20, Vice-President of the Michigan Lasell Club, in which she stated that the club holds its meeting in the early part of September to which new girls going to Lasell are invited and thus have an opportunity to hear what they may expect and are also able to have various questions answered; Gladys Stults, 1909-1910, President of the New York Lasell Club; Florence Skinner Anderson, 1913-1914, Jessie Watters, '23, and Susan Hallock Couch, 1886-1888, who sent greetings and as Chairman of the Honor Roll Committee, submitted the following list of Lasell girls who had passed on since our last meeting:

Frances Barbour Sonntag, '89, died in Los Angeles, October, 1927.

Anna Jones Bourne, '88, died February 23, 1928 in Westfield, New Jersey. She had three children, Henry, Kathryn and Donald.

Winifred Smith Chambers, 1905-1906, died February 28, 1928.

Miss Potter then brought us greetings and all the latest news Lasell. First of all messages from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and advised us that Richard is a Junior at Tufts College and assistant instructor in the Department of Physics. Marjorie entered Tufts as a Sophomore, Donald is a Senior in High School and "Pris" is well on her way to Lasell.

Mlle. Le Royer also sent greetings and we learned that Mlle. with her husband had travelled from France to England by airplane during the past summer.

Miss Witherbee, through Miss Potter, sent greetings and assured us that girls of today were just about the same as they were in our day and emphasized the fact by sending word that one girl, when asked what she was going to write about, replied that she was "undersided." Miss Potter told us that Miss Witherbee and Miss Irwin had ben on a trip through England this past summer and enjoyed a most inspiring outing.

Senora's message to us was, "If any of them remember me, give them my love." Senora spent the summer with her daughter, son and little grandson.

We were told Miss Packard is in charge of the M. E. Missionary Rooms in Boston and will leave shortly for a nine months' trip to California where she will attend the annual general Executive Meeting of the Methodist Missionary Society.

Miss Wright and Mrs. Saunders also sent greetings.

Our attention was called to the cover of the *Literary Digest* for July 1, 1928 which was designed and painted by our own Alice Bevin Leewitz, 1913-1914.

We were astonished to learn that the Senior Class numbers 96 with 12 more who doubtless will be made Seniors later on.

Another house has been purchased by Lasell and named "The Blaisdell" after Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67, who, in her will, gave $9,000.00 to Lasell for the Endownment Fund. The house is located two doors from Hawthorn towards Carpenter. It is thoroughly modern, accommodates ten, and is to be used also as a second practice house, owing to the popularity of the domestic science course.

Some painting has been done about the buildings and $1,000.00 laid out on the plumbing in Bragdon, and $5,000.00 on the heating plant at Woodland.

Miss Potter spoke of the excursions so well liked by the girls especially the one to historic Plymouth which culminates with an old-fashioned New England clam-bake at Mr. Amesbury's summer camp in Duxbury.

Vesper services are thoroughly enjoyed by the girls who are having the privilege of hearing some very fine speakers.

The course in Child Care is proving very popular. The girls are taught exactly how to care for the child. Mrs. Winslow herself has lectured to the girls in connection with this course and, being an ideal mother, is well qualified to give valuable advice.

The endowment has passed over the $60,000.00 mark, made possible by several large contributions including $5,000.00 from the father of Hannah Proctor, '10, in memory of Hannah.

Miss Potter stated that while not definitely decided, she felt quite sure the midwinter reunion would be held in Boston.

Lasell has also received a unique gift from Mr. William Brown, father of one of the Lasell girls. It is a hammer to sound the Japanese Temple Bell. On the handle is a very beautiful hand carved dragon's head of oak and the striker part is much like a drumstick and is covered with lamb's wool.

With a request that we all pay a visit to Lasell soon, Miss Potter brought her address to a close amidst hearty applause.

Miss Tiffany as President of the Lasell Alumnae Association, stated that there is a balance of $7,413 in the treasury which will doubtless be used later for building purposes, but at present the interest is used for scholarships.

Miss Tiffany also stated that of the thirty members of the Lasell Corporation, fifteen are past students. She offered to answer any questions concerning the association we wished to ask, and make us feel more acquainted with some of the details relating to it.

The club voted to send flowers to Ruth Talcott Britton at the Hartford Hospital.

It was voted also to send a telegram of greeting to Dr. Bragdon.

The motion was made and seconded that the secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, or her proxy, be sent by the club to the Lasell Alumnae meetings.

The secretary then read a list of returned invitations owing to incorrect addresses, some of which the members present were able to correct. Those concerning which no information could be given are as follows: Emma Bacon Martin, 1875-1876, Frances Hartman Newman, 1905-1906, Ruth Downs, 1913-1914, and Dorothy Gilbert, 1912-1913. (Any information will be appreciated by the secretary.)

Much credit was due the President, Bertha Hayden King, not only for assisting with the luncheon plans, but for the manner in which the meeting was conducted.

Those present were:

Dean Lillie R. Potter, '80.
Bertha Hayden King, '03, President.
Marion Ordway Corley, '11.
Susan E. Tiffany, '15.
Lillian G. Grant, '20, Secretary-Treasurer
Freda Griffin Leining, '20.
Carolyn Colton Avery, '23, Vice-President.
Edith Abbot Brace, '18.
Gladys Strople Winger, 1919-1920.
Harriet W. Edwards, 1923-1924.
Helen Wahlquist, '25.
Louise Hegeman Whitman, '25.
Helen M. B. Black, '25.
Grace Warner Strickland, '21.
Marion B. Austin, 1920-1922.
Emma White Welles, 1890-1893.

Laura R. Comstock, 1891-1892.
Bessie L. Comstock, 1891-1893.
Ruth K. Merriam, '98.
Grace Conklin Bevin, 1884-1885.
Jessie W. Hayden, 1882-1885.
Clara McLean Rowley, '02.
Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03.
Jennie Johnson Brewster, 1905-1906.
Ruth Miller Wolfe, 1908-1909.
Maude Hayden Keeney, '16.
Helen M. Saunders, '17.
Laura Hale Gorton, '16.
Marion Griffin Wolcott, '16.
Winifred Whittlesey Knowlton, '12.
Susan I. Gallup, 1903-1904
Elsie C. Fengar, 1905-1907.
Anne E. Ives, '00.
Fanny L. MacKenzie, 1903-1904.
Eva C. Robertson, 1903-1904.
Nellie M. Hart, 1902-1904.
Lucy Miller Robotham, 1903-1904.

Respectfully submitted,
Lillian Gertrude Grant,
Secretary,

ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB

The third annual meeting of the Lasell Club of St. Johnsbury, Vermont was held at the Maple Grove Tea-Room, St. Johnsbury, Vermont June 20, 1928.

During the luncheon several Lasell songs were sung.

A business meeting followed at which Sarah Crane, '22, President presided.

Eleanor Steele being absent, Katherine Fitch was elected Secretary pro tem.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and accepted.

Maude Wakefield, '15, then read the report of the nominating committee.

President—Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23.
Vice-President—Vera Willis Warfield, '16.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mildred Ordway Brahana, '16.

Above nominees were elected.

A motion was made to send Eleanor Steele a telegram expressing our gratitude for all she had done.

Mrs. Bertha Hooker was our guest and representative from Lasell. She brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter. Dr. Winslow wished Mrs. Hooker to tell us especially about the additional trees which had been planted this spring in the southern part of the State. Mrs. Hooker told us about the changes in the school and the splendid record of the Lasell girls in other colleges. She spoke briefly of the future plans for the school and brought many pictures of the girls which were of great interest to all. She answered many inquiries regarding the teachers and former students and also gave us a brief talk about her trip abroad last year.

The meeting was adjourned.

The following members were present:
Mrs. Hooker—Guest
Hazel Baird, '26.
Marjorie Blair, '28.
Mildred Ordway Brahana, 16.
Doris Cleasby, '27.
Sarah Crane, '22.
Eleanor Dorman, 1926-1928.
Katherine Fitch, 1926-
Lucille Mitchell Hoadley 1919-1920.
Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23.
Mildred Libby Kilgore, '16.
Barbara Lawson, '28.
Beulah McFarland, '20.
Elizabeth Stahl, '28.
Maude Wetherbee Wakefield, '15.
Vera Willis Warfield, '16.

Mildred Ordway Brahana, '16
Secretary

MICHIGAN LASELL CLUB

From all reports the fall meeting of the Detroit Lasell Cub was most successful. In her letter to the Dean, Lucille Barry, '28, President of the Club, expresses appreciation for the messages which came from the old school and writes: "Our meeting was very informal, being held at the time to welcome any new girls. We were fortunate in having Miss Helen Elizabeth Morgan attend this meeting and you may be sure we gave her a most hearty welcome. We are proud of our only Detroit Lasell girl."

On account of the absence of the secretary of the club, notices were not sent to all the members and the gathering was small but evidently from the following list very select and representative.

Those present were:
Florence Jones Allen, '12.

Edessa Warner Slocum, 1910-1911.
Helen Warner Gankler, '18.
Helen Bauman Routier, '17.
Marie Roberts Parent, 1924-1924.
Marion Fitch, '26.
Helen Waltz, '27.
Kathryn Forgey, '28.
Ernestine Wagner, 1926-1927.
Carol Rice, '16.
Katherine Rice Broock, '20.
Helen Elizabeth Morgan, 1928-
Lucille Barry, '26.

THE PORTLAND, MAINE LASELL CLUB

The Portland Lasell Club held its fifth annual luncheon and business meeting August 31 at the Columbia Hotel, Portland. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter were the guests of honor and brought to us especially good news from and about dear Lasell. Mrs. Saunders also added a bright and friendly greeting as did Mrs. Blaine Viles (A. Ethel Johnson, '99,) of Augusta, Maine. Mrs. Josphine Milliken Roth, '99, was "on" from Illinois and brought not only her own cordial greetings but also good news from her daughter, Madeline Roth White, '26. Mildred Knight, '21, proved herself an efficient president. Lasell songs were sung with Mae Harrison Clifford, 1915-1916, accompanist. Mrs. Viles, who has the distinction of being a member of the governor's staff, spoke briefly and declared herself in full sympathy with Lasell's unchanging high standards.

Respectfully submited,
Cassie Lindsey Williams, 1919-20.
Secretary

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:

President—Mildred Knight, '21.
Vice-President—Louise Harmon 1900-1901.
Secretary—Cassie Lindsay Williams 1919-1920.
Treasurer Louise Stevens, '22.

The following is the list of those present, self-classified, and please note how many are homemakers.

Clara Austin Winslow, 1900, Homemaker
Guy M. Winslow, 1898, Teacher
Lillie R. Potter, 1880, Schoolkeeper
Caroline Lindsay Haney, 1920, Homemaker
Mae Harrison Clifford, 1918, Homemaker
Josephine Milliken Roth, 1899, Homemaker
Ethel Johnson Viles, 1899, Homemaker
Jeannette Smith, 1929, Student
Frances W. Mann, 1929, Student
Roberta M. Tapley, 1927-1928, Student
Dorothy Dennie Hutchins, 1918-1921, Homemaker
Helen Sanborn Rowe, 1920, Homemaker
Edith B. Shalit, 1928, At Home
Marion H. Simpson, 1929, Student
Mary Faulkenham, 1929, Student
Louise Titus Calef, 1924, Homemaker
Marcia Pinkham, 1927, Student
Margaret Elms, 1927, At Home
Mildred Corey, 1922, Teacher
Marjorie Maxfield, 1927, Stenographer
Elizabeth V. Irish, 1925, At Home
Marjorie Jagger Ferguson, 1924, Homemaker
Irma Conant Fuller, 1921-1922, Homemaker
Evelyn Mason Kelley, 1892.
Gertrude May Goss, 1898, Music Supervisor
A. Louise Stevens, 1922, Stenographer
Cassie Lindsay Williams, 1920, Homemaker
Lutie M. Harmon, 1901, Teacher
Mildred A. Knight, 1921, Secretary

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

The report of the last meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club unfortunately failed to be published on time. It is evidently no fault of the secretary's and we sincerely apologize for its tardy publication.

"The twentieth luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club was held at the Los Angeles Woman's Athletic Club, March 6th, 1928. Thirty-six members were present. Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and daughter were absent. Mrs. Bertha Gray Richards, 1887-1888, gave an address of welcome and read several letters. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the secretary pro tem, Ellen C. Wood, '02, in the absence of the regular secretary, Mary Hubbard, '20. The minutes were approved. The treasurer's report was read and approved. The secretary was instructed to write letters to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon, also to Mrs. Leona Benner Brotherton, '08, who was ill. Mrs. Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901, chairman of the nominating committee, reported the following names as nominated for the coming year:

President—Lillian Douglass, '07.

Vice-President—Eunice Perkins Hill, 1919-1920.
Secretary—Marriott Degan MacDonald, 1906-1908.
Treasurer—Helen Campbell Rousseau, 1898-1899.

These officers were unanimously elected to serve the following year. A letter of thanks for his birthday gift of a Gladstone bag from the club was read from Dr. C. C. Bragdon. After singing, the meeting was adjourned.

Ellen Chase Wood
Secretary pro tem

The members present were:
Amy Phillips, '18.
Margie Mae Schuberth, '96.
Lillian Douglass, '07.
Laura Chase, '02.
Mary Seaman, 1891-1893.
Elizabeth Lum, '01.
Aileen Wilson, 1924-1925.
Eva-May Mortimer, '25.
Marceline Kaiser, 1919-1920.
Caroline Thomson Moore, 1897-1898.
Louise Wadleigh Bedall, 1903-1904.
Argenta MacDonald Carothers, 1901-1902.
Belle Curry Bates, 1894-1894.
Bertha Gray Richards, 1887-1888.
Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02.
Ellen Chase Wood, '02.
Helen Cleaveland Coleman, 1892-1893.
Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901.
Eunice Perkins Hill, 1919-1920.
Dorothy Shove Kelloway, '21.
Lucy Muth Kinney, 1898-1899.
Marriott Degen MacDonald, 1906-1908.
Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99.
Emilie Kothe Collins, '00.
Helen Campbell Rousseau, 1898-1899.
Cara Sawin Sweet, '96.
Carrie Brown Cassell, '89.
Louise Jackson Davol, '22.
Nellie Briggs Sandos, 1895-1895.
Josephine MacDonald Smith, 1901-1902.
Louise Whitney Weaver, 1890-1893.
Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01.
Helen Haskell Shay, 1902-1903.
Juliette Rideout Smithers, 1915-1918.
Virginia Johnson Milbank, 1882-1885.

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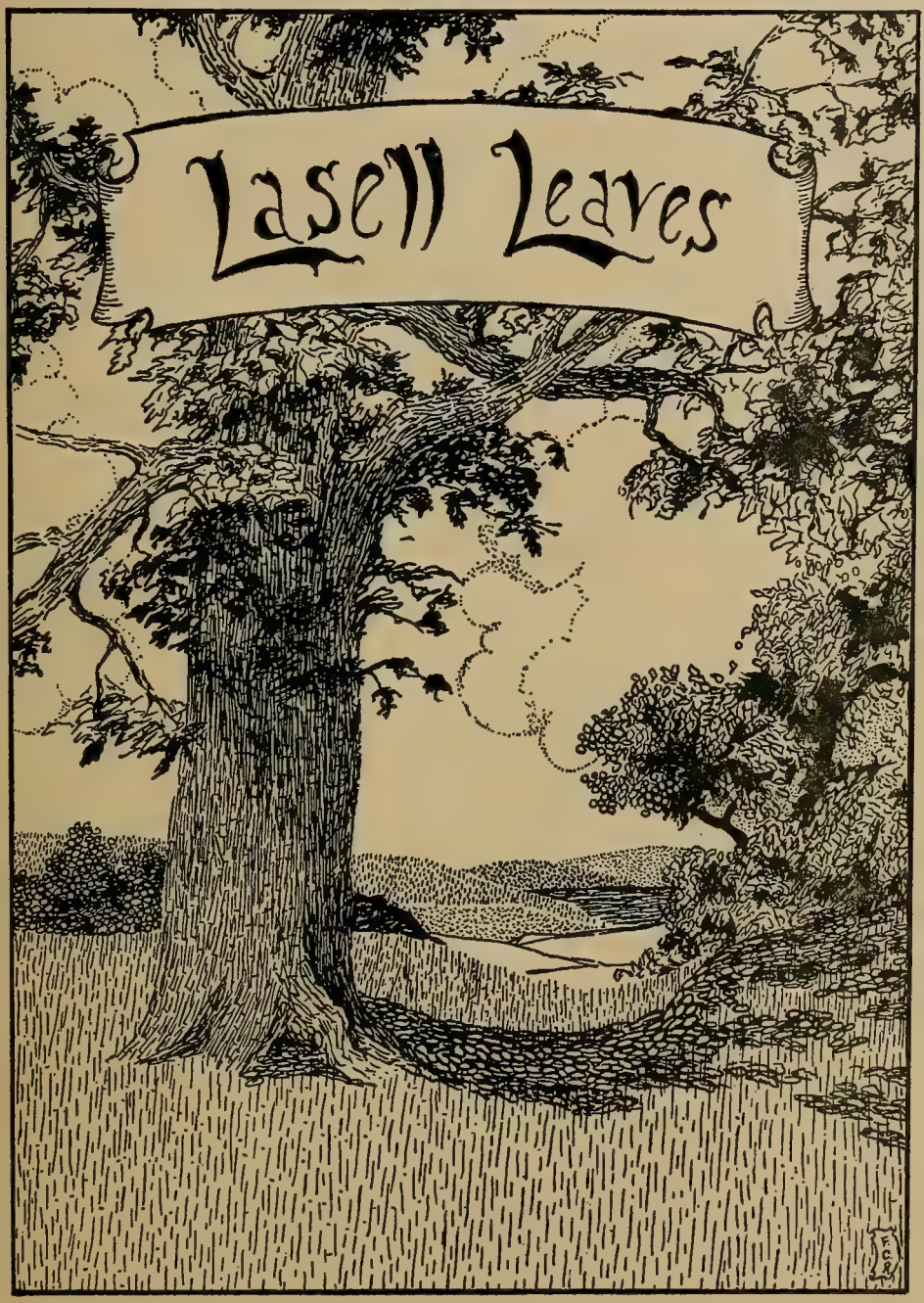
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most becoming....

"Most becoming" Mary said, looking at my new J. M. S. frock. "Most becoming a habit, I think," remarked my roommate. "Betty gets a new J. M. S. dress every week.

"Well, I'm spending less money than usual on my clothes, because you see I'm buying them all at

Jordan's Junior Misses' Shops....



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LITERARY

PEACE

Out of the East and across the sea, there came a cry, a wailing pitiful cry. We heard it and responded two million strong. Sons of the rich, of the poor, of the fine and of the lowly; sons of the great and of the wicked, all fused to go to aid a nation in distress. The ghastly wail reechoed. It chilled to the marrow and moved the stout heart to patriotism. Great steel monsters moved out upon a turbulent sea, bringing the motley host full of courage nearer the source whence issued the plaintive cry.

Black Dugan, alias Jack Walker, sat alone in a small garret in New York's Chinatown. Far from peaceful was his tortured mind. Why had he done this thing? His last job had seemed so easy. Anyone could rob a safe,—people were fools who expected to keep their money in a little tin box. He had obtained that all right and just as he turned his flashlight, he had seen a face outside the open French windows. He had fired one, two, three shots at the visage and then as it disappeared he heard a heavy thud. Terrified he had fled to his little room and there he had remained for days, not daring to go out. It had been his first "killing."

There was a deal of good in this crooked character, and his soul rebelled at the word "killing." He was ever haunted by the sight of that face—calm and serene. Then one night his heart had beaten beyond all records when he heard the sound of footsteps outside his door. It had been Chin Wong, his benefactor, and he had breathed a sigh of relief.

Tonight Chin Wong brought him a paper. In large glaring letters on the front page, he read of the announcement of war. So this had been the cause of all the commotion on Pell Street this afternoon when sounds of feet hurrying along the pavement had struck terror in his heart. As Black read, he also heard the cry, and seeing his one chance, he also reponded.

With the help of his friend, Chin Wong, Black had enlisted in a small Connecticut town under the assumed name of Jack Walker. No one had suspected. But that face—always it tormented him. He couldn't sleep. In extreme agony he told himself he would atone for what he had done if only he had the chance. And he did.

Over there, where caste was unknown, where the lucky in life mingled with those who had tasted of its dregs, the man Black came to the surface in sacrifice. His many deeds of bravery won for him admiration and respect. A true soldier, a born fighter, was said of him. But he was unconscious of the greatness thrust upon him. It was that face. In those hours of dire peril out on the field alone, with the roar of big guns in the distance, that face would appear. It spurred him on, he knew not where. He would pursue his course blindly, always feeling that the face ever watched him, and with a supreme desire to prove to it and to himself that he wasn't a murderer.

He had captured a machine gun nest singlehanded. How, he didn't know. But he did know that he had seen the face that night out there in the stillness. A fear possessed him but he was ever determined to rid the

country of those murderers. He hoped the face would see. A bewildered man had been decorated by the French for that brave deed. Tears had risen in his eyes when he had been decorated, tears that come to a child's eyes when its attempt to do good goes unnoticed.

Then came the time when Black paid in full. On a stormy night, he had been given outpost duty. His was the shell hole nearest the enemy's line. He had waited for hours for some sign of enemy manoeuvre, but heard only an occasional burst of shell. The stillness was terrific. It was uncanny. Suddenly something was wrong. He sensed it. The light of a bursting shell illuminated the ground.

What he saw made his blood run cold. A vast army of grey creatures moved toward his own right flank. This was what had been expected for days. It came in a flash to Black that it would be only a matter of minutes before the attack would begin. He seized the transmitter and pressed the signal switch again and again. No answer came. "Buddy, Buddy," he called. Still no answer. What he visualized made him shudder. He must reach that pit if it took his last drop of blood. Cautiously, he crawled from his hole. His blood boiled as a splatter of lead fell around him. Then it came—the apparition—that face —now advancing, now returning to the shadows. On he struggled, through ooze and barbed wire, over mounds and corpses. A gleam of light fell upon him. He huddled. Then a spurt of rifle reports. He winced as a sharp pang went through his body and he realized he was bleeding. How he cursed those damned dogs of Huns! The pain became unbearable, his strength was growing weak. And in his misery Black saw that face. It was almost smiling, he thought. Then a numbness mounted from his thigh through his body. He reached the pit and fell into it. He lay motionless for some moments, then slowly his eyes opened. There was the Buddy beside him, a deep gash in his forehead, the receiver in his hand. There was still time. He snatched the transmitter and called.

"Buddy, Buddy."

"Yes," came the answer.

"Thank God," he said, "the enemy are moving into position to attack on the right flank."

His eyes closed, and the phone slipped from his hand. He struggled hard for breath. Again the face appeared. It was close to him now and there was an unmistakable smile on its lips. The whine of a shell broke the stillness. A deafening report and all was quiet. They had searched him out.

Betty Ellenberger, '29.

A PINK SCARF

As the train puffed and wheezed out of the station, two modern Launcelots jumped down to the platform, swept off their hats and made a profound bow to the departing train.

"Gosh, Bill, that's the biggest break Dick will see for a long time."

"Break? Glory be—methinks it was a close shave" blurted out Bill who was now wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

On the 20th Century Limited in car 52, lower birth 20, lay a human figure. Drawing closer one could make out a young man about 25 years of age, blond curly hair, black lashes hiding eyes which most probably would be blue. This person was dead to the world—apparently drunk—but as he lay there with a smile on his face, one could easily see that something amused him.

As Dick Palmer lay there he wondered where he was. What was that damn scraping —talking about rocking—was he on the ocean? Why, wasn't he over to the Club just a few minutes ago with Bill and Harry? Where were they? How in— how did he ever get here?

"We'll be in Boston in a few minutes, boss," yelled in the porter. Then he shook Dick.

"Yuh, I heard you," came the feeble but disgusted voice of one awakening from a peaceful slumber. "But how'd I ever get here? I know I was supposed to meet Dad, but this isn't Chicago. What day is this anyway? Oh, Lord, what a life!"

After managing to scramble out of his close quarters, Dick finally balanced himself on his two feet and lashed about him. One could easily see he was about six feet two inches and just the type girls rave about.

"Say, porter, can you tell me how I got here?"

"No, Boss. Sorry I can't. Seems to me you got on at Chicago—but how, Lordy, I know nohow."

"Thanks," replied Dick, "Guess I'll get out and look Boston over."

Back to his berth he wended his way, gathering up his luggage and what not. His glance happened to fall upon something pink. Picking it up he examined it—no, it wasn't pink. Must be called peach—oh well, what do men know about colors that women wear. What was it anyhow? A lot he knew about such things. Guess it must be a scarf or something. Awfully feminine, but pretty.

Looking at it more closely he could see in the corner the initials E. B. Could it be Elizabeth, Esther, Emma, or what? Well, it belonged to someone. Might as well keep it until the owner claimed it. Slipping it into his pocket, he jammed on his hat and started for the door. Upon reaching the waiting room of South Station, he glanced around to see if anyone could fulfill his imaginative picture of this mysterious "E. B." Pulling out his memorandum book he looked up to see just when and where he was supposed to have this conference with his father. Having satisfied his curiosity his glance began to wander, and suddenly his attention was held by a pair of black eyes moving closer to him every minute. The owner of them was the prettiest girl he had ever beheld. From head to toe she was dressed in black. Her face seemed to be framed in the luxurious fox collar. One could easily imagine her black curls crammed beneath the tight fitting hat. As she drew nearer Dick imagined himself lost in the brightness of her eyes, and his eyes grew dizzy as he looked first at her eyes then at her scarlet mouth. Dick drew off his hat and stood there like a school boy, ready to hear the fateful verdict.

"Would you mind returning stolen goods?"

"Stolen goods—ye gods! I've no stolen goods."

"No?" and as she questioned him she stretched forth a slim hand and drew out of his pocket the pink scarf.

"Oh, I say—really I don't know how I ever got it—really I don't—truly I'm sorry—is it yours?"

"Yes, it is mine," came the indignant reply.

"But, how did I get it? I'll swear I found it in my berth. Say, can you give me any clue?"

"Yes, I might but hardly think it worth it. Anyhow, last night when you were dumped on the train you were unconscious of your surroundings. I had everything made up for the night but left to journey down the car in order to say good night to one of my friends who was traveling with me. Upon returning to my berth I found you there. How you got there, I don't know. You were on my scarf and I wanted it badly, but thought you too large a bulk to move, so thought I'd get it in the morning. I was absolutely at ends where to go for the night, but after fishing through your pockets I came upon the ticket for your berth. You took mine so I took yours. Now that I've made myself clear, I'll thank you for my scarf."

"Certainly, and it really was wonderful of you to do so much. Thank you again. I'm sorry it all happened, but it's just this way." No sooner had he gotten the words out of his mouth than an elderly woman followed by a chauffeur appeared.

"Emily, deah," came the meek voice

"Auntie."

There he stood like he only wish he knew.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Auntie dear, may I present Mr. Mr. er—er—Smith, Mrs. De Blois. You know Mr. Smith entertained me most royally fram Cleveland to Boston."

Having said this she gave him a sly glance

and extending her hand, made a rather hasty adieu.

* * *

"Oh, I say Dad, it's great to see you. Yes, everything is fine. The kid sister sends her love and says a little check wouldn't hurt her any."

"Dick boy, it's wonderful to have you here after all these months. I hope you'll stay. You know Beantown isn't so bad after all. Maybe I can fix you up all right with some girl, and then everything will run smoothly, I know."

As his father said this Dick could see a pair of black eyes, a scarlet mouth, a pink scarf. Where was she now? What was she doing?

"Sure, Dad, I'll stay for a while. Guess I'll go down to the University Club and see if I can look up someone." Having said this he went out the doorway and down into the street.

Walking down Boylston street all he could see was Emily. Was she married? Gad, he didn't even know her last name!

"Dick! how in heck did you get here?"

* * *

"Bob, old man, I never thought I'd see you. What brings you up here? Married! Congratulations. Who is she? And you're living here! Sure I'd love to come out to see you. Come on down to the Club with me for lunch. You can make it."

Slowly the two pals made their way into the dining room. One could easily observe that they had just recently met each other.

Bob Newcomb had been Dick's roommate at Yale, and the two had been inseparable. Dick hadn't heard from Bob for so long it seemed as if he'd never had a roommate.

"Say, Dick, how about coming over to our little home tonight for dinner? Wait a minute, I'll call Connie and see if it's O. K. I know it will be." Having said this he left the table and soon returned.

"It's all right and Connie says her roommate at National Park is here in Boston. Just blew in and will be there for dinner, so we'll have a foursome."

As Dick dressed for dinner, he didn't take any particular pains in dressing. She'll probably be some flop so why bother. Wish I could have a lucky break and see Emily. Wish I'd asked her her name. I'm a damn fool to let any girl come in my mind. She isn't worth it. Glancing at his watch he realized that already he was a half hour late, and of course that always goes over huge with your hostess when you are her guest for the first time.

"Mrs. Newcomb, Mr. Palmer, Miss Boyle, Mr. Palmer." Miss Boyle, Emily, pink scarf. Nothing else mattered. Here she was within reach of his arms, and damn it, all he could do and say was extend his hand and murmur, "Miss Boyle."

The dinner seemed tasteless. Apparently to Dick it seemed as if no one was there except Emily and himself. Emily didn't give herself away so far as meeting Dick before. Dick nearly went out of his senses. What's this thing they call love? It must be this. If this is love, I love it and want more and more of it. What should he say next? After racking his brain frantically for topics worth discussing, he finally suggested that when she returned to her home, he be allowed to escort her. This without a doubt met with her approval, because she said she'd be very glad to have him.

As Dick's car glided down the avenue not a word was spoken between them. Down Commonwealth Avenue to Boylston Street; and the shops along both sides were greatly illuminated by the lights. Suddenly he stopped the car.

"I'll be back in a minute, Emily. Have an errand to do, but it won't take me long."

"That's all right, Dick, don't stay too long because I'm tired."

A few minutes later he came back and his face fairly beamed with joy. In his hand he held a small paper bag. Emily nearly died of curiosity but had too much pride to question him.

"Hope I wasn't too long. But I just had to

get it. Here, a — er — dea — Emily. Here's something for you. Thought you might like it."

With trembling fingers she opened the bag and lo and behold—in it was a pink scarf. Identically it was hers. How did he ever get this?

"Dick! It is perfectly beautiful, but how did you get it and where? I'm sure mine's at home because I purposely left it there."

"I know Emily—this afternoon when I was on my way to the University Club I saw it and wanted it. Tonight when you were at Bob's house you were still the same Emily but something was lacking. Bewildered, I finally discovered that it was the pink scarf. So, I decided I'd drive down this way and get it. Somehow I just want to see it around your shoulders. Something I can never forget. You will wear it for me, won't you dear?"

Without a word Emily took the scarf, put it around her shoulders, slipped her slender hand under his arm and smiled an understanding smile.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

SEASONS

The silver echo of a skylark's morning call,
Tender buds awakening from their sleep since early fall,
Golden sunshine glistening, shimmering over all,

Spring.

Soft warm winds wafting fragrance from the flowers
Sparkling moonbeams on the earth,
A crystal globe, showers,
Perfume, quiet, moonbeams, shadows, perfect hours,

Summer

Crimson, gold and purple turned to brown
A gay Persian carpet covering all the ground.
A crispness and a rustle in each and every sound,

Autumn

Powdered diamonds, sifting from a sky of mother of pearl,
Dancing downward, laughing, teasing with the winds, to make them swirl,
Spreading quietly o'er the earth—a glorious flag unfurl.

Winter

Nan Spahr '29.

THE THEATRE GUILD

When the Theatre Guild is mentioned, one immediately thinks of New York, the Mecca of the American theatre-going public. The Guild, which up to the present time has given its attention mainly to the productions of significant plays in New York, has arranged during the current theatrical season, to produce its plays in a great many of the larger cities, of which Boston is to be one.

The policy of the Theatre Guild has always been to produce plays of the kind which would not ordinarily be staged in the commercial theatre, its object being to stimulate interest in anything which contributes to the heightening of the art of the theatre. The policy of the Guild in Boston will be the same as in New York. That is to say, it will depend for its support upon the intelligent theatre-going public. The Guild believes that there is a demand in the American Athens for the kind of play which it has heretofore produced only in New York.

Amongst its recent productions have been "The Silver Cord," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "Marco Millions," "Strange Interlude," "The Second Man," and "Ned McCobb's Daughter." all the work of American playwrights. The Guild has been criticized for a lack of interest often in contemporary American drama, but certainly this has been somewhat undeserved. During the present season some more interesting plays by American authors are promised. A new play called "Meteor," has been written by Mr. Belerman; Eugene O'Neill expects to complete his new play "Dynamo" early this fall. The rights of the play, "The House of Connolly" by Paul Green have also been acquired. Mr. Green will be especially remembered for his play "In Abraham's Bosom," which won the Pulitzer Prize award last year.

The Theatre Guild's season in Boston will open December ninth, and will continue for two months. The plays which will be presented are "Arms and the Man," "The Guardsman," "Volpone," "The Marco Millions," and "Porgy." Certainly the production of this one

play "Porgy," heralded as the new type of drama, has merited great praise. In it the opportunity was given to a group of negro actors to express the very natural histrionic gift that the colored race possesses. And the play itself, without any attempt at propaganda, holds within itself the eternal question of the place of the negro in our American life.

We welcome the Theatre Guild to Boston. We hope that Lasell will whole-heartedly support it during its stay and that its season will be so successful that a Boston Theatre Guild will be built up in the near future.

Beatrice Adam

THREE DIAMONDS

Doctor Frank Martin, seated in the little breakfast room of the apartment hotel where he resided on West 46th Street, New York, read the *Times* at about this hour and usually in this same place. In fact, the five or ten minutes he waited for his morning meal to be served, was the only time he allowed himself for newspaper reading at all, his days being too full and his nights spent in more advanced studying or diversified entertainment. As he sat there, he presented a picture of a fine looking man about forty-five years of age. He was well built—tall and broad-shouldered with an unusually strong looking handsome face which was lent more character and distinction by his snow-white hair which was as thick and wavy now as it ever could have been in his youth. On close observation, a keen observer or one used to studying faces, would notice and marvel at his eyes. They were greyish blue and on looking into them closely, one could see there was a great deal behind the youthful, physical handsomeness of this man. His eyes had depth and spoke of unutterable suffering and sorrow. They told of a past that evidently still lived with this man.

At length he must have found something of interest to read because instead of handling the paper listlessly as he had before, he tightened his grip and seemed to focus his entire attention on the reading matter before him. In a short but prominently placed column on the front page he read:

"Opera Star near death in hotel suite."

"Miss Carolyn Hastings, the well-known opera star who recently returned from London where she triumphed so remarkably as Marguerite in Faust, is very near death in her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Hastings, who was returning from the Monday evening performance of Ziegfield's production of "Show Boat," was fatally injured when her car was struck by a trolley at Sixth Avenue and Forty-first Street. She is one of the most popular stars at the Metropolitan Opera House and was to open her season's engagement the next month. Dr. Frank Martin who is attending her stated in his latest bulletin that he had little hope for her recovery. It is an unusual fact but very little is known of Miss Hastings' life. She came into the public eye five years ago when she made a brilliant debut in Paris. She is American by birth but that is all that is known about her except the story of her five year successful career and the fact that she is interested in charitable work."

After reading this, Dr. Frank Martin ate his breakfast hastily and without appetite. That over with, he left immediately and upon reaching the street summoned a taxi and proceeded down-town. Fifteen minutes later, he found himself walking through the entrance of the Waldorf. It was only ten A. M. but the lobby was jammed. This was typical of New York—the melting pot of the world—just a seething scrambling mass of humanity. Two minutes later he stepped out of the elevator on the sixth floor. As he approached the door of the suite he was to visit, he noticed a group of four or five men standing nearby. One of them stepped forward and said—"You are Dr. Martin, I believe. Well, I am Jim Kane of the *Herald* and I am very anxious to get a story about Miss Hastings. What the public wants in this case is facts about her and as you know nothing is known about her. Guess you can help us doctor if you will." The doctor stiffened slightly and replied in a cool voice—"I

shall see what I can do gentlemen, but it is not necessary to wait here. Come back in an hour or so and I'll speak to you then, to the best of my ability." At the conclusion of this brief but decisive speech the physician knocked at the door of Room 620. It was opened almost instantly by a nurse.

"Oh, good morning, Dr. Martin. I'm so glad you're here. Miss Hastings is very anxious to see you and I was just going to call you. She has not had a very good night but right now she seems to have an unusual amount of vitality."

"Thank you and I hope are are well, Miss Hall."

The physician entered the bedroom. Directly opposite the door was the bed upon which a still figure reclined. Carolyn Hastings in spite of her illness, was still a beautiful woman. She was almost thirty-four and before her accident she was a gorgeous woman. A living animated creature—distinctly feminine. Her hair was long, thick and black, her eyes big and brown. Her features seemed to be classically modeled and her skin was of a startling whiteness in contrast to her eyes and hair. Looking at her face now the doctor could see what suffering had done—but still there was her expression, sweet, understanding, showing inward loveliness and character. Her age added to her beauty. It gave her the maturity that is necessary for real beauty—but there was one mar. There was something about her that seemed extremely sorrowful or worried, and looking at her, the doctor wondered.

He took the slim, white hand that rested on the coverlet. Before he could speak she said eagerly, "Doctor I have something very important to tell you. You must listen to me. I know I am dying and I must tell you. Don't tell me I am too weak to exert myself to speak because I intend to say what I want to and you must listen and don't interrupt."

The doctor made a move to silence her but the determination in her face and in her whole attitude silenced him.

"All right," he said, "but please don't exert yourself too much."

"Well, doctor, it is rather a long and strange confession but I'm telling you and only you because I trust you as a dear friend, having known you four years and because I want you to benefit by what I have to say."

Her voice was low but perfectly steady and clear.

"Fifteen years ago I came to New York with a girl chum of mine, Katherine Lane, my real name being Carol Holt. We were both brought up together in a small town in New York State and when we were eighteen we came here to study music, she taking violin and I voice. We rented a small apartment and sometimes were practically destitute. I worked as a file clerk in the day time and tried to take singing lessons in the evening about twice a week but it was a terrible struggle.

"One night after a hectic day when Katie and I didn't have even a decent meal, I decided to take a walk and try to think of what we could do. It was rather foggy and drizzly but the air was cool and penetrating and that's what I needed. We lived in a terrible section right near Brooklyn and when I started walking I just unconsciously directed my footsteps in this direction. The breeze from the East River was wonderful. I continued to walk across the bridge. About half way over I saw a figure approaching me through the mist. It was a man, tall and slender. As he passed me I happened to glance at his face. I shall never forget his expression even though I only got a glimpse of it. It was the most tragic I have ever seen or ever expect to see. I do not remember his features at all but that expression has lived with me to this day. Oh, I shall never forget it."

The woman's voice broke—"A little water please, then I can go on doctor."

She took a few sips and smiled gratefully.

"That's better—where was I? Now I remember. When I reached the Brooklyn side of the bridge I turned around and retraced my footsteps. At about the same position of

the bridge I encountered another man. The fog was even denser than ever. Consequently we almost bumped into each other. I was so startled I dropped my hand bag and all its contents were spread all over. The stranger assisted me in retaining them and when they were all picked up he arose. It was then I recognized him as the same man I had encountered before. I thanked him hurriedly and went on my way. When I reached home I told Katie of the strange coincidence and then as far as I was concerned, the matter was closed but it wasn't. The next morning Katie awakened me. I could see she was very excited. She placed the morning paper in my hands. Directly before me I saw the photograph of a young man. There was something familiar about the face and yet I couldn't recall where I had seen it before. Under the photograph was the caption—'Scion of old Philadelphia family commits suicide—leaves priceless diamonds to sweetheart.'

"Then there was an account of it underneath. I remember everything it said perfectly.

"James Rutledge, the last of the Philadelphia family by that name, committed suicide last night by jumping off Brooklyn Bridge. His hat was found this morning caught on one of the supports of the bridge. The reason for his suicide is given as despondency over his financial conditions. Young Rutledge has never led a social life at all. In fact he is not known except by name in his own home city. Nothing is known of him except that, at his father's death, he inherited a huge fortune. This he squandered in business gambles. All he had left at all were three huge and rare diamonds. These he left in his lodging room—with a message to the police stating his reasons for committing suicide and urging them to hand over the gems to his fiancée, Miss Carol Holt. A note to her marked Carol and her calling card were the only other personal effects found in the room.

"The police are satisfied and will make no further inquiry. The diamonds will be handed over to Miss Holt immediately."

"Imagine my feelings Doctor. A fortune thrown into my hands. What was I to do? For days I watched the papers but no one showed up to claim the diamonds. It was during this time that Katie and I pieced two and two together and found out how the strange situation had come about. First of all, it was evident that whoever has fiancée was, her name was Carol like mine. The fact that my calling card was in his room was very puzzling but that eventually solved everything. After much figuring and calculation we found the solution to that. When I dropped my bag that night and after everything had been picked up and I had hastened on my way, Mr. Rutledge, no doubt, found my card, the whiteness of it showing up on the dark pavement. Most likely he picked it up and seeing my first name was the same as his fiancée's he must have unthinkingly put it in his pocket. Then he must have gone home, written his two notes and then taken his life. How horrible it was and how unreal was my share in it! The one obstacle was who was the real Carol? Why didn't she come forward and claim what was rightfully hers. Later—years later—I found out she had married the very night of his suicide and left for Egypt. Perhaps she never heard of it—I don't know! She married her employer—an elderly man. About four years after her wedding she died abroad. She wasn't well-known and neither was James Rutledge, so there is a possibility she never knew.

"After a long siege of battling with my conscience, I went to the police and claimed the jewels. They were given to me without much questioning, together with the note marked Carol. The note was very brief—even if the police had read it—it would arouse no suspicion against me. It merely said:

"Carol, my dearest:

"I am not worthy of you and I am not worthy to live. I have lost all my money foolishly. All I have left are three diamonds which I intended to give you as a wedding present some day. They are yours. Even if you don't love me as I care for you, which I feel

is the case, take them and think kindly of me if you can.

John."

Again the low voice hesitated. "Doctor I must think a moment or two and collect my scattered thoughts."

"Do not continue, Miss Hastings, if it bothers you. It would be much better if you didn't."

Evidently the surgeon was deeply affected by the story for his voice, too, was very low and tremulous.

"I must finish," she said.

"After I read his note I felt justified, to a certain extent, in what I had done. You see she didn't love him and really had no right to the jewels either. That was what I thought then, but now I see I was wrong.

"To make a long story short, I sold one of the diamonds. It enabled me to study abroad and live as I had wanted to. It helped Katie too and she married very happily a short time after. When I completed my musical education I made my debut. I was fortunate enough to become somewhat of a success. Then I was financially well-fixed through my own medium. The second diamond I sold and with the money I endowed an English orphanage which was called the Carol Home,—an effort of mine to square myself with the other Carol. In operatic circles I am known as Carolyn Hastings. I thought it necessary to change my name so that no one would connect me with the finacée of James Rutledge who inherited three priceless treasures. Yes, I am known as Carolyn Hastings but that means nothing to me. I have never married, though I have always loved one man, because I am not worthy of him and I am too much of a coward to tell him why."

The last words were spoken so softly and in such a trembling tone of voice, they were almost inaudible to the ears of the listening man, but she continued:

"Now, Doctor, here's what I want you to do. Take whatever I leave, turn it into money and send it to the orphanage I spoke of in London. Sell my story to the papers and add whatever money you get from that to the orphanage fund. Katherine Lane is still living. I have written to her and explained everything. She will be here this afternoon and I have told her to do whatever you say in verifying the story, but without your consent she will say nothing. Her name now is Mrs. Donald Gregory. Now I come to the diamond—I have willed that to you. Do anything you want with it. I have left it to you because I want you to realize how I have appreciated your services and how I have appreciated your friendship and confidence these four years."

The woman's voice sank and drifted into silence. The room became utterly still except for the rather breathless, irregular breathing of the figure on the bed whose energy had been spent by her effort. The doctor sat tensely erect, his hands clinched at his sides, but he made no sound or showed in any other way that he was extremely overcome. The woman turned her big brown eyes now filled with tears toward him and said in an entreating, soft voice, "Doctor, do you think God can forgive me? Do you think I have atoned a little for what I have done? Tell me frankly."

The surgeon unclinched his hands, his body relaxed, his eyes softened and in a broken voice he replied: "Yes, I think you have more than atoned for your mistake. You are the most wonderful woman I have ever met and I am honored to be your friend. In regard to your wishes, I shall do what I think best and may God bless you."

He reached for her slim, white hand and pressed it gently.

The woman smiled her gratitude but she could not speak. Her breathing became more agonized. Finally she seemed not to be breathing at all. A thin shudder ran through her frame. She smiled once more, weakly but bravely. She gasped and her hand fell lifelessly at her side.

The man arose—straightened his shoulders and walked slowly from the room. In the

outer hall he was met by the nurse. He spoke briefly to her.

"Dead—I will return later. If a Mrs. Donald Gregory stops in please tell her Dr. Martin has no message whatever and she may see the body if she so desires."

She opened the door of the suite. He passed through slowly and hesitantly, conscious of the presence of some others—yes, the newspapermen. They crowded around him. He was once more the austere physician. He waved them outside with a single sentence.

"Gentlemen of the press, there is no story aside from the fact that Miss Carolyn Hastings, the international prima donna, passed away quietly this morning from injuries sustained in a motor accident last Monday."

Thereupon, Dr. Frank Martin, the eminent physician or James Rutledge the failure, walked rapidly toward the elevator.

Helene Swick, '29.

NATURE

Does anyone here like Nature?
If they do will they please say aye.
Do you like to see the rabbit's tread,
On a cold and wintry day?

If anyone here likes Nature,
Will you give me a reason why?
If you can't, I will give you a reason.
It is something you cannot buy.

Can you buy the sound in the pine trees
When the wind rushes through and through?
Can you buy the sound of the blue-jay's cry,
And the flash of its brilliant hue?

Can you buy the beauty of flowers,
By the brooks, the meadow and the hill?
Can you buy the sound of the dove's low cooing,
And the sound of the whip-poor-will?

Edythe Cummings, Grade VI,
Woodland Park School.

MEMORIES

Five o'clock—the first mellow notes of the big clock boomed out on the still, morning air. The huge, gray towers of Wall Street loomed forbiddingly against the rosy morning sky in which a pale moon rode at anchor.

A small army of scrub women toiled up the narrow street, their mops and pails clattering, their drab, bent bodies blending somehow with the gray of the buildings. At the first note of the clock one more drab, more bent, somehow more hopeless in the droop of her shoulders, than the rest, paused, poised, lifted her head, and stood gazing at the clock with a faint dawning of interest in her otherwise hopeless face.

Five o'clock—what memories she had of former five o'clocks—when she was Mayno Audrey of "The Follies," toasted and feted by all men. It had even been rumored that a prince—but that is another story.

She sighed as she gazed at the clock. How many times had she come home at that hour and thrown herself down—too tired after a night of gayety to do anything but slip away into happy dreams.

Five o'clock—her thoughts flashed back twenty years to a little country parsonage. The gentle old face of the minister looking at them benignly. To this day she could remember the odor of dried rose leaves which filled the room. And the sharp-eyed old spinster cousin with her hair in curl-papers who gazed with suspicion at the beautiful evening wrap of the young girl and the rough clothes of the young man who stood beside her. Well—she had married for love—but she had no regrets—she had the memories of her boy to console her—they paid for everything.

Five o'clock—as the third note sounded her thoughts shifted again to a room in a narrow hospital ward. To the pale face of a little boy and his broken words, "It won't hurt, Mother, will it?" She could not trust her voice to reply but could only shake her head. She had not lied—he had had no more pain—she never saw him again.

At the last note a vigorous jerk brought her back from the land of memories.

"Come on, Mayno," a harsh voice shrilled in her ear. "You ain't got all day. What are ya mooning about?"

Wearily she picked up her mop and pail and trudged on—only a scrub-woman—with her memories.

Frances Brown, '29.

REMINISCENSES OF USED CARS

BUICK

I was new once — the snappiest roadster in town.
I was Jack's graduation present.
How proud his family were on that night — that fatal night.
The pavement glistened in the moonlight.
Crash! A skid! and Jack . . . was dead.
Do you wonder that his father and mother could not bear the sight of me?
How handsome he was.—His black hair—and the way he laughed.

FORD

People say I rattle and bang and clatter
But I was good enough for Farmer Blake.
He loved to grasp my wobbley wheel and guide me through the muddy roads.
How his wife and kiddies liked to ride!
But Fords are expensive and mortgages must be paid.
How those children cried when I had to go!

CHRYSLER

Thousands of miles I've traveled
To the lame and the sick and the poor.
Many times the doctor fell asleep at the wheel
But I wouldn't run off the road.
Oh, well, a doctor's car has a hard life.
I hope my successor is as faithful as I was.

PIERCE-ARROW

A rich mill-owner's son tnd a little factory girl with eyes of violet hue.
Ah! that golden, glorious day!
They talked of love and beauty, his blonde head was close to hers of glistening bronze.
Heedless they were, engrossed in each other.
A blind crossing — a demon engine!
Too late they saw — they were smashed — killed —and their names smirched by scandal forever.
Clever mechanics put me together again.
God! if I only could speak!

Frances Mann, '29.

BLIND ALLEY

From his vantage point he was watching her. She was a rather tall, slim and very trim sort of person, perfectly dressed in dark brown. Her long tapered fingers rested on the counter, quiet, because they were well educated. He was not sure that she was aware of his presence. But she was! Surreptitiously she had looked into the mirror which stood on the case, had adjusted her hat, and incidentally had noticed his keen eyes upon her. Unconcernedly she walked away, stopping here and there. Then he lost her in the crowd.

Taylor, giving himself over to reflection, recalled another day when those graceful hands which ought never to have been used except for doing something beautiful, had tucked away under her coat a scarf from a display table. How cleverly she had done it, yet she didn't seem the type for this sort of thing. That one act he had seen and he had followed her, this Clarice Clark, to another department. How he had hated taking her in; but she had gotten off with little trouble. He could not help but admire her cunning and wit; she was interesting to study.

With a start Taylor came back to the hurrying Saturday hubbub before him. Perhaps she would bear closer observance. He had noticed when she disappeared in the crowd, that her face had shown no purpose, but oftentimes with this sort of criminal, that expression had a mind intent on something. But where to look for her! Taylor went through the handkerchief and lingerie sections. The only way to find her would be to go to each department where she could easily busy herself. Even then, he ran the chance of having her always just ahead of him. Ah, the jewelry—that would be a good place for her work. Its counters were right at the door, too. But nowhere could he see the brown hat which topped her imperious head. Well, he might as well go up to the second floor. How fruitless the search seemed. Why was he doing this? Was it only to make a study of her sensitive face, or was it his detective's instinct to feel some-

thing wrong. Going through the coat and dress departments, Taylor found himself in the sweater and blouse section. Methodically his eyes scanned the rows of counters. There were quite a few people casually looking at displays, others were busily talking to saleswomen and trying on merchandise. At a table far to the right, he perceived the object of his search. Just as he looked her way, she lifted a flimsy, soft sweater from the pile on the table and stowed it away in her pocket. Then, with a quick glance around, she stepped into a down elevator. In that short time, Taylor had sped across to the elevators but was a second too late to catch her. He fumed with impatience until another elevator came. It seemed to take ages for one to come down, after all that went up. He bounded out at the main floor and hurriedly made for the main entrance. Once on the street, he saw the brown clad figure about a block ahead. Hastening as much as he could without attracting attention, Taylor got closer to Clarice Clark.

By this time, she realized that he was following her and quickened her steps. "Oh Lord to be caught now," she thought. Just when she was in her direst straights; at the lowest ebb of her career in crime. Like a scared rabbit she darted here and there among the crowd on the sidewalks. At street crossings, she knew no traffic rules, but miraculously escaped cars and people. She thought, as she made her swift flight from that ever-pursuing man. What would happen if she were caught now? Where could she turn if she finally got away? What good could it do to tell her story and to protest her innocence." Suddenly she looked up. She had turned the corner into a blind alley.

Alice Mealey, '30.



RED SANDALS

The great sea's green waves rolled leisurely over the smooth rocks causing only a gentle swish, swash, as they reached their end. In a shadowed recess between two towering walls of gray slate rock lay a young man, fast asleep. The soft, almost lifeless breeze ran its fingers through the mass of wavy, auburn hair which surmounted a healthy, bronze-colored, even-featured, and altogether handsome face. A faint smile was flickering about his lips as if his dreams were pleasant ones, when suddenly a tiny pebble fell from the cliff above and landed with a sting on the sleeper's outstretched arm.

"What the ——! Hey, who's getting fresh around here?" Milo Laithrope looked up just in time to see two bare legs and a pair of bright red sandals disappear over the edge of the rocks at the top of the cliff.

"I wonder who it is," he thought as he climbed up the crags to find the guilty one. Upon reaching the heights he found nothing save a sea gull's feather and a bleached clam-shell.

"That's peculiar. I wonder where she went to? It's time I woke up anyway as I have to dress for that boring tea at Mrs. Greenlow's. I must go to keep in good with the old lady. I need her financial support for my new play. Gee, that reminds me, I have to rewrite the third scene and introduce the title. I have to get the title first, tho! Whew! it's four-thirty now. I'd better hurry!"

A half hour later Mr. Laithrope entered the drawing room of the Greenlow's beautiful home. After greeting his hostess and chatting awhile with the summer colony's aristocrats, he wandered out on to the porch to smoke with the men.

"Here she comes," he heard some one say, and turning he met the most charming face he had ever seen; small, slender, elf-like; a short, straight nose, large brown eyes that seemed almost to laugh, and a soft, red mouth that did laugh. The girl was dressed simply in a gown of soft white crepe, a wide brimmed

hat of red straw, and a pair of bright red sandals. Instinctively Milo snapped his cigarette into the driveway and returned to the house.

He stood in the doorway several minutes trying to find a splotch of red and white in the midst of what seemed to be a mass of dull greens and grays.

"Ah, there she is. Now for some one to introduce us. Hello there, Jack. Do you happen to know who she is?" nodding toward the girl. "You do? Well then how about—How do you do Mrs. Lawson? Yes, I am very well, thank you. No, I haven't finished my play yet but I intend to complete it shortly as I still have to select the cast before September."

When finally Milo was free from the group of interested and patronizing elderly women who had gathered to hear about his coming production, he searched again to find the one who had so captured his fancy. He could not find her. She had gone before he had had a chance to meet her.

"I wonder where she went and who she is," he thought on the way back to the hotel, "she certainly does attract, maybe detract my attention."

The next day was what one might call a "dog day", hot, damp, sticky weather that affects one's looks as well as one's disposition. Laithrope was deeply annoyed because the tennis tournament had been postponed on account of it and he had lost another chance to meet "her." He knew she would have been there because—well, he just felt that she would be. Now he would have to sleep and swim to take up his long leisure hours.

As he walked down by the private float to see who was there a sylph-like form in bright red poised lighted on the diving board and was gone. It was she! Milo hurried, almost ran down the runway to the landing to await her return but she was not swimming toward him. Instead the little red cap moved steadily away and finally disappeared around a point of land.

"Well, if that isn't my luck!" Milo grumbled as he walked back over the runway and seated himself sulkily on a huge rock.

As he sat there staring first at the gray sea before him then at the gray rocks around him, his eye was caught by a gleam of red in a crevice not far away. At any other time he merely would have thought, "Lobster shell," and paid no further notice, but today anything red aroused his curiosity. Upon investigating he found a pair of red sandals, soft kid, size three, London make. Laithrope's heart missed several beats and then pounded within his breast, "Hero," "Hero!" "Hero!" yes, but who was she? With the shoes under his arm, Laithrope walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the hotel. Where would he find her? Maybe she would return to the same place for her daily swim. He would wait for her anyway and if she didn't appear then, surely she would be at the tennis match on the following day.

Early the next morning Laithrope went down to the shore in order to be there when the girl should come for her swim. From eight o'clock until noon the patient admirer waited but no girl came. All the afternoon he lay on the rocks expecting at any minute to see her suddenly run down to the landing, and dive into the water as she had done the morning before, but again his hopes were in vain.

At the annual charity bridge to which all the village folk and summer people were invited, Laithrope searched the crowds to find the one and only girl who had attracted his attention since his arrival two months before. She was not there and no one knew where she was or who she was.

Again at the tennis tournament she was absent. At this, Milo gave up hope of ever seeing her again and put the sandals away in the back part of his closet to leave for the maid who should clean the room after he had gone.

One rainy Saturday while Laithrope was talking with the postmaster in the little village postoffice, a long green roadster drew up before the door and a uniformed chauffeur

stepped out. He entered the office and asked for the mail in box 10.

"Miss Cromwell's mail has been waiting for her for several days," said the postmaster, handing out a pile of letters.

"Yes," answered the chauffeur, " she has been in Boston for the past week and expects to return there tomorrow evening so would like to have her mail forwarded to her."

As he left, Laithrope glanced out the door after him. There sitting demurely in the green roadster was Miss Cromwell who was none other than the girl of the red sandals. Upon asking for her present address he found that she was staying in a log cabin on a small island about two miles from shore.

Early that evening Milo set out on his quest in a motor boat rented from an old fisherman. The water was dangerously rough and the motor pulled hard as the boat ploughed its way through the darkness and the storm. Just ahead the misty outline of an island could be seen, when suddenly there came a sharp snap, then a faint sputter. The engine had stalled. Anxiously Milo tried to start it again but all his efforts were useless. The piston ring had broken and there was nothing to do but steer toward the shore and hope to get there some time before morning.

"What absolutely rotten luck!" exclaimed Laithrope to himself. "Why did I ever bother about her anyway? I wish she had never come."

The wind was strong from the east and gradually the boat with its solitary passenger, angry and discouraged, drifted toward the shore. About a half hour later it was tossed by the heavy land breakers onto the sandy shore with such great force that the rudder was entirely sunk in the sand.

Milo, feeling thankful for his safe landing, yet disgusted with himself for ever setting out on a night like that, climbed out and started out to seek shelter. The first dwelling on his way was a small but strongly built log cabin from which a cheerful light shone. Inside Milo could see a young man reading and two other men playing cards. How he wished he were with them in the warm shelter of the cabin.

He rapped loudly on the door which was immediately flung open by a short, rather hulky, but pleasant looking young man who immediately blurted out, "How did you get here?" and before Milo had time to answer he continued in his blustering voice, "I s'pose you came out to see Miss Cromwell. It must have been awful rough tonight. She's up at the other house about a quarter of a mile up the road. It's a big log cabin. You can't miss it 'cause there's no other house between here and there." With that he closed the door in Laithrope's face. Following the directions he found the house without trouble and upon knocking at the door was met by an elderly lady who having learned his message invited him into the long, cheery living room to dry himself before the fire while she spoke to Miss Cromwell.

"At last," breathed Milo, "I am here and in just a few seconds I will meet her." Hearing some one enter the room he turned to find Mrs. Wood, the elderly woman, who informed him that Miss Cromwell wasn't feeling well and wouldn't come down but that if the storm was too severe for him to return to the mainland that night, he might stay at the servants' cottage. As it was necessary for him to stay, Milo thanked the woman and went with the houseman, who was then about to retire, to the little cabin where he shared a room with the blustering fellow who had first greeted him.

He awoke early the next morning and went down to the shore to see how much damage had been wrought during the night to the stranded boat. As he was busily examining the engine he heard some one speak and looking up he saw Miss Cromwell herself standing on the beach. "Good morning," she said, "Aren't you up and outdoors rather early for a visitor? I always go for a morning walk before breakfast. It makes me feel so much peppier all day long." "Yes," agreed Milo,

"one does feel better after being out in the air but it happens that this morning I don't think I will feel any better for coming out. You see, I have found matters much worse than I had expected. The engine is absolutely ruined and the rudder is stuck solidly in the sand here."

He went on to tell her about the ride over the night before and how he had come there in order to return her shoes before she left for Boston. Conversation progressed between them so rapidly and so interestingly that the morning meal was entirely forgotten as the sat on the sand discussing the new play which Milo was to produce the coming season.

"But listen, Mr. Laithrope," she was saying, "you haven't yet told me who the leading lady is to be and what you will name the play."

"Well," he admitted, "five seconds ago I didn't know either one but now I know both —you and Red Sandals."

Natalie Ames, '30.

DISTANT LIGHTS

(From Lasell Studio Window)

When at night I gaze out of my window high,
I see lights, distant lights shining in the sky.
Soft lights, rosy and warm that tell of fireside and home,
Strong lights, red and green, that tell of rocks and ocean foam,
Dim lights, faint and pure that tell of church and holy days,
Bright lights, gay and clear, that tell of men and public ways,
But high above them all and shining from afar
There is another light—the light of God, a star.

Natalie Ames, '30.



EXTRA! EXTRA!

"Extra! Extra Express! All about the robbery!" Boys of all ages were raising this cry in order to attract the attention of the pedestrians. It was one of those bitterly cold nights in December. The sleet came down with a merciless sting and the wind howled like a demon around the sky-scrapers. Noticeable among the motley collection of newsboys was one lively little fellow with luminous brown eyes and a wistful, eager smile. His hands were thrust into the pockets of a ragged old grey sweater and on his head, jammed down over his curly brown hair, was a red cap many sizes too large. He darted quickly through the crowd, accompanied by a nondescript puppy which answered to the very appropriate name of "Rags." Mickey was discouraged. Customers had been few and he didn't know where his next meal was coming from.

Ah! there was a stout man approaching. Perhaps he would want a paper. Mickey hurried forward, his big brown eyes shining hopefully.

"Extra! sir, Extra!"

"No, I don't want a paper. Get out of my way." And the man passed on. Several more people gave the same sort of a reply, so Mickey disconsolately started for the squalid tenement which he called home.

"Come on Rags." The puppy, his only friend in the world, fell into step beside him.

"Jiminy, Rags, but it's cold." The bedraggled little pup looked up at his young master adoringly, but being only a dog could not reply.

Suddenly, without any warning, Rags darted from Mickey's side out into the street into that relentless sea of speeding cars. Mickey, heedless of danger, leaped after him—clutched him in his arms. Rags was safe—but Mickey? There was one heartbreaking scream—the sound of brakes being jammed on—and then an awful hush as all cars stopped and the crowd collected, but Mickey O'Brian was unaware of all this for he was still and silent.

pinned under the wheels of John Andrew's motor car with Rags, unharmed and barking, still clasped in his arms.

"Have I killed him?" moaned Mr. Andrews. "Oh we've got to save him. He can't be dead." In the distance sounded the eerie wail of the ambulance. Soon tender hands lifted the ragged little form in. John Andrews got in too, holding the damp and shivering puppy, and the ambulance clanged through the crowded streets. What an endless ride it seemed to Andrews, the millionaire, as he gazed upon Mickey's crushed and tattered little self. How young the boy was, and how white the face beneath the brown curls. The hospital at last—a hushed silence and the distant smell of ether—white-clad nurses, and doctors who shook their heads when they saw the young newsboy.

"Mr. Andrews, there's just one way to save this boy. He must be taken to the operating room immediately." It was the grave, bearded doctor who was speaking.

"You've *got* to pull him through. He is such a brave chap."

"The chances of his pulling through are very slight. You see he has been half starved for weeks and he hasn't much resistance."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Nothing but wait," said the doctor, as he went into the operating room and shut the door. John Andrews was powerless in spite of all his millions to help a newsboy. He must stand outside the door while two nurses and a great doctor fought for a life which flickered feebly.

Minutes seemed years to Andrews as he paced back and forth in front of the operating room. He strained his ears but not a sound could he catch. The room was as quiet as death.

After an eternity the door opened and Mickey, swathed in white bandages, was wheeled out, but when John Andrews would have followed down the hall, the nurses motioned him back. Did it mean that the boy was dead or dying? Dying because he, John Andrews, had been speeding his car on a rainy sleety day!

"You may come now," said a nurse whose starched uniform crackled crisply as she walked.

John hurried into the room. The doctor looked sad and the nurse was frankly crying. "It is the end," thought John. Mickey looked up at him and gave him a pathetically twisted smile.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mickey?"

"Rags," faintly whispered the boy. The dog was brought. John held him close to the bed and he licked his master's hands. Mickey smiled again but this time a faint flush stole into his pale cheeks. The doctor, who had been watching attentively, exclaimed, "A miracle! The boy will live! The sight of his dog has stimulated the action of his heart."

John breathed a sigh of relief and soon Mickey was quietly sleeping.

As the days went by, the little newsboy gained rapidly. Andrews came to see him every day and Mickey looked forward to his visits with a pathetic eagerness. It seemed wonderful to this little waif to have people caring about him. He said to the day nurse, "You know I haven't got just 'Rags' for a friend now. I've got four real friends—Mr. Andrews, (ain't he wonderful?) you, Miss Barker and Dr. Johnson."

"Yes, Mickey, and here's another friend, I guess," replied the nurse, for just at that moment John Andrews ushered in a dainty, golden-haired little girl, who tightly clutched a huge rag doll in her arms.

"Mickey, this is my daughter, Barbara."

The little girl advanced to the bedside and deposited the rag doll in Mickey's arms.

"I thought you'd like to see Rose-Marie," she gravely said.

Mickey was obviously much embarrassed by this demonstration, but soon he was telling her about Rags and she was listening eagerly.

A few days afterward Mr. Andrews came

in, smiled at Mickey and said, "My boy, I have a question to ask you."

"Shoot," responded Mickey, in newsboy jargon.

"I've found out, Mickey, that you have no parents or relatives living. ow would you like to live with me and be my own son?"

"Gee, sir, do you really mean it?"

"I certainly do. I want you very much, Mickey, and so does Babs."

"Would I like to! Gee! I'd rather live with you than anything in the world."

* * * *

Twelve years have glided by and it is the day of the Yale-Harvard football game. Everywhere is laughter and color. Pretty girls and girls not so pretty but so smartly dressed that you forget about looks, old grads who had very obviously been celebrating, students with hats jammed rakishly over one eye and with suspiciously wobbly gaits, the bowl in all its glory with the red hats of the Harvard side flashing defiance to the blue headgear of Yale's feminine rooters.

In the seats of the cheering section are a gorgeous girl and her father. Both pairs of eyes are intently watching the door from which Yale's team will soon appear. A roar echoed by thousands of throats, the blue team is on the field! Yale! Yale! Team! soon followed by shouts of Harvard! Harvard!

The game has begun. Harvard's ball. Yale, where are you?

"Dad, we've got to win."

"Of course, Yale will win with Mickey playing. Don't worry, Babs."

"Mickey, come on you Mickey." As if he had heard her sweet voice, the big halfback lunged forward for a thirty yard gain.

"Oooooooo, Mickey, keep it up."

"Good boy."

Still nothing to nothing and only three minutes to play.

Oh, you Yale, come on! Eat 'em up Harvard.

Both teams have fought bravely and bloody, covered with mud, they still fight on. Suddenly a surprise for Harvard! A forward pass and then Mickey doubles around the end and is away towards the goal post. Slipping, dodging, he speeds on.

"They've got him, Daddy."

"No, they haven't."

A few more twists and turns and then the ball is planted squarely between the goal posts while the bowl rocks with cheers.

The next evening all the newsboys in New York were crying, "Extra! Extra! All-American halfback marries daughter of millionaire. Extra! Extra!"

Frances Mann, '29.

WHICH?

Autumn—it pierces the being with darts of red and gold;
It fills the air with soft veils of woodsmoke,
It strips the trees of their temporary finery,
It covers the streets with dried brittle leaves;
It sends the birds back to the South,
It tints the summer sky a deeper blue,
It piles bright apples and squash by the roads and fields,
Autumn—shall I wear a fur coat or a tweed?

Betty Wells, '29.

You may ask me—what is Love?
Quite confident I,
The reason of the what and why;
It's not what all the poets say—
I will tell you in a different way.
I know it's love that makes my brother wash his ears and comb his hair,
I know its love that makes the cook burn the food and never heed the wear and tear,
I know it's love that fills up all the magazines and books,
I know it's love that makes us touch up on our looks,
I know it's love that makes a fat man mad,
I know it's love that turns our education bad,
But why, oh why, tell me pray
Doesn't it make our teachers give us A?

Betty Wells, '29.

THE SWORD OF CONQUEST

Long ago, in a kingdom by the sea, King Baden ruled the land, and his was the honor of using the wonderful Sword of Conquest which had been handed down for generations, not to the eldest son, as the kingship was, but to the one who on account of his strength and courage was counted the most worthy.

King Baden had four sons, all of whom were straight, tall and uncommonly courageous —but one, from his birth so outdid the others in everything that everyone knew he would be given the Sword. As he grew older he became the idol of the people, for not only was he fair to look upon and courageous in arms, but he was gentle and courteous in manner.

Finally the day came when the King was to present to Aldebaran the Sword of Conquest and with a blare of trumpets the court assembled and Aldebaran knelt at his father's feet, promising by the bloodstone on his finger to go out into the world and prove himself worthy of the Sword by accomplishing a more difficult task and proving himself more courageous than any of his forefathers. Then he arose, and, with the God-speed of all the people in his ears, rode out of the city and into the farthermost parts of the kingdom, subduing unruly knights and killing wild beasts that endangered the lives of the people. But he did not find a task calling for supreme skill or courage and he became more and more discouraged.

Then one night a great storm came from out of the mountains and hurled great trees through the air and caused much destruction. The next morning some peasants found a man crushed and bleeding at the foot of the hill, and they carried him home, tenderly nursing him until he recovered, for he wore a great bloodstone with the royal seal carved into it and carried a large jeweled sword, but they couldn't recognize the prince himself, for he was no longer straight and comely, but bent and twisted so that he could hardly carry the Sword much less draw it.

At first Aldebaran was as one in a dream. He could not realize that he was no longer whole. When he finally came to realize it, he would spend hours in the mountains praying for death that would not come. So one evening he wandered off from the hut intending to starve to death out in the woods. He had not been gone very long when he met a priest who spoke kindly to him, and, in spite of Aldebaran's sulky silence, continued to talk to him, making light of his misfortune until he gained his confidence and heard the story of the prince who went to sleep and woke to find himself a hopeless cripple, repulsive to look at and unable to fulfill his vow of proving himself brave and courageous.

The priest persuaded Aldebaran to go home with him and after supper the wretched prince threw himself on the floor and bewailed his fate, saying that he could never be happy again, that the very sight of anyone else being happy filled him with sorrow because he could never be happy again. Then the wise priest said to him "Of course you can be happy again. Think of all the things you have to be thankful for and you will forget your own unhappiness. But you must have something to do. You must come with me tomorrow while I go amongst my people, and help me ease their burdens." Of course Aldebaran said he couldn't, but after much persuasion he finally consented to do it for just one day.

The next morning, in a gaudy costume, his twisted face hidden behind a mask, he followed the priest through the streets and played his part in lightening the burden of the people so well that none guessed the tears and pain that lay behind the laugh.

But that night when he got home he said he could never do it again; everyone who was bright and happy reminded him that he could never be again and his heart was near to breaking with sorrow. But the priest, by showing him how brave he had been by holding despair at bay for one day, persuaded him to try again. And Aldebaran again played his part so well that the priest thought surely he had found

peace. But again that night the prince cried out that he could not stand to see other people happy when he was not, so the priest took him out under the skies and showed him the stars that shone so brightly and said, "You are like those stars and if you do not fulfill your part in this world it would spoil God's plan as surely as if one of those comets should fail Him. And yet, they have no light in themselves but reflect it from the light of other suns. Thus you may not have any happiness in yourself, but you may reflect the happiness of others."

And Aldebaran thought a long while and finally he decided that the priest was right, so the next day he donned his mask and went out and found it easier to laugh and to listen to the troubles of others and lighten their burdens. The days passed into weeks and months and years and never did the clown falter or fail to have a certain sense of joy and hope behind him and gradually he began to take on a bit of that happiness, which he gave to others for himself.

Then one day the people missed his cheerful chatter and gay little tunes. The word went through the countryside that the Jester was dead, and all the people stopped their work to reverence the man who had made life easier for them. The strangers passing through the town asked, "Who is this king whose death ye mourn?" They answered, "It is only our Jester, a poor cripple, who forgot his own unhappiness to lighten ours and the earth is poorer because of his going."

The Jester, according to his wish, was laid on his bier in his cap and bells to be carried back to his father. When they arrived with him at the castle gates, the king went out to see him. There was no need to tell the story. It was written in that twisted, bent body and in the serene face. So the king knew that Aldebaran had kept his vow and done a thing more difficult than any of his ancestors had done. The sheathed sword told more eloquently of the suppressed desires than if he had been covered by the blood of dragons; and the expression in his face told of a greater triumph.

Then the king ordered royal coverings for his pall and commanded that the Sword of Conquest be left in his hand, for, he said, "No other hand will ever be found worthier of it."

Dorothy Herring, '32.

AFTER THE RAIN

After the rain
I found topaz
Glittering from the leafless boughs
Of autumn trees.
After the rain
I saw countless pearls
Making ripples as they fell
In every puddle.
After the rain
I found emeralds
Sparkling on the blades
Of still-green grass.
After the rain
I saw abundant colors
Flashing forth in loveliness
From nature's jewel-box.

Constance Chase, '29.

PURITAN STRONGHOLDS

1. Plymouth Pilgrims

It was a cold and dreary day when our Forefathers sailed from home in a single ship, for parts unknown. But they were full of zeal.

It was a bright and sunny day when another band of pilgrims, Lasell pilgrims, set out in six busses for parts known to all. And they were full of pep! After lusty good-byes from Bragdon and Woodland, we started on our trip with singing and laughter. Following the Blue Hills Parkway, we passed Arnold Arboretum of Harvard and Forest Hills Cemetery to Quincy, settled in 1625. Here we were afforded glimpses of the birthplaces of John and John Quincy Adams, the home where they lived, and the cemetery, where they are buried. Back among the trees, we found Dorothy Quincy's home. She was the wife of John Hancock. Continuing on our way through old New England towns, we made our first stop at Nantasket Beach. Those who

were thrilled by the ocean went to get a closer view of the beach and the five-master, Nancy Lee. But it seemed that most were thrilled by the sight of food. What a flourishing business there was for a half-hour. "Teddy" Pratt was forced to aid the poor, harassed shopkeeper. Having started once more, we passed by the home, church and burial place of Daniel Webster, and John and Priscilla Alden's dwelling. Arriving finally at Plymouth, we were taken to the top of a great hill where we found the national monument to Our Forefathers. It is composed of several figures surrounding a central statue. Each figure is symbolic of a Pilgrim virtue. At Plymouth Rock we all piled out to gaze in wonder at this storied stone. From the hill behind its enclosure the whole bay could be seen with its islands and sail-boats. Pilgrim Hall made our last stop before luncheon. Interesting old Bibles, spoons, thimbles, clothing, chairs and swords, we saw here.

Going on to Duxbury and Mr. Amesbury's summer home, we found that kind souls had the luncheon all ready for us. Each of us with her hands full, made for a place in the field, and fell to. The struggles of the poor middle Westerners and Southerners with the clams was a sight to behold, but an experience worth having. Everyone occupied herself in a different way during the afternoon. Some kodaked as they went—others played games, and the most ambitious went swimming. We were all taken for a motorboat ride.

While the sun was wending its way farther west, we made our way homeward. Although everyone was tired, there was much singing all the way to the doors of Woodland and Bragdon.

2. Concord and Lexington

A rather rainy send-off did not dampen the spirits of the crowd that went to Concord and Lexington. As a reward for their cheerfulness, the downpour ceased in a little while.

A short ride brought us to Lexington Green where the statue of the Minute Man and the tablet with Captain Parker's words inscribed on it, are found. A turn around the corner and we were at the Hancock-Clarke House built in 1698. It was here that Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when Paul Revere came on his "midnight ride." We went through this old house and saw many interesting objects. Among them was the drum used in the first overt act of the Revolution, a British red coat, and a ring and embroidered waistcoat belonging to John Hancock. From here we went on to Concord, passing the spot where Revere was stopped by British officers. Concord's literary shrines are most interesting. We passed by Hawthorne's Wayside Inn and the Emerson home, but at Louisa May Alcott's Orchard House we stopped. To those who love her books this was a treat indeed. The house was built in 1650, and its low-ceilinged rooms are very quaint. The parlor has the original furnishings in it. Many of May's paintings and modelings are kept in a downstairs room. From the dining room are stairs which lead to the second floor. In May's bedroom we found many of her drawings on the woodwork. A case of Louisa's original manuscripts delighted many of us. In an alcove in the back of the house are the costumes which they used in their theatricals. Proceeding to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, we viewed the graves of the Alcotts, Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. On our way to Concord Bridge, we passed the Old Manse where Hawthorne brought his bride, and where he wrote two of his famous books. At Old North Bridge is a second Minute Man statue and the grave of the British soldiers.

After much frantic buying of postcards, we went on to our last stop, Walden Pond. Here on the shores of this small lake, amid tall, rearing trees, Thoreau lived for two years in a cabin. This afternoon, so filled with historical sights, tired us somewhat. It was rather a drowsy ride home in the hazy, fall twilight.

Alice Mealey, '30.

A SILVER SLIPPER PEEKS AT LIFE

Oh, to be a good looking pair of shoes, made, perhaps, for some popular society woman. I could then go many places with her, and see something of the world. There was hope for me still, as I was now but a flat, colorless piece of leather.

After going through the various processes of being made into a pair of shoes, I finally caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror of an exclusive shoe shop. "How good looking!" I exclaimed to myself and then felt ashamed at my impulse of vanity.

Sure enough, my secret ambition had been granted, and I was designed into a modern style of shining silver. My heels high and slender were studded completely with glistening rhinestones. I knew that it was those shining stones that had caused me so much pain. No matter, now, for they did indeed add to my beauty.

"I want something distinctive looking in an evening slipper," a harsh voice announced. Carefully I looked around at the voice I had just heard. Sure enough, the type I expected was well represented in the figure that stood before me. She was a blonde, tall and slender. Her clothes were costly looking but she had an unbearable air of aloofness and self-satisfied dignity.

"You understand that I want a decidedly distinctive looking pair, nothing that I'd see on some common shop girl. Oh, I'll try these on," she said and held me up for a closer inspection.

"Madam, they are too short for you. They are but a 4A, and your foot measures 5½B," protested the salesman.

"Nonsense! I've been told I have a very small and dainty foot," defended the proud woman.

My poor sides ached as she squeezed her foot inside of me and I wondered how I could stand it if she did buy me. "I'll take them, since you have nothing better to offer," she declared.

That evening I went through the ordeal again of having my new mistress wear me. She was giving a ball for her debutante daughter, and I was to be worn for the occasion.

"Oh mother, those silver shoes are lovely," exclaimed a young girl entering the room.

"They are not what I wanted but nevertheless they will have to do."

Hurt, I was to be told I was not wanted, but I bravely peeked again in the mirror and was certain I could challenge any other pair of shoes for looks.

As the music played gaily my mistress attempted to dance once—but only once. No sooner had she gotten on the ballroom floor than she turned her ankle and nearly broke my beautiful heel off. She muttered something to herself, and winced with pain. Her escort helped her to a chair, hidden by palms, where she quickly pulled me off and slung me upon the floor. After the dance that night my lady retired to her room where she soon began to order Jane, the maid, about. It was evident to see that I had been the cause of a ruined evening. "Jane!" she ordered sharply, "throw those nasty silver shoes away. I never want to see them again."

The next morning I heard a rough, yet amiable sounding voice exclaim "Oh, Bertha, ain't them swell!" Looking up I saw a poorly dressed girl talking about me.

"Say, they'll be grand with my new dress for the dance tonight. Jo can fix them heels O. K." she declared happily, and pulling me out of the ash barrel, proudly tucked me under her arm.

I knew at last that riches do not make happiness, and I was quite contented now that I had some one to love me.

Janice Whittaker, '30.

BARRIERS

It was in February 1918 and Gustav Schilen, blue eyed, blond and handsome, had been in the air for three hours. "If only I could locate that damn hospital I'd go down, for a change," muttered Gus to himself, as he dipped close to the earth.

Just then a mighty shock rocked the hemisphere and Gus realized that he was in open warfare. To get out of this was his one aim, hospitals could go hang. As his aeroplane skimmed through the air, the shots whizzed past him on their way to destruction, when bang, his right wing was smashed. Down—down—down—crash—and all was blank.

Three weeks later he first opened eyes that saw this world, eyes that had seen Hell, Heaven, and the great space between, but now he was back to fight his way to health. Shell-shock and a few broken bones had landed him in a German hospital. His German uniform and identification papers had insured that, and here he was opening his eyes to look into two of the brownest ones he had ever seen.

"Who are you?" asked Gus.

"Why I am Suzanna Dresden, and am also your nurse, but you mustn't talk any more." So Gus went to sleep and dreamed of girls with brown eyes and the blackest of hair.

For many days following, Gus and Sue, for that was what he called her now, were constantly together. Sometimes Sue read to him, sometimes just talked to him, and later when he became better she wheeled him in his wheel chair to an old chateau not far away, overlooking a woods that was just awakening from a long winter's sleep.

Gus fought with himself, for he was falling in love, and night after night he would awaken to toss and fume, and yet no matter how he argued with himself, the same thought kept pounding through his brain. "She's a German—a German—German,—oh God, help me!" and his hands would clutch each other until they grew numb with pain.

She was an adorable girl, about twenty years old, strong and fine of figure, and with a buoyant step that made her patients' hearts leap with joy at her approach. She was known to be somewhat of a flirt and was consequently exceedingly popular with her soldier boys. However, when in Gus's presence she became dreamy and almost quiet, with a sense of awe for him that she couldn't quite understand.

The hospital she was in was the most important one of the Germans' since it was located on the border line, extremely near the actual firing line. It was the last point of advantage the Germans held and the Allies would be only too glad to gain it. And so, for this reason, General Hansbergh was on his way to the hospital to make it his temporary headquarters. The war was drawing to a close and the Germans were afraid that their last point of advantage might be taken by the Allies, and consequently placed one of their ablest generals there, to protect it from possible raids.

From the day of the General's arrival Gus saw less and less of Sue. Other nurses were only to glad to take her place of course, as Gus was a most desirable patient, but heretofore Sue had allowed no one to take her place. At first, Gus couldn't understand, but then the other soldiers started kidding him, telling him how he had been let down, for the latest arrival. But it wasn't until Gus was in the doctor's office one day and the door was ajar, that he found sufficient evidence to alarm him. He was sitting in a chair reading a magazine, when he noticed an officer going in one of the rooms. This was not unusual because the hospital was now a military headquarters and was filled with important German officials. But when the officer came out the door remained unlatched, and with a gust of wind, was half open. In the room sat the General, bending over a desk tracing evidently a line of defense and on his lap sat a black-haired girl, evidently viewing the plans. He couldn't hear a thing said but he saw how tenderly the General held Sue and with what longing he looked at her. Sue didn't seem in the least to mind his familiarity and in fact seemed so absorbed

in the map that she was unaware of his looks or actions. "Damn that Heine," muttered Gus, but just then he was called into the doctor's office.

These days were awfully hard for Sue. Many nights she cried herself to sleep. She now realized how much the very nearness of Gus meant and even that was denied her. What to do? Then a still little voice would answer "Remember Germany—Germany." And with that thought she would try and avoid Gus all the more.

It was the seventeenth of May and there came a message clicking over the wireless. "Allies coming, leave front." It was true the Allies were on the way and Gus knew it would be the end. He ran to find Sue and found her with the General. At his announcement the General sprang up, rushed out of the room and fled. Sue looked at Gus and with tears in her eyes, "Well, he's gone, and it's the end."

"Oh, no, dearest, never. I'll take you over to that old chateau where you wheeled me once and I think we'll be safe there, at least for a time."

Not waiting to hear her reply, he half carried her, half pulled her across fields, over rocks, through woods, until the old chateau loomed in sight.

She moved mechanically, her cheeks were ashen and her lips colorless. Gus cried, "They're coming, and if only we can get in the cellar, perhaps we're safe."

Somehow they stumbled down the stairs and once there heard the buzz of motors overhead and Gus knew that they were bombing biplanes, then—that was the end. Oh God, and with life's dearest treasure in his arms.

They watched and listened in breathless silence and then a crash, a rumble and the far end of the castle caved in.

"Dearest?"

"Yes, Gus."

"I can't die without you knowing."

"Knowing what?"

"That I love you dearly and what is hardest of all—the thing that has kept me from telling you all these days and weeks while I loved you so dearly is that I thought I could never give up my views on certain subjects.

"Yes, Gus, please hurry."

"I am an American spy."

With that Sue knew no more and Gus came to consciousness with a light streaming in his face and the cry,

"Gus!"

"Ted!"

"What are you doing here with my sister?"

"Your sister?"

"Good Heavens, yes. She's doing spy work for the Allies."

"But, but I thought she was a German war nurse, Suzanna Dresden."

"Oh, no, she's an American spy, the same as you are, only she got her job by flirting and you got yours by chucking a German and swiping his plane, clothes and papers." At this they looked at Sue and at Gus's question, "You're going to be Mrs. Gus Schaeffer, aren't you?" Sue nodded a decided yes and gave her brother a sisterly peck along with a knowing look and turned to Gus to acquiesce in a more fitting manner.

Jeannette White, '29

IN THE GARDEN

In the garden, row on row,
Lilies sway, all a-blow;
In the garden
On the bower,
Roses bloom, most fragrant flower;
In the garden by the wall,
Poppies grow slim and tall;
In the garden, to and fro,
Thrushes go, flitting low;
In the garden, by the spring,
Swallows dart, and sweetly sing;
In the garden in the sun,
Yellow jackets always hum—
In the garden.

Eleanor Pitcher, '29.

WATER COLORS

Water blue and sparkling,
Dancing toward the ocean,
Youth, happy and carefree,
Eager to know life.

Water brown and muddy,
Sluggish and aimless.
Plodders, dull and uninteresting
Wandering and listless.

Water, cold and grey,
Rushing, purposeful and stern.
Cynics, hardened and harsh,
Pessimistically struggling thru Life.

Water, green and blue,
Depths of sympathy.
Friends, true, understanding,
Helping, urging and sincere.

Harriet Hewins, '29.

There is something more awakening
Than the auroral glory
Of a spring dawn;—
There is something more beautiful
Than the purple splendor
Of an autumn sunset;—
There is something more refreshing
Than the newly fallen snow
Of a winter's morning;—
There is something more inspiring
Than the enduring steeple
Of a village church;—
And that is
The sparkle and glitter
Of a sudden sun
On rain-soaked trees.

Constance Chase, '29.

REAL HAVEN

I sit by the window, as happy as I should be. There is food on my right and water on my left, but what is all around me makes me sad. The room is big and comfortable and also I am carried all over the house because my lady takes me. She loves me. I take a bath each Saturday and if it is hot I take one to cool off, especially in the summer. People tell me that I am handsome. Well, I know that, as I have looked in the mirror. My voice is sweet and I sing quite often when accompanied. I talk to my lady and she tells me things that I cannot understand, yet I sympathize the best I can. I love her and she is the only one that scratches my head. I should be very happy but when I see what is around me I'm sad. I have feelings the same as you even if I am just a parrot and I'm in a big cage. All about me are the wires of my home and some day I'll be real happy and free, when I reach the great resting place of Parrot Heaven.

Elsie Moore, '30.

NOT SO BAD

There is the greatest fussin'
You ever hope to see,
'Cause my Aunt Sarah Whipple
Is coming here for tea.

My Ma she's a'soakin'
My curls in place.
My brother he's a'hollerin'
'Cause he has to wash his face.

But my Pa says
It really ain't so bad
Calculatin' she's the richest
Aunt a body ever had.

So even if I holler
And my brother has to bawl
We're really just pretending.
It ain't so bad at all.

For my Aunt Sarah Whipple
Ain't much to dread
When I know I'll be
A lady, the day she gets dead.

So I just a fuss
And fix my hair up nice,
And ask her smilin' "Do
You want some more—
Oh! please, another slice."

Betty Lyman, '29.



THE DANCER

Fanciful,
Sparkling, thrilling, leaping,
Moving in smooth abandon,
A portrait of the joy
That youth in motion finds—
A sunbeam, wandering warm and free
Her every nerve in rhythm
With happy mood and music.

Graceful,
Gliding, swaying, drooping,
Moving in dreamy turnings,
Patterning her steps
With thoughts of lovely things.
She is a brush in artist hands,
Painting for us new beauty
To soothing mood of music.

Wistful,
Pondering, lingering, haunting,
Moving in softened shadows—
She questions the unknown,
Her steps are slowing now.
She is a star that gives its ray,
Then blends with a new light.
Oh, pensive mood of music.

Margaret Wethern, '29.

MORNING

The big sun steals up from the sea
A shining ball of gold.
This sun, radiant, floods its light
To waves that dance in glee.

The veil of mist has risen high
And around the sea-gulls go
Brown sails of fishing boats pass by
And the sea croons to itself,—low.

Helen Roberts, '30.



SCATTERING LEAVES

1. Before and After—A caricature

It is the general opinion today that all young ladies who attend boarding school change in some shape, form, or manner. College girls must acquire some new idea or attitude to prove to the world that they are cultivated. As the Christmas holidays approach, we from the "Lasell School for Females" must find a way to prevent the home town folks from saying, "She's just the same little girl." Since it is the thing to be different, we must participate and be collegiate. To help the puzzled ones, we offer five suggestions for a way to fool the public.

The first type is the girl who will acquire sophistication and loftiness. She will gracefully get off the train, and with her coat closely wrapped around her she will raise her lorgnette and greet her mother by saying, "I'm chawmed to see you again mothaw." Then she will lean over and coldly kiss her fond parent on the forehead.

The second type is the girl with the beaming school girl complexion who believes that above all, inevitably, invariably, be athletic. She will jump off the train dressed in a middy and gym bloomers and, carrying in her hands a hockey stick and a tennis racket. She will stroll forth with a boyish stride and shout to the crowd that she is off for a horseback ride.

The third girl is the one whose imprisonment has been too much for her. She will either be gawking and staring at people, or hiding in a corner. She will have great fear of the opposite sex and will no doubt swoon if one attempts to speak to her.

The direct opposite of this young maiden will be the girl who is fully realizing her freedom. She will step off the train with a highly painted face, wearing ear rings, chewing gum, carrying a package of Camels and shuffling a deck of cards. She will give all men a "come hither" look and then greet her family with a "Hey hey—here am I and how!"

Last we come to the school spirited miss who will hop off the train carrying a suitcase

plastered with Lasell stickers, waving a Dartmouth and a Harvard flag, and blissfully singing, "We're loyal to you dear Lasell." She will congregate with her friends in the station and after nine "rahs" for dear old Lasell, they will make their departure.

These girls are excellent advertisements on "hat three months of a girls' school has done for me," or "How to become collegiate in three months." We must follow the modern age and live up to the high standards of being "college," so concentrate on our suggestions and make your choice now.

2. "Death Where is thy Sting!"

Days of disappointments, nights of sorrows and then happiness came with a little white piece of paper which dropped in my mail box. I visualized three joyous words, "Call for package." I walked two blocks, ran the other two, climbed the hill, went to the office and in one breath muttered my name. After fifteen minutes of patient waiting, the package came through the post office window. It was a huge box and looked like it might contain dresses, coats, food, and many other things. I broke the string and unwrapped what seemed to be yards of paper. With each yard I imagined the contents of the box. Finally I came to the box, tore it open, but only to find tissue paper and excelsior—something breakable! I immediately pictured a lovely vase or rare perfume. Soon I disposed of the tissue paper and excelsior and there—oh cruel world! —was a bottle of listerine and three wash rags. To this was pinned a note, "Sorry dear, only box I could find—Walgreens had a sale yesterday.

Mother."

Oh, mother, where is thy sense of humor—Death where is thy sting!

J. V. C., '30.

3. More Ba-da-daing

It is all well enough to hear the students of Lasell ba-da-daing, but if you really appreciate art as portrayed in music, I suggest that you stand outside the door of the beginning French class on Saturday morning and listen to the sweet young voices warble Frére Jacques, a famous French "round," each row trying to outdo the other. The effect is certainly worth hearing. Especially do I recommend it for those who live on the third floor of Bragdon, for they need a change. The "sympathy" concerts they hear every night during study hour tends to narrow their minds. Not that I blame them, for an organ, five or six pianos and as many prima donnas all rendering different selections at the same time is more than enough to drive one to her highest and noblest efforts to be public benefactors and abolish study hour for the musicians.

D. H., '32.

4. "Time and Tide Tarry Not"

The rushing water almost seemed to increase in velocity and volume as he listened. The man could hear the torrent, the gurgling, churning torrent. Oh, if only he could stop it! He struggled—he used all of his strength and fell back, weakly. The water, invincible, greenish, clear, increased, deepened—but as yet he could not see it! Oh, what if he should not get through in time! Could he stem this tide? Could he pit his own ingenuity against the barrier? What if he shouldn't make it! His duty, his lookout, and he hadn't watched out! He could see the faces below now! Looking at him, the anger, the disgust, the surprise! He *must* get through to that green depth, that ever-increasing, churning, powerful, fearless water! The noise, the terror he felt at his own weakness! He *must* make it!

Suddenly the door gave away. The poor helpless man who had forgotten the spring lock on the inside turned off the bath water just in time to save the ceiling of those who inhabited the boarding-house rooms below!

"Thank God," he murmured.

J. P., '29.

ATHLETICS



HOCKEY

Sticks! Sticks! Not so high!
Dribble along and pass her by.
Rush up, tackle, not so slow!
My! Look how that girl can go!
Shoot hard! Ready! Aim for the goal!
Stop her! Stop her! Oh my soul!
On your toes, now back that line.
Snappy! Let's have a goal this time.
Center, where ought you to play?
Not with the full backs anyway.
Hot and muddy, bruised and sore,
Coming back next day for more.

Alice Conriad, '32.

FALL SPORTS

Schedule for Hockey

November 13	Mixed-Junior
November 20	Senior-Mixed
November 22	Faculty-Varsity
November 22	Senior-Junior

Soccer

November 13	Senior-Junior

November eighth the class teams will be picked for the interclass games. From these the Varsity will be picked. As soon as these teams are chosen we hope to play one of the out of town teams—Waltham.

Monday, November fifth, five representatives of Lasell—Priscilla Barber, Betty Wells, Flora Belle Weber, Natalie Best, Katherine Edwards—tried out for the "Outer Boston Private School Hockey Team" at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Out of the five, two of the girls, Natalie Best and Kay Edwards, made the team. On Monday, November twelfth, these two girls will try out for the "All Boston Private School Hockey Team" at the Windsor School in Brookline. This team will include representatives from both the outer and inner Private Schools of Boston.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. The Necessary Biped

A roommate is a funny thing.
It is peculiar — quite.
It almost always sleeps in the
Same room you do at night.
It's built like other humans —
A bi-ped, I suppose.
It eats the kind of food we do,
And wears the kind of clothes.
When cleaning in the morning
It sometimes sweeps the floor,
And if persuaded gently,
It does a little more.
It keeps a lot of handy things
Around for you to use,
Paper, pencils, hair-brush, soap,
And even tennis shoes.
And sometimes when there's nothing 'round
That you can find to read,
You see your room-mate's "Lasell Leaves"—
The very thing you need!
But now that all of this is said
And lots of fun's been had,
I say it is peculiar — but
A roommate's not so bad!

Teddy Pratt, '29.

2. The Village Motor Smith

(Apologies to Longfellow)

Under a spreading chestnut tree
A stubborn auto stands;
The smith an angry man is he
With trouble on his hands.
The carburetor seems to me
The cause of all his woe;
He tightens half a dozen bolts,
But still it doesn't go.
He sits beside the road to give
His brain a chance to cool,
And ponders on his training at
The correspondence school.
And then he starts his job once more
And just by chance 'tis seen
The cause of all his trouble is
He's out of gasoline.

Jean Starkey, '29.

EDITORIALS

FACULTY ONLY

The time has come when Lasell is striving to attain the name of a Junior College; in order to strive for such a rating the changing of habits and customs to college standards should be the first step in such a change. Taking for granted that Lasell is slowly doing this, one very important requisite should not be overlooked, that of preparing for subjects other than the examined course on the days of an examination.

Why do we come to school? To learn, of course. And why do we take exams but to prove that knowledge and yet our liabilities are greater than our assets in that our minds are filled with new matter just learned and the old knowledge is not brought to the fore because our sub-conscious minds impart that which has been most recently acquired. If the school is anxious that we learn, and all schools are supposedly, why should our chances be limited?

If it had proven the best policy to carry on classes in the same manner during examinations, the colleges of national repute would have carried out such a plan, for we are here to learn, not to be caught up and show how little we do know.

And if such a plan is undesirable in your eyes, then do you think our examinations should count one-third when we have the same amount of work to do the night before as on any other night, yet on these other nights we are only preparing for a day's average grade? It is all right for high school but it can't be right for colleges. Let's make our school a school of real learning and abolish preparations only in the examined subject on examination day.

Jeannette White, '29.

THE SOPHISTICATION OF AMERICA

In our highly cultivated country, with our mechanics and our industry there seems to be an atmosphere of boredom. Our frigidaires and radios, our marble bathrooms and synthetic furs are accompanied by a spirit of disinterest and blasé. Like the ancient Romans, because of our prosperity and luxury, our wealthier class has become fat and lazy and our lower classes broken on the wheel of economic strife. For instance, a distinguished stranger comes to our land; a few of us go to look at him, others entertain him at their homes but the majority of us ignore him altogether. An American visits the continent and the population turns out en masse to welcome him. In comparison to our rather sceptical stare is their hooting and shouting. The importance of the two men may be on an equal basis but one is received with wild ovation, the other with but little notice.

Again, look for a moment at our schools and colleges; the students attend their classes, go away for their dissipations and are not particularly interested in the institution's activities. The old "hazing" has almost completely died out, enthusiasm in class and school has dwindled considerably. None of the frivolities or simple pleasures of the past interest us. We must have something that will absolutely "take us off our feet." It seems that the automobiles, subways, airplanes and the mass of tangled machinery has developed this incurable desire to be "on the go," and whatever the "go" is, it must be intensely exciting. We have witnessed so many marvels in common life that we are surprised at none. We are no longer satisfied to read "Man has argument with wife" we must have "Man kills wife." Something to attract our satiated attention.

Our civilization is becoming too complexly mechanical. Our buildings are becoming too large and our implements too small, our relations too involved and our labor "mass production." We are being driven onward to what end? Muscles are cramped, minds are strained in this awful struggle for supremacy. We are blasé and disinterested because our men are too concerned in making money and our women too anxious about their clothes. In this overpowering industrial tide we have lost the feeling and the thrill of enjoyment in the arts. Our populace pours to the moving picture theatres in an endeavor to increase the tension on the already strained and aching nerves. No doubt in a short while we will take our nourishment in the form of pills so that we can increase the duration of time that we spend at the office.

We get an awful picture of humanity out at sea. A few of the select gliding on a flower-strewn barge, the rest scrambling, fighting, pushing, shoving, clawing one another's back; some falling back exhausted to defeat, some more fortunate managing to clamber on. And yet—once upon, panting, worn-out by the effort, they perceive to their utter dismay that the barge is about to sink as it is made of rotten wood.

TAPESTRIES

Life is a tapestry
On which are woven
The vari-colored twists of Fate.
Life is a tapestry
With golden threads of youth
Worn into silver cords of age.
Life is a tapestry
With bright red patterns of evil deeds
Interlaced with those of purest white.
Life is a tapestry
Which show us high lights
Of lighest comedy and direst tragedy.
Life is a tapestry
On which are woven
Kismet's idiosyncrasies.

Constance Chase, '29.



We hope that our readers are taking note of the athletics column which is coming along so nobly! In this issue we have a poem entitled "Hockey" which gives a very sincere and original picture of our hockey practice. We are delighted with our athletics column. And let us mention right here that Dorothy Brown is taking care of the Locals which is no small task we assure you; yet she has managed to write a very clever story, "The Pink Scarf." If you like something on the order of a college story you will enjoy this. Then as contrast these is Dorothy Herring's "The Sword of Conquest" concerning the nobility of humble acts.

If you are at all interested in the theatre it would be well worth your while to read the article on the "Theatre Guild." As you know the Theatre Guild is endeavoring to popularize drama of artistic merit.

We have a poem that far exceeds its unaffective title, "A Picture," it makes one think of "white lilies on black water." There is a very lovely picture indeed held in this short poem. Betty Lyman has written some verse that sounds a little bit like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" called "Not so Bad." We do not mean to tire you by telling you so much about poetry but as it happens the quality is unusually good in this issue. "The Dancer" in her various moods is artistically depicted by Margaret Wetheren. But most especially we wish to draw your attention to a poem written by Edythe Cummings of Woodland Park School. How about that for true native poetic feeling?

"Memories" by Frances Brown gives us a glimpse into one of the romantic patterns of life. (This is not verse—"Thank heaven" you sigh).

We have an editorial called "Faculty Only" (we do wish for more original titles) which is all right in its way but it doesn't weigh very much (to get the full benefit of this pun it should be read aloud, pardon us) for after all as this editorial so earnestly acclaims "we are here to learn" then why have any examinations at all? Why should colleges be any more privileged than the high schools, don't the high schools count? And is the fate of a school dependent on whether it has examinations and classes on the same day? We hope not. We don't mean to "pan" this though as there is rather a good point buried under some slightly ineffectual ranting. We can say all that as there isn't any name attached. Hooray! But if we don't look out we'll get a "rep" like Menken. Horrors!

There is a story called the "Three Diamonds" written by Helene Swick which holds its secret closely 'till the end. And another called Peace but we can't tell you about that as we haven't read it.

Well we see that our struggling contemporary is doing very well, in fact we may get jealous of Scattering's success or at least think up something horrid to say about him. For a moment we will forget that he is our contemporary and tell you that Jean Canon is responsible for his splendid work. We wish Under were as amiable and as clever!

F. Fitch

A PICTURE

Silvery willows bending,
Graceful, swaying with
The soft, whispering wind.
Green reeds curling
In the lazying stream
Hiding the errant trout
Dreaming and sleeping.
Lily pads drifting in
The reflected sunset.
Frogs croaking
In the lavender twilight.

Harriet Hewins, '29.



The personal editor declares she believes more than ever in mental telepathy. Recently she has been wishing that she might hear from Eva-May Mortimer, '25, whereupon came this letter from Eva-May's mother, furnishing such interesting news that we cannot refrain from publishing it. Mrs. Mortimer writes from Beverly Hills, California, where is located their home known by the unique name of "The Purple Gate." The dear letter runs something like this: "Eva-May and I have been talking about Lasell this afternoon and it makes us want to hear from you.

"We are busy getting ready for a trip around the world, sailing on the S. S. Franconia from New York, January 15, and due at our own port, San Pedro, May 15.

"Eva-May is well and busy in Infant Welfare work. She belongs to the Junior Ebell, an organization in connection with the Ebell Club of Los Angeles of which I am a member. The Infant Welfare Department numbers fourteen splendid young women who earn the money and make the clothes for twenty-two little children. We are all so interested and so proud of the work they do, all in deserving homes.

"Last week with the visiting chairman of the organization, Eva-May called in a family of seven children, ages from nine years to eleven days old, and found it a worthy case. One of the children, a two-year old boy, was in a deplorable condition and in much need of a doctor. The next day daughter took our family physician there and he is going to make the little boy—a sweet child—well and to give that boy the rightful chance to live that is his.

"When I think of the loving care our son has always had, it makes me want to help deserving cases. I feel it is good for young people to know and realize what and how the other fellow lives, don't you think so?

"Kindly remember us to Dr. Winslow. Our love for you."

We are just hoping that before the sailing of this dear family they will make a detour and look in on us. Godspeed to our Eva-May, and her family. Doubtless upon her return she will continue to take active interest in this fine philanthropy.

A Boston daily contained recently this fine notice: "Jessica Fenton, sophomore at Designers' Art School, won first prize for her poster design for the Children's Theater at Emerson. Her design 'embodied difficult principles in a particularly effective way,' the judges reported in assigning the honor."

Hearty congratulations to our Jessica, 1926-1927, for, while no longer with us we still have a loving claim on her for "once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl."

One evening this month at a local social function, our Dean had a happy meeting with the mother of Eila Patterson Rogers, '05. This dear, old girl is still at home in Portland, Oregon, surrounded by a happy, little family. We are hoping for another visit soon with Eila's mother who is now making her home in Auburndale.

When we received a loving message from Harriette Bidwell mailed in Paris, it took us a little time to realize that the writer was none other than our Harriette Case, '22, on her wedding journey. That little "Gee Whiz," penned in the corner of her attractive card, interpreted "Casey" in a moment. By the way, "G. W." we are enjoying your little sister, Judy, immensely and we are all hoping to welcome you and Mr. Bidwell at Lasell when you return to America.

Anna Paxson Rodier, '27, dashed in and out one day this fall, tarrying just long enough to tell us that she is now attending Miss Farmer's School and leaving behind her a distinct and pleasant impression of a very well and happy alumna. She also brought cordial messages from her dear sister, Isabel Rodier, '25.

Lucy MacLeod Smith, '27, is certainly enjoying a delightfully long wedding journey. The latest word from her was mailed in Firenze. Writes Lucy: "I am filled with the wonders of the old world. Italy and its sunny climate appeal to me the most." She closes with this good news: "I hope to see you very soon," and signs herself "Your little white pest." Can you old girls guess to *whom* she was writing?

Dear Majorie Maxfield, '27, how did you escape from our October personals! We certainly had this interesting item and intended to put it in earlier. Marjorie is now secretary of a Business Girls' Foreign Missionary Society, also a member of the Business and Professional Club. She is herself professionally engaged as the secretary of one of the prominent citizens of Portland and enjoys her work imensely. It is always a joy when this dear graduate comes home to her Lasell friends.

Wedding invitations have been received from two of our Lasell Graduates:

"Mr. and Mrs. Graham Witschief request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Mary, '26, to Mr. John Weller Wood on Saturday, the tenth of November at six o'clock at the Union Presbyterian Church, Newburgh, New York."

Mrs. Marie Beard Worrall announces the marriage of her daughter, Catherine Marie, '28, to Mr. William Norman Clarke on Friday, the nineteenth of October, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight in the City of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke will be at home after November 10 at 5338 Colorado Avenue, Washington, D. C.

A Minneapolis paper recently published an interesting account of the Women's War Conference and their plans for the meeting in November. We find the name of Mary Potter McConn, '05, on several of the committees and

hear indirectly that she is looking forward with anticipation to the conference.

Through Mrs. Gertrude May Goss, 1897-1898, we have gathered some interesting and valuable information concerning old girls. Gertrude was married to Judge Ralph W. Goss after leaving Lasell and settled in Berwick, Maine. For the past year and a half, she has had charge of the vocal work in the local schools and for the past two summers has returned to Lasell as a student with the A. I. N. M. Those of us who chance to be in residence during the summer have had some delightful meetings with Mrs. Goss. From her we learned the following items: "Alice Conant Sisson, 1897-1898, of Binghamton, N. Y. was called back from Arizona where she was staying with her son and adopted daughter by the death of her husband. Mr. Sisson was the brother of Maritta Sisson Vreeland, '99."

"Frances Wood Willis, 1897-1898, is very pleasantly located in New Haven where one of her sons is attending Yale."

Our Principal regretted that Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, was unable to attend the recent corporation meetings at the seminary but was grateful to get a friendly line from this graduate. Cornelia speaks with enthusiasm of her own happy home and extends a most cordial invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to visit them.

For the first time in twenty years Ednah C. Smith, 1906-1908, of Kingston, N. Y. visited Lasell. One or two of her personal confessions in a charming letter to our Dean must be quoted. Ednah writes: "In spite of the twenty years and the collection of considerable gray hair, I do not feel as old or as important as I did in 1908.

"In March 1910 I suddenly decided to study nursing and entered the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing in New York City, graduated in 1913, and remained for one year in charge of one of the surgical wards.

"Later I went to Califormnia expecting to be gone two months but stayed two years doing private nursing.

"October 1916 went to the Kingston Hospital as Assistant Superintendent until joining the Army in June 1918. Spent the summer in Plattsburg, N. Y., sailing for France in November on the same steamer with Mr. Herbert Hoover.

"October 1919 went back to Kingston as General Superintendent and resigned April, 1924, to take a much needed rest.

"After six weeks I accepted the position which I have enjoyed the most—as General Superintendent of the Veterans' Memorial Hospital in Ellenville, N. Y.

"It has been delightful to visit again at Lasell and I really envy the girls who are now with you. Give my love to anyone who might remember me."

What an unusually friendly and original idea that was on the part of Eugenia Swift Laurence, 1920-1922, when she addressed a note to the present editor of the LEAVES as "Dear Schoolmate," enclosing her subscription and sending cordial greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Potter. Eugenia does not live very far away now at Hyannis, Mass. We sincerely wish she would be a little more neighborly for the personal editor has a very warm place in her heart for this dear old girl.

When we remember her fine record at Lasell, we are not surprised at all to learn through a note to our registrar, Mr. E. J. Winslow, that Julia Larrabee, '28, has entered the University of New Hampshire with advanced credits. The fact is she has been accepted as a junior. She writes: "I am enjoying my work very much. Find it very different from Lasell but intensely interesting. Although I am the only '28 girl here, I find Lasell girls of other years enrolled." We congratulate Julia on her advanced standing.

Miss Austin is evidently still in love with the great West and especially the city of her adoption, Portland, Oregon. In a letter to Miss Witherbee she writes: "My summer of 1928 has been a most wonderful one for me. Have enjoyed in all a thousand-mile trip, sun-

shine all the way. We went to Colorado Beach and then turned back to Crater Lake, a marvelous spot. Pictures cannot give the inspiration although beautiful. Standing on the rim one looks down one thousand feet into the most beautiful sparkling blue irridescent water. On our way to Bend, Oregon, we could see three snow-capped mountains at one time, each standing separately. We returned to Portland's lovely roses and a week later started to Vancouver, British Columbia, to attend the Pacific Library Convention. Seattle was visited on the return journey."

Miss Austin is happy in her library work and is fortunate in having these delightful detours.

Speaking of "journeyings" reminds us of an unusual and delightful trip which was enjoyed this summer by Mrs. E. J. Winslow and her daughter, Rosalind, 1920-1921. They followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West but not to grow up with the country. Theirs was distinctly a pleasure trip. Their itinerary included the wonders of Yellowstone Park, Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon in Utah, and the thrills furnished by the matchless majesty of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Those of us who have seen their lovely photographs and listened to the vivid description of their travels are filled with eagerness to follow the same trail.

Axie Van Deusen Logie, 1910-1912, declared it was sixteen years since she left Lasell. We found it hard to believe that this vivacious young woman was much older than when she was here as a student. She had a good word to say for all the Lasell girls in Westfield and seems very enthusiastic over her own business career. She is at present associated with one of Boston's largest houses in Holyoke and speaks also with enthusiasm of the college girls, some of whom are among her new found patrons. Our Dean says she will not soon forget Axie's special courtesy to her on the Sunday on which she called, giving up her time to take Miss Potter to visit a sick friend and waiting until she had finished her call on this dear "old Lasell girl."

Miss Grace Williams of Woodland has recently been entertaining her aunt, Mrs. Ida Marston, of Orleans, and during her call at the seminary she brought a very pleasant word of greeting from Mrs. Ordway, our Principal's mother, and Miss Winslow, his sister.

Red Cross Day was not forgotten at Lasell. Mrs. George Angier, president of the volunteer work in Newton, gave a most informal and delightful message which inspired our girls to measure up to the annual call.

The Lasell Missionary Society bids fair to have a most successful year under the leadership of these representative officers, assisted by an able group of fifteen aides:

President—Jeanette White, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Vice-President—Katherine Fitch, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Secretary—Harriet Rhodes, N. Attleboro, Mass.
Treasurer—Adele Kimball, Lynn, Mass.
Advisory Board—Helen Henry, Denver, Colorado; Margaret Ward, Springfield, Mass.

The Christian Endeavor has had some interesting meetings. Anne Colson of Wildwood, N. J., is president of this society.

GREETINGS

Some people, when they meet you,
And they pass you on the street,
Have a special way to greet you
In a manner quite discreet.

Others grin a friendly grin
As they shout a glad "Hullo!"
Ask you next, "Well, how've you been?"
And then, "Say, there, what d'ye know?"

Then there always is the one
Who just nods and doesn't smile—
Points his head up to the sun
In a "high-hat" sort of style.

But a greeting short and sweet,
Just two letters, "h" and "i"
Is the one that's hard to beat—
Just that simple word of "Hi!"

Kay Forgey, '28



October 16: Student council house representatives were elected today. Woodland is represented by Jessie Taylor and Martha Hoffman while Bragdon is represented by Helen Roberts and Helen Jordan.

October 18: During the school year the school furnishes us with some splendid trips. The Lexington-Concord trip was held today, and it certainly was a trip worth taking. Many places of historical nature were visited, thus broadening our knowledge of historic New England.

Christian Endeavor was led tonight by our new president, Anne Colson. For her subject she read the very inspiring poem "The Man with the Hoe."

October 18: We were very fortunate to have as a lecture tonight "The New Meaning of Exploration" by Dr. Frederick K. Morris of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews Expedition to Central Asia. He illustrated his talk with stereopticon pictures.

October 20: Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt, pastor of the Harvard Church in Brookline, led our vesper service tonight. His topic was "Secrets for Successful Living," and he stressed the fact that we should stick to the job we start out with.

October 23: Dramatic Club held its first meeting today and elected as their president, Jeannette White.

October 25: Christian Endeavor meeting was led tonight by Jeanette Smith. She spoke to us on "Courtesy," and Elinor Taylor rendered a delightful piano solo.

October 27: One of our favorite speakers, Rev. Boynton Merrill, led our vesper service tonight. His subject was "Molding our Characters." Rev. Merrill tried to have us realize how living from day to day determines our future character.

October 31: The sophomores defeated the juniors today in elections. Such scrambling and secrecy was never put into effect before. Our seniors did their best to stop the juniors but the juniors soon showed the seniors that they could elect in spite of all the hindrance. The sophomores announced their elections before the juniors. Such a day will not be forgotten for a lengthy period of time.

The officers are:

SOPHOMORES

President—Dorothy Brown
Vice-President—Marion Childs
Secretary-Treasurer—Rosalind Harris
Cheer Leader—Natalie Whitaker

JUNIORS

President—Katherine Fitch
Vice President—Helen Jordan
Secretary—Janice Whittaker
Treasurer—Slyvia Morgan
Cheer Leader—Peggy Boyd
Song Leader—Katherine Dow

November 1: Woodland Junior school and the senior part of Woodland held open house today. All entered into the affair with joyful hearts and returned to their prospective dormitories feeling that they had made many new acquaintances. We thank Woodland for their hospitality from the bottom of our hearts.

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was held this evening and was led by our new president, Jeannette White. Mrs. Martin kindly entertained us with a reading, and Jane Gray rendered a delightful solo. Our Dramatic Club should pride itself in entertaining us royally.

November 2: June Pankhurst led Christian Endeavor tonight and her talk was very impressive. She tried to impress on us the fact that we should have God in our hearts every day in every thing we do. We should not only turn to God when we want something, but should have him with us throughout the day.

November 3: Everyone had fun enough tonight to last them for a while. Between ghosts, witches, and a skeleton, we managed to dance to the strains of a very good orchestra. Refreshments were served and we returned to our rooms claiming that our Hallowe'en was well spent here.

November 4: Dr. Garfield Morgan of Lynn, Massachusetts, led our vespers tonight and held our attention every minute. Dr. Morgan's theme was "Don't try to get out of something which seems hard to us."

November 5: Another holiday was declared today when we left for Salem. Many places were visited such as "The House of Seven Gables," Marblehead, historic Salem and many other places. All enjoyed themselves beyond description and returned to school tired, but happy.

November 6: Election day. Not only people of the towns and cities can vote, but we are also able to vote. The polls in the chapel were opened at 7.45 and we were given the privilege to vote for our president. Hoover sadly defeated Smith. We voted against Sunday Sports and to leave the Eighteenth Amendment unchanged.

In the evening we were fortunate enough to listen to the results of the elections today over the radio. Mr. Amesbury kindly lent us the use of his radio. There certainly was enough excitement.

L'Anglais Tel "On le Parle," a comedy in one act, was given by the French students tonight. The characters certainly deserve much credit for their remarkable work and acting. Without a doubt every one enjoyed it very much.

TOMORROW — WHAT THEN?

Today I am sad,
Tomorrow — what then?
Who can tell. Not we
Ourselves. God
Holds our destinies.
He tells us to laugh.
We are his puppets;
This is his stage.
He directs the plays.
And we — play
Our parts.
Today I am sad,
Tomorrow — what then?

Harriet Hewins, '29.



EXCHANGES

From Ward-Belmony's Hyphen we notice a lovely poem, "Gilt Edges," by Virginia Gerdl:

"Splashes of gold on a sidewalk gray:
Patterns of yellow on drab pathway.
Flirting through trees on a city street.
What a quaint carpet for tired feet!
What a delight for my eyes to see—
Glamour of gold on a leafy tree.
Gold on the gray of the commonplace,
Scintillant sunbeams like gossamer lace!
Gift from the sky to a world of fray—
Gold for my feet that my heart feel gay."

And from the *Mount Holyoke Monthly* "Wisdom" by Helen Mason:

Forget it now—
Put it aside
Like a dream, like a flower,
It would have died.
It would be dead,
A tiresome ghost
Left in its stead.

Ward-Belmont's paper is exceedingly worth while and the LEAVES staff congratulates them on their excellent editorials.

The stories of *Mount Holyoke's Monthly* are cleverly original and indeed most enjoyable.

The *Brambler* of Sweet Briar College has excellent poetry. We are especially pleased with the subjects of the poems.

We also want to thank the *Northfield Star, Boston University News,* William Smith College and many others for their cooperation in sending their school magazine ideas to us, so that our magazine may be benefitted by it.

Jeannette White, '29.
Janice Whittaker, '30.

THE GYPSY TRAIN

Autumn comes like a great gypsy train
With her colors on leaf and vine,
And gayly before my eyes has lain
Her wealth in autumn wine.

She dances and skips o'er the hills
Dressed in golden browns,
And from her gypsy cup, she spills
The scarlet with which she crowns.

Autumn comes like a great gypsy train
And runs into the tranquil day
With color, smoke, glory and rain
She will soon be fading away.

Helen Roberts, '30.

AUTUMN

Color in splashes,
Smoke and ashes,
Dust and breeze
Sun-kissed trees,
Patterns of sunlight,
Birds in flight;
Autumn a painting
No mortal's making.

MY PATTERN OF DREAMS

Sunlight and shadow
Shadow and tree
Weaving a pattern of
Dreams for me.

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customers' interests
is the best protection
for our own

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"GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN"

(*Reprinted from the December* **Magazine World.**)

The gilded Statehouse glows tonight,
Its every window is alight
With seven candles, prim and chaste—
A symbol of great Boston's taste.
And from without the people play,
In honor of the coming day,
"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

In stately houses closely built
The stately people goblets tilt,
In honor of the festive night;
And in the glow of candlelight,
Amid the shouts of what they say,
Some faintly hear the carolers play,
"Remember Christ the Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

In narrow streets the people throng
To listen to the same sweet song,
Or join in humming that refrain
The world has heard and sung again;
For while some folk are glad and gay,
Some other folk their great chimes play,
"To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray."

Gwendolyn McDonald, ex-'29.

CHRISTMAS

It was a clear, crisp, dark night, the heavens were a deep-dyed blue, the reflection of the stars glittered on the soft, quiet snow. A little boy was trudging home, a large cumbersome package under his arm. A very small boy well-bundled up—a few curls creeping out from under his tight cap. Every now and then he lifted his face to look up at the stars above and uttered a low whistle. This soft note with the monotonous crunch—crunch of his feet in the snow was the only sound in the quiet night. He passed a house quite dark except for a candle in the window which sent up red and yellow flashes of light to the green holly hanging above and then threw out a grotesque reflection on the snow. It must be late! The little boy clasped his bundle closer. A gust of wind rustled the frozen branches of a tree. Burr—it was cold! The little boy quickened his steps and stamped the snow from his boots. He passed another house and there he distinguished through the large frosted window the outline of a tree with many little colored lights. He glanced again at the blue, black heavens and noticed that the moon had come up—he bent his head and hastened on—his curls creeping more and more out from under his little cap, bothering his brow—a mittened hand brushed away the truant curls and fresh, hard cheeks helped the lips form a whistle. Crunch—crunch—crunch. He adjusted the heavy package again. Crunch—crunch—crunch. Finally there under those glistening heavens and that cold darkness lay a long expanse of little footsteps in the snow. The crunch grew fainter and fainter, a ripple of wind brought back the echo of a low note—the figure faded out of sight—Christmas Eve!

F. Fitch, '29.

TENEMENT NINETEEN

"Our Father, Who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name"——

Aline was startled from her prayer to hurry to the tiny bedroom where little Alice, fretful and sleepless, cried in a whining tone. They were alone in the tenement flat, for Jimmy had not returned. Released from prison only two days before, his Christmas was indeed a happy one.

The tenement was joyous that Christmas Eve. The gay revelry of the many families rang out in happy abandon against the bare, cheerless gray wall, seeming to warm even their cold surfaces with the contagious festivity of the Christmas spirit.

Aline was lonesome for Jimmy as baby Alice also seemed to be, but her joy at being reunited with him overshadowed her temporary low spirits. Their tiny family seemed to gain in peace and contentment what it lacked in size. Indeed, the other flats seemed twice as small due to the increased and increasing numbers they were forced to accommodate.

But this night, crowded or bare, paupers or just over the line, jobless or working, the residents of Tenement Nineteen celebrated their Christmas with a heartfelt eagerness almost pathetic in its necessary limitation. Noise, color, and excitement vied with each other for pre-eminence in the gaiety of the tenants. Aline was buoyed up by the joy of her neighbors and the infectious, overwhelming spirit of the eternal Christmas.

The door opened and arms loaded, cap jauntily careless on the back of his head, beaming with light-heartedness Jim stood in the doorway. Aline ran to him, chattering in the joy of having him back. They deposited the bundles on the table and discussed the coming celebration.

"Cripes, I thought I'd never push through the mobs in the street. Everybody's jus' gone ga-ga over the holiday."

"Oh, around here it's been so noisy Allie couldn't even go to sleep. The whole place is celebrating. Oh, isn't this all wonderful?"

"Gee, I'll say. Seems so darn' good to be with you and the kid again. Look, I got this at the Fire Sale down by Smitty's. Won't the kid be tickled?"

"Oh, Jim, ain't it cute? and with real hair and eyes. Say, won't that be grand? But, Jim, wasn't that 'kinder' expensive? That dress looks good and it's so big. Tell the truth, Jim. You didn't *take* it?"

"Say, come off it! You know I wouldn't do that. Where d'ya get that stuff? Listen, baby, this is straight. Smitty gave it to me for a little less becoz of knowing me so long. It ain't so much anyway."

"Jim, it wasn't even wrapped up. You just had it stuck under your coat, Jim."

"Now, Al, don't be sobbing. What's the matter with ya? I tole ya I wouldn't an' I keep my word."

"A' right, a' right, Jim. It just looked funny. I'll take yer word for it. How much was the doll?"

"Four-fifty. That's a lot of coin, but anyhow, this is Christmas."

The door was flung open, and a wild-looking assortment of persons greeted the couple with a neighborly effusiveness, particularly prevalent around holiday seasons. Santa Claus was there in the full glory of red pantaloons and jaunty cap trimmed with very moth-eaten-looking fur.

"Hi, Jim. You, too, Al! C'mon. We'll all have a celebration. Let's put the vic on."

Through scrupulous scrimping in the early days of their married life, Aline had accumulated enough to buy a small "tinny" victrola, which, to them, outshone the most costly of musical reproducers. This was soon caroling "Sleepy Time Gal" for the benefit of seven dancing couples. Mr. Finneburg (of the Finneburg Barber Salon) was there with Mrs. Finneburg, vaguely odorous of Ivory soap and cabbage. Among the more excited younger folks were the Andrews twins, both young men of Scotch extraction and questionable character. They were escorting Molly Finneburg and her friend, Mayme Seitzel, who la-

bored daily with Molly at the Barrow Collar Factory. Mrs. Schuarf, wife of the Schuarf Clothing Emporium, was dancing with the young bachelor, Ivan, while her husband, obese, perspiring and melting under the Santa Claus costume, twirled around with Miss Jane Day, the beauty of the flat. Davey and Gert Rhoades completed the merrymakers. They were the young couple nearest in proximity and taste to Jim and Aline, and consequently the four of them often "did the town" together in the manner of their own choice. Davey produced a bottle of "somethin' real" and while he and Jim retired to the wee kitchen to fix the drinks, Jim could perceive that Davey was unnaturally boisterous and unduly flushed.

As soon as the kitchen door banged behind them, Dave jerkily turned to Jimmy and grasped his hand.

"Jim, you've got to help me! For God's sakes, stick with me now!"

"Come on, Dave, pull yourself together! Brace up now, and tell me what's wrong with you!"

"Lis'sen, Jim. For cripes' sake, make a noise with those glasses! That's it." He moistened his twitching lips and proceeded.

"When I went into Smitty's tonight to get somethin' for Gert, a guy came in with a nifty-lookin' velvet case. He was showin' it to Smitty and I watched. Wow! You should've seen the sparklers—perfectly matched string, small. Well—I thought of how little I could spend on her myself and how swell that'd look. I had a couple packages fer t'morra anyways, so I just eased over to a counter opposite the jewelry, thinkin' I might get a chance at it. Then what'd the guy with the sparklers do but just stuff it in his overcoat pocket, the side, you know. He was kinda in a hurry, I guess. I just couldn't keep away when I saw it was such a cinch. See? I waited 'till he got outside the door and got it just as he went into the crowd. Oh, geze, I don't know what to do! I got it in my inside pocket now. The bulls are on my trail. I saw a couple followin' me home and I got up here as quick as I could. I haven't had a chance to hide it! I watched from our window and saw 'em parked across the street by the fire plug. Honest to God, Jim, what'll I do? It'd just kill Gert, and besides, what'd she do if they stuck me in the pen? Aw, Jim!"

He fairly seemed to grovel. Jim grasped his shoulder firmly and jerked him up.

"Lis'sen, Dave. Be yerself! Don't get *that* way or they *will* get ya! Come on. Snap out of it! Then we can figger out some way."

"Aw' right, Jim. But geze, I can't help it! Aw' right, I will. Wot'll we do?"

Many had been the time when Jim Burns would have gone hungry had it not been for Davey. Many had been the time when, save for Davey's ever-friendly, helping hand, Jim would have willingly ended the whole mess of living. Davey had accused himself before Jim had been indicted that time, had gone and sworn in the eyes of God that he had swiped those notes. Jim would sooner cut off his arms than violate a criminal's code of honor and friendship. He must get Dave out of this mess.

"Lis'sen. If the bulls are out in front, we'll go down the back stairway. They don't suspect that you know, do they? Good! Well we'll clear out and go straight down to Smitty's. You'll give him the diamints and clear yourself. You're bound to get a squarer deal if you admit it, see?"

"Oh, for God's sakes, Jim, no! Aw geze, they'd get me sure. They've got the goods on me! I'd get five years, squeal or not!"

"No, you wouldn't. Anyways, it'd be a damned sight better to get five than twenty up the river. C'mon."

"No, Jim. Aw, I can't!" His voice got more hysterical, his control ebbed. He grasped Jim's arm and pleaded with him in a wild, incoherent manner. Jim quickly jerked off his arm and poured a drink. He gave it to Dave who spilled half of it and chokingly gulped down the remainder. Just as he replaced the glass, Aline flung open the kitchen door.

"Say, when're you two comin'? What're you doin', finishin' it all yerselves?"

"No, Al. Lis'sen, baby, it ain't any good

and made Dave kinda sick. He's a' right now though and we're goin' out for some more. We'll just go down the back way and rush. Then Gert won't get worried over Dave—see? The evenin's young yet. We'll hurry. See—he's O. K."

Dave managed a weak, sickly smile which would have given ample evidence to Jim's explanation and hurried by Al who was all solicitation and understanding. He and Jim opened the back door and rushed down the rickety wooden steps, four flights to the bottom, then up the alley and out on the alley and out on the other side of the block into the midst of a throng of happy holiday folk. Jim drew Dave into the doorway of a store and said:

"C'mon. There's no time to waste. We're goin' to take back those beads, see? I'll say I got 'em. He doesn't know how many people saw the bird flash 'em, and he won't remember whether I was there at the same time or not. It'll work if you'll not be more of a dam' fool than you're making yourself now and give it away. Don't look so scared! C'mon!"

With a tug at the sleeve of the bewildered and woe-begone Rhoades, Jim led the way into the Christmas Eve crowd. Down two blocks and right, and lo, a monstrous electric sign proclaimed the virtues of "Smitty's Hi-Class Jewelry Shoppe. Cash or Credit. Boost us and we'll serve you. Five payments and this real platinum watch is yours! Enter and marvel!"

They neither saw nor cared to see those signs but went in the glaring doorway. As they stepped inside, they could see at a glance that all was not as usual with Smitty. After one look, Dave grabbed Jim's coat and said in a hoarse whisper:

"God, Jim. That's him!"

He didn't get a chance to exit as Jim could see he fully intended doing, for Jim slammed the big door and announced their presence to the circle of four men in the back of the store.

"Evenin', gentlemen. I think maybe I can help you out some."

They turned to him suddenly. The larger, heavy-jowled, thick-set man who had a firm grip on the back of Smitty's collar glared at Jim and snapped:

"Say, what the hell do you know about this?"

"More than you think," returned Jim.

Smitty, always a trifle moth-eaten looking, his natural timidity and meekness heightened by the typical pointed beard and thick tortoise-rimmed glasses of his kind, looked appealingly at Jim.

"Oy, Jimmie. He is accusing mid me to steal! You know that nefer haf I take one t'ing. Always honest, that's me," and he pounded his chest with a resounding thump which only seemed to arouse the further ire of the stout individual maintaining the hold on his collar. Then the attention of all was drawn to the other man who had not as yet spoken. He was not tall, yet seemed so because of his splendid carriage and high silk hat. He looked every inch the aristocrat and his very bearing demanded respect.

"My man, you seem to know something of this. What have you to say?"

"Well, it's like this," began Jim with a glaring look at Dave who seemed about to make an outburst. "I saw you tonite flash the smoothest necklace I ever seen in here. I saw you stuff 'em into your overcoat pocket and followed you. When you got outside I crooked 'em just as you disappeared into the crowd. The dicks are on my trail, so I got Dave here to come for I thought I might just as well spill it before I had-da. O.K.?"

"Why Jeem!" Smitty was completely dazed. "You no take dem diamonds. Why, not you, Jimmy boy."

Tears stood in his eyes though it meant that he was saved. The policeman, for such he proved to be, said:

"Say, is this straight? How about it, Mr. Van Venter?"

Jim retold the story Dave had told him earlier, embellishing it with many details. Finally he had thoroughly convinced them both, of his theft, and the "officer" took him in

charge in much the same manner as he had Smitty.

Dave seemed completely lost. He did not know what to do, but warned by the threatening menace in Jim's eyes, kept silence. Smitty seemed heart-broken, Jim stoical and indifferent.

They crossed towards the door, but just as they reached it, five men suddenly entered. They were surprised at the suddenness of their entrance and stared, dumb-foundedly. One of them spoke.

"Yes, it's you, Pinkey. At the same old game. Where's those diamonds?"

The original occupants of the store turned to the aristocratic-looking old gentlemen thus so brazenly addressed. He sneered and said:

"You haven't a thing on me now."

"Oh, yes, we have. You've been followed ever since you got them yesterday afternoon. Lady Atherton called us immediately and we know every action you've made. Come across, we've got the goods on you this time."

Smitty came suddenly to life.

"Offica', these young man, he get diamonds from the big one. He did not take them, no?"

"What's this?" asked the officer, turning to Jim. "Did you get them offa' him?"

"Why, yes, sir. He was familiar to me as a well-known thug." This Jimmy had judged from the detective's talk. "I saw him, piped the beads and got 'em. I just now brought 'em back."

"Here they are," spoke up Dave. "I've had 'em 'cause Jim was afraid the bird had seen 'im and would go after 'im."

The story then further explained by the detective, Pinkey, the Dude, was taken in charge. The officer he had called looked sheepish, then authoritative.

"You know, I kinda suspected him from the first. He's got a funny look in his eye."

He went out, holding on to the right arm of the erstwhile patrician. When the men had all left, leaving Smitty, Dave and Jim, each looked at the other with a mixture of relief, gratitude, and comradeship on their faces. Explanations at this time seemed superfluous and unnatural.

Instead, a few minutes later they stood side by side in Jake's, sipping their foaming beers as Jake himself procured the promised bottle for the occupants of Tenement Nineteen.

As each raised the glass for a toast of good fellowship, the bells rang out the Christmas Eve and ushered in the dawn of the happy Christmas Day with the ever gracious

"Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

"Merry Christmas!" rang through the smoke-filled room.

June Pankhurst, '29.

THE TOY SHOP

The big doll sat on the toy shop shelf
All ruffles, ribbons and curls,
Her dainty face was pink with joy,
Her eyes were as pure as pearls.

Teddy rolled his big brown eyes
To the doll that sat on the shelf,
And pleaded with sweet dolly dear
That he was all by himself.

A few minutes later the toy shop buzzed
With merry talking and song,
Dolly and Teddy just got together
And it didn't take so very long!

The baby piano rattled away,
The drums rolled on with glee,
The toy horn never so loudly did play
For Teddy and Dolly were all they could see.

They danced and they played the whole night through,
And when the sun began to creep
The little shop folk stopped their happy song
And scampered away to sleep.

The big doll sat on the toy shop shelf
Her eyes sparkling with folly
For who would ever guess that
Teddy was in love with this Dolly!

Helen Roberts, '30

TULIPS

Rattle, rattle, rattle! The God of Luck shook the Dice of Luck, shook the Dice of Fate. He threw them and with mockery in his eyes watched them fall and mold the life of one Johann von Dergen. By rights Johann should have had a colorful life, woven of cloth of gold, and sunsets on the sea,—a lovely thing, and worthy of the love of beauty lying deep in his heart. But the God of Luck willed it otherwise, and wagged a portentous finger at him, so Johann's life shaped itself into the drab, humdrum little mold that has shaped countless others, (the God of Luck chuckled derisively) that of a shoemaker.

Forty years before, Johann had left his beloved tulip fields in Holland because he had heard that gold was plentiful in America. But though he'd worked hard, he'd found it very difficult to make both ends meet, and as the years rolled by, the only gold he craved now was the gold of marigolds and of tulips. His red and yellow dreams of gardening becoming more and more useless, he bent his knee to the God of Luck, and patiently made shoe after shoe while the God of Luck laughed chuckle after chuckle after chuckle.

It was midsummer in New York. People were stifled by the heat. Down on one of the lower streets they crowded roofs and fire escapes, vainly seeking for a breath of fresh air. Congregated on the street corners swarthy men mopped their brows, and cursed the heat in tongues of fifty-seven varieties, while in the dirty street, half-clad children were clambering around an ice wagon in search of precious pieces of slippery coolness. Sitting alone on his two-by-four stoop Johann was watching them. A smile crossed his brown and wrinkled face. "Ach, der kinder," he whispered to himself, and he thought then of his golden-haired granddaughter, Gretchen, whom he had cared for for the last twenty years. The smile left his face as he remembered her approaching marriage, and a hopeless, unneeded feeling gripped him as he realized that never again would she need his care. And she was all he had! Then he nearly smiled again as he thought of the one thing left for him to care for. He got up from the steps and hobbled across the stoop to a pickle tub in which he had managed to raise three sickly little tulips. He looked at them and gasped, for the heat had killed them. They lay wilted, and quite, quite dead. Old Johann stared at them for a minute, and then picking up a curled yellow petal, he hobbled back across the stoop and sat down. He looked at the dry wisp lying in his big calloused palm, and sighed. Now everything that he loved and cared for was gone and he was all alone, and of no use to anyone.

Suddenly he buried his face in his hands; a shabby, huddled figure of absolute despair. At that the God of Luck laughed uproariously, and thought it great fun to play with the destinies of man!

A big green limousine came around the corner a block away, and honked imperiously. Johann looked up in a listless manner and saw a little girl run across the street in front of where he was sitting and slip on a piece of half-melted ice in the path of the racing machine. Johann rushed forward toward the child. There was a squeaking of brakes, a green car swerved, a chauffeur swore, and a queer blackness pierced by red and yellow lights closed in about the old man.

* * * * *

Old Johann blinked his mild blue eyes in astonishment. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, wiped them on the cuff of his frayed grey shirt, replaced them, and looked around again. Everything was just the same. He was no longer sitting on his rickety doorsteps, but instead he was by an old windmill on the banks of a winding canal. In front of him stretched odd shaped fields of red and yellow tulips, as far as he could see, giving the effect of a huge patchwork quilt. He looked at the nearest field and without surprise he noticed that they seemed to beckon to him,

and call out in their red-gold voices, "Take care of us, Johann!! We need you." But when he had hobbled over to them, and kneeling beside them had patted the soft earth about their stems, he saw, to his astonishment and horror that they began to wither and finally die. He looked toward the next field and they in turn beckoned and called to him, but when he got to them, they faded as the others had done. Johann went on and on from one field to the next, in the same manner, until he stood in the center of a desolate landscape. In a dazed fashion he stared at them, and saw that each brown blossom had turned into a small, unfinished shoe. With a hopeless gesture of despair he sat down and started to sew and hammer and fit each shoe as he'd done every day for the past forty years.

* * * * *

The queer blackness with its red and yellow lights slowly vanished, and when Johann had opened his watery blue eyes, he found himself in an unfamiliar white bed in an unfamiliar white room. A well-dressed, rather elderly gentleman was bending over him, and Johann looked up into the kindest, most sympathetic eyes he'd ever seen.

"You seem to know a lot about tulips," the man said, smiling.

"Yah, tulips, yah, yah," answered Johann enthusiastically. "I know everyt'ing about 'em!" and he burst forth into a wild explanation in his native tongue. The stranger laughed.

"That will do," said he. "I see you know what you're talking about. The fact is, I'm building an estate down on Long Island, and I'm badly in need of an efficient head gardener. Would you care to accept the position? It's a life job, you know." Old Johann's eyes filled with tears, and he could only murmur weakly, "tulips, tulips, tulips."

And the Dice of Fate,—what of them that time? Oh, the God of Luck swears they were loaded!

Teddy Pratt, '29.

AN OLD BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

An old, broken friendship
Like an old, dusty dress
Is never the same, though washed and pressed;
For though the wrinkles and dust go away,
The fashion has changed to the mode of the day.

The old, broken friendship,
A sweet dream of the past,
But the old dusty dress can never more last
As the beautiful thing it used to be
All lace and ruffles, as sweet as could be.

The heart, as the style, will change with the day,
So never, never, (believe what I say)
Revive an old friendship and expect it to pay.
For an old broken friendship like an old, dusty dress,
Is never the same though washed and pressed.

Betty Lyman, '29.

"THE TERRIBLE TASK," or "PERUSING THE XMAS CATALOGUE"

"One-two-three-four-five more days before Christmas. It's about time I made out my Christmas shopping list. There'll only be a few on it this year though—I got gypped last year—gave twenty nice presents and only got fifteen dumpy old things that I didn't want—except Dad's. His was nice—my fur coat. I wonder where that catalog is? I thought I put it in this rack. Oh, yes, here it is. Now let's see. I guess I'll write them all down first.

"Dad—what shall I give Dad? Something nice. He was so sweet about the coat. There's nothing here that I can afford. I don't know what to give him. I'll leave him now and come back later. Mother—what's useful for the whole family? A lamp would be nice but too expensive. Maybe a—oh, I know, the front room needs a new spread and especially so if Bob is to sleep there Christmas Eve. Bob is so sweet and has so much money. The house must look well to make a good impression. He probably has silk spreads at home. I'd better buy a nice one. Well, that's what I'll give Mother.

"Belts, cuff links, ties, books, cameras—that's it! A camera would be just the thing for Bob.

This one is only five dollars and it has a genuine leather case and strap. His present must look expensive anyway, because his mother will probably notice the quality. Maybe I can paste a little price mark on it for twenty-five dollars—make believe I forgot it or else didn't notice it. Well that's two.

"Eleanor—Let me think. What did she give me last Christmas? A purse I think. Guess I'll give some of that new moonbeam perfume I saw in Drake's window tonight. I'd love to use that—just once in a while, of course, but surely if I gave her the whole bottle she couldn't very well refuse to let me have a tiny bit every now and then when I went out for a special date. She's a good sister.

"Now for Jack. Cats, but brothers are awful nuisances when it comes to Christmas presents! There's nothing for 'em. 'Men's Apparel—page 23.' Cute sweaters! He'd love one, but no—I need a new dress for the dance with Bob, so poor little Jackie will have to have something cheap. Oh, goodie! Here's just the thing to please his collegiate heart—a pair of bright red suspenders and only seventy- five cents too. He'll probably want to know the price so he can tell the other fellows so I'll stretch it to three-fifty. Maybe if I tell him about them before he gets any presents he will feel real generous and buy me that cute bracelet in Brown's. Cousin Helen gave me a bracelet last year but it was so darn cheap that it turned my arm green. I'll have to shell out something for her but not over fifty cents. I hate people who give cheap presents! It shows ill-breeding.

"I'll send Grace a card. She only gave me a handkerchief and I lost that the first time I used it so what's the use? I'll have to give Audrey something though. She always puts herself out for me so I s'pose I'll have to do the same. I hate to waste the money but I don't see how I can get out of it unless I can give her some undies a size too small, then she'll give them back to me. Audrey usually does hand over the presents she doesn't want or can't use.

"Well, I think I have everybody now. Oh, no, I forgot Dad. What would he like? A new pipe? No, he wouldn't part with his old one. We really ought to have a smoking stand in the living room for Bob when he comes. He smokes cigarettes constantly and poor father can't stand them! Maybe he wouldn't mind if I gave him a smoking stand, for although he would never use it, his company and Bob would.

"I despise this custom, giving Christmas presents to everyone. It takes so much time and effort to find the thing that each person would like most. It's just a terrible task!"

Natalie Ames, '30.

ETERNITY

Nothing is new—
I have heard the wind whispering
Thru the trees so many times,
There have been other suns more beautiful than this,
Painted against the sky like angry fire—
I have counted the waves all too often
As they groan in merciless thunder all alone,
The tides rise and fall to the plaintive wail of gulls.
Nothing is changed—it is all as it used to be—
Unmovable rocks are still decked with slimy drift-weed,
And there are just as many crooked crags—now as then,
Nothing is lost—except my time in wondering.

Peggy Heath, '29.

RECOLLECTIONS

Alone on the waterfront of the city—
Down where the ships came in and then went out again—
Came in to load up with food and breadstuffs
And went out on long voyages to far distant lands and seas.
But that was long ago, back in the whaling days
When New Bedford's men were seafaring men
Who went "down to the sea in ships."
Now there are bales and bales of cotton.
Raw cotton brought in from the South stands
Where those barrels of sperm oil stood not long ago.
Now, packing boxes and crates, indistinct in the fog,
But so clear in a city's history, send a seaman
Up to the Bethel, to think and dream of wharves in the past.

Connie M. Chase, '29.

LIGHT VI

Richard Martin turned to Frank Rand, his best friend and business associate, with rather a puzzled expression on his face.

"Well, Frank, I have great faith in your confidence you know, so this time you must help me. Now that the boy has finished at Yale and has spent his vacation very successfully, what would you suggest giving him as a position? He wants to strike out for himself, he thinks, but inasmuch as I want him to take over my business eventually, he has promised to try something I plan for him for a while at least. Now what will it be?"

Frank Rand knew both Richard Martins fairly well but he thought a moment before he spoke. At last an idea came to him.

"You know, Richard, the political end doesn't appeal to your Dick at all. About the best thing I think you can try him with is to let him manage the regulation of the lighthouses here in the harbor and directly outside. That is no easy job but it will give him training—good training at that."

Richard Martin left his desk when his friend finished speaking. He walked over to the window. While meditating on this suggestion, he looked down on the crowds surging along Broadway—that tireless, continuous stream of humanity. When Richard Martin was in a thoughtful mood, he always gazed out that window at the same scene. It was times like this he appreciated his Times Square Building office on the fourteenth floor. Perhaps this picture spread out below him served as an inspiration. Anyhow it always seemed to help him come to some definite conclusion. This time was no exception. In a few moments he turned, gripped his friend's hand in a friendly clasp and said: "Fine, Frank. I shall. It ought to be a great experience for the lad."

The door opened—the object of their discussion entered. Dick Martin looked what he was. Twenty-four, a Yale graduate and a popular all-round boy. He was tall—six feet some odd, broad shouldered with black curly hair, blue steely eyes and what some term a girlish complexion. If it could be called that —that was the only girlish characteristic about Dick Martin.

Both men surveyed him intently as he made his appearance. Both men seemed pleased at what they saw—one could tell by the expression of their eyes. Except that both Richards had the same features, one might think Frank Rand the father. He certainly seemed paternal both in looks and actions toward this boy but it was just because he had always known him and always loved him too.

"Well, Dick boy—sit down and we'll tell you our plans."

Richard Martin Jr. listened attentively while his father described the position he had for him. When it was all over, he merely assented saying: "O. K. Dad. I'll start anytime. This afternoon, if you say, I can't tell you now what I think of it 'till I try it out. You say the old man in Light 6 deserves a pension and retirement? All right. I'll offer it to him and see what he says."

"Best luck, son. Take the yacht today. Make stops at as many lights as you can. Be sure to investigate all of them carefully. Get the lay of the land and make definite reports to me at the end of the week."

"All right Captain. Good-bye Mr. Rand. I'll do my best." He went out the door whistling.

"Great boy Dick, just a chip off the old block. You ought to be damn proud of him."

Dick Martin Jr., anxious to get the job working, had taxied to the Metropolitan Yacht Club, climbed aboard the "Sea Nymph," his father's beautiful white yacht, and given orders to have it headed toward Sandy Hook.

Usually the "Sea Nymph" was the scene of a gay crowd sailing for a general good time, but today business was in sway, as there was no one but Dick and the crew on board. After a twenty-minute sail, they reached the first light. Dick made himself known to the old tender. He stayed a half hour observing the surroundings and taking notes on what he saw and what was reported to him, then he departed.

Lights 2, 3, 4 and 5 were visited similarly. He was about eleven miles off shore when he reached Light 6. As he approached he saw an old man, most likely the keeper, he thought, walking around the rocks upon which the light was built. The yacht dismissed its one lone passenger and left to sail around at a distance until Dick should signal that he was ready to leave. The old man walked forward and greeted the stranger: "How do you do sir? Anything I can do for you?"

Dick explained his mission in detail. The old man nodded understandingly.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Martin, but don't mention the pension for I couldn't give my job up for a while. Wait a minute and I'll see that you can look at the report I've always kept for the officials who inspect 'Tess.' Tess is my light," he hastily added.

"Joy— Joy — bring down my reports," he called in a deep, husky voice.

A minute or two later, a girl appeared at the downstairs door of the light. She was about nineteen Dick judged. Very simply dressed, her hair down her back, there was something unusually striking about her. What was it?

She was rather small in stature, fair-skinned with brownish hair that had reddish tints running through it, and her eyes were decidedly brown. Dick realized what had attracted him. Here was a girl, positively as pretty a girl as he had ever seen, only eleven miles from the largest and most cosmopolitan city in the world, a city of sophistication and everything that goes with it and she was dressed most simply—her hair flying in the breeze, on the whole making a girlish, naive, refreshing picture. As she approached closer, Dick expected her to blush perhaps or express evident embarrassment. He was mistaken. She did neither but approached without a shade of self-consciousness just expressing slight curiosity.

"Here, Father, dear. I found them without any trouble this time." She smilingly held the paper out to the old man.

"My daughter, Joyce Marshall, Mr. Martin. Joy, dear, this is Mr. Martin, the new superintendent of the lights."

To Dick's surprise she bowed graciously and in a well modulated, cultured voice greeted him. On second thought he wasn't surprised. This girl would not be anything but a perfect little lady no matter what her setting or attire. Dick lengthened his visit perhaps an hour longer than the others. He seemed most interested in the old man's report. The girl remained throughout the conversation and when it became more personal Mr. Marshall mentioned his daughter had been educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in up-town New York. He had sent her there after her mother's death and she had remained nine years with the nuns.

Dick left eventually, he had to, but not without promising to return at an early date.

The next few days his thoughts were centered principally around the image of a smiling, brown-eyed girl whose long hair rippled about her shoulders as a sea breeze danced through it. The only interview with his father had been a brief one. About all his father grasped was that Dick certainly was pleased with his position. It was just suited to his taste and so forth.

The following weeks the Sea Nymph was a very frequent visitor with her one passenger at Light VI.

One night in late October, Dick had gone to see Joy in his motor boat due to the fact that the yacht was under repairs at the time.

It was an unusually warm, sultry evening so they decided to take a ride in the motor boat. When they were about five miles away from the light toward the mainland, a flash of lightning swept across the sky.

"A storm, Dick. You'd better turn back. I hate to think of Daddy alone at the Light. You know he's getting so old and he hasn't been well lately either. It certainly is blowing up fast. Hurry or we won't be able to get back I'm afraid."

"All right, I shall. It does look dubious but we'll make it. That's Light V ahead, isn't it? There's sort of a fog arising but I think I can make out your light ahead."

The storm broke in a few minutes. The waves rose higher but the boat managed to ride

them, taking a series of nose dives. The wind had risen too, and it was almost impossible to hear one another. After they had well passed Light V the girl turned to the man at her side and shouted in order to be heard: "Dick—do you see the light? We ought to be able to by now. Have you steered off the course—or is it something wrong do you suppose with Dad?" The last part of the sentence broke off in a wild breathless sob.

It was all Dick could do to steer the boat but he knew he hadn't gone off the course—not far enough off, at least, to have it matter. He, too, shouted above the storm a few words of comfort to the girl sitting near.

"Don't worry, Joy. We're probably too far away to see it yet."

In spite of his reassuring words, Dick knew they should see the light and Joy knew too. For five more minutes they plowed on through the storm, not saying a word. The rain had soaked them completely. Both sat thinking the same thoughts but not daring to utter them. Dick stole a glance at Joy. Her hands were tightly clasped together, her eyes tear-dimmed tried to pierce through the storm. She was drenched but she didn't tremble—she sat absolutely erect.

"Joy, go inside the cabin, dear. You'll be better off there as there's nothing you can do but hope."

"No, Dick, I want to stay here."

A sudden thought struck Dick.

"Quick—steer for a little while Joy. I think I know where there are a pair of binoculars. Maybe they will help us to see."

The girl changed her position—Dick disappeared in the back of the boat. Two minutes later he came back.

"I found them but it was a terrible job. The light isn't working inside the cabin at all."

He raised them to his eyes and peered through them intently. Just then the second flash of lightning flamed in the sky.

"I can see, Joy. The lighthouse is about a hundred feet ahead. We were lucky to hit it right. The light isn't working in the tower though. Give me the wheel now. You use those and give me the directions to get to the landing place."

After about seven minutes more of struggle they succeeded in docking the boat. The wind had died down somewhat but the rain still beat down wildly and occasional flashes of lightning lit up the stormy spectacle. They both leaped from the boat and ran toward the downstairs door. It was only an instant before they reached the living room. As they entered Joy almost tripped over the motionless figure of a man.

"It's Dad, Dick. The lamp is on the table—the matches next to it. Hurry, light it. Daddy, answer me. What is wrong?"

Dick fumbling around, reached the table and finally lit the lamp. Together they lifted the motionless figure of Mr. Marshall and placed him on a couch. The man opened his eyes.

"It's my leg. I fell downstairs. I fear it's broken. The—the light." He lapsed into blissful unconsciousness.

Dick became master of the situation.

"Yes, the light. Go upstairs. Light it Joy. Think of the ships at sea. The only thing for me to do is to take your father to the mainland. I'll do it if it's the last thing I ever do. You'll have to stay here and watch the light. Go up to the light now. I'll carry him down to the boat. There's no time to lose."

Joy spurred to action, jumped up, ran up the spiral stairs and lighted the great lamp with trembling fingers. This done she went down to the boat. Dick had placed her father on a bunk in the cabin and was ready to leave.

"You aren't afraid Joy?"

"No, no, not for myself but you. How will you ever get through the storm—and—Dad—he's not dead, is he?"

"No—he's not, and I'll make it I promise. Have faith in me, dear."

Dick felt two wet arms around his neck—

a wet but wonderful kiss on his lips, Joy tearfully exclaiming:

"Dick, darling, remember I always loved you."

She was gone in a flash. Dick started the engine, he was off. A pair of eyes peered through an upper window—a prayer issued from two trembling lips, "God, God, please help them."

An eternity went by, it seemed to Joy. Really two and a half hours. The storm had subsided. She sat huddled in the same position she had been in since they left, a blanket wrapped around her. An engine purred in the distance, a boat appeared, but Joy could not make out any of the occupants. Finally a cry.

"Joy, Joy. It's I Dick. Everything is all right."

Dick and two other men rushed into the room. Joy saw but one man. She smiled feebly but was too exhausted to rise. Dick dropped at her side, tenderly taking her hands in his.

"Your father's leg has been set. He will soon be well. Till then, I have a man to tend the light. You are coming home to my Mother now for a while."

He lifted her up in his arms. Joy was too tired and too happy to protest. She merely smiled up into the eyes of the man she loved —not the wealthy, handsome Richard Martin Jr., heir to millions—just her Dick.

June—eight months later—12 o'clock at noon. The Leviathan lifted her anchor and left her pier at 42nd Street. Pulled by four tugs, she headed toward Sandy Hook. After four miles, the tugs left her and the mighty ship went forward under her own steam. Eleven miles off shore she passed Light VI. An old man stood on the rocks, waving a white flag. Many returned his salutation as ocean-voyagers usually do, but two people returned the greeting in a corresponding way by waving a white scarf. Soon the old man was lost to view. A pretty woman, beautifully clad in a black traveling ensemble trimmed with a luxuriant fur, looked up at her husband.

"Well, Dick, I realize now that Dad is happier there where he loves it; as long as he has the assistant keeper I'll not worry."

"Yes, dear, that is just it. Your Dad refused to accept the pension. He doesn't want to live any place but in Light VI. That is where he is happy. That is his home. Now that I have you and am Dad's junior partner, I have much to be thankful for. And are you happy my love?" he inquired anxiously; "Remember this our honeymoon and I want you to be happy."

A loving look and a radiant smile gave him a satisfactory answer.

"Little Joy—you are truly the greatest joy of my life," he whispered as he bent to kiss her.

Helene Swick, '29.

FOG

Beautiful and mysterious it comes gliding like a slim ghost from the shores of the Future,
Fog .....

It is a tapestry against which the light of motors makes into weird, geometric patterns,
Fog .....

Cruel and relentless it folds the ships in its embrace and dims the searching eyes of lighthouses,
Fog .....

With a big sense of humor it makes dignified, pompous men lose their dignity and haughty women their aloofness,
Fog .....

It causes comedy, it causes tragedy; appearing, disappearing, always mysterious,
Fog .....

Frances Mann, '29.

ETHELBURT AND LOUISA

(A burlesque on the 19th century style.)

"Oh, Louisa, dear," a melodious lilting voice came rippling up the stair-case to where our lovely heroine sat engaged in the womanly art of sewing brightly-hued pieces of silk together in the vain hope of some day having a patch-work quilt. Dropping her work, she gathered her skirts about her, and, tripping lightly down the stairs, she answered:

"Yes, Mama. What is it? Did you call?"

"Yes, daughter. Your dear father is bringing the new minister home for tea. I want you to dress up in all your finery for he is *too* nice a young man."

"Oh, Mama, I do *so* want to look my very best. Which would you wear, were you I, your pink dotted swiss or your baby blue cashmere?" And Louisa pirouetted about the spacious room in a pretty little ecstasy of anticipation.

"Oh, daughter! Alas! I fear you are growing very vain. However, I think I should wear the pink if I were you."

Dinner-time came along and Louisa, her heart fluttering like a frightened dove beneath the modest covering of dotted swiss, awaited her father's arrival. Soon steps were heard approaching the house. "Oh, Mama! Is my dress all fluffed out? And does the curl fall on the back of my neck becomingly?"

"Mr. Nelson, I want you to meet my little girl, Louisa. Good evening, my dear. This is my wife, Mr. Nelson."

After all had plenteously partaken of the delicious repast the colored manservant placed before them in the very best of style, they repaired to the music room where Mrs. Morgan, after much entreaty, consented to play the piano. After Mr. Nelson had done his duty by applauding the hostess politely, he asked very formally. "Miss Morgan do you not play or sing? I am positive that one with such a pleasant speaking voice must have as enchanting a singing voice."

Louisa blushed very becomingly and, asking permission of her parents with her eyes, she walked gracefully over to the piano, and, sinking down on the stool, struck a few chords with her lovely white fingers. She sang then, in a charming voice, which although of not operatic proportions, was pleasing to listen to. Her simple manner at the instrument was delightful to the watching minister and he resolved to come to this happy home more often than to some of the others, not so happy, in his parish.

Soon it became his regular custom to spend every Wednesday and Saturday evening with the Morgans. He liked nothing better than to sit in a comfortable chair and watch Louisa's nimble fingers move upon the keys. Finally it became evident that his intentions were matrimonial in aspect. The pleasant acquaintance had blossomed into a deep-seated love. He had secretly resolved to follow the dictates of his manly heart.

One night in May—ah, poetic month of May! He came to the house on his usual Saturday night visit. Upon walking into the music room he perceived the object of his heart's desire seated on a low stool happily playing with a tiny Maltese kitten.

"Miss Morgan, may I have the extreme pleasure of spending this lovely evening in your charming company?"

She arose, as graceful as a willow, and, dropping him a curtsey, said in a low and cultured voice, "Oh, sir! You startled me. Yes, you may spend the evening with me if you wish. But do let us walk in the garden, the evening is exquisite."

Ah, ye prosy and stoical folk of the city do not know,—nay, can never know the beauty and romance of a May night in a beautifully flowered country garden permeated with the scents of spring flowers! Such a garden was the one in which Louisa and Mr. Nelson strolled. At a turn in the path there was a marble bench, and Louisa sank down upon it. Never had Mr. Nelson felt her beautiful soul as he did now.

"Miss Morgan—nay—Louisa! I had not meant to let you know but I can no longer withold it. My heart is perishing for want of one smile or one look of love from your so—nay! Do not speak until I have done! I have addressed your father on the subject and he has given his consent. Oh, Miss Louisa, I am fairly wasting away for love of you. Do you reciprocate?" And he bent gracefully on one knee before her. His hands were clasped in an agony of entreaty and his eyes were fixed on the face of his beloved.

"Oh, Mr. Nelson, why—well—what—oh,

dear, I do not know what to say. This is so very sudden and, of course, may first experience. You say Father has voiced his approval? You know, Mr. Nelson, that no really dutiful daughter would have the utter temerity to go against the wishes of either parent."

"Madam, my heart is too full for utterance. This is the happiest day of my life." He seized her hand and kissed it violently and with great passion.

"Sir, that is no way to act even if I have just accepted your proposal of marriage. I am not your wife yet, so please refrain from any caresses until after we are married."

Soon the formal announcement was sent out to the friends of the happy lovers, and though no one was much surprised, every one was much pleased. These two happy young things were always seen in the company of one another, the long six months engagement being well under way.

"Ethelburt," said his affianced one fine winter morning, "let us go out again into the garden where we plighted our happy troth. I feel an inward craving to see that memory-filled spot once again."

"My dear Louisa, can you not see that I am preparing the sermon for the next Sabbath? After we are married I shall insist in absolute quiet whilst I prepare my sermons."

"Oh, Ethelbert, I am extremely sorry to have disturbed you. Can you possibly forgive me? It was my fault not to have noticed what it was that your dear hands were doing."

So the court-ship passed and the wedding was over. The young couple, now bride and groom—ah, idyllic state of bliss,—were to have no honeymoon, but were to move right into the dear little nest so lovingly furnished by the members of Ethelbert's fold. He had hired a fine span of black horses for the festive occasion and, as they drew near the new parish house, Ethelbert trembled as if with the ague. To think, he had won the beautiful object of his heart's desires.

He unlocked the door, and allowed her to enter. Following her, he shut the door and turned about. A storm of emotion shook him, his very limbs trembling like an aspen leaf he advanced and took Louisa in a feverish embrace. Her dove's eyes dropped and, clasping her tightly, he passionately kissed her forehead.

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. Problems of a School Girl

The Christmas holidays are rapidly approaching and we are anticipating them with the greatest joy. Behind this joy is a little worry for we find ourselves facing three rather difficult problems—three unanswered questions. With the coming of each Noel, these questions seem a little deeper and a little more arduous to answer. The following are our three problems:

1. What shall I give?
2. What do I want?
3. What will I get?

The first problem proves to be a very serious one. First we make a resume of the gifts we gave last holiday time. Then we make out a list of names and lastly with all assurance that Dad has re-funds to finance the proposition, we set forth to fill the blanks beside the names. We are often astonished the following day to read the gifts we have chosen for our various friends, so it is a splendid idea to write beside each name a "memo" as to why we chose that particular gift for that particular person. After doing that the list will be no doubt, similar to this:

What shall I give?

Brother—A cigarette lighter. (He has three but I'm sure none of them work. Besides if he doesn't like it he can exchange it for a pair of sox.)

Kid Brother—Tie. (Little boys love ties.)

Mother—Blue ear-rings. (They look lovely with my new blue dress.)

Dad—Fountain pen. (He says his old one is all worn out from writing checks. Anyway they were on sale with some darling stationery I wanted.)

Roomie—Pillow. (We need it for our room.)
Jane—Perfume. (She's always using mine.)
Bob—Writing paper. (Maybe he will write once in a while.)

The second problem is easy to answer. Night after night before vaction we dream about the superhuman generosity of our parents. We imagine Dad telling us to look out the window and there we will see a Packard roadster with a little Christmas card on it saying, "Love and kisses from Mother and Dad." We even go further to imagine Mother placing in our arms a gorgeous ermine evening wrap. After many nightly visions we proceed to fill out our second list which appears as follows:

What I want

Packard roadster
Leopard coat
Diamond necklace
Increase in allowance
A date to Dartmouth Carnival, etc.

The third problem cannot be answered until the fatal day arrives. Some of us may be fortunate enough to materialize our dreams and to have Mr. S. Claus for a father, but to most of us it will work out this way. Dad will tell us to look out the window and glance at the family gift. Immediately we will become all "aflutter" and imagine our former ideas of the Packard roaster. Then our dreams fade as we hear Dad say, "There's the old boat with a new paint job. Looks like a new number, doesn't it?" Perhaps we feebly answer yes as we fix our optics on what looks more like Noah's Ark than a 1925 Buick. From Mother we will receive a package full of a few simple necessities that will supposedly take the place of the ermine wrap. So we take our pen in hand and quickly and simply answer our third problem by writing.

What I will get

A train ticket back to Lasell.

J. C., '30.

2. We Express Ourselves

The approach of Christmas vacation brings from our lips many expressions of joy and excitement. We have been anxious to know if the girls were anticipating the coming holidays, so we questioned a few girls on their attitude toward Christmas. The results are as follows:

The polished eastern girl said, "I will be simply overcome with joy when I see my mothaw and darling brothaw."

The southern girl drawled forth with, "I reckon you all aren't quite so excited over these here holidays as I am."

The girl who likes to talk baby said, "Doody doody gumdrop—I'se goin' home pretty soon—yes siree."

The girl who likes to act hard boiled said, in a nasal way, "Will it ever be de nuts to see me mudder and fadder again?"

Lastly the girl with the college girl's vocabulary simply bubbled over with, "I'm all agog and agitated over Christmas vacation. Honestly, my dear, I'm all of a doo-dah. I mean I actually am!"

Thus we go on looking forward to Christmas vacation, but after all isn't it a "grand and glorious feeling?"

J. C., '30.

3. The Mystery of Room 13

It had always seemed queer and spooky, that little room at the end of the narrow, dark corridor and now with the door fastened it was very weird indeed. Silence—mystery—what lay behind the door of room 13? Why was it as deathly still in that room? For hours it seemed the door had been locked and the suspense was becoming almost too much for Ann. Three times she had paused at the door but had not spoken. Should she speak or should she not? It was too much. She couldn't stand it another moment.

"Who's there?" she inquired.

The blissful occupant of the only bath tub on third floor, Carpenter, looked up from reading *College Humor* and sweetly replied, "I am. Do you want the tub next?"

F. M., '29.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Dear lost raincoat, I miss you so,
As out into the rain I go—
Raincoatless.
I miss your flapping 'round my knees
Whene'er I wear you in the breeze,
But now, from lack of you I freeze,
My dear lost raincoat.
I've looked for you just all around;
I've called for you, but not a sound;
Alas, alack, you can't be found!
Where are you, raincoat?
Another raincoat wouldn't do,
For I am quite attached to you.
I wouldn't want one that was new—
Another raincoat!
I'm catching cold. It had to be,
For I got wet from lack of thee,
And now I am in misery—
Raincoatless!!

Teddy Pratt, '29.

2. What Good is a Bank Account?

(In very blank verse.)

I had sixty-one cents when I went into chapel
A nice sixty-one cents.
I was proud of it.
It was all I had.
Mr. Amesbury spoke of the sin of having money,
'Specially in our rooms
Or about our persons.
My conscience got big,
And then it got bigger.
'Spose someone should take
My sixty-one cents!!
Awful!
In fact, terrible!
So I opened a bank account
And beamed wisely
As I put my sixty-one cents
In charge of the Newton Bank.
Then came the blow.
I was informed
Gently but firmly
That one must pay fifty cents
To open a bank account,
And one must pay ten cents
To purchase a check book.
That left me a penny—
One little lonesome cent
Out of my riches,
My sixty-one cents.
Now I ask you
Confidentially—
What good is a bank account?

Teddy Pratt, '29.

3. Seniors

1

Who stay up until ten at night,
And till that time don't douse their light?
The Seniors.

2

Who in the Crow's Nest get to go
While underclassmen stay below?
The Seniors.

3

Who take a mid-week trip to town
And shop and shop and shop around?
The Seniors.

4

Who have a room they call their own
And oust all others, 'cept to phone?
The Seniors.

5

Who get to wear those big class rings,
The caps and gowns and all those things?
The Seniors.

6

Who, in the spring term have the chance
To ask their 'men' to dine and dance?
The Seniors.

7

Who seem to always get the best
At least, so thinketh all the rest?
The Seniors.

8

But Juniors—**wait**—for soon you'll do
All of these things, and we'll call **you**
The Seniors.

Kay Forgey, '28.

EXCHANGES

We are very grateful to the following school magazines for their exchanges during the past month:

William Smith's College "Ridge" for its light and amusing poetry.

Mount Holyoke's very interesting stories and especially "A Modern Pamela" that is exceedingly clever and written in a very taking style.

Connecticut College's News which had a very lovely poem entitled:

At Evening

Peace—and the twittering of birds.
Cool breeze, with an ocean tinge;
Happy voices in the distance
Calm silence and sunset sky;
Woods touched with scarlet,
Water blue as azure
Ruffled by the breeze.
Songs which bring memories;
Days of bright sunshine
And dusk for our salon.
Connecticut at evening.

Ward-Belmont's Hyphen for its Diary of Mistress Belle-Ward.

The Northfield Star for its excellent Book Reviews on Bambi by Felix Satten, the fine application of Edna St. Vincent Millay and the review of Tristan by Edward Arlington Robinson. It isn't often that three such excellent reports come in one issue of a magazine. We congratulate you, Northfield, keep it up.

"The Quill" from Bradford Academy has a very beautifully written essay on "Dreams." The words in this are vivid and the author has very successfully woven an impressive picture of "Dreams" as she sees them.

"Monastery Garden" from "The "Quill" is a very well-written poem which is also very impressive. The descriptions are beautifully worded and it is a poem well worth one's reading.

J. W., '29.

ATHLETICS



When the snow flies and the water freezes, field hockey and soccer end, but only to give place to the exciting matter of winter sports. Then begins the fun of shooting the chutes on the toboggan, or alone on a "belly-bumpa," the careful manipulation of keeping one's balance on skiis and the eternally thrilling joy of skating on the pond in one corner of the athletic field.

Come out, girls, and taste the joys of real New England winter sports. We can't all go to Canada or St. Moritz, nor do we need to, for the blue bird hangs in our own house as far as snow and ice sports are concerned. Early in February comes the White Mountain excursion, on which we urge you all to go. But the best fun of all the year comes with winter carnival. Who knows? The day may come when the Lasell Winter Carnival will have the same glamour as does that of a neighboring male institution. At any rate, let us enjoy the gifts that the gods do provide with the hope of more to follow, if not in our own generation, then perhaps in that of our daughters.

So, let's give a rousing cheer for ice and snow and get the full benefit of the extensive winter sports that are provided for us here at Lasell.

White Mts.—February 15-18. All aboard with Daddy Bassett for Intervale.

EDITORIALS

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is coming! The day of gladness and joy which fills our hearts with a new hope and a sublime peacefulness.

The everlasting spirit of Christmas seems to unite the hearts of men. The glorious beauty of the restfulness and comfort of the night before Christmas causes all human souls to look again to the star of eternal holy love and feel that inward power which makes the soul burst forth in deeds of kindness and sacrifice.

God meant Christmas Eve for the tired heart, to refresh and renew its weary longing and to give again the heavenly promise of divine love and understanding.

The star of fulfillment, the star of inspiration, the star of peace spreads forth over the world its holy radiance on that night of nights and gives new faith and new courage to the weary, struggling world.

God's promise will be fulfilled. The very stillness, the very calmness of the Christmas Eve makes even the most unhappy realize that there lies before us something wonderful and grand and that as the Saviour was given to the world nearly two thousand years ago, so will the lonely hearts, the grief-stricken souls be refreshed.

And in the spirit of giving, selfishness is forgotten, the little doubts, and fears and jealousies of mankind are cast aside and to do deeds of kindness for others are our only thoughts and inspirations.

The star will always shine to light the hearts of men just as the Christmas candle lights the window in the city and calls the wanderer home.

Blessed is the Christmas Day. We pray that the spirit which rules our lives on that day of days may never leave us and that God's promise to the world may bring throughout eternity the peace and joy and calm which passeth all understanding.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Few of us miss that glorious, exciting thrill that the single word "Christmas" creates. It implies good times, happiness, joy and gaiety. There is something distinctly different about the atmosphere at Christmas time than during any other season of the year. People, bustling to and fro among the crowded sections of the busy cities, all seem intent upon getting some last minute, half-forgotten gift. And generally one sees some nervous, little woman with a worried expression, trying to tell a quite confidential thought to a friend who has been separated from her by the crowds. "Mary, what *shall* I give Uncle Harry for Christmas? He's *never* worn the tie I paid $1.29 for last year," she worriedly confides, unconscious of the swarming mobs who can't help but hear her. But this is to be expected at such a time of the year, for the bustle at Christmas time is one thing that has not been done away with by the ever changing customs of the generations.

The stores are decked festively for this season and nearly every window bears the Christmas colors in honor of this beautiful time. Most of the window decorations are used to attract attention to the particular wares of the store, it seems, rather than to express the first and true meaning of Christmas. Would there have been such a day if the Christ Child had never been born?

Inside the stores seemingly endless rows of

shoppers stand before chains of counters which bear all kinds of gifts. One is apt to see a young college fellow, if one can judge his occupation by appearance, trying hard to decide whether to invest in a black enamel vanity case, or a sterling silver slave bracelet. Another shopper is puzzled, too, for in the Men's Section of a large store, a beautifully dressed young woman asks for a gift suitable for a man in his twenties. "A cane or perhaps a derby hat? Quite sporty, you know," a salesman suggests trying to make a quick sale to a person who knows nothing about men's gifts. "Neither one seems just what I want," she says and begins to hunt anxiously for something more to her liking.

Outside the busy stores a luminous grayness had settled over the city. Flocks of tiny snowflakes formed a downy coverlet for the stars which gravely tried to peek at the earth from their distance in the sky. It was cold out—the sharp, biting cold that makes one wish for a cozy, lighted grate. The wind tore savagely around the street corners like a fierce, prowling monster howling for food. Men and women laden with mysterious looking parcels, wreaths of evergreen, and odd shaped boxes of red and green, walked briskly towards some store or perhaps a trolley that would take them home. They all wore happy, contented expressions and I wonder if it wasn't a flush of excitement rather than the cold that gave their cheeks that warm, heated glow.

Taxi drivers bundled in long, heavy reefers, woolen scarfs and thick gloves waited patiently on street corners beneath the street lamps, hoping probably, that some person would come their way and kindly give them a little extra change to brighten their Christmas. In order to keep warm these taxi men hopped first on one foot and then on the other, for dressed as they were the crisp coldness was very penetrating. Even *they* wore an expression of excitement, and who could help but feel the spirit of Christmas, especially in an atmosphere like this?

MODERN DISCIPLINE

What progress discipline has made in the last few years! When we were children, we naturally formed a dislike for the word, "discipline." Taken from the dictionary it means, "subjection to rule, chastisement by way of correction, and training through suffering." To the small child, these definitions have a very cruel sound. But do we consider it just that way now? Common practice says not.

Life is generally a series of "nos" and "don'ts"—it sometimes has to be—yet too much hard pressure will produce an opposite effect. However, can we not be governed by our idea of wrong and right, and a certain amount of responsibility which one must acquire at some time? We think of discipline pertaining to rules, and not in the way modern psychologists mean. Away at school, we are under what is known as "school and faculty discipline," and yet that does not seem to be the only definition for it.

We have consciences and in a majority of cases, one may discover that the method of "letting our conscience be our guide," is a very safe plan to follow.

When people reach a fairly sensible stage of life, say from college age on, can't they be trusted to discipline themselves without the thought that someone is always ready to grab them, and punish them for doing a thing which the majority of people would consider all right?

It seems that modern civilization is going on that basis and that it is not impairing the lives of the present younger generation. When people shake their heads and say, "what will ever become of this generation?", they are wasting their time and breath needlessly. The youth of today has as much sense, self-control, will power, responsibility, and ideas of discipline as any past generation, if not more, because they are living in an age when they are allowed to express themselves freely. And who may say what is wrong when no one can really define what is right? It is a matter of purely individual opinion.

It is an everlasting human trait to try harder than ever, to do something when the idea is instilled into one that it is not "just the thing to do." Why? Simply because it seems to satisfy that internal desire of man to prove that he is right in his own idea, or to find out for himself and adds to the zest of life.

In taking this idea of "experience is the best teacher." There is no truer statement, for one may be disciplined forever, but until one experiences the thing he is forbidden to do, he will never really believe what he has been told.

This generation is out to seek for itself and to learn by experience the same things which its elders already know. Therefore, discipline or government by the mind or conscience is a large factor in the disciplinary progress of humanity.

"LEST WE FORGET"

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

We approach this new year of 1929 somewhat in the spirit of Kipling's hymn, doubtfully and disappointedly. For, never have the acts of the three great world powers seemed so hypocritical. With one hand we have been signing peace pacts, with the other we have been signing naval ententes and writing pronunciamentos declaring for more cruisers and the building of bigger and better navies.

Our captains and our kings went to Paris last summer to sign a pact which was to usher in a new earth, (we are doubtful about the new heaven). There was much shouting and tumult in the expressions of emotion, there were many theatrical gestures which made good front-page copy in the press both here and abroad, and there were many grateful resolutions passed by every kind of organization, no matter how remotely connected they were with peace. But the captains and the kings also departed from Paris, one in a warship, while others had hidden up their sleeves certain papers called "reservations."

Only a cynic would have the courage to call the Kellogg Peace Pact a scrap of paper. Only the optimist would hail it as an assurance of no more war. But the middle of the road man hopes that in this, the golden age of psychology, it may stand a good chance of winning out. And the world is assuredly of the last opinion. However, we would remind the proud nations of the world that,

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

Whether religious or not, at least because the habit is strong within us, we would call upon the Lord of Hosts to be with us so that in this moment of elation we may not forget past lessons, and that we may be aided in remembering that we can only get peace if the strong are willing to help the weak by making certain concessions.

It is said that at the Peace Conference at Versailles, M. Clemenceau, after a long conference with Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd-George, got up to go. With hat and coat on, he stood carefully and deliberately drawing on a grey suede glove, stroking each finger in place. He suddenly turned to his colleagues and said: "Gentlemen, do you really want peace?"

"Of course," they quickly answered.

"Have you counted the cost and are you willing to pay it?" further queried the astute Frenchman.

"Certainly," replied the other two.

"Very well then," said the French Tiger, "the English must withdraw from India and Egypt, the Americans from the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, the French from Africa."

"Ah! no, we can't do that," said the Welshman and the American.

"Then you can't have peace. These are the real canker spots that cause war. Gentlemen, good morning."

And ever since M. Clemenceau left that room, France has been increasing her arma-

ments and arming herself to the teeth. She has even inveigled a Tory Government in Great Britain not only to commit herself to a naval entente but to approve of conscription, a thing totally foreign to the British temper. Have we not the right to ask then if our statesmen are not leading us headlong into another war?

But is there hope? Yes, there is. Already the liberal British and American press has exposed the Machiavellian machinations of statesmen. At least the public knows that a peace pact has been signed and can hold these same statesmen to their word. Perhaps too, an enlightened public opinion in France, England and America will stop to wonder, and we hope to act against an increase in military and naval expenditure just after a peace pact has been signed. Best of all, perhaps Bolshevik Soviet Russia, which takes theories seriously, may serve as a watchdog over the peace of the world. The Great Powers may yet feel that the joke is on them if they engage in warfare, while Russia looks and laughs at their "scrap of paper."

Who knows, and, watchman what of the night? Has the morning really dawned in our western civilization? Unfortunately, as this old year closes and the new one is about to begin, we hear only faintly although we hope for a clearer, more certain sound in the watchman's reply as he assures us,

"Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come."

WHO IS IT?

Strong of stature
Fair of face
With masculine ways
But womanly grace,
Complexion fair
Excels in sports
Medium hair
Never out of sorts,
A Bragdonite
Of the topmost floor,
Think hard and you'll guess
The name on her door.

M. H., '30.

A RARE TREAT

Women, yes women are the ones who are always fussing and primping. It's they who are always parading up and down in front of mirrors and who delight to show off their finery. Were you to tell a man that his sex were much the same, he would immediately come back at you with any number of defensive arguments. But haven't you someone in your family or of your acquaintance who strongly resembles my hero?

Freddie Raul had learned from experience that Stickum does a more thorough job when the hair is well moistened. Well, that was just what he wanted on this occasion, a thorough job. He slapped on the Stickum in great gobs, and reached for his comb. His hair made a little slishing sound as he ran his comb through it. One stubborn lock of hair persisted in falling out of place; more water and Stickum was applied. Behold, his hair was a sight to see, as flat and sleek as a seal's. Now all that was needed was a few drops of brilliantine.

He would have to go to his mother's room for that; of course he had some of his own, but—well his mother's cost two dollars a bottle. He strode purposefully into her room and grasping the bottle, poured a few drops into the palms of his hands and slicked them over his hair ferociously. Ah! what an effect, so black and gleaming.

Freddie moved the two narrow mirrors of the vanity in order to get a full view of this glittering beauty. What was this, a new perfume? A little heavy but nice. Freddie's handkerchief leapt from his pocket. His mother ought not to buy such heavy perfume, it really wasn't suitable for a man's handkerchief, but it would do this time.

He dashed back into his room to get a shirt from his dresser. He'd wear an attached collar he thought—the blue one. Which tie, the dark blue or the gray? He laid each critically upon the starched chest of the chosen shirt. The blue tie was the winner. Another trip to his mother's room, for the large mirror was

required for a proper arrangement of the tie. Now that that was done, a fellow could sing or whistle if he wanted to, but up to the final patting of the tie, a serious and thoughtful air was necessary. Freddie preferred singing to whistling.

"The girl of my dreams,
Is the sweetest girl
Hodo de do dodum . . ."

The song died on his lips; he suddenly remembered that perhaps his shoes needed polishing. He looked down at them anxiously. No, they did not require polishing. In fact they quite met with his approval.

His coat now—and then his hat, that would require the mirror again. There was a certain angle, if found, was really quite a knockout. Ah, there it was! Freddie scarcely ever arrived at this stage of his toilet without thanking his lucky stars that he wasn't conceited. For that matter, if he really wanted to be, there were any number of things about which he could be conceited. He had glossy, black hair, and his face was tanned and certainly pleasing to look upon. His snapping brown eyes were surely in his favor; and his smile, why more than one girl had told him that his smile was irresistible. Yes, indeed, he centainly had a great many fine points, but to be conceited, why that had never even entered his head.

He put on his tan topcoat, it was smart and snappy looking, and buckled it tightly about his waist, adjusted the angle of his hat, and sauntered forth to give the girls a rare treat.

Beatrice Adam, '30.



One of the greatest attractions of our Christmas number lies in its cover. We congratulate Teddy Pratt on the original design, localized, so that it will truly wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We would urge all our artistic friends to submit designs in the shape of pencil sketches for the Junior and Commencement numbers.

The story that pertains especially to Christmas is of course "Tenement 19," by June Pankhurst. In the interests of realism, and we hope for the enjoyment of subscribers, we trust that no one will object too strongly to the vigorous expressions used. We are grateful at being reminded of the simple and universal joy of Christmastide. The other two stories are also worth reading. "Tulips," by Teddy Pratt is a colorful character sketch of a human soul, who finally gained his soul's desire, but only after sticking to the job that lay nearest at hand. We are glad that the author didn't stop to moralize but let us draw our own moral from her presentation. We are happy to think that Johann finally was able to be surrounded by his tulips. For sheer romance and a nice love story read Helen Swick's "Light VI," which has to do with light-houses and the sea. Of course if you are ultra-modern and do not believe in happy endings, then leave it alone.

The poetry is especially good this month. Frances Mann's "Fog" and Betty Lyman's "A Broken Friendship," we trust will be appreciated by all, as also the rest of the verse.

We are publishing Gwendolyn McDonald's Christmas Eve poem, not only because it is distinctly appropriate for the December number, but also because it had the honor to be published in the Christmas number Round Table of the *Magazine World,* which is sponsored by *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The editorials deal, of course, with Christmas in its many aspects, both serious and humorous. "Under" hopes that all our readers will enjoy this number and he respectfully wishes "dear everybody" a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SALT LAKE

I.
Great Salt Lake
Bluer than sapphire
Blue as the sea
Majestic and calm
Blue as can be.

II.
Great Salt Lake
There all alone
Surrounded by sand
Mines of salt
The prairie land.

III.
Great Salt Lake
Bluer than cobalt
Blue as the sky
Serene and peaceful
As we passed by.

Helen Roberts, '30.



November 9: Christian Endeavor was held tonight at Woodland at Woodland Park. Barbara Wilson led the meeting and her subject was "friendship." To bring out her thought more clearly she read a delightful poem on "Friendship" by Edgar Guest.

November 11: Vespers tonight were led by Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher from Wellesley, Massachusetts. As it was Armistice Day his topic was "Cease." We were very fortunate to have Mrs. Fisher render a few selections of Southern songs.

November 15: Christian Endeavor was led tonight by Isabelle Daggett. Her subject was "You Cannot Serve God and Mammon." Isabelle certainly led a very inspiring meeting on such a vital subject.

November 16: All a-flutter and excited, the girls both new and old, participated in the first of our "Student Receptions." We were very

fortunate to have as an entertainer Mr. Spicer, a very noted singer. He easily won the hearts of his audience. Everyone enjoyed themselves and I'm sure they all agree that receptions of this kind are very enjoyable.

November 18: Vespers tonight were led by Mr. Selden L. Brown, head of Huntington School. The theme of his talk was "Don't go through life in low. Exert yourself and get the most out of it."

November 23: The second lecture in our series of lectures took place tonight. Dr. Leon H. Vincent lectured on "Carlyle and His Wife." Everyone without a doubt enjoyed his interesting talk.

November 24: One of our favorite chapel speakers spoke to us tonight. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton spoke to us on the old and new Thanksgiving. The idea of his subject was a picture of four Puritan girls which was a cover on a recent issue of the *Literary Digest*.

November 26: From out of their slumber all the underclassmen were wakened this morning at 5:30. They were wakened by the strains of the Cap and Gown song of '27. Later the Cap and Gown song of our Seniors was heard and needless to say it was one of the most impressive ceremonies of the year. Our Seniors certainly are envied by all and should be congratulated on their ceremony.



So our Violet Han, '26, is about to follow the happy course of most Lasell girls. From far away Shanghai, China, comes this very attractive announcement:

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Han announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Violet Baytsung, to Colonel Kuocheng Tang, Thursday, October twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Lasell's most hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Han, to Violet and Colonel Tang.

Just here Iverna Birdsall Biggin, '22, has a word to say. She writes: "Again back in Naugatuck and so glad to be here. I am enclosing a check of two dollars for the LEAVES subscription.

"Yes, we moved back to Naugatuck in September after spending one year in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Hope now to get to some of the New Haven Lasell meetings and renew my Lasell spirit. It just seems ages since I have seen the girls. I was so in hopes of getting back for Commencement in June but just couldn't.

"Kindly give my best wishes to all who remember me."

A recent caller tells us that Mary Catherine Shannon, 1920-1921, of Worcester was graduated in June, 1927, from Kansas University Medical Department, receiving her M.D. degree. She expects to practice in Worcester, but will come to Boston for the Massachusetts Board examination.

In a recent letter to Miss Ransom, 1877-1881, Miss Dorothy Shank writes: "I have just come back from a convention in Washington and while away went to one in Cincinnati and over to Baltimore where I visited Phyllis Rowe, '19. She is certainly making a success of her work as dietitian at Johns Hopkins. She has ten trained dietitians under her and fourteen students.

"Miss Mary Mount, at one time a dietitian at Lasell, came to Washington while I was there and we lunched together. She is running two tea rooms in Washington besides being at the head of the department in College Park, I think it is the University of Maryland. Has recently bought one of the tea rooms. It is an old barn and she has fixed it up most attractively."

We are pleased to publish the following notice which appeared in a recent number of

the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union*: "Miss Isabel Africa, daughter of Mrs. Walter G. Africa, a popular member of Manchester society, left Sunday for Baltimore where she will take the dietitian course at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Miss Africa was graduated from the Manchester High School in 1924 and from Lasell Seminary in 1926. She also received her degree from the University of New Hampshire this year.

"Miss Africa was prominent in the social and scholastic life at the University. She was a member of Phi Kappa Phi, honorary scholastic fraternity, of Phi Lambda, honorary home economic fraternity, and of Alpha Xi Delta, national social fraternity.

"Miss Africa was also chosen as carnival queen in the winter of 1927."

We recall with pleasure that Isabel won the gold medal at Lasell, the highest honor in the department of Home Economics.

Gwendolyn McDonald, 1926-1928, has won merited distinction by having one of her poems published in the Christmas number of the *Magazine World*. Our congratulations to Gwendolyn.

Ruth Beckley, 1927-1928, is at home this winter and very happy. Nevertheless it did us good to be assured that ofttimes her thoughts turn back to Lasell and those of us who are missing her so!

Ruth writes: "One must get away to really appreciate a place where she has spent such happy hours as I spent in my 'school hours' last year.

"I am working in an insurance office doing secretarial work, and oh if I could only tell the girls at school the wonderful thrill of working, earning and saving. I would not give up this experience for anything. It has shown me the great privilege that I had to attend such a fine school as Lasell even for the one year. I try to be entirely self-supporting.

"I think of you all often—especially of Mrs. Hunt. I wonder where she is. And Mrs. Briggs' smile has never left me.

"My love to all."

Our Dean declares that many choice bits of wit and wisdom come to her by means of letters from parents. These letters are too personal to make public—she must selfishly enjoy them. But not long since came this witty wording of a father in a letter which we venture to make public. The writer is a prominent citizen in a city of the Middle West. After paying a fine tribute to Lasell which has been the school home of more than one daughter, he closes with these words: "Daughter wishes for an open calling list, whatever that means. Our permission is that you grant to her any social latitude consistent with New England rectitude."

We have come to realize that news for the LEAVES sent to us by our Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, had better be published just as she sends it. It can't be improved by ever so good an intentioned "dickerer" so here is the latest word from our national treasurer: "Mr. and Mrs Charles A. Newhall celebrated their Golden Wedding on Monday, November 12, 1928. I did not know until I received this invitation that Emma George Newhall, my dear classmate, was to celebrate her golden anniversary the same year as I did."

As we read this notice we cannot but regret that our Mrs. Cushing was not really with us at the time of her Golden Anniversary celebration that we might have shown in some definite way our interest and extend to her and her husband Lasell's most sincere congratulations.

"My dear schoolmate, Pauline Lane Maxfield, of 31 Farragut Road, Swampcott, Mass., passed away Saturday, October 13. Sarah Boynton Townsend, '67, and Evelyn P. Warren, '70, have also passed away. Pauline Maxfield and I have had some very happy times together, but now they are all gone. They all loved Woodland (Mrs. Cushing's summer camp.) Pauline was so companionable and I used to make her a little visit every summer. She was nearly blind before she died, so could not keep up our correspondence.

"I wanted to tell you that the Miss Luce referred to in the history of the Congregational Church (my daughter wrote the anniversary poem) was Rebecca Luce who was a student at Lasell and her father referred to was the minister for many years. Nellie Packard Draper, '84, introduced me to Miss Luce one Commencement at Lasell and when my daughter came here to teach she became acquainted with her. Like all our dear old Lasell women of those early days, she was an honor to her school.

"There was a collection of pictures of all sorts and kinds of the men and women of the church, which were on exhibition, and first of all as I went to look at them was our dear Nellie Packard Draper and Dr. Draper. Farther along the picture of Miss Luce.

"After many years I have found my dear old friend, Josie Emery Wilson, who was a student at Lasell, and married Prof. G. D. Wilson, composer of 'The Shepard Boy,' the first year I was at Lasell, 1870-1871. She lives in Nyack-on-Hudson, and I have visited her there when Prof. Wilson was living. She is eighty-two years old. Her letter is an inspiration to me."

Barbara Cushing Jenkins, '25, and her husband have recently obtained a rich inheritance for on November 21 they became the parents of a dear little son, Ward Cushing.

To the list of multimillionaires we add the names of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell S. Conover, Lois Garrabrant, '27, who are rejoicing over the arrival of their son, George Roger Conover, on November 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haldane, Jr., (Florence Sundh, 1910-1911), announce the arrival of Barbara Mae on September 30.

"It was just like a story book," so said some of the Lasell guests who like myself were bidden to the tea served by Mrs. Worthen in honor of Marjorie Blair, '28. The home was a genuine old Boston Beacon Hill house furnished in the quaint manner of ye olden times. A dignified butler admitted the guests and as we mounted the winding stairway lighted by tall tapers, we found it difficult to realize that we were living in modern times. However, the smiling face of Esther Palmer, '24, greeted us just before we entered the drawing room and presented each guest with a lovely rose to which was attached a card bearing this telltale inscription, "Mr. Raymond Perkins, Miss Marjorie Louise Blair." Yes, it was Marjorie's engagement tea and Marjorie's mother, hostess, and Marjorie received us later in the drawing room where we enjoyed their hospitality. Our congratulations to our schoolmate and her fiance.

The most satisfactory call we have had in many a day was that made by Charlotte Ryder, '08, and Sophie Mayer March, '08. They remained to luncheon and tarried long enough to tell us many interesting things about their mates and their own dear selves.

Our schoolmate, Barbara Goodell of Waltham, has recently been saddened in the loss of her father, Mr. R. E. Goodell. Lasell's sincerest sympathy is extended to Barbara and her bereaved family.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* of November 10 contained a fitting tribute to the memory of Lucy Rogers Gove. Mrs. Gove was one of the most honored graduates, being a member of the Class of 1860. The year following her graduation she began teaching in the Minneapolis schools, beginning her work on the very day when the famous First Minnesota Regiment left to take part in the Civil War. Although a native of Wolfborough, New Hampshire, she transferred her affiliations to Minneapolis sixty-seven years ago. It was our privilege to meet this distinguished graduate during a visit in the Twin Cities and at that time she told stories of her pioneer days in the West. Assured us that at the time of her arrival in Minneapolis the railroad did not run within five miles of this metropolis which today is such a railroad center. Lasell extends deepest sympathy to the family of this distinguished graduate.

Saturday, the tenth of November, was the wedding day of Katherine McAuley, '26. The fortunate groom was Mr. Clarence Wallace McKay and we are glad that he is bringing Katherine nearer Lasell, for their home is now at 291 South Main Street, Torrington, Connecticut.

The LEAVES takes pleasure in announcing the marriage of Dorothy Field Warner, '21, to Mr. Robert Renwick Askew. The wedding occurred in October. We have not yet learned where Dorothy's new home will be but trust she will remain in Massachusetts and we may have the pleasure of meeting not only her but her husband in the near future.

As a delightful aftermath to Mrs. Hooker's European party comes the announcement of the marriage of Cathleen Ivan Meloon, '23, to Mr. Henry Keller Wallace, one of the head officers of their transatlantic steamer. We have not learned as yet whether the consummation of this romance will take Cathleen to some distant port. We are selfishly hoping she may make her home in the neighborhood of Lasell.

Martha Wilcox, '25, confirms her loyalty to Lasell in a very dear personal note to our Mrs. Hooker. She has been busy using her secretarial training since leaving Lasell and is at present enjoying her position in one of Boston's business houses. To use her own words: "Every once in a while I run into a Lasell girl. At a Southern Club dance I saw Chris Chamberlin, '25, and on the street last week I met Dot Aseltine, '26. I saw Helen Black, '25, in Connecticut.

"I wonder if the girls have as good times as we did. I shall never forget our little 'round table class' with you as our teacher. I did enjoy it so much."

She closes with cordial remembrances to Senora and Miss Potter and a promise to visit Lasell in the near future.

Annie Crowe Collum, '09, was unable to be at the trustee meeting this fall, but sent a very pleasant message along with her regrets to our principal, Dr. Winslow. She refers to some of the exciting incidents attending the national election which occurred in her day and adds: "Lasell has ever provided happy and interesting memories."

Her news item of especial note is this: "You will be interested to know that Dorothy Alexander, 1921-1922, is engaged and is to be married this winter. I am sorry to say that she is not to live in Winnipeg but in Fort William, Ontario. I am having the pleasure of giving her her wedding. The young man is Mr. Richard D. Windatt and one of the best.

Anna Andrews Barris, 1901-1902, and her husband are spending the winter in Asheville, North Carolina. Mrs. Barris is still busy with her pen and sent to a fall number of the Lynn *Evening Item* a thrilling account of a recent adventure in the Blue Ridge Mountains, decribing the home of three little mountaineers who tramped ten miles daily over roads steep and rough in order to attend school. Of these courageous children she writes: "Their record for walking this distance and faithful attendance and scholarship are probably unequalled in the United States."

We are indebted to Gail Wilson Boynton, '18, for the following tribute to the late Mrs. Miriam Barrett Dunton of the Class of '58, until recently our oldest living graduate. Mrs. Dunton, widow of Judge Walter C. Dunton, at the time of her death was in her ninetieth year. Among the many interesting incidents in her life, the writer recalls the fact that she was the guest at a reception given in Washington by Abraham Lincoln and only a short time ago attended a similar function given by President Coolidge. Many honors were given to her and until recently she took a prominent part in social and public affairs. Was one of the speakers at the recent dedication of a local school and at the time gave a humorous picture of her experience as a teacher in the original school. Mrs. Dunton is survived by two daughters one of whom, Miss Edith K. Dunton, has won distinction as a writer of

books for girls. Lasell extends their deepest sympathy to this bereaved family.

Gail Wilson Boynton, '18, regrets that she cannot send a daughter to Lasell but declares her husband is quite happy to have two sons for Dartmouth. Gail's younger son was born September 25. She closes her cordial message to Dr. Winslow with all good wishes for our principal and Mrs. Winslow.

Louise Denison Rogers, '26, tells us that her correct address is now Lerner Apartments, West Jackson Boulevard, Elkhart, Indiana. In furnishing data for our Register she also takes time to add this friendly postscript: "I am so happy but would just love to visit school again. I have never stopped missing the Lasell girls of '26."

One of the glad surprises of the Thanksgiving time was the unexpected (to most of us) visit of Maria Orozco Cobb, 1917-1918, and her dear little son, Johnny. This wee chap has certainly taken our hearts by storm. Everybody began to get busy trying to think how we could manage to keep him permanently in our midst. Blessings on these dear visitors.

Our congratulations to the president of the senior class, Emily Crump, on the recent visit of her parents and our congratulations extend not only to Emily but to all of her friends who had the privilege of meeting these cordial Virginians.

We have not yet found out the errand which held Helen McIntire, '25, for such a short time at Lasell, but any way those of us who caught a glimpse of her were glad to see her friendly face and wish we might have persuaded her to stop for a real visit.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Charlena Eva Clough, '25, to Mr. Roy Lester Long on Friday, November 23.

Ruth Binford, 1903-1904, now Mrs. Arney, and her husband, a prominent banker in their home city, Marshalltown, Iowa, paid their respects not long ago to Lasell and the Old Guard still in residence. Notwithstanding her repeated and proud references to her sons, Ruth herself seemed every whit as young and vivacious as in her school days.

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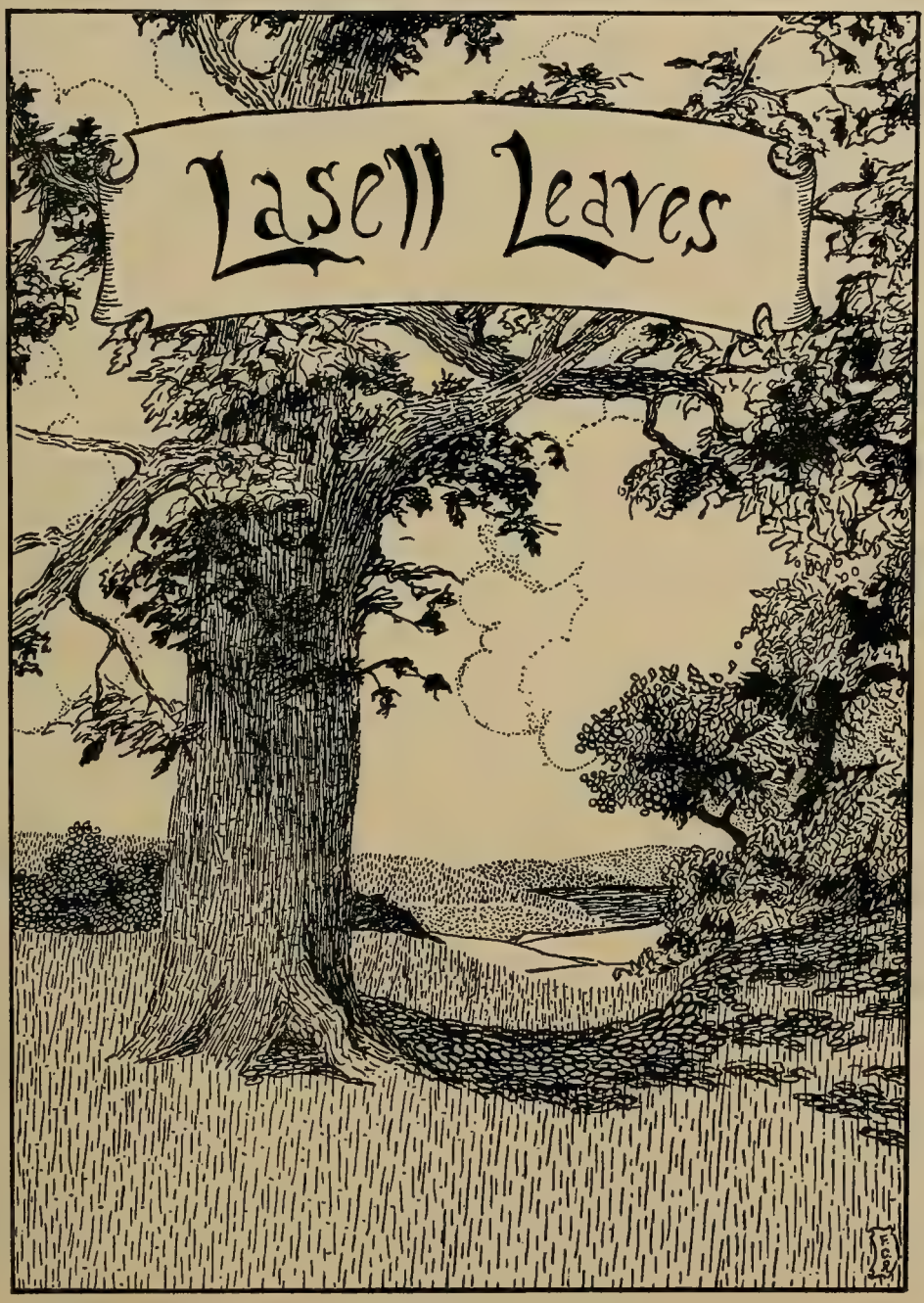
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Every day is carnival time . . . .

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MENTION THE LEAVES

LITERARY

CHALLENGE

Youth stands clearly against the sky
With eager hope, voicing the cry,
"I have youth and the will to do,
The bravest heart, faith clear and true;
Give me your failure, your song unsung,
Give me, oh world, the task undone!"

Youth forms the dream, fearless and new,
Youth strives to keep life straight and true.
To him the heritage old and worn,
For him the promise of early morn.
The challenge he flings for the goal to be won,
"Give me, oh world, the task undone!"

Age sees atop the weathered heights,
The purpose, hope, and quest for truth
With silvered hair, serene, content,
Age knows and understands its youth.
The shaking hands raise high the gift,
"Oh come to me, my star-eyed one;
I have for you the dream-to-be,
I leave, O Youth, the task undone!"

The years go by, Youth carries on;
He's won and lost at Fate's decree,
But oh, the things as yet untouched,
And oh, the dream of the going-to-be!
The far cry rings in the fading glow
As he goes to rest, the last race run—
He calls, as the youngest takes his place,
"I know, O Youth, the task undone!"

June Pankhurst, '29.

THE WARP AND THE WOOF

A zing, zing, zing, a zing, zing, zing. The whirling machines ate up the shimmering material. A zing, zing, zing, continuous, steady. A large room in which fifty people were at work with heads bowed, eyes glued, intent upon the huge machines. A hot July day the room smelled of new material, close, stuffy air, and the odor of tired bodies. At the end of the room stood a woman whose eagle eyes pierced every corner of that close room; now and then her shrill voice would scream out cross, angry words at the harried workmen. "Mrs. B.," the forelady. A whisper, "Come on now, stop that talking, get to work," in harsh, resonant tones.

Still farther in back were long tables littered with paper about which men hovered,—the "cutters." An occasional remark would pass among them but silence prevailed except for the busy hum of the machines. A zing, zing, zing. Rows and rows of heads mostly dark were bent in an attitude of attention. Slim, fat, stubby fingers were moving constantly so near the greedy needles of the machines it was a miracle that it did not swallow them up. A zing, zing, zing. A fair, slim hand waved away a strand of blond hair from a hot brow. The girl seemed so different from the other workers. Of course, she stood out because of her fairness but her whole person seemed to radiate a different atmosphere. Around her were dark, swarthy faces, hard, accustomed to labor, coarseness, heat, but she was young, rather beautiful, pitifully small, with a soft, sweet expression on her tired face. She bent over her work again and the slim, white, nimble fingers pushed and twisted the material. A zing, zing, zing, a zing, zing, zing. "Come in to the designer's room, hurry up," the forelady yelled. The girl got up and made her way out

of the hot, airless shop and entered the second designer's room.

"Hurry up. Finish that dress for the showing this afternoon!" She looked at the glittering thing on the form and started to work, her fingers quickly threading in and out of the mass of pins. The room was small but light and ever so much cooler than the "factory." The girl assistants worked quietly and steadily, oblivious to everything. She pulled the shiny stuff from the form, laid it carefully on one of the machines, and a zing, zing, zing.

'You've done that all wrong. What-ya-send this girl in here for anyway. She's no good. Take it out, hurry up!" and the girl with a pin broke the tiny stitches. The designer, small, dark, rather pretty, smelling of heavy perfume, stepped into the room. "What's your name, anyway?" "Betty," the girl responded. "Well, Betty, you've got to hurry up with that dress and don't make any more mistakes. It has to be at the showing this afternoon! Send the model in here." This was said to a little errand girl. "Which one, Miss Rosie?" "Oh, the dark one, Alice." In a moment the slim model entered. "Here, put this on the girl," and Betty slipped the shimmering dress over the girl's shoulders. "Stand straight, now walk away. Come here. Turn around. Don't move your arms so. All right, take it off." The dress was given back to Betty again. "Take it out to the factory and have the duplicate made. Hurry up and bring it back." Betty walked out of the little room into the hot, sticky shop again. "Here, Mr. Caleo. Please cut the duplicate right away as Miss Rosie wants it." Betty took her place once more at the machines—a zing, zing, zing, a zing, zing, zing.

"Twelve o'clock!" The bell rang out and the hubbub commenced. Every head popped up and began to chatter to its neighbor as it pulled out from drawers and pockets little lunches. Noise, and heat,—awful heat—and screams—harsh voices. Betty put on her hat. She simply must get out it was so awful! The sickening swish of the master elevator—out of the huge building and onto the street which was crowded, seething with men, workmen, women, but mostly men, old men, dirty men, horrid, awful looking men, all jabbering squabbling in high, shrill voices about materials, machines and dresses, materials, machines and dresses. Could she never get away from it? Her throbbing temples and hot body ached for nourishment and peace. But it costs so much! She opened her spart, little purse and darted into the first "automat" she saw. She placed herself in the line and put her quarter in the marble compartment as the woman poured out nickles. "Hurry up, pick up your change, Miss. Oh dear, she was so hot and tired and so many people and so much noise, clashing of dishes, harsh laughter and the shuffling of tired feet.

"Well, are you going to take the tray or can't you make up your mind. "Oh, yes, please excuse me." Betty managed to find her way over to the service counter where stood many men and women screaming the names of the dishes and shoveling out the food to the great mob of people. "Please may I have some of that soup?" She edged her way into the crowd. "Sure, anything else?" and the man dipped her out a bowlful. "Two nickles, right here," and he pointed to a complicated little box. Now, ice tea. She picked up one of the ice filled glasses and looked at a huge handle which read above it "Ice Tea." She slipped a nickle in the slot, turned the handle and the liquid filtered out into the glass. Now a seat—why there were no seats! The huge place was packed, jammed, and there were many eating standing up. She couldn't do that she *must* sit down. There was a place and Betty laid down her tray.

As she bent over her soup, her big eyes glanced around at her companions,—one a colored lady, another looked like a laborer, a big, blond man with laborer's hands, a little girl, dark, swarthy, a sewer like herself, and then an old woman wrinkled, gray and shak-

ing. The soup tasted good and the tea was cool, but the noise and the clattering, the crashing, the screams, the falling of silver, the screeching of chairs—she climbed wearily up the stairs, jostled and brushed about by the hurrying humans. Out onto the hot streets pushing her way through the clotted mass of humanity—back once more over the machines —a zing, zing, zing, a zing, zing, zing.

Five o'clock—the bell—she looked up from her work—her tired eyes, her hot face and cramped back, that eternal buzzing again, the coarse laughter, that angry bickering—but at last the machines had stopped! They had stopped! For that day anyway. She passed through the narrow hall to get a drink and as she was lifting the little cup to her parched lips, she saw the girl, Alice, before her. "You look tired, dearie." "I am," smiled Betty, wanly. "So am I. My poor legs and feet feel numb. Terrible day today, so hot, those awful dresses and the fool customers don't know what they want."

"But it's quiet where you are."

"Not so's you'd notice it, with Miss Rosie and Miss Hass on your heels. Well, so long," and the pretty, tired and jaded face passed on.

Waiting for the elevator—would it never, never come! At last! Crushed, pushed up against other hot, tired bodies, then out onto the street. It was somewhat cleared off now. The mass was rushing homeward—almost running—some few slowly talking, but every one headed for home, a warm dinner and a bed, perhaps. Betty walked down the street into the subway, crowded, jammed, seething with people. She edged her way on the train before the door swished to, clutching with her feeble strength onto a strap. The train sped through the tunnel, halting abruptly at each station, throwing the crowded and struggling passengers against each other. Finally "Chambers Street." She pushed out up across the street and over the ragged stairs of an old house up into a dark, little room. It was rather hot and not very quiet. She dropped off her clothes and slipped into bed—how cool the sheets felt—how soft to her aching body! The screeching "L" overhead flashed by again —again—but it was getting dimmer—finally it sounded like the zing—zing—zing of the machines—but it wasn't. The machines had stopped! But tomorrow? She mustn't think of tomorrow—they had stopped now! The noise grew fainter—fainter—the dark—cool—fainter—sleep.

* * * * *

"Oh mother, isn't this perfectly beautiful? Do let me try it on?"

A young, dark, slim girl was excitedly exclaiming about a shimmering bit of material that the saleslady held out to her. "It's perfectly beau—ti—ful!" Her mother sat complacently by looking admiringly at her attractive daughter and a trifle sceptically at the dress. "Well, try it on if you wish. There doesn't seem to be much to it."

The young girl darted hurriedly into a dressing room—a moment after, "Mother, doesn't it look just 'knockout?'" The shimmering thing clung to the supple body.

"These girls can wear anything, can't they?" her mother nodded to the saleslady.

"Oh, but it does look lovely on your daughter—just the type for it, don't you think?"

The girl was admiring herself in the mirror. "Well get it if you wish, only remember—don't ask me for another for a long time."

"Oh, mother, of course not. Can I really? Don't you love it?"

* * * * *

A "Prom"—music, crashing gaily, noise, laughter, heat, perfumes, colors, heels.

"Say, that's some dress you've got on, Sue. Where—d—ya—get it?" the young man glanced admiringly down at the pretty face of his partner.

"Oh, at Joseph's in New York. Do you like it?"

"Like it? It's the best dress here!"

The girl's laughter tinkled out, "Ooh—you're a sweet thing to say it."

The dancers, black, white, red, blue, soft lavender, silver, green, but the shimmering thing on the soft body stood out more beautiful than the rest. The music—mad music, noisy, crashing, silly music, heat—hot, stifling, perfumed heat, laughter, deep voices, music—it all seemed to fade into a zing, zing—zing, a zing,—zing—zing. A hot workroom, bowed heads, tense bodies, a zing,—zing—zing,—a dark little room, the "L" roaring by—a zing, —zing—zing. "I just adore your dress, Sue, where *did* you get it?"

Florence Fitch, '29.

DISILLUSIONMENT

Life is a cold
Grey cloud, tinted
Here and there
With rose, fading
Back to murky
Blackness — then
Carefully, slowly,
Daring to brighten,
Rising to heights.
Smiling, happy,
Confident, golden,
Brightest, before
Softened with a
Rosy tint of friendship —
Then fading;
Cold, black
Disillusionment.

Harriet Hewins, '29.

WHY SHOULD YOU BE SAD?

Why should you be sad?
You have those two things
Which make men rejoice—
You have life. What more
Can you ask? God's gift
To man should delight
Every doubting heart.
You have a friend—
And no man can
Take him. Even
Death is just a
Short separation till
You join hands.
For nothing can
Divide souls! Then
Why should you be sad?

Harriet Hewins, '29.

DELIRIUM

"What shall it be—" mused Jean as she sallied with the tide of collegiates into the daily scramble for first places at the nearest lunch counters. "It's long past time for me to decide what I'm going to be good for in the long run. Here I am finishing a course that might be a preliminary for anything—librarian, nurse, secretary—I might dance, or—I might even settle down with Leon!" The faint flush that stole over her face at this last thought was changed by Fate to a smeared blush of flowing blood that soaked the shirt of the frantic truckman who picked her up from under the wheels of his heavy dray. Who knows how things happen, and why?

A pea-green silence shot with vivid scarlet clashes as of cymbals, and occasional dull-brown roars like discords of huge bass pipes enveloped Jean. She wandered through a maze of cubes and squares. Surely this must be New York —she had often seen pictures like this of the great city, but surely pea-green was not a practical color—it would be ugly when covered with soot! This building, so imposing, contained all the elements of architecture she had studied in Art History. She paused to single them out for recognition. Why, she was being late to work! This was the library, and already it must be an hour past reporting time.

She rushed up the long rows of steps and threw her jacket into the dressing room, where it seemed a tiny dot on the great green expanse of floor. An oppressing buzz greeted her as she stepped up behind a desk that rose to her eyes and climbed upon a stool. Before she was well attuned to her surroundings, the ominous buzz became a bedlam, in which questioning children, deaf old men, quibbling old ladies, and uncertain professors bore down upon her, all shrieking, silly nothings, imperious demands. The blatant voices fused into an effect like a futuristic composition being murdered by a brass band. And Jean, alone, helpless, terrified, slipped from the stool and fell through the floor into a place

so shiny white that it might have been lined with new porcelain.

In her descent through space Jean had somehow acquired, to match the interior, a spotless uniform of white with starchy apron and perky little cap. As she adjusted the straps of her apron, the door opened and the chief surgeon, calm, professional, the lights in his eyes as cold as the frosty white of his workshop, summoned her to aid him. The shrouded figure on the table gave her no qualms, and she deftly set out strange instruments, shiny things, angled and curved masterpieces in steel. Each movement in perfect coordination, the stages of the delicate work timed to seconds, they worked with no sound. Then Jean faltered—was not quick enough in one choice, and a few minutes later the flesh on the table was congealed in death. Nothing of horror about it—it might have happened to anyone. In a fleeting touch of curiosity Jean lifted the strip which covered the features from view—and blackness swamped his soul. Leon—dearest!

Through the darkness opened a single door, and Jean stumbled into a long chamber hung with vivid blocked silks, which contrasted agreeably with the floor of glazed black tile. Far down the room, under a cluster of colored lights, was an ornate mahogany desk appointed with various tools of richly jewelled metals, paper weights, spindles, pens and pencils, and even the telephone of heavy gold plate and amethyst. Even as Jean appeared, the man behind the desk beckoned to her, and she seated herself in the chair beside the desk and rapidly began taking his dictation. She had never known before that shorthand could be so easy—there was a queer kind of thrill in the rhythm of the long strokes. The man, keen-cut and attractive in his perfect tailoring, was dictating instructions to his agents in far-away stations. "Shove him out at any cost. Later returns will be greater than present expense," and—"His back must be to the wall by this time. One more drop in price and we have him beaten!" The telephone jingled prettily, and the business king carried on a conversation also patterned against the under dog. "What a setting for a business advertising merchandise of character," mused Jean, as she gazed about the gorgeous room. "Yet after all, it is only another of the veneers we all adopt sooner or later."

When lunch time came, Jean left gladly with a resolve not to return. Through a labyrinth of halls along which were thousands of doors opening, no doubt, to just such shams as she had left, she found her way to a cozy grey dugout place, lighted only by candle flames, where she tasted nutritious foods of strangely blended flavors. She fell to watching the candle flames, and as they pointed and wavered, so she found herself moving about the dugout, touching the walls to make them move back, filling in the great space she created with upholstered chairs—floor, balcony, boxes—and in the chairs appeared her audience. She danced for them, soulfully, in a new fashion, and was proclaimed the greatest, in a single night. At last she had found her perfect expression, her life, and she gave all her time and strength to it, leading almost a hermit existence to better please her public. And then the unfounded rumor, the unjust scandal that seared the pages upon which it was printed—the life of the artist broken not only by this hurt, but by the knowledge that even though he be loyal forever, her fiance, Leon, could never again be wholly trusting. No human faith, once interrupted, can ever again be perfect.

And now, during the hours following her delirium, Jean lay alone in the hospital, taking no account of time, thinking of little execpt the strange visions through which she had passed. In a way they had been enlightening, and she was not sorry for them. At least her mind was made up. Leon was the only true security and happiness. How fortunate that she was free to do as she pleased, and that she had planned to take her happiness early! Of course if either of her parents should have

needed her—why, it would mean a life monopolized solely by duty!

Downstairs, as the matron read the telegram from Jean's mother, her face was very grave indeed. "Sorry I could not come. Jean's father passed away the day she was injured. Will arrive tomorrow to make arrangements to take Jean home." The nurse sighed. "This will have to be treated very delicately," said she. "The child has only just come out of a delirium."

Margaret A. Wethern, '29.

MEMORY

Memories, like white-capped waves
Pound the barren shore,
Tugging as a galley slave
Who toils but lives no more.

Rushing out, surging in
That ever-restless sea,
Swirling here, churning there,
The white-capped waves of Memory.

Betty Lyman, '29.

FRIENDSHIP'S ROAD

Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.

As steadfast as the ages roll,
Binding soul to soul.
No matter how far or how heavy the load;
Sweet is the journey on friendship's road.

Jean Starkey, '29.

THE DAWN

Whisper, rustle, breath abated,
Clear trill of the nightingale,
Rosy haze and silver glimmer,
As sky awakes with colors pale.

Midnight's light and darkness ranges
As the shadows softly steal,
And with fascinating, magic changes,
Thus again the night is sealed.

Misty rose and amber veils,
O'er the cloudless heavens are drawn;
The sun is soon the skies to sail
And so has come the dawn, the dawn.

Beatrice Adam, '31.

THE YOUNGER "DE-GENERATION"

"What on earth? Is Bessie going out again? Well, I swear, Mother, you wouldn't let me go out the way that kid does when I was sixteen." The speaker, a delicate-looking blonde girl of about twenty years, was sprawled full length on a rose-colored bed, reading a translation of a French novel. Her mother, called by the neighbors the "indulgent Mrs. Richards," smiled lovingly at her older daughter.

"Well, Dorrie, when you were sixteen you were still playing with dolls. Bessie—well, she's older right now than you and more able to take care of herself. Maybe the reason that you never went out so much is that you met Freddy when you were seventeen and you've been engaged ever since."

"Oh, Mother, Freddy is so sort of stoical! I wish sometimes that Bessie'd take me with her on her Fun Nights she talks so much about. I wonder what they do that they all get such a kick out of."

At this point the door exploded open and another girl stood there framed by the dark woodwork. She was far from beautiful; her mouth was large, her nose turned up, she had a generous sprinkling of freckles across it and her straight black hair was absolutely never combed. But she had a vividness that was like a flame. Dressed in a scarlet outfit, her hat, dress, gloves, coat and shoes all flaming red, she stood there with a half-smile on her face.

"Couldn't help hearing what you said about one of my Fun Nights, Dor. Mean it? Come along! There's to be an extra man from—let's see—Dartmouth, I think. Or maybe Princeton. Anyway, he's Tom's brother's pal and older than the rest of us. Put on something you don't care an awful lot for and snap into it. The blue velvet suit'd be right." And she perched on the edge of the table like some sort of an exotic redbird, calmly offering advice to her sister as she rushed madly about the room trying to find her clothes. "Now, Dor, f'r 'eavens sake, don't act old and blasé

and sophisticated. Nobody likes a girl that's done everything before or even if she isn't enjoying herself she ought to pretend she is. Oh don't wear your high heels—make you look too tall. And for Pete's sake, fluff your wig out. Here, give little Bessie that comb. Oh, the dev—deuce! There's the gang now! Hurry up, will ya?"

And she flashed out of the room leaving a coolness in her wake as a flame might have had it passed through the room. "Mother, do I look all right? Oh, heck! And Freddy's s'posed to come over tonight. Well, you tell him I was called out of town—or—or tell him I eloped—tell him I flew away with the wings of a scarlet tanager. Goo' bye!"

And the coolness, too, flashed out of the room, a blue coolness rushed downstairs and flew out the door to the waiting cars. There were three of them, all filled to the brim with shrieking, laughing youngsters. By some miracle, room was made in the front car for Bessie and Dorrie and the little cavalcade started out.

"Whither away, fair Andromeda?" queried the boy who was driving. "It's your turn to decide, you know!" And turning to Dorrie, he grinned and said, "You see, we all take turns in deciding what to do and it just happens that it's Bessie's turn tonight. You've never come along on one of our Fun Nights before, have you? Well, we hope to see you on more than just this one!"

"You'll certainly get your hope if Bessie's willing," was Dorrie's answer and it surprised her.

"Let's see, last night we went to the Notch —the night before we swam. I have it— Crescent Park." With a loud screeching of brakes, the car drew up beside the road, and Top, who was driving the second car, drew up alongside.

"Bessie says it's Crescent Park tonight! Everyone game? All right, you'd better lead, Tom. I don't know the way very well."

Off they started again, this time tearing madly down a narrow sand road, careening madly from side to side. Dorrie, unaccustomed to such driving, was clinging with both hands. However, determined to be a good sport, she would not say a word. The others were all laughing and singing gaily as if they had been doing it all their lives.

Soon they pulled up outside of the brilliantly lighted entrance to Crescent Park.

"It's cheaper to go in if we don't take the cars. Girls, grab a man!" Bessie's command jerked them all into action. Soon Dorrie found herself alone with a boy she had not seen in the gang.

"I guess we two are the strangers in the party from the looks of it. Well, shall we float together? Name's Dick—never mind the rest of it. What's yours?" And he smiled, a likable, clean-looking smile.

"Mine's Dorrie! I guess the proper thing to do is to go in, don't you think? I'm here with my sister, Bessie Richards. She invited me for some college sap and I s'pose she's taken him off herself! Oh, well! Once in a lifetime."

"No, Dorrie, Bessie's not taken your college sap off with her 'cause I'm *it*. Yes, I'll forgive it and all that. Let's go in and get to work doing things and making whoopee, shall we?" Dorrie linked her arm in his and they proceeded "to do the Park." They did things that she hadn't done for at least five years and the half-forgotten thrill of the roller coaster, the happiness in winning a doll that she would never dare to show her friends, made her feel as if she had suddenly lost almost those five years. And every once in a while they'd meet someone of the gang and they'd show them what they had won and tell them how much fun the circle swing was and how the elephant caught the peanuts thrown to him.

It seemed to Dorrie that the evening passed all too quickly and she was sincerely sorry when the time came to go back and meet the rest of the gang. They were almost all assembled around Tom and Bessie who had won a twelve-pound turkey and were extreme-

ly proud of themselves. The turkey was alive in a crate at the side of Tom's car.

"I tell you. Let's take it home and keep it and maybe it'll have puppies." Bessie's eyes grew big with the thought and she enlarged upon it. "Gee, Tommy, think of it. You could have the Airdale you're so fond of calling me and I could have a nice collie that'd bite anyone else who touched it. And Dot could have . . ."

"Can it, Bessie! It's a turkey! Not an Airdale! We'll have to do something! We can't stay here all night, that's a cinch! Let's present it with all due formality to the O'Learys. You know they probably haven't tasted turkey for a hell of a long time. C'mon, gang! C'mon toikey! Into the car you get!" And the poor turkey registering great dismay was hoisted into Tom's car and away the three autos tore, down one road, careening about the corner by the railroad tracks until they at last shrieked and squeeked to a stop in front of a tumble-down shack where the boys piled out. Taking the crate with the turkey upon their shoulders in the manner of pall-bearers, they performed a sort of death march to the doorstep. There the girls joined them, weeping copious crocodile tears into handkerchiefs and towels.

"Dorrie!" whispered Bessie, "You ring the bell and make the presentation speech as soon as we take him, her, it—(which is it?) into the house. C'mon, be a sport."

"Mrs. O'Leary," she said in an effort to be as deadly serious as the rest. "We have come to you on a very serious errand! Sad! Sad! Sad! We have captured a ferocious beast and we wish you to tame him by cooking in the best of style and serving him to your family. Thank you!" And she stepped down and the boys marched mournfully in, deposited the turkey on the floor and then what a rush for the cars and away.

"Dorrie," Bessie's sleepy voice called to her that night after they were in bed. "Dorrie, did you have a good time on your first Fun Night?"

Dorrie thought a long minute, then, "In the words of your Tom, don't be an Airdale!"

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

SOPHISTICATION

Just now
I held a yellow daisy
In my hand . . . I loved
Its deep black centre and
The blank perfection of its leaves.
Then suddenly
I saw, as if it had never
Been there before . . .
The sun!
Carelessly I crushed
The yellow daisy . . . and threw it away
And wanted terribly the sun—
Just to see if I could
Squeeze it hard enough to
Feel hot molten gold
Flow from my bare hands.
Only I felt
That if I had the sun
I would love it . . . . and then
Not want it.
Just as I had done with the daisy,
And all the while . . . . I knew
My hands would be burnt.

Elizabeth Gilbert Forsyth, '29.

QUERY

Why is it that
I think of you—
When in my heart
I know
I do not love you?
Why is it that
Broken refrains
And muddy spring days
And a tiny jade bracelet
Bring you to mind
Whom I have never loved?
Especially since I know
That thinking of you
Makes me unfaithful
To him whom
I do love.
Why is it that
Your face
Constantly intervenes
Between two greenish eyes
And my own
Pale blue ones?
Please, can't you go away now
And let me be faithful
If I wish.

Elizabeth Gilbert Forsyth, '29.

FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

In the semi-darkness of a picturesque little Boston tea-room, Ellen Barstow and Anne Bailey sat talking about affairs at school—who had the smartest clothes, who had the most dates, and so on. The mere mention of dates was always one to call for a good discussion if there were two girls, and a well-known "cat-session" if there were more.

"Men are funny things," and, after hesitating a minute, Anne added, "Of course, I don't mean to say anything against your Joe. Good egg, Joe. I've always said he was a brick, you know. And anyway, exceptions still prove the rule, I guess. But in all seriousness, Hon, they are stupid. A man will fall in love with a girl and she falls for him. To each of them no one else of the opposite sex can appeal at all. He, the man in the case, wants to get married immediately. And, stupid thing, he is usually just out of college—or even in his last year—with no definite source of money."

Ellen broke in, "But, Anne, you're mercenary. Money isn't the only thing in the world."

"Oh I knew you'd say that, and I know it isn't. You were going to say 'Love is the greatest thing in the world.' All right, it is. I agree with you there. But, Ellen, one thing I'm sure of—love can't last without money."

There was a little silence then, and Anne crushed out the remaining light of her cigarette and pulled forth another from her silver-case. Ellen watched her awhile.

"Poor Anne," she thought, "terribly radical and rash!" Then aloud, "You're rather down on men, anyhow, aren't you? If you'll pardon my saying so, it doesn't seem to me that you're any judge of marriage and questions of marriage. You're not in love and so how do you know what you'd do if you were? Of course, Joe's salary just now isn't much, but it's a promising position. And anyhow, if he were as poor as, as—well, if he didn't have a cent, I'd marry him. You see, Anne, I love him and I'd sacrifice all I have for him."

"Rather romantic, aren't you?" said Anne. Seeing Ellen's blush, she said, "Sorry. I hadn't meant to squelch you." As she drank the last few drops of tea in her cup, she added, "Here's to you, Hon, and your romantic illusions. I hope you win out."

That was in May. In June shortly after the commencement exercises at the University, Ellen Barstow was married to Joe Miller. After a honeymoon trip West, the couple returned and took a small apartment in Brookline. College friends of both Ellen and Joe talked of what a happy marriage it was. These two had gone together ever since they had met at a freshman hop. They seemed to be perfectly content to be with each other and unaware of the criticism of others.

Through the fall and winter following, the Miller home was often a stopping-place for their friends. True, Joe and Ellen seldom went out with them. When one of the boys would yell, "Come on along, you two. There's a big party tonight," Ellen smiled at Joe and told them how sorry she was that they couldn't go but, "Joe must work. You know we're poor now, and I'm afraid we can't afford it," she explained.

Frequently on her way back to her apartment after office hours, Anne would meet Joe and Ellen in the little Schumann's Delicatessen. One night in May she sat there when they came. Spying her, they went over and sat with her. Usually they talked of things going on at the University. Lately, though, there hadn't been much to tell and this night things were particularly quiet. Joe swallowed a cup of coffee, made excuses about work, and left the two girls. The silence lasted for some ten minutes.

"Well, Anne, what's wrong?" Ellen broke the silence.

More silence and then, "Just about everything, I guess. You remember John Dawson. You know, tall and rather dark. Graduated from here two years ago. You probably remember that he and I went out quite a bit.

Well, I guess we both fell pretty hard though we didn't let folks know about it—or tried not to. Well, anyhow, he's been back since fall. He's working in Boston and I've seen him a lot. Now he wants to get married."

"Well, what's wrong in that?"

"Oh, I guess you've forgotten our little talk last year in the tea-room. That *would* be my argument now—that I wouldn't marry a man unless he had enough money to give me all that I was accustomed to—or nearly so. But, it's been a long time. The two years he was away when the crowd didn't know that such a cold-hearted, cynical person as I am was or could be in love, seemed centuries. I don't feel I can wait much longer and yet I'm still afraid that love and no money is bound to be a failure. Not only that but I hate domestic affairs. I hate all that sort of thing—much as I love John. I couldn't cook a whole meal unless half of it was made up of heated can foods. I'm awfully afraid, but I think I'll give in."

More silence followed while the food already cold still went untouched.

"For heaven's sake, say something, will you, Ellen? What shall I do?"

"Why—well, no one can decide that but yourself, Anne. You really shouldn't ask me."

"Well, I'll be damned," Anne burst out, "What's become of all your romantic notions?"

"Oh—they're the same, I guess. That is, of course they are. Joe's a dear. I've never regretted—well, that is, we're awfully happy. And," she added, "do whatever you think best."

Anne glanced at her watch. Seven-thirty and she hadn't been to the apartment since morning. She had better be going. They left the delicatessen, Ellen to go around the corner and Anne to take a west-bound trolley.

Anne let herself into her apartment of which she had been the sole occupant since Ellen's wedding. After having slipped into a comfortable lounge robe she picked up "Disraeli," expecting to read unless some of the usual crowd, or perhaps John, should call her.

She turned to where she had left off—a chapter on "Obstacles": "'My God! The fellow will do it yet!' Lord Melbourne was an optimist,—" Optimist, Anne thought, optimist—that's what she would be if she married John. Yet, ever since she had been old enough to understand she had been told to be an optimist, that pessimists never get anywhere except into the deepest throes of cynicism. Besides, she was young. Why shouldn't she and John enjoy these young years—folks said the happiest years—of their lives together? She cast "Disraeli" aside and lit a cigarette.

Sinking into a chair, she put her whole mind on her future. Married to John there would be no more rushing downtown to the office early in the morning. She would not be jostled among other money-seekers on the early city-bound trolleys. She and John would have their own little home; she could just picture it—such an adorable little place. Of course that would be later—a few years perhaps when John was earning more money. But that wouldn't be so very far off. She wouldn't mind waiting. It would, of course, be so much better than the two years she had not seen him at all. She would phone him now and tell him that she had changed her mind, that she would marry him whenever he thought best.

A bell rang.

"The phone," she thought, "Maybe it's John now." Before she could reach the phone the bell rang again. It was the doorbell. Probably the crowd had come over to take her out to some party. She couldn't think of any particular affair that was on for that night but she would tell them she had other plans for the evening. She didn't want to see them now. She picked up the speaking-tube.

"Hello. What? Oh you, Ellen. Come on up."

Ellen came up and put her hat and coat in the place where they had been familiar a year

before and stood by the window, looking down on the hurrying theatre-bound crowd below. She said nothing.

"Well, Hon, what's up. What's the significance of this call? Where's Joe?"

There was no reply from Ellen who seemed to be in very deep thought as to how to begin a very important subject.

And then, "Well, I suppose I might as well start, but I'm sure I don't know where. I suppose I might as well tell you first that I'd like to live here with you again if I may. Don't look so surprised. You're not really anyhow, but I'll explain.

"Remember that day in the tea-room? You preached—yes, I know you hate the word—but you preached to me about marrying a poor man. You didn't exactly refer to Joe and me but it applied all right. I remember you said you were sure of one thing—that love can't last without money. I thought you terribly ignorant of love. You see, I didn't know about John then. I've seen dozens of boys fall in love with you and you nonchalantly have laughed them all off, and after a date you'd tell me how silly men are, forever thinking some stupid little infatuation is love. I came to think you merely a cold-hearted cynic. I thought you so different from the rest of us that I didn't pay much attention to your attitudes on love and men. But I've found out you were right. Like you I've always hated cooking, sewing, and things like that but I thought that for Joe I'd learn. But I found it didn't work. The things I cooked turned out awfully and we began using the delicatessen as our dining-room. But a man can't stand that especially if he's used to good cooking. Well, things went all wrong and tonight after I left you I went home and we talked it out. I won't bother you with all the details of how the little things got on our nerves, but we've worked out a plan.

"If it's O.K. with you, I'd like to live here with you until Joe is better off financially. It may be a year, maybe two. And when he can afford the things we've both been used to we'll start all over again. In the meantime I'll get a position."

The following morning Ellen and Anne were among the Crœsus-worshippers going into town on the 8:15.

Constance M. Chase, '29.

WINTER

Winter comes to the country
After the manner
Of a thief in the night—
She changes Autumn's picture in one short hour,
Stealthily but with assurance.
And to music of whining trees.
So cold—
She comes decked in finest finery,
With white fluff on her finger tips
And feathery-filigree of frost in her pockets
To smother Autumn.
She is a thief
Never over-noisy,
Carrying her winter-kissed raindrops
Quietly, carefully, beautifully.
Leaning to retouch with lace-fine patterns,
Or cover with an ermine cloak.
Hurrying lest she be seen—
The stars—
Holy—hushed, silent, innocent,
Covered about by winter's onyx night,
Watch from their tower
The thief, with her white magic.

Peggy Heath, '29.

NATURE — A SONG

I have felt the swish of meadow grass
Winding deep beneath my feet,
I have felt the constant struggle
Of the winds swirl and beat,
I have smelt the pinewood forest
On a mild summer's night,
I have blinked at glaring roads
All bathed in autumn's light,
I have seen the sunrise glory
As he came to mount his throne,
I have heard the rich, deep notes
Of the thrush's glorious tone.
I have thrilled at Nature's opera,
I have shouted "Bravo"—long
Echoing to the very heavens
As a tribute to her song.

Betty Lyman, '29.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. "Emotional Moments in the Life of a School Girl"

It was a cloudless summer night and only the rustling of the leaves stirred the hushed atmosphere. The radiant mellow moon lit up the huge university campus so that every building could be plainly seen. The moon marked the silhouettes of two people sitting on a park bench in a very discreet corner of the campus. They were both gazing into the star filled heavens and seemed so engrossed in each other that they did not notice the surrounding world. The head of the smaller of the two intently interested people seemed slightly disarranged. The other raised his hand and pointed up to a beautiful star very near the moon. Then the silence was broken—"Now Miss Johnston," said the Astronomy teacher, "I hope you will pass your examination."

J. C.

2. Spinach

Did ja' ever enter the dining room at 6:05, find out you were going to have spinach for supper, feel glad Lasell had taught you to like this green stuff, see a plateful of it before you, get ready to swallow a fork full when some one pipes up with "That's right. I did see some one cutting the grass this morning." I ask you, did ja' ever?

J. C.

3. Life's Little Tragedies

Silence reigned throughout the household. Two figures were seen bending over the tiny cradle, and occasionally they whispered to each other. The pink quilt covering the cradle was pushed aside, and he picked the tiny white form up into his arms. He pressed the little bundle to his breast and then—a loud thud! —and the precious little bundle he had held in his arms fell to the floor. She gave a shriek and moaned, "Oh, you've killed my child." With a ghastly look on his face he ran out of the room. She followed him to the door and cried, "Listen, Jimmie Smith, if you can't play without breaking my doll you can go on home."

J. C.

4. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I love to get up on these cold, raw, wintry mornings. I love to hear the wheels of the milkwagon squeak in the snow and ice. Gee —it's wonderful to have to dress in a room where you can see your breath and your clothes nearly shake off of you as soon as you put them on.

The blustery wind attacking the window and seeping through the cracks is so exhilarating! It puts new life into a person and spurs him on to do bigger and better things.

Ah! When there is no hot water and one is forced to wash in ice-tempered "Aqua-pura." —What a treat!

I can hardly wait to get out into the white blanketed world outside my window. I've been in this darned asylum so long I'm almost going crazy!

Kay Forgey, '28.

5. A Caller

A caller! What a thrill that brings to the hearts of the young maidens at Lasell. When the telephone rings, you are usually in the midst of laundering a week's accumulation of clothes, attired in a dirty smock, with a bath towel draped artistically over your head.

To the repeated call of "Telephone for Adams," you rush out in the hall, hands dripping soapsuds, and yell, "Here I am, wait a minute." You rush back, dry your hands and make a wild dash for the telephone only to find that every telephone is in use and you have to take your call on the fourth floor.

Somehow you stumble up three flights of stairs and locate the telephone by the bevy of anxious young ladies who are already gathered around it, curious to hear the big news.

To the accompaniment of such questions: "Who is it—what do they want, where are you going, which one is it?" you are informed that there is a caller for you in the parlors. You sit back aghast, wondering who it can be, because Tom, Dick and Harry are all studying for exams that week-end, and the other six are too far away to call on you.

Then, you somehow manage to fall down the three flights of stairs, arriving at your room with the whole bevy of anxious young ladies at your heels. They all immediately perch themselves on the bed, and proceed to give sympathetic criticism and advice. Your roommate, who is probably taking that afternoon to study, prepares to be extremely sarcastic at the interruption to her work, but on learning the dire extremities of the case, joins the ranks of the advice girls.

By this time you are running aimlessly around the room with a shoe in one hand and a wash rag in the other, exclaiming, "What shall I wear?"

Everyone at once chimes in with, "Oh, I know just the thing that would look darling on you," but everything they mention seems to belong to somebody else, none mentioning their own clothes, for some peculiar reason.

At last a definite scheme of dress is decided upon and with Dot's shoes, Edith's stockings, Mary's dress, Peggy's new necklace and Marjory's handkerchief with just a drop of Helen's marvelous perfume, you pause before the mirror for a final inspection and, horrors! There is a run in your stockings! After a hurried search through the bureau of the girl next door, who luckily happens to be away on the week-end, you locate another pair and don them.

You start for the stairs, walking rather stiffly in Dot's best shoes—when the telephone rings again. The girl who answers it calls your name as you are halfway down the stair, and you hurriedly retrace your steps, wondering what has happened now.

To your reply of "This is Miss Joyce Adams," the voice states:

"I am very sorry, Joyce, but it was Rose Adams I wanted. Her father is here."

The receiver falls from your lifeless hand and you are about to execute a dramatic faint, when the sound of rushing water reaches your ears and you suddenly recall that you forgot to turn the faucet and the water has been running in the tub for half an hour.

F. B., '29.

6. Between Lasellites

(with all due regrets to Lloyd Mayer)

"My Dear, I'm BREATHless, I mean I'm SIMPly panting with RAGE, at that HORRID taxi person who left me STRANDED at the station! My Dear, it was SIMPly TERRIFIC, PERFECTly GHASTly! When I bobbed off the seven thirty-five and was left STALLED on that PERISHING PLATform, I mean it was FRIGHTful! I couldn't think of enough BURNING APPELLATIONS for that ABSURD, ATROcious human! And as I stood there all a-twitter, perusing my PREdicament, a BRIGHT YOUNG YOUTH stepped up and inquired if I were from 'LASELL?' I answered rather HURRIEDly, 'Oh, yes, but we're protected by SCOTT'S you know.' With that he VANished from sight and MY DEAR I was left ALONE at that HORRible station. If it hadn't been for the LONE EAGLE OF THE AIR I would have been standing there YET!

My Dear, I'm ABSOLutely WORN OUT, a perfect FRAZZLE, what with train rides and making WHOOpee over vacation, (excuse me, they say its GA-GA, now), but I REAlly believe with Mrs. Pepys that I am more wearied from BUYing and EXCHANGing Christmas gifts! I could absoLUTELY roll over and BUTTER myself with DISmay when Jack gave me a RED lace SCARF! WhoEVER would wear a SCARF and me with RED hair! My Dear I could have GARGLED butter-milk GLEEFULLY! So

I went down and exchanged it for a dozen cakes of this NEW FRENCH SOAP everyone is TALKing about. I know it will hurt his FEELings DREADfully after he picked it out all himSELF!

My Dear, do you ACtually realIZE that you are back to the old 'GRIND' again? To THINK of popping out of bed at DAYbreak! WORST of all the DREADful DOOM that awaits you when you 'FLUNK,' THREE of your four SUBjects!

But My Dear, I'm simply ALL of AGOG about the TEA DANCE! Do you ACTually BELieve its going TO BE? I'm all of A-BUZZ in my efforts at COGitation upon WHO to take! MY Dear, I ACTually AM!"

F. F. '29.

7. Just Imagine—Tea Dancing

Just imagine:—

The excitement in the various men's colleges when some of their more exclusive members receive an invitation to a Lasell tea dance.

Just imagine:—

The road in front of the Seminary and the driveway leading up to it just jammed with snappy roadsters of the latest model, with here and there perhaps a decrepit Ford or two,

Just imagine:—

The tramp of manly feet on the porch outside—and—

The windows leading onto the porch manned by all the unfortunate young ladies who have no convenient brother or fiancé to draw on.

Just imagine:—

The strains of an orchestra—a real one—tuning up and

The voices of the lucky ones assuring each other that "You look perfectly knockout, my dear. Let me see, which one's coming?"

Just imagine:—

Senior room piled high with black derbies, raccoon coats and size fourteen goloshes.

and

Just imagine:—

Leading "him" down the corridor lined with the pictures of former "grads" looking on in horror!

Just imagine, my dear. Could we bear it?

F. Brown, '29.

THE PINE TREE

While straight and strong stands the pine tree,
With its single base and branches three,
Softly, sweetly it sings this song to me—
"Hush, hush, be calm and full of peace,
When thou art troubled and in need of care,
Look to my branches and find solace there.
My silent strength will soothe and quiet thee.
My reverent love will forever comfort thee.
Hush, hush, be still and thy worry cease."
While strong and stolid stands the pine tree,
With its steadfast roots and branches free,
Gently, quietly, it sings this song to me.

Natalie Ames, '30.

TAKING CAPS AND GOWNS

Into my mind's keeping
I have slipped a groove,
That time cannot take
Nor a robber remove.
Oh better than the worlds
Of which the poets sing,
Will be the dear-kept memory
Of this sacred thing.

Peggy Heath, '29.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. The House by the Side of the Road

(with apologies to author)

So, we're singing again by the side of the road
  Where the race of men go by —
In four-door sedans, roadsters, taxies, and vans.
  And the tune is shrill and high.
It's the tune of a minstrel who rather would sing
  When the meadows shine with dew,
Than to sit on the road when it's barren and cold
  And invite a dose of flu.
And some, as we twang on the quivering lyre
  Bid us join them and hitch along;
There are those who press with their feet on the gas
  Nor appear to like the song,
But mostly they speed down the desolate road
  Nor notice the yodeling bard.
And more than to say, as they hustle away,
  My Gosh, but he takes it hard.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

2. Senior Room

An endless
Array of coonskins —
With cloth coats
Peeking
Bashfully
Out of the
Few open spaces.

An awful
Babel of voices —
High — low — medium.
"Where **did** I put
That Psych. book?"
"Maude — e — e — e!"
"Phone for Flivver Thomas!"
"Senior meeting —
"C'mon — everybody!"
"Coming over to the
House Lou?"
"I didn't pass Gym."
"Where's that letter?"
Senior Room.

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

3. Our New Auditorium

Someday —
Someday —
We'll have it!
We have
The plans.
The exterior
Design.
All that
Bothers us
Is the money.
That, however,
Is but
A minor item
In our
Lives.
Someday —
Maybe —
We'll have it!

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

4. Exam Time

Why, oh, why I **cannot** see
  When exams come 'round,
A lecture or recitals three
  Are **always** sure to sound?

We're tired and grouchy the whole day long
  Never our work is done
And yet we're sure of one old song
"A lecture this evening at 7.41!"

We wiggle, watch the clock go 'round
Draw weird pictures for notes,
When it ends there's a buzzing sound
  "Exam tomorrow," fills our throats.

Why, oh why, I **cannot** see
  When exams come around
A lecture or recitals three
  Are always sure to sound?

H. Roberts, '30.



EDITORIALS

A STUDENT "COMPLEX"

This being a complex age, it is only natural that everyone should have a "complex" peculiar to himself. The students throughout the schools and colleges seem to have one that might be called "being-done-by-the-faculty" complex. The prevailing spirit in our educational institutions is that the professors and instructors are trying to thwart the desires and ignore the purposes of the students in attendance. In other words, the student feels that the faculty of administration is doing its best to make things as uncomfortable as possible for him. Of all "complexes," this one seems to be the most insidious as it speeds its way, unseen and unheard, yet seldom missing the getting of several victims, who in turn become its able propagandists.

It is quite true that an institution may be misguided in its efforts but no school is out "to do" its pupils deliberately. That is a ridiculous idea for, whence would it draw its students? Who would fill the classroom, the dormitory? The school is necessarily forced to consider the point of view of the students, to alter courses to meet the needs of its clientele. Like an over-indulgent parent it takes the complaints of the over-petulant students with a dry smile. They pile up their grievances making such a high wall that it becomes impossible for the administration to look over. Instead of a just cause, their complaints become like the inconsequential whinings of a mule. No one listens and no one heeds. They nod their heads and say, "It's nothing more than what we should naturally expect."

This whining is an unpleasant voice in the school world and often leads to an estrangement that in turn leads to enmity. Fortunately, such cases are few, for students usually find that if they had done their real share and borne their part of the burden of coöperation, perhaps the faculty would not have seemed to turn a deaf ear to their requests. To have laid stress on any one thing might have meant that it must stand the test of logical argument and just cause. To plead for a privilege while abusing others is nothing short of a fool's folly. It's the kind of anarchy that makes rules and regulations severer, not lighter. Little thought do we of the present student generation ever give to the fact that we are enjoying the fruits of "constitutional" legislation petitioned for by those who have gone before us. Are we going to be satisfied with having passed on a mere whine?

However, one gratifying feature is that somehow or the other human life manages to preserve its equilibrium. While certain college professors and Mr. Mencken have advised the worth-while students to retire from the college campus, yet he continues to remain on it. They come in such large numbers that each year sees an enlargement of accommodation both in the classroom and the dormitory. And doubtless, student protest has affected the administration and has brought about greater elasticity and flexibility in the regular courses

of study. But we are getting tired of the so-called "student complexes," and are singing more lustily than ever our Alma Maters, and giving a heartier "Three cheers for X." Shall we then bury this monotonous, insidious undertone which tends to drive us to madness and replace it with a healthy, earnest desire to get what we can from the table that is set before us?

EXAMS

Exams are one of the modern methods of torture. They are devised by persons called teachers who have been instructed beforehand in all the horrifying details by another person higher up called the principal. He, in turn, sends the results of this torturing home to the parents of the victims. If the results be very bad, the victim is requested to follow them home. If they are good, the victims are allowed to stay and endure more later. Either way, the results are the same. If the tortured stay, they are wrecks after the final stages of torture called "graduation," are passed through. And if they go home, then parents put them through a little torture chamber of their own which is often called "on the rack."

Of course, the victims are prepared in part for some of these things. They are required to go to the torture chambers every day where the teachers instruct them in ways of resistance.

One of the most well-known ways is called "study," but this is not very popular because it takes up time, ruins health, and causes you to become what is called a "grind." These so-called "grinds" are determined by such characteristics as glasses, brief cases, etc., and their faces have a pale, strained look as if they aren't sure of taking in all that is going on around them. They usually take it in—but often put a wrong meaning on it.

Another well-known way is "cramming." This is usually done at the last moment by victims who have (a) taken too many week-ends, (b) a habit of falling asleep in class, (c) the desire called "love," and many other things too numerous to mention.

Cramming sometimes achieves the same effect as study if the victims happen to hit on the same methods of torture as the teachers use in the exam. The right way to cram is wrap a wet towel around head—pile all books and references around in a circle—induce one of the "grinds" to lend you her notes by promising her a piece of the next cake you get from home—and get a continuous light cut. If you hit on the right methods, all is well, if you don't other methods are resorted to.

"Cribbing"—used by the most desperate victims. There is no need to go into detail about this as there are so many methods—some very ingenious—others very obvious.

This method is never indulged in unless a victim is in dire straits as it is very dangerous and the results, if caught, leave a scar for life.

Sometimes a victim who does not successfully pass through all the various stages of torture is not sent home immediately but is allowed to wait until the teachers devise new ways of torturing called "makeups." These are all the little private methods which they do not dare give the class.

The abolishing of these tortures should be the one great idea of the victims of these outrages. They should protest by word and action and press onward with the battle cry: "Down with Exams—you grinds, crammers and cribbers—let us have Fair Play!"

AN EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE

As we go to press the Theatre Guild has completed with gratifying success, both commercially and artistically, the third of its subscription performances. It has been a rare treat for Boston theatre audiences to once more go to a play and witness finished acting and production. Instead of breathlessly rushing from one play to another in the late spring when certain New York companies appear in

our city, we have enjoyed for two months with leisure and decorum four plays of the contemporary theatre, both European and American. We are grateful except that we would have enjoyed a G. B. S. play too. However, we hope that all good things will come to those who wait and that in its next season, we shall be able to enjoy the satire of the English Irishman as we have this season of the American Irishman, Eugene O'Neill.

We certainly hope that very soon the Theatre Guild of New York in Boston will become the Theatre Guild of Boston. For, we believe that the artistic prestige that the Guild has won in New York has been largely due to its permanent location there. People have enjoyed witnessing the versatility of rôle and perhaps have been made more conscious than ever of the truth of the statement that all the world's a stage and we but the actors upon it. Naturally, actors have distinctive qualities which makes the performance of some particular rôle better than that of others. But when one can see an actor perform well the rôles of an artist, a Marco Polo, a Mosea a cultivated Viennese gentleman and an actress the parts of an artist, an heroic young girl and later a highly cynical sophisticated woman of the world, one feels that acting after all is the greatest of the arts, certainly the most difficult to execute well. This is the advantage of repertory and because it also makes a public feel that the actors "belong to us," we shall go forward one more step on the road to civilization.

We not only have welcomed the Theatre Guild but we most heartily promise it support for its "coming-back-again" seasons. We hope it will become permanent not only because we want to advance ourselves, but because we believe that only in becoming permanent will it be able to continue on its high road of achievement. We do not believe that it is wise for it to send out so many road companies. In enlargement we have often witnessed deterioration and we fear the same for the Guild. It pegged away quietly in New York until it reached its present status there; we trust it will learn from that experience that concentration in one city will count for more than spreading out so thinly. We trust that Boston will be the next point of its concentration, for, unfortunately we have not found satisfaction in our other repertory companies in which we had such high hopes.

We congratulate the Guild on its performances recently in Boston, we are glad that it has made us hungry for more, and we trust that it will make a permanent home for itself in Boston as it has done in New York. We especially rejoice in the fact that it had the courage to persist in educating the taste of the public to our two greatest English-speaking playwrights, George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill. To have not seen plays by either is a mark of extremely low culture! And we cannot afford to be considered uncultured. The irony of it is deep but what care we about that. It has popularized the best in the contemporary dramatic art of today.

EXCHANGES

Due to the illness of Jeannette White, '29, the editor responsible for this column, we shall have to omit any comments on the Exchanges. We are glad to add to our list, *The Business Spirit,* published by the Commercial High School, Providence, R. I., where Mr. Charles F. Towne, our former and much loved associate principal, is now Assistant Superintendent of Schools.





THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AT LASELL

The girls entering the chapel at Lasell the Thursday morning before Christmas were greeted by an unusually brilliant and generous display of Christmas gifts for Missions—huge stockings filled with games, candy and all sorts of things which would delight a child's heart were arrayed. In the very center of this veritable toyland sat proudly the beautiful doll—the traditional gift from the Sophomores—all decked out in the class colors. Beatrice Adam was Dolly's modiste. Little "Miss Dorothy Brown Lasell" is now making glad the hearts of a group of Kentucky mountain children.

This year the dear Junior children of Woodland took a generous hand in this giving and a huge, red Christmas stocking was crammed so full of toys that here and there the woolly head of a dog or cat and even Santa himself had literally popped through the side of the stocking as if to see for themselves the Christmas display.

"Cat's Alley's" unique shoe bag stuffed full of gifts attracted admiring comments and mysterious big bundles from various floors or classes of Woodland and Bragdon were found full of useful as well as amusing gifts.

Our big Senior class's generous offering was both beautiful and useful. Two lovely layettes—one pink and the other blue—were given to the Auburndale representative of the American Board and we were all thrilled to learn that one of these gfits is to go to Kobi College, Japan, to serve as a model in the new Domestic Science Department and the other will do like service away off in South Africa.

While gazing with delight at the Christmas exhibit, there slipped out from behind the display a dear lady familiar to many — Mrs. Frances E. Clark, wife of the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, herself a sort of international, interdenominational missionary, who, with her distinguished husband has circled the globe more than once. Her message was beautiful. She sought to establish in the minds of our students the necessity of a kind heart and willingness to give. We shall never forget the three Christmas incidents she recalled which came into her own life while visiting in China, Germany and India. She closed with a Bible quotation repeated in a vernacular of India.

Constance Chase, '29.

December 2: We were indeed very fortunate to have as our Vesper speaker this evening Mrs. Richard Rose of India. She easily won our hearts with her adventurous tales of

India and all her thrilling experiences. We truly hope she will come again.

December 5: Mrs. Etta McDonald, one of our trustees, was very kind to take charge of our chapel service this morning. She read us delicious bits of poetry and entertained us beyond measure. We certainly love her and are always glad to have her with us often.

December 6: Tonight was a happy night for the Sophomores. They serenaded all the Senior houses and presented each house with a class gift. The gifts this year were pictures for the respective houses.

December 7: Dr. Leon Vincent lectured to us tonight on "Charlotte Bronte and Sisters." Dr. Vincent is a frequent lecturer at Lasell and we always welcome him here.

Christian Endeavor tonight was led by Kay Edwards. Her talk showed how it's the little things in life that count after all and not just the big things.

December 9: Vespers today were held at the Old North Church. Every year Lasell pays a visit to that famous church. It certainly is a treat for all to attend the Vesper service there. We were shown around this historic place and were told of many historical connections with it.

December 12: Lasell was the guest of the Auburndale Women's Club this evening. The guest speaker was Alton Hall Blackinton who lectured on "The Humorous Experiences of a Press Photographer." Words could in no way express or describe this unusual lecture. Such laughter that was rendered has not been given for a lengthy period. Mr. Blackinton is by far one of the best lecturers Lasell has ever enjoyed.

December 13: The chapel service this morning was in charge of our Missionary Society. We were very fortunate to have Mrs. Francis Clark, wife of the founder of the well-known Christian Endeavor, as our speaker. Mrs. Clark certainly brought to us a beautiful message, and is a woman to be admired and respected by all. The toys and gifts for the "kiddies" given by the girls were enough to make all wish they were babies again. One could easily see that our Lasell girls are getting the habit of giving to others, instead of receiving.

We were very fortunate to have Mr. Carveth Wells give us an illustrated lecture on "Lapland, Sweden's Artic Summerland." Mr. Wells was most certainly enjoyed by all.

December 14: Christian Endeavor was led tonight by Katherine Fitch, president of the Junior Class. Her subject was "Spirit of Christmas." All were very enthused as our holidays are drawing so near.

December 15: Tonight we held our well-known "Slam Night." Of course everyone enjoyed that. After dinner we all went to the chapel where our Dramatic Club beautifully presented three plays. They certainly deserve credit for their splendid acting.

December 16: Christmas vespers tonight were indeed most impressive. We were most fortunate to have Rev. Boynton Merrill of West Newton as our speaker. He spoke to us in a beautiful way about Christmas—the spirit and what Christmas should mean to us. Our Glee Club rendered many lovely selections. Our Christmas service is one that cannot be forgotten.

December 17: The first Students' Recital was held tonight. The music department should be proud of its pupils. The Orphean Club sang a lovely cantata which ended up a very enjoyable musical evening.

January 11: Our school certainly has furnished many interesting lecturers. We were indeed fortunate to have Prof. Harland Stetson of Harvard this evening, who gave an illustrated lecture on "Around the World." He certainly was interesting and showed us many most unusual pictures of the Eclipse.

January 12: This evening in chapel the Seniors gave a circus. Stunts and dancing furnished the entertainment. Everyone enjoyed themselves as it seemed quite good to get back in the "childhood" days once more.

January 13: Vespers this evening were led by one of our best-liked speakers—Dr. Elmer Leslie of Boston University. He spoke to us on "The Opened Door," and needless to say his message was an inspiration. Dr. Leslie seems to me a perfect example of one who has entered through the open door.



Well folks, How-do-you-do? We managed to survive the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, we'll see what we can do in nineteen twenty-nine.

In this January issue we have many good things and although perhaps it is not exactly fitting to begin with the less serious side of our work we would like to draw your attention to the article called "Exams." It's a "wow." Be sure and read it or you will miss a lot of fun. We have a short story written by Margaret Wethern which is not only very earnestly told but is quite unique in its content. Perhaps this is not a very good analogy but it seemed to us a little bit like Alice in Wonderland. And another by Constance Chase "For Richer, For Poorer" an interesting study of marriage (in the case of two girls) with a good bit of philosophy worked in. Then to relieve the rather serious tension we have the "Younger De-Generation" by Rosalie Starkweather, sparkling with the life and laughter of youth, only—moral: "Don't become engaged too young, you miss an awful lot of fun." (Like the rhyme?) We admit it's pretty bad.

Elizabeth Forsyth has written two very lovely bits of verse—one called "Sophistication," the other "Query." The only comment we have to make is that in the latter we feel she allows us to lose a good bit of the rhythm and the flow of the poem by cutting it up in the now quite popular fashion. "Sophistication" seems to lend itself more easily to this sort of structure. Then there is a poem written by Harriet Hewins which gives the fluctuating moods of life in pictures of color and clouds.

However, the most evident part of this number is our humor such as it is. We do regret sometimes that we are not a *Lampoon* or a *Purple Cow,* a *Bean Pot* or what have you? However, we are still the Lasell Leaves, a "literary" (say it quickly) magazine! To get back to the point our humor shines quite brightly in this issue. Be sure and read number five of Scattering Leaves, also the one about the new auditorium, in our growing infant, "Wise and Other-wise."

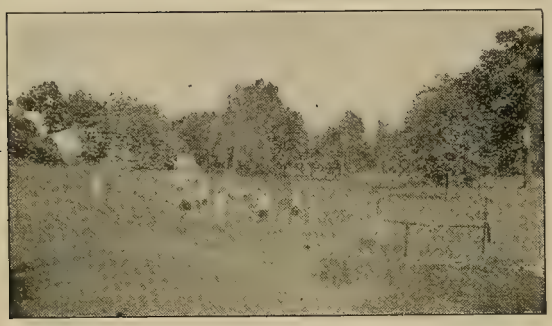
We wish some one would contribute a new picture to head our athletics column. Our own is getting a trifle hazy.

A little mention of the Exchange column should be made. This is also new and is under the direction of Jeannette White. If you will glance over the names of the schools we exchange with, you will see how ably she has succeeded.

"Under," has been quite indisposed lately. Unfortunately his temper got the best of him and as he is not as young as he used to be, he became ill. As we understand, the irate old man jumped down from his stool in a towering rage, clutching hold of his cane, ready to strike. He wanted to "get" the man that wrote "To every man there openeth a high way and a low." We really don't blame the old man much, we are rather sick of it ourselves. There is one solace however, we'll never have to worry about that happening to our poems in the Leaves.

F. F., '29.

ATHLETICS



Winter schedules began Monday, the third of December and with it came the winter sport—Basketball.

Come on out girls and see if we can't do a great deal better in this than we did in Hockey. This season of Hockey was rather disappointing. It did not come up to standard due to lateness in starting and adverse weather, but Basketball is played inside so we will not be able to give that excuse.

Your class teams need you! Even if you are not a crack-a-jack player now—who knows what you may turn out to be if you try. So come out and join the ranks!



In what happier way could the Personals Editor welcome the New Year than by extending Lasell's most hearty congratulations to this little group of Lasell girls, our most recent brides and their husbands: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Theodore Steffian, (Lovina Fowler Smith, '23); Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dudley Gage, Jr. (Margaret Ellen Anderson, '26); Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pinkney Wilder, (Virginia Drummond Hight, '27); Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomson, (Frances Virginia Buchanan, '22); Mr. and Mrs. Richard Donaldson Windatt, (Mary Dorothy Alexander, 1921-1922); Mr. and Mrs. Emil Lloyd Sibal, (Marie Eileen Janota, '26).

Among our unique and interesting holiday cards were two announcing the engagements of Mildred E. Curtis, '28, to Mr. Homer J. O'Connell and Mildred Elizabeth McElvein, 1928-1929, to Mr. Alfred Allen Cooley.

Our home keeping Lasell group was not without its special and happy holiday celebration, for on December 31, Pearle Lynch became the bride of Mr. Lawton Holmes. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are now at home at 25 East 193rd Street, New York City.

The Editor is moved to publish Lucy Sargeant Warren's, '91, delightfully newsy note just as she penned it.

'I thought it might be of interest to add to your notes the marriage of Priscilla Sargeant Warren, (daughter of Lucy Sargeant Warren,) at King's Chapel to Rev. Leroy E. Loemker of Iowa. Priscilla has played at Lasell and has been heard over the radio from King's Chapel at the noon-day services.

"Also Juliet Sargeant Warren, 1923-1924, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Booth Taylor, Jr. of Great Falls, Montana, now practicing law in San Francisco, California.

"With best greeting from us to Lasell for its success ever,

Lucy Sargeant Warren."

These are happy days in the Warren family and Lasell rejoices with these friends in this time of rejoicing.

That Evelyn Ladd, '28, our last year's president of the Lasell Missionary Society, is bearing us in mind was evidenced through her most generous contribution to this year's missionary budget. "Laddie" is off this month to Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia to con-

tinue her work in Dietetics. She speaks of a delightful recent call from Marjorie Blair, '28, and her fiance. Laddie, we gratefully acknowledge your contribution and your good wishes for Jeannette White, the president of our Missionary Society. Our best wishes follow you as you enter your new work.

My, how proud we are of our graduates who are serving acceptably on the faculty of other schools! At this moment the ones we have esepecially in mind are Louise Woolley, '23, and Helen Lightbody, '23. Louise is head of the Expression Department, at National Park Seminary, Helen having charge of the workshop plays and stage training. In her last letter Louise writes:

"I have just finished reading the LEAVES. It was so nice to learn new things of old friends and somehow my Lasell days seem dearer than ever. Do you know that no matter where I go, no matter what school I'm connected with, Lasell ranks higher than any other.

"This year I'm more than fortunate in being connected with this wonderful school, National Park Seminary. Words are futile in trying to describe it, but you've undoubtedly seen its catalogue and know the beauty of it all. A lovely place in which to work also,—a theatre completely equipped with all modern devices, etc., and stage hands at your beck and call to build scenery of any kind at a moment's notice. It's really an unusual experience and I'm enjoying it thoroughly."

Louise closes with loyal greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee and Miss Potter.

One of the minor notes sounded at this holiday season came to us from Betty Johnson, '26. She writes: "Early in September I was taken very ill and was in bed for thirteen weeks but am now well on the way to recovery.

"I am just wondering if Lasell has heard of the death of my former roommate Ruth Powell, '25, which occurred December 20 after an illness of nine months." This was certainly sudden and sad news to us. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to this bereaved family. Betty is now at home with her aunt in Reading, Massachusetts. We are glad to hear of her convalescence.

In a business note from Betty Van Cleve, '26, she exclaims "I have just read the LEAVES! I would not miss it for anything.

"Mary Ann Puckett, 1924-1925, expects to come to New York in February and my sister and I are anticipating a visit soon at the home of Martha Carl, '26."

Such a friendly, homey line was that sent by Susie Baker Benson, '91. Susie wrote from Hot Springs, South Dakota, where she was visiting her daughter and enjoying her first grandchild, a dear little boy. She closes with "Have you read 'Keeper of the Bees'? Gene is like my Annie in many ways."

Harriet Ferris, 1926-1928, is now attending the New England Conservatory. She and two other music pupil friends looked in on us at vacation recess and remained long enough to wish Lasell a very happy New Year.

Hazel Small Kelley's, '24, best Christmas gift was the arrival of her second daughter, little Elaine Swift, on December 6.

On November 30, a son, Robert Edward, came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tilley, (Gertrude Gould, '23).

Mr. and Mrs. John Heron, (Katherine Bingaman, '15), announce the arrival of Samuel Bingaman Heron on November 25.

A happy New Year from Lasell to these dear little children and their parents too.

Early in the month our Principal, Dr. Winslow, made his annual prolonged New Year's call on his mother and sister at their home in Orleans, Vermont.

Hester Shaw, '28, and her family enjoyed another one of their delightful ensemble trips during the Christmas vacation, this time going as far south as Texas.

We were glad of the holidays which made it possible for Marjorie Winslow, '28, and

Gwendolyn McDonald, 1926-1928, to report once more at Lasell. A touch of the 'flu kept Gwendolyn housed for a while, but she recovered in time to return with enthusiasm to her college duties.

During the holidays, Marion King, '27, was in Joliet, Illinois, visiting Marie Dibell, '27. At the same time, Elinor Barclay, '26, was the guest of Marion Brown, '26, and the four girls drove over to Kankakee to a luncheon given by Margaret Anderson, '26. Later they were all guests at Margaret's wedding.

While at home in Newport, R. I., Marion is acting as secretary to Maud Howe Elliot, daughter of Julia Ward Howe. Last summer Marion had a very interesting experience in connection with the secretarial work at the Art Association of Newport of which Mrs. Elliot is the head. Our congratulations to Marion whose lines seem to have fallen in such pleasant places.

Our Personal Editor had opportunity for just a chance meeting with Mrs. Maida Cardwell Hicks and her daughter, but it was a joy to find both mother and daughter well and evidently supremely happy. The same day in Auburndale we had an unexpected opportunity to meet and greet Miss Mabel Burns, a former teacher who is still enjoying her Northampton school.

Among our new students this term is the daughter of Mary Upham Clark, '02—Sarah Clark. Constance St. Onge of West Springfield, who is specializing in Domestic Science, and Marjorie Bolton of Brookline have also enrolled as resident students.

During Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker's, '22, Christmas visit in New York, she met Ruth Hopkins, '23, and Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23. Ruth Hopkins is now in the New York Public Library and Phyllis made rather an interesting tour through the library with Ruth as her guide.

Just as we are going to press the sad news comes to us of the passing away of one of our most beloved old girls, Mary Ransom Wagner, 1874-1876. Further notice will follow.

Miss Grace Irwin sustained a great loss during the holidays by the sudden death of her older brother, Mr. Frederick Irwin of Manchester, N. H. Miss Irwin had spent a happy Christmas with her brother and his family and the passing away of this older brother was most unexpected. Mr. Irwin was very much identified with the life of his city and was the author of a valuable book on old Sandwich glass.

Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and friends.

Marjorie Speers Spinning, 1917-1918, visited Lasell recently. While in New York she met her former roommate, Dorothy Cook Ross, 1917-1920.

A card has been received recently announcing the engagement of Marian Ann Bliven, '21, to Mr. Harold Edward MacDonald.

Attention Girls!

The Mid-winter Reunion of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, teachers and students, will be held February 14 at the University Club, Boston—luncheon hour one o'clock. Please come yourself and extend the invitation to any whom you think would be interested to meet with us. Do not wait for a formal invitation, but come!

White Mountain Trip

Our mountaineers start on their annual midwinter excursion February 15, returning February 18. Old girls and their friends are cordially invited to join the party. For further information address "White Mountain Party, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass."

Now that the travel urge has taken possession of our girls we are happy to send out the advance notice that Lasell is planning for a summer's tour through Europe. Lasell girls old and new and their friends please bear this in mind.

An Appreciation

If we should attempt to thank you individually for your beautiful Christmas and New Year's greetings, there would be mailed from us to "you all" just about one thousand and one thanksgiving notes. This annual shower of blessings from you seems to keep us refreshed and happy all the year long and strangely enough in this generous collection one seldom finds a duplicate. We especially enjoy the personal words and snapshots which accompany the cards. But imagine our dilemma when just below the picture of two adorable children we read the words "Know who we are?" We were just about to give it up when fortunately the answer quickly followed and we found these little Christmas visitors to be the children of Rudolph and Margaret Clemen (Margaret Jones, '11).

With renewed expressions of appreciation and good wishes to all for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Lillie R. Potter



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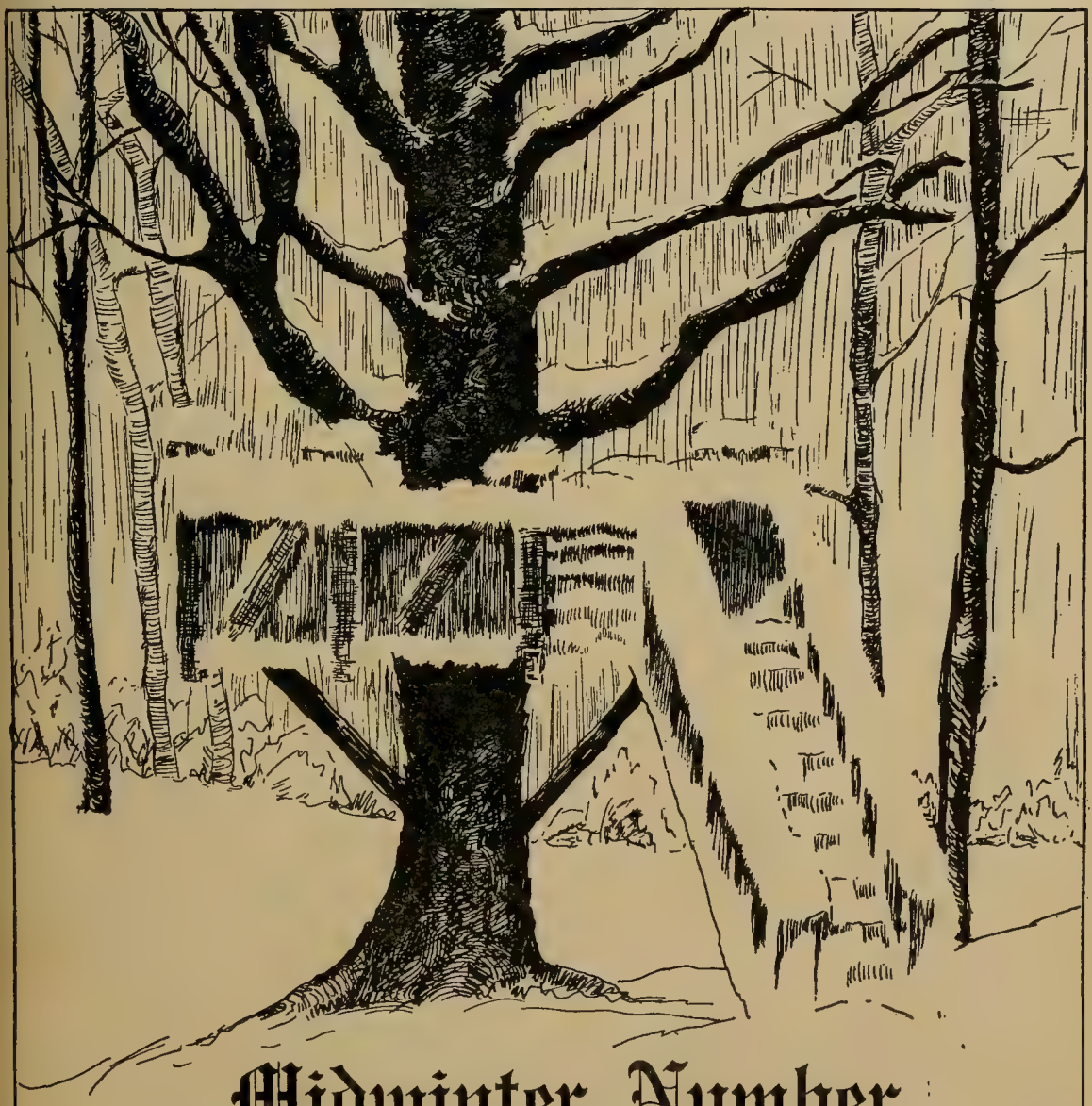
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LITERARY

SNOW HAS COME TO THE CAMPUS

Snow has come to the campus.
It's quiet, cool folds furled everywhere.
The uttermost limbs have been bedecked with white fuzz
And myriads of white feathers still blow.
Snow has come to the campus.
The Crow's Nest has taken on a new atmosphere
A touch of frozen dew and glassy fringing for decoration.
A light puff has been spread
To cover the trace of dull brown earth.
Snow has come to the campus.
Lights shining on pure heaps of white,
A warm, quiet, calm, homey look reflected back.
Onyx nite lightened by God's white gift,
It is beautiful —
When snow comes to the campus.

Peggy Heath, '29

TERENCE O'LEARY

Big ocean liners swept haughtily into harbor; smaller tug-boats trudged up and down the river—weary ferries plodded back and forth; a modest skiff made a futile attempt to land; and fishing sloops glided easily across the bay, and out into the blue Atlantic beyond. The entire water-front was a busy scene, and one to make the heart of a poet, financier, or politician, or — Terence O'Leary, — beat stronger with new hopes.

The poet might have seen the gulls, tiny and flashing bits of silver, as they swooped down over the green of the water, or sailed through the misty blue of the sky. He might then return to his five-dollar-a-week suite consisting of a room and two ample windows, sit down at this rickety table, and write a poem on "Spring" — and how much useless ambition it seemed to put into birds.

The financier might see new trade and prosperity for the city. He might think of all that that trade and prosperity would pour into his coffers, and the dazzling gold and silver reflections of the sun on the water would bring to him only material thoughts.

The politician might see a fat ballot box stuffed with the votes of the people crowded on the boats, and he would remember that it was spring, and high time to begin his political speeches. The beauty of the scene would be entirely lost to his unappreciative eyes.

Terence O'Leary, however, being Irish, young, and in love, saw all of this and more too, as he walked up the path toward the office of Captain Perry. At that moment his bright blue eyes had a bit of a twinkle in them, although his puckered forehead denoted he was a trifle worried.

Captain Perry had a great reputation around the river front. He had directed traffic from that point for nearly thirty years, and was so shrewd and blunt that most people were afraid to come within ten yards of him. He generally was compared with one of his own boats as he sat in his office pulling away at his pipe. For the smoke encircling his head seemed to the imaginative like the smoke from the funnel of a ship. Only one person ever had the audacity to enter his sanctuary, generally upset its peace, and disturb its owner. That was the captain's daughter, Kathleen, — a typical

red-headed Irish colleen. Terry's worried expression was because of the captain. The twinkle in his eyes, — well, that remains to be seen.

A loud voice interrupted whatever thoughts Terry might have had, as he approached the office.

"Hey, you! young fella," roared the chief guardian of the docks, the boats, and the captain. "Hey, you can't go in there. What are ya lookin' for?"

"This seems to be the office of Cap'n Perry," said Terence, looking pointedly toward a sign on the door which read 'S. S. Perry, Office.' 'I'm going to see him. Any objections?"

The man gasped, swore, and blew his nose, while Terry, with an amiable smile, walked in.

He stood on the threshold a moment surveying his ground, then with a welcome grin and outstretched hand, went toward the astonished captain, grasped his corresponding right hand, and pressed it warmly.

"Faith, sir, an' it seems good to be seein' you," said he in his broad Irish brogue. "I've been lookin' forward to this day for years. But now, what can I be a-thinkin' of, — you couldn't be for recognizin' me since it was but a little shaver I was when last I was here. I'm Terence O'Leary, sir, an' glad I am to have you know me. Me father was Patrick O'Leary who was pilot of the 'Nancy B.' down here some ten years ago. Sure, an' you must remember him!"

"O'Leary?" said the captain, glancing at his daughter who was perched on his desk,—"Hm —yes, yes, of course." Then as he fastened his eyes searchingly on the young man he said, "This is my daughter, Miss Kathleen Perry." Terence blushed and nodded to the girl, while the twinkle in his eyes grew more pronounced.

"What do you want?" demanded the old man bluntly.

"Faith, an' I'd like a job, sir."

"Come back tomorrow," snapped the captain. Then, "Have a cigar?"

"Much obliged, Mr. Vanderbilt," chuckled Terry, and took three.

Five days later, a young man with twinkly blue eyes, and a young girl with red hair gazed at each other across a small table in a New York restaurant.

"Kathleen, the time's up, me darlin', an' you know the bargain."

"Yes, Terry, I guess you're right. The bargain was that if you could fool my dad for five days I'd—I'd marry you—maybe."

"Mavourneen, I'm for marryin' you right now an' you'll let me,"

"Perhaps," said Kathleen, in the indefinite way of women.

An hour later the two stood hesitatingly in front of the office of Captain S. S. Perry.

"Terence, I'm scared of my dad for the first time in history," whispered the girl.

"I see where I'll have to be doin' the big hero act," he answered. "Why, sure now, an' he ought to be glad you have me."

They opened the door cautiously and stood before the old man sheepishly.

"Cap'n Perry, sir, may I present my wife?"

They waited for the storm to rise and break in a hurricane over their heads, but to their surprise none came. The old captain got up, a broad smile covering his round and ruddy face.

"Bless you, my children," said he. "And did you think you were fooling your old dad? Why Terry, your father and I have been old friends for years, but he never was a pilot. He wrote me several months ago that you two had met, and then he wrote again, later, saying that you had come to New York. So piecing two and two together, your plans were old to me while you were still planning them. Your father's here in New York now, Terence, me lad, to offer his congratulations, and to see the success of both our dreams ever since you youngsters were born."

And the big ocean liners swept haughtily into harbor; smaller tug-boats trudged up and down the river; weary ferries plodded back and

forth; a modest skiff made a futile attempt to land; and fishing sloops glided easily across the bay, and out into the blue Atlantic beyond, - And all were quite unaware of the astonishment and joy that filled the hearts of a young Irishman with twinkly blue eyes, and a young Irish girl with red hair, as they stood receiving the blessings of a shrewd, blunt, old Irish captain.

Teddy Pratt, '29

THE MILL

A dark red prison stood out against the sky
A silhouette engraved upon my mind.
A whistle blew
And men and women of every race and creed
Poured forth—men and women whom I've never known.

Constance M. Chase, '29.

"PEOPLE IN A BUS"

A small boy climbed into the bus at the street corner
And as he rode saw other little children playing,
Skating, sliding, and glibly running in games of tag,
And as the bus turned narrow curves and pointed corners
He sighed, "If only I were there."
A misunderstood man, depressed, pinned down, and much alone,
Looked out upon the gay lovers running, dancing by—
Lovers who left him to his thoughts and cared not because
He sighed, "If only I were there."
A proud and haughty woman from the heights of the town
Sat straight in her seat pretending not to notice
The spirited and devil-may-care throng outside,
And sighed, "If only I were there."
But a little old lady, shrivelled, bent, worn by life
That had played wrongly and dealt bad cards too often
Sat with her feet clinging closely to the proffered heat
And sighed, "I'm glad I'm here."

Constance M. Chase, '29.

TWO FORERUNNERS OF MODERN DRAMA

(Today interest in the theatre has reached climactic heights, fortunately in the better theatre. The movement has been especially interesting because the influence of Shakespeare and Moliere has been very great in this new theatre. We therefore publish this paper in the hope that it will prove interesting to our readers. The Editors.)

Shakespeare, The Man

Stratford-on-Avon, in the heart of England, is enfolded in some of the most charming of English scenery. It was in this insignificant but beautiful little hamlet, on the twenty-third of April in 1564, a child was born who was to become one day the foremost man of expression of English-speaking peoples, not only for his own time but for all time.

The father of this child was a yeoman, a butcher, but none the less an important man in the small town. His name was John Shakespeare and his son was christened William on the twenty-sixth day of April, three days after his birth.

Young Shakespeare's education was sound enough, what little he had of it, but due to his father's increasing bad luck in business it was necessary for him to take William from the Grammar school which he attended. The boy was only thirteen years of age at the time. From then on, his schooling was the study of men and things which fact makes him a more romantic figure to the sentimentalist.

However poor Shakespeare's circumstances, he married at the age of eighteen. His bride, Anne Hathaway of Shottery, was eight years older than himself. The marriage was a hurried one urged on by the relatives of the bride, but apparently not so well favored by the parents of the groom who could not honorably avoid it and seemed not much inclined to do so even if such a thing were possible.

On May 26th, 1583, a baby girl was born and she was christened Susanne. Two years later Hannah and Judith, twins, were born. How Shakespeare supported this family no one knows. It is certain he could not call on his

father for assistance for he was near poverty even before Shakespeare's marriage.

In 1586 he left his wife and babies in Shottery with his wife's mother and journeyed no one knows where. From that time on little is known of his whereabouts until he emerged in 1592 as an established actor and a budding playwright.

There are many suppositions as to what he did, however. Some biographers say he was more or less a jack of all trades; a dyer, painter, an apothecary and a soldier. It is hard to picture just what filled his time. Ultimately, of course, he drifted to London and the theatre. There he found employment in a rather mean manner, holding horses at the gates, no doubt.

It wasn't long before he found his way into his true vocation, that of writing plays and acting. From the envy displayed in the writings of Greene and Chettle, it is evident that he had won fame along those lines, especially in the latter, and also in revising plays.

In a worldly sense he flourished. He was at home with the poor and lowly and at ease in the Royal Palace. He played many times before Elizabeth. And above all, he was on cordial terms with all his fellow actors.

His plays intimate that he traveled in foreign lands, Italy, Denmark and Germany but he was never connected with a troupe of strollers. He remained from the beginning to the end of his career as leading member of Chamberlain's Company, acting in the Globe, The Theatre and Blackfriars.

His income was more for acting than it was for authorship, although the parts he played seem slight now in comparison to the mightiness of his works. For example, he took the part of Adam in "As You Like It" and that of the ghost in his own "Hamlet."

In 1610 he left the stage and London and definitely occupied his home, New Place, at Stratford. He did not, however, sever all relations with London, the stage, and public interests.

On March 25th, 1616, he made a will leaving various parts of his possessions to the different members of his family. A month after the making of this will he died, April 23, 1616; and as a title-owner was buried in the Chancel of the parish church, Stratford-on-Avon.

In due time, a bust by the sculptor, Gerard Johnson, was erected on the chancel wall. The chancel grave bears this inscription:—

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones—

The Shakespeare family was never founded which fact saves us from the awful task of listening to bores who would flaunt their Shakesperian heritage in your face as the Mayflower braggarts do.

The Shakespeare-Bacon Theory

There are some sensational theories that the plays and poems were not written by the man of the above biography but by one, Sir Chancellor Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans (1561-1626).

As a matter of fact the evidence is as much on one side as it is on the other. There is no possible explanation that would justify the tradition, and there is positive evidence which can upset it and which will saddle the authorship of Shakespeare's works on Bacon or on someone else.

Bacon lived and wrote, so did Shakespeare. Why would Johnson, who knew them both, conceal the truth after both men were dead?

Since it is an open question, I prefer to believe that there was a Shakespeare. To think that there wasn't would be as disappointing as to know there is no Santa Claus.

Moliere—The Man

On January 15th in 1622 in a tiny house on the Rue St. Honore of Paris a baby was born; and the parents were Jean and Maria Poquelin, and the tiny atom of life was christened Jean and this child was destined to make all the world ring with his name and fame.

The home was small but comfortable and full of love and understanding and sympathy; full of hopes and fears and cares. In this atmosphere, Jean Baptiste Poquelin was reared.

When he was ten years of age his mother

left the little household and Jean was made to understand that she was happier even with the angels than she had been at home with him.

A man who is upholsterer to the king hasn't much time for a small boy and the years after Mme. Poquelin's death were lonely ones for Jean, made light only by the books left him by his mother—the Bible and Plutarch's "Life," books a serious and intellectual child would not fail to study.

In 1633 M. Poquelin remarried and they deserted the little house on the Rue St. Honore for a larger one. The upholstering business grew, a shop was needed and later several shops. The income was greater and one-time luxuries were mere necessities now.

Then Jean was sent away to school, the best there was in the country; the one the Prince de Conte attended, the Clermont. Here he excelled in his studies and was given his first taste of play acting, taking parts in ballets put on by the Jesuit fathers. These plays were written in Latin and it is no wonder that Jean was not especially attracted to the stage or play writing at that time.

In due time he graduated from the Clermont school and like many college boys of our own day, he was not equipped for anything in particular so he studied haphazardly various subjects, philosophy being one. To talk philosophy was one of his favorite pastimes as is indicated in his works.

About a year after his college career ended, Jean studied law at Orleans and later theology at Sorbonne, and some time later was actually admitted to the bar, but he, through these past years, had been acquiring a taste for the stage from the spectacles offered to the holiday people at the fairs and he threw aside all other forms of work for a theatrical career.

He had inherited some money from his mother which he used in the forming of a company of actors, the majority of which was made up by the members of Joseph Bejard's family, intimate friends of Jean's.

They rented a tennis court and fitted it up as a stage. Tapestries were hung around the stage and the entrances and exits were made by the actors struggling through heavy curtains which often deranged the comedian's hat, adding to his part. Just as often, however, these same curtains gave a cock to the helmet of some dignified warrior or god, a distracting fact, indeed. Candles were used for lights. A flute and two fiddles generally supplied the music.

The little company called itself "L'Illustre Theatre" and for some indefinable reason Jean Poquelin took the name of Moliere, a nom de theatre, so to speak, which has ever since been established for his family name.

Moliere and his little company met with little success and in 1646 they were compelled to leave Paris. Discouragement brought forth stronger efforts and the Illustre Theatre played in the rural districts, traveling from place to place by horses, mules and lumbering carts. When we picture that brave little troupe; when we think of the loves and wars on the march, we begin to understand and appreciate their bravery and to learn what constituted that great man, that friendly, lovable character, Moliere.

Finally work improved and business picked up. The troup played for the old school friend of Moliere, Prince de Conte, until the latter began to "make his soul" and the troup was discharged. The pious Prince charged Moliere and his players of atheism and he would have no more of them.

After several more years of travel, Moliere finally persuaded Monsieur, the king's only brother, to grant him protection and permit the company to take his name. Thus the players appeared for the first time before Louis XIV in a theatre arranged in the old Louvre, October 24, 1658. This appearance was all but a failure but Moliere saved the day by asking the king's permission to act one of his own little pieces which was so well written and staged that it surprised everyone present and the company was engaged at once.

Actors of this time in France were endangered to attacks from the marquises and others whose class was ridiculed on the stage. One time an angry marquis in a pretense of

affection rubbed Moliere's face on his waistcoat buttons, cutting it severely. Picture the poor man's embarassment.

Moliere was now thirty-six years of age. He had gained all the experience that fifteen years of practice could give. He had seen men of cities and rural parts and noted all the humors of rural and civic France. He was at the head of the company, he had the prince and king back of him, and he had the jealousy of all playwrights whose attacks only inspired him to greater efforts.

And now we come to the private life of the great dramatist. Early in life Moliere met and liked Madeliene Bejard who was a woman of great talent as an actress. Scandal connected their names but there is a doubt as to whether there is truth in the statement that she was his mistress.

On February 14, 1662, Moliere married Armande Bejard and it was then that the rumor ran riot that Armande was Madeliene's daughter rather than sister as had always been supposed. Some even went farther and said that Moliere had married his own daughter. This hideous statement Louis XIV answered by becoming the godfather of Armande's and Moliere's first child.

This question thus settled for the time being, another arose as to Mme. Moliere's faithfulness to her husband. Most biographers pass this by with a mere shrug of the shoulders. Moliere was without a doubt a jealous husband but not a deceived one. He who on the stage ridiculed men for their weaknesses could not guard against his own—a love for his pretty wife, half his age, which amounted to a violent passion, jealousy.

On February 10, 1673, "Malade Imaginaire" was acted for the first time. Moliere played the part of Malade but at the time was suffering from lung trouble. The violence of his cough caused him to burst a blood vessel in his body and he did not live more than a half hour later. He died as he lived—acting. He was buried in St. Joseph's churchyard in the parish of St. Eustrach despite the objections of the clergy, raised because of his position. All France mourned the loss of this truly great man.

Something may be said here of Moliere's physical features and his character. It is said that he was not tall, yet not short; not fat, yet not thin, so we may infer from that that as to stature he was just right. He had a good leg, a slow walk, noble carriage and a serious expression. His nose was thick, he had a large mouth, thick lips, brown complexion. His eyebrows were black and strongly marked and his way of moving them gave him his comic stage expression.

"His eyes seem to search the depth of men's hearts."

He was fond of rich dress, splendid furniture and old books. He was generous, gentle, delicate, and tactful. "The charm of his speech is attested by his friends who were all the wits of the age—the greater the genius the better they loved him."

Shakespeare—The Dramatist

If one studies Shakespeare's works thinking to find the man evidenced there, he will be mistaken and any conception he might form may be consistent but entirely false. They, without a doubt, will make the dramatist a more vivid and romantic figure but less real.

Shakespeare stands at the top of the ladder. No one questions his position as a poet and a dramatist. There never was nor ever will be another Shakespeare. He excels in both kinds of drama; comedy and tragedy. Of his poems his sonnets are the best of his rhyming verse.

We must remember, however, that Shakespeare has no greater enemy than the sentimentalist. He is not above criticism. Without a doubt he was for all time but he was of an age too, that of the Renaissance and its thirst for real literature. Ben Johnson was not so very wrong when he said that Shakespeare lacked art; but on the score we are willing to give him (Shakespeare) the benefit of the doubt for no one has such power over our laughter and our tears as he, even though it is the power of temperament rather than art.

The Sonnets were written by Shakespeare to satisfy his own craving for poetry as well as to give the 16th century public what it wanted.

The historical plays show the dramatist's insight and wisdom in being able to dramatize the spirit of the human race in its great struggle of public life.

In his comedies he mastered the art of dramatizing the weaknesses, follies and sins of men with a keen sense of humor and of wisdom of the world, but handling it ever with a gentleness that shows he loved his fellowmen for what they had lost rather than what they had gained.

With the coming of the 17th century, Shakespeare entered the greatest period of his life. He had learned up to this time much about life and now he was to learn about death, his son having died in 1596 and his father in 1601.

In his tragedies he shows great depth of poetic art and a clearness and precision in presenting his material.

His last work was a Romance. It is only natural that there would be a reaction to the period in which he devoted his time to the baffling problems of the evils of the world. With the "Tempest" he ended his work. The light of his genius will never fade.

Moliere—The Dramatist

"In French literature his is the greatest name after Shakespeare." The art of representing character and manners on the comic stage seemed to have been reserved for Moliere. He was probably the greatest of all comic writers yet his humor had a sense of true value, a keen wit and observation with now and then a tinge of bitterness and a touch of melancholy and pity and wonder at the luck of the human race.

As an actor he was not to be surpassed in comic parts. As a theater manager he had to produce tragedies as well as comedies, but his ideas of it were far advanced of his time since he didn't believe in ranting, so he left these parts to other people.

He possessed an observing mind that picked with unbelievable skillfulness the inner lives of men and produced in action and language their various feelings. Moliere is the one writer of all writers who best observed men without seeming to do so. His absolute knowledge of human character surpasses all understanding. "He evokes first laughter and then a thoughtful smile." He had a supreme power over his own language and a satire that escaped no class of men. He was nothing if not a comic dramatist. It was a new style comedy, containing the eternal qualities in human nature and the utmost refinement of civilization.

In France he is called a poet and it is true that he was very capable of producing good things in that line. In fact his very first comedy, "L'Etourde" was written in verse but the time was not tuned to poetical subjects and his genius did not incline in that direction. We prefer to regard him in other lights than a poet.

Even during this long space of time which has elapsed since his death he has kept the theater going public delighted with his truths, his fun, and above all his expert art in which the performance charms us even more than the reading, if such a thing is possible.

He is the father of French comedy. His works seem as a history of the manners and fashions of his time and a true interpretation of that life. In his sphere he has no equal or is he likely to have.

Shakespeare—Moliere

The comparison of Shakespeare and Moliere thrusts itself upon us and at first we wonder if there is a comparison, we who have been taught to hold Shakespeare above all else.

In reviewing the external circumstances of their lives and careers, we find they are most curiously alike. They were both of the middle class, although Moliere had by far the better education. Both left their homes to become actors; both acted, both wrote plays. Moliere was the manager of his company, Shakespeare was only one of several partners in his, yet both had shrewd business ability. Both liked the good things life had to give. Shakespeare was attracted to the Puritans as Moliere was to the Jensenist. Both did not hesitate to use the works of their predecessors and contemporaries yet they were supremely original. Both produced much and swiftly. They took life seriously and never wondered that it was not better. Neither lived more than half a century, Moliere dying with his goal not yet attained and

Shakespeare having completed and withdrawn from this work. Neither sought glory for its own sake, only hoping for immediate success.

To compare the two farther would be unfair to Moliere. for Shakespeare soared to heights Moliere could never reach. He is the spirit of deep reaching tragedy, delightful comedy, romance and history and in no one of these can Moliere compare. But, in the comedy of real life Moliere is unequalled.

After all Shakespeare's greatest strength is in tragedy and Moliere's in comedy. The real distinction between the two is merely as playwrights. Moliere is an artist all of the time, Shakespeare is one only when the spirit moves him.

It is our good fortune to have had both of them and between the two we can always find something to satisfy our literary tastes.

Catherine Whiley, '29.



I LIKE RAIN

Some folks want sun
Nothing but sun.
They love the dazzling glitter
Of blinding light on sharp white snow.
And others want
Not much more.
They crave the filtering light
That makes a leafy pattern on checkered shade.
Still others want
Another kind.
They seek a burning fire
That kisses each storm-tossed wave.
But as for me—
Give me the rain
That makes flowing rainbows
As it trickles along oil-stained streets.

Constance Chase, '29.

A PICTURE

The sea wears a green jealous stare—
The waves quicken their speed,
Dash headlong—
Crested with foamy fuzz,
Wrinkle upon wrinkle they dare,
Furthering their purpose to shore.
The fresh salt sea fragrance rises,
The light thundering of waves on the rocks
Proclaims a cloud break—
Flying forms screech their souls out
A blast—a darkened sky—a blinding flash
A treacherous sea—
And the storm breaks.

Peggy Heath, '29.

THE MAN IN BLACK

A beautiful girl stood looking out of the window of a huge, grim house. Her satiny-black hair was coiled low down on the nape of her neck and her eyes were that deep, deep blue that one occasionally finds in combination with black hair.

Fog wrapped London in its gray blanket, the lights of the city glowed with a dim radiance beneath this gray curtain, even the honking of automobiles seemed subdued. The whole world was a gray mystery and especially gray did the world and life seem to Jane Forsyth as she gazed down at the street with a desperate, trapped expression in her eyes. It was her last hour of freedom. Soon, soon she would belong forever to that beast, Sir John Kingston. Why had she yielded to Aunt Elizabeth but then she might as well please her aunt and anyway life wasn't worth living since Bob had been killed. The fog—how beautiful it had seemed when she had been out in it with Bob, Bob the only man she had ever loved or ever could love. But what was the use of thinking about him, his plane had crashed the very day the Armistice was signed. God! could she ever forget that awful telegram?

"Jane, Jane, come down immediately. Sir John and the rest of the people are here." It was Aunt Elizabeth speaking and when Aunt Elizabeth spoke one obeyed even to marrying a man one hated.

As slowly as she dared, Jane descended the

long curved staircase. "Oh," she thought, "I never can go through with it. I hate Sir John so. He's so fat and conceited and ugh! the way he looks at me with those horrible beady eyes of his. But I suppose I *must* go through with it," and she lifted her haughty little chin higher.

John Kingston's piggy little eyes shone as he looked at her. How pale she was in her plain dark suit and tight hat, but how beautiful! "And she's going to be mine, all mine," he gloated.

The clergyman gave a preliminary cough before beginning the service, when suddenly there was a crash—the splinter of breaking glass and the wedding party found themselves confronted by a man dressed entirely in black, even to the small black velvet mask which he wore, a gleaming black revolver was in his hand. Nobody moved, everybody waited for what might come. Then the man spoke.

"Please remain exactly where you are or else someone's going to get hurt. There's just one thing in this room that I want and I'm going to get it." His eyes roved toward the open jewel case which contained Sir John's gift to Jane.

"The diamonds!" gasped Sir John and at just that moment the lights went out and the room was in darkness, pitch black darkness. Ten minutes went by, fifteen and then someone nervously reached for the light switch. The room was once more brilliantly illuminated but the diamonds and the bride had vanished. The fog had swallowed up the man in black and his treasures. There was frantic telephoning to the police and next day all the papers ran these headlines: "Bride kidnapped!! Million dollar necklace stolen! What has become of Jane Forsyth??" The city was thoroughly searched —but the disappearance of Jane Forsyth was never cleared up. It became one of those unsolved mysteries of London.

* * * * * * *

When the lights went out Jane felt herself seized in strong arms. A handkerchief was tied over her eyes and something was stuffed into her mouth. She couldn't see—she couldn't scream. Where was she being taken? What was going to happen to her? Now she was being carried out of the house and then came the sensation of rushing through space. Jane realized that she was in a high powered car tearing along at a tremendous rate of speed but where was she going? Where? Soon the car stopped and she heard the swishing sound of water. Was she going to be drowned? Again she was picked up in strong arms and carried somewhere. The handkerchief was taken from her eyes and the gag from her mouth. She turned around quickly expecting to see her captor but she was alone. Curiously Jane looked about. She was in a very attractive stateroom on some steamer evidently. This certainly was a queer place for a crook to bring a girl but by this time she was pretty well used to surprises.

Footsteps were approaching the door. What was going to happen now? Jane steeled herself and waited for the outcome. The door opened and the man in black entered.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Jane pleaded.

The man said nothing, merely took off his black mask and Jane was looking at Bob, her Bob.

"Are you a ghost?"

"No, sweetheart, I'm real all right. My death was just a mixup at the war office."

"But, Bob, I didn't hear a word from you."

"I wrote but I guess your Aunt Elizabeth took all your letters. Anyway when I got out of the hospital today and came to the house, she wouldn't let me in. Said you were getting married to that damned Kingston. I sort of had to crash the gate, dear."

"Oh, Bob, if you hadn't come when you did!" and Jane gave an involuntary shudder.

"I had to play crook to get you away, honey. I put the diamonds in Sir John's pocket. Guess he'll be some surprised to find them there. Darling, do you still love me?"

"Do I?" and Jane answered the question in the usual way.

When the "Aquitania" docked at New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ames were among the first to get off. Yes, Jane *Forsyth* had disappeared forever. *Frances Mann, '29.*

NOCTURNE IN A-FLAT

"Oh, Jim! Will you see what Baby's doing? I just can't leave this just now! I'll bet she's drinking that ink."

"Okay! Jean! Baby, what're you up to? I don't find her, Jean. Maybe you'd better come."

"Oh, heavens, you don't 'spose she's gotten out, do you, Jim?"

"Seems as if she must have, though I'll be hanged if I can see how she did it. Baby-y-y-y!!! Nope!—guess maybe I'd better go out and see if I can find her. Don't worry, dear! She'll be all right! Some of the neighbors will see her and bring her home."

"Jim, I surely hope so—but what if—" Jean's face blanched as she thought of the tiny figure, perhaps crushed under a truck or maybe lying silent and still in some hospital. Coming over to where she was sitting, her husband put both hands on her shoulders and shook her gently, then he kissed her.

"Buck up, kiddy, I'll find her or—" But he too fell silent before the thought of a fruitless search and a fruitless return. "I *will* find her!"

Left alone in the small three-roomed flat where she and Jim and Baby had been so happy, Jean looked about her. Everywhere her glance fell, something reminded her of the lost baby. Could she ever bear it if Jim didn't bring her back? She doubted it—they had been too happy. Jim had been gone hours—hours. No, it was only twenty minutes—a half hour—an hour. Oh, God! Would he ever come?

The clock almost deafened her by its ticking—ticking—ticking. Some of these days she'd stop it from making that infernal noise! But no, she must be patient and wait for Jim and Baby. She would say Baby! Baby'd be safe in Jim's arms when he returned.

A sudden scuffling of feet outside the door made her jump up in an agony of fear and an ecstasy of hope. "Jim?" Her questioning voice brought only silence. "Jim?" Her fears loomed blackly large behind her and frightened her by their blackness.

"No soap, kiddy!" Jim's voice, heavy and husky, crept softly into Jean's benumbed consciousness. Had he meant he could not find Baby? He must have! Then Baby was—well, just where was Baby? As the thoughts sank deeper and deeper into her mind, she was strong to action!

"Come on, Jimmy boy! We're going out and find Baby! Come, honey!"

So they went out to find Baby. Suddenly as they turned one of an endless number of corners, Jean stopped, grabbed her husband's arm, "Jim, I saw a flash of white down that alley. Let's go and see,—it might be Baby! Come on!"

They ran the entire length of the alley, arriving breathlessly in the squalid court where a group of boys was crowding around something.

"Aw heck! Leave her alone."

"Poke her again! Maybe she'll move again."

"Gawd, she's dirty enough, ain't she?"

"Jeeze! I think youse guys is rotten to hoit her."

Pushing their way through the crowd, Jean and Jim saw on the ground before them—Baby, a very small, dirty, bedraggled white puppy,—thoroughly exhausted by her first jaunt into the world of affairs.

Rosalie Starkweather, '29.

NIGHT WIND

Oh, don't you love the wind at night
As he scurries through the streets,
Hastens past the lamp-posts
And policemen on their beats?

How he whizzes 'round the corners
And although he is not seen,
With his mighty blow and bluster
He sweeps the long streets clean.

How the loud song that he whistles
Floats down, and murm'ring low,
Tips the heads of sleeping flowers,
'Til they're nodding to and fro.

Beatrice Adam, '30.

RELIGION AND THE RELATION OF COMPULSORY CHAPEL TO IT

(There has been a great deal of discussion about the matter of compulsory chapel so we publish this paper written in its defense. We shall be glad to receive any on the other side of the fence so long as it is not simply a tirade against compulsory chapel.—The editors.)

What is religion? This subject has been discussed and debated for countless years, and will be discussed and debated for years to come. Religion has no cut and dried definition. Each person has his own conception of it, but this conception must remain his own. It is generally conceded that religion is how we live each day, finding the task that is ours, and striving to accomplish it. This is its material side but is there no spiritual side to it? Does not every person feel, at some time, the presence of some higher power in his life? Such questions as these cannot be answered by a mere yes or no. Then, we ask, where can we find religion?

Some claim that religion is to be found in nature. Edna St. Vincent Millay, awed and inspired by the beauty of a flaming autumn, cried,

"Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year."

She calls this world of our's "God's World," and exults that He has created such beauty. Certainly she has seen her God in nature. Another poet in that lovely poem, "Vesligia" explains how he searched for God and found Him not, until nature at last revealed Him. He says,

"I took a day to search for God
And found Him not, but as I trod
Thru woods untamed, just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod."

Not only these two, but many others who have not possessed the ability to express their thoughts in verse, have found God in some garden spot, or in some forest, or in some other favored spot of nature. Perhaps, should we follow the example these people have set, we should find our God in like places.

Some have found religion thru sorrow or pain, or sad experience. When life runs smoothly, and everything is calm and serene, we are not inclined to think of religion and its perplexities. However, when sorrow comes, we instinctively turn to someone for comfort. It is then that we think about God. We may then feel His presence, and with a need in our hearts for His comfort, or gratitude for His solace, we find our religion.

Some find their religion unexpectedly. It takes only the sweet cry of a baby, or the sob of a little child to awaken in their souls a realization of the love of God. The sight of some soul, discouraged and broken, may bring a devout feeling of appreciation and love for the one who has blessed us so mercifully.

The ignorant illiterate cannot conceive of God in so many words. If asked, he could not tell why he believes in a God. He does worship, however. Deep in his soul he has a devotion, a feeling of obeisance and homage to a higher power, his God. His faith is true, his trust sincere, and yet he knows not whence they come, nor why he finds them there.

From all these different experiences it becomes evident that religion is personal, a thing of the individual soul. We cannot set out in any one direction to find it. We cannot go into a calm, peaceful forest, find ourselves a comfortable resting-place, and wait patiently for religion to come to us. We cannot go to church each week, sit in a back pew, and then tell ourselves that we have found religion. We may have been brought up in some special church by our parents. We may accept their views, and attend their church with never a thought as to whether or not their beliefs are right. This may be devotion, but it is not religion.

We come back to the same question, and we have found the answer, at least to some extent. What is religion and where is it to be found? Religion is our own personal conception of things spiritual. It is doing the things we believe to be right, and trusting in the God whom we, through our own personal experience, learn to love and trust. Where can it be found? It

is found in our own experience, in our own lives.

In many schools in the United States a group of people, the faculties, have undertaken to help bring religion to their students. They have taught their students academic subjects. They have developed their bodies, as well as their minds. They have instructed them socially, striving to give them the background and poise which should accompany a well-trained mind and sound body. Then, they thot, why not educate the spiritual side of the student by helping him to find his religion? In order to do this the system of compelling students to attend morning worship was instituted. At first, the students accepted this system without question. Then there gradually sprang up a revolt, a challenge. If religion was this indefinite, intangible something; if it was the experience of the individual, and not a thing learned by tutoring or sermonizing, then how could any faculty take it upon their hands to bring religion to their students. "This cannot be done," the student protests! "We must find our own religion, and where and how we shall find it cannot be determined by these people." Thus arose the question, "Shall we have compulsory chapel?" Every school which has compulsory chapel must face this same problem.

Many people argue that the school, thru a short service every morning, cannot bring to a student his individual religion. Therefore compelling a student to attend a certain number of religious services, cannot bring to him his religion. We grant that these arguments are well founded. However, can the church through any of its branches, bring individual religion to each individual member? It cannot, and yet we do not cry out that churches should be done away with. There is an old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink." However, if a horse is thirsty can we not help him to find water? Why not help him as much as possible to satisfy this thirst? A student may be thirsting for religion, even if he is not aware of the fact. His mind may be in a turmoil concerning spiritual matters, and he doesn't know where to quench his thirst;—where to find the light.

There is then something to be said in favor of compulsory chapel. We may not believe in that worship that dictates that thou shalt believe thus and so, but we do think that there is that type of worship which brings to each student a period of quiet peace. A school should try to help the student to find out where he stands. There are always a certain number of independent characters who resent being compelled to do anything, but they are a minority. For the sake of those who have not found their God; for the lives of those who are groping in the dark, trying to find themselves and their religion, we defend compulsory chapel.

"'Twas not a flaming lily,
Nor a foot-print in the sod,
'Twas just a word, soft-spoken
That brought to me my God."

Mildred McElvein, '30.

PASSER-BY

Have you ever noticed people
Who, while walking down the street
Always watch the sidewalks
Or their newly shodden feet?
And there are some other people
Who always walk erect
Ever looking skyward
Cheerful of aspect.
You sometimes meet a person
Who with an empty stare
Looks at you when passing
As if you were but air.
Many people you will meet
Some are sad, but others gay,
Walking through a busy street
To another day.

Beatrice Adam, '30.

SNOWFLAKES

Whirling, tossing—never still,
Pause a second at my window sill;
So soft, so fleecy, so cold, so white,
Crystal pure—to my delight.
You come, you go, you're never still,
But ah! I caught you on my windowsill.

Alice Conried, '31.

SKETCHES

1. Ellen's Leap Year

As Ellen was trying to figure out a *very* difficult mathematical problem, that of dividing nineteen hundred and twenty-eight by four, then suddenly, as if a gift from heaven it came to her! Yes that was it—*four hundred and eighty-two;* like one inspired she stood up and shouted "Oh! at last my time has come! My chance for a husband is here!" With this exclamation out she went and one need glance only once to see that Ellen was out to *get* what she wanted despite everything.

Straight to her room did Ellen go to put on her very best Sunday clothes for her husband-to-be, although she didn't know exactly who it would be. After a very carefully made toilet out she strutted to the street and oh! she *knew* how handsome she was, because *she* could tell by envying glances turned her way and the smiles that followed which at times seemed overdone and even mirthful. But Ellen was not to be disheartened for she was out to accomplish a purpose. Ellen was a woman of her word! That night she decided to go to a fortune teller who could tell her how her adventure would turn out. Ellen is told many things—there are two men, a light one and a dark one, who are rivals for her hand—the light one dies—the dark one wavers on this side of death and then—Ellen comes—he recovers — "Confidence is all you need and he is yours" says the mysterious maiden.

Ellen having seen all these happenings so vividly believes them and so tells her friends. After repeating the story several times, she is quite sure of them and begins to have great confidence in herself, and therefore sets out to hunt for this "dark man who is waiting for her." The first dark man she meets doesn't quite correspond to the picture in her mind, but of course thought Ellen, I'm going to take no chance so up she goes to the man and tapping him on the arm, "This is leap year," says she. "You have waited long enough for me so I have come to give to you my affections." Startled, the man beckons a policeman who in turn calls an ambulance. Poor Ellen, she discovers it is the wrong man—she faints—the next thing she knows is the realization of being in a great white room with rows of little white beds. Bending over her is a dark man—where had she seen this man before? Ah—was that it? Yes! *this* is the man of her dreams. She fearfully asks the date—it is December 31. 1928—no, it isn't too late. She quickly sits up: "Will you marry me"; says she. In alarm lest he make her worse he answers "y-y-yes." "Right away," says poor Ellen. "Yes," gasps the poor man. "Oh," sighed Ellen happily because little did she guess that this was a home for the feeble minded and the man the interne.

Nancy-Jane Mackie, '29

2. The Little Lame Boy

Jerry limped off to the little wood, only a short distance from his home, to brood over his inability to go swimming with the rest of the boys on this hot mid-summer day. The doctor had strictly forbidden him to go into the water and it seemed that his little leg ached more than ever—from grief perhaps. Every one else in the neighborhood had skooted off, many without Mother's consent, to the old clay swimming hole on Meadow Brook; regretting that Jerry could not go but never giving a thought as to how lonesome he would be. Now following along the bank of a brook, which itself had even a better swimming hole than Meadow Brook, Jerry came upon a huge willow with large drooping branches, one of which came even low enough for him to climb to by stepping on a large rock. As he climbed into the veritable arm-chair his little fingers fell upon a big knot on the branch. Sitting there in perfect comfort, he visualized that swimming hole with its banks lined with clothes hastily strewn about. He could think of nothing else until a voice called, "Jerry, Jer-ry." Looking about him he caught sight of a tiny figure all in white tripping lightly down the very branch on which he was sitting. She was so very tiny and slight with the wee-est little voice Jerry could ever have imagined, and she carried a wand the end of which was all spark-

ling. She was just exactly like the fairy, Mother had read to him about so many times during his long illness.

"I have come to help you," she was saying. "Place the thumb and middle finger of your left hand on the knot on the branch, and repeat 'Nobell entra sequa' three times."

Following directions very carefully, Jerry did as he was told. Immediately upon the utterance of the last "sequa" a tiny door flung open in the side of the huge willow, far up above him; a long narrow stairway was dropped down to the ground and out trooped, Earle, Jack, Carroll, Ken and the whole "bunch", who were supposedly at the other swimming hole, all in bathing suits. But strangest of all, Dr. Penny came on the end of the procession carrying in his hand Jerry's own bathing suit.

"Jerry, we've all come to go swimming with you now that your lameness has all gone away Hurry and get into this bathing suit. Scamper!"

Jerry could not believe his ears and he fairly pinched himself to see if he really were awake, then slowly climbed down to the ground. Why he could walk without limping! And not a pain in his body! Hastily he changed to his bathing suit and soon they were all diving in turn from the very rock which had helped Jerry to climb into the tree. But strangely enough, it was now much larger.

Should you pass by Jerry's wood, stop to find the weeping willow, and placing your thumb and middle finger of the left hand on the large knot, say three times, "Nobell entra sequa," and your every wish will be granted.

Marion Roberts '29

3. A Friendly Glance

For several days I had had some misgivings about that all day train ride to New York, because I had been unable to procure a reservation, but had I known what was really in store for me, I would surely have gone on another railroad. It was about two hours after we left Pittsburg that a woman, country born and bred, boarded the train and took the seat next to mine; but I was reading and only glanced up when she entered and paid her no further attention until she leaned over a few minutes later with some request.

"I'm not in the habit of asking favors of strangers," she asserted, "but do you think you could help me a little in opening this window? We had one on the farm that stuck this way once and when my husband tried to open it, he hit his finger with a hammer. I don't see any man around here just now and I am suffocating. I always told Henry he should be more careful, but he's always doing something like that. Why, I remember at my sister's wedding he pinched his hand in a door. My sister married a man named Smith from Painesville and I always said no good would ever come of marrying that city fellow. He seemed like a quiet sort, surely, sort of, and sure enough, she found out later that he drank. My, that lake out there makes me think of our farm; we've got one something like it out back of the corn field. You see the house is on the road, with the cornfield on the left and the wheat on the right; then back of the house is the barn and the dairy. Really, Girlie, you should taste our butter, people talk about it clear over in the next county; why, my sister, who married a man named Smith from Painesville, said it was the best she ever ate, even better than that of the hotel in Elyria. She lives in New York now, on Riverside Drive; sounds like a low neighborhood to me, but I never did like that man. I'm just going to visit them to see how he's keeping her. Land sakes, these high bridges make me nervous—I don't see how the trains stay on them; or suppose it should cave in, why, we'd all be killed. It makes me shudder. You can put that window down now—I think one of my chills is coming on. My sister—her name is Mrs. Smith now, and she lives in New York, used to have lots of chills. Well, I was talking about my husband, wasn't I? Henry is so careless; he hit his finger one day opening a window, and at my sister's wedding he pinched himself—his finger, I mean, in a door

My, it's beginning to look like rain. I remember one year we had such a wet spell, it ruined all our crops; let me see,—yes, the year my sister married a Mr. Smith from Painesville. Land's sakes, it's afternoon; Aren't you going out for lunch?"

"No," I said wearily, "I'm not hungry, I—"

"I've never eaten on a train; I hope I don't do anything wrong. At my sister's wedding I was so mortified, I knocked over a dish of pickles. But Mr. Smith—he was the man she married—was quite nice to me. But he seemed sly to me—I don't trust him. Why they say he drinks.

"Well, I must go to lunch, as you city folks say now. We always call it dinner. But I have enjoyed your telling me about yourself, and I'll tell you about the man my sister married after dinner. I mean I'll tell you about her husband after my dinner. His name was Smith."

I hope the well-meaning woman wasn't offended because I spent the rest of the day in the Club-car. After this I shall be a little more reserved with my friendly glances.

Mary Elizabeth Thomas,'29

NIGHT'S REST

The sun at last has sunk to rest,
Cradled in the sea's soft breast,
The evening lights come and go,
Shadows are creeping to and fro,
Birds and flowers have gone to rest
And all the world with sleep is blest.

Alice Conried, '31.



A LEGEND

In the dusky, dreamy evening,
'Neath a sunset of rainbow hue,
A hush of prevailing stillness,
Reigned amid the gathering dew:
A soft mist was slowly floating
O'er a land of beauty unknown.
Far, far to the southward was the sea's belated moan
Shadows were creeping low about drooping forest trees.
A spell had been woven for Brahma—God of the Hindu,
Brahma, who knows and sees.
Brahma bronze and beautiful,
Stalwart, youthful, and brave
Loved the birds and flowers,
The earth and ocean wave.
He, masterful and mighty,
Always just and never wrong,
Was thus enthralled with beauty and filled with its celestial song:
Then overcome by its greatness he stretched forth his hands with pride,
A passion to create beauty rushed through the god in a tide.
He wished it to rival the forest, be more beauteous than the sky above,
But most of all, he wanted something he, himself could love.
He visioned lovely things which filled him with sorrow and mirth.
And chose from each one small part to add to his gift from Earth.
The frolicsome reflection of the sunbeam
And the tears of a warm gentle rain;
The undulating curve of the serpent
And a portion of earthly pain;
The roundness of the moon and the soft
Tender gaze of the doe.
The inconsistency of the wind,
And the chill of a winter's snow.
The vanity of a peacock and the
Timidity of a hare
The hardness of a diamond and the
Lightness of the air:
The graceful twist of a vine
And the velvet of the flowers,
The slenderness of the willow,
And the fleetness of the hours.
These he fused together and bewildered he saw in the air
A woman slowly approaching:
The answer to Brahma's prayer.

Natalie Ames, '30.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. "When Dreams Come True"

What could be more delightful than a sunken bath tub? Can you imagine jumping out of bed in the morning and hopping into a sunken bath tub. That's what Lasell is coming to! Our children and grandchildren will never have to sit in a high walled bath. Never will they be deprived of the lovely fresh air that might come in where the high marble walls of the tub are. Never will they have to lift their aching legs—painful with Charley-horses—over the sides of the tub in order to reach the stage of perfect cleanliness. Instead they will lightly step out of bed, skip into the bathrooms, take four steps across, one step down, and find themselves in the "bawth."

Lasell will eventually put up new buildings and the trustees will have one big purpose in mind, "Our girls must have sunken baths". So save your pennies, girls. For the sake of our children and grandchildren Lasell must reach the age of "sunken bath-tubs."

J. V. C.

2. "Put Your Arms Where They Belong"

Table manners are queer things but it seems that one must be up on his etiquette in order to get by in this day and age. Our latest table manners predict that you must not place your knife in your mouth for you might injure yourself. When peas are served, never use them for marbles and shoot them around the table—it just isn't being done! Never stick your fingers in your food to test the heat—you might burn yourself. Place your napkin in your lap —don't hold it at half-mast. When corn on the cob is served, don't pretend it's a mouth organ—it's disturbing to your neighbors, etc.

These rules seem perfectly logical and one realizes that the safe and sane way to live is to follow them, and that it is wrong to disobey them. School etiquette, however, goes a little farther and we are told the tablecloth is often dirtied by our elbows. The question is "where, oh where to go with our arms when they can't be placed on the table?" And "where is the logic in this rule of not placing our arms on the table?" When we return from classes worn out from study and carrying books, we are quickly relieved of this tired feeling if at dinner we can place our arms on the table. If in such a fatigued condition we gently place our elbows on the edge of the table and relax our tired heads on our hands, I ask you, "Is there anything wrong in that?"

J. V. C.

3. A Waitress

What have I done, or perhaps it is more a question of what I haven't done. I, for awhile am working as a waitress for pay, not for fun. It is rather hard to awake at seven in the morning and be expected not to forget one single thing people from the best families are expected to use for breakfast.

The table in my mind being completely and cleverly laid with all economy for later dish-washing, I tremble to open sliding doors that really never do take the hint and separate, but must be coaxed for a few minutes—Imagine my embarrassment!

Sounds of voices and chairs being pushed under the table and, horrors, "I forgot the napkins." Nonchalantly I place one for each guest as if it were a Christmas present and not to be opened.

Fruit being served I retire to the kitchen, a study in white, and learn that half a bottle of milk has been spilt and live on the high hopes that people will think it's impolite to use more than, say, ten drops each. Well, anyway, why cry over spilt milk?

Such trying conditions! The cook using a whisk of a broom to test the muffins. Who ever heard of such things with a whole box of toothpicks I accidently forgot to place within reaching distance last night.

On returning to the dining room to pass the muffins and then re-entering to the kitchen I remarked that they were a howling success! After half an hour's coaxing the innermost regions had been explored and practically

nothing gained except air space. Jam certainly can cover a multitude of sins.

The remarks about the coffee were just too much. They had never tasted such coffee hadn't they? Well, I sympathized with the cook on her first trial at coffee-making but knew the spirit in which the remark had been cast. I just knew from the beginning that *Double the amount of water* went with the popover recipe instead of coffee.

Who woke me up? Yes, I was dreaming of P. K. I was a waitress and my pay—well it was just my own amusement I guess—very good pay!

H. H. '29.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. "Just Too Bad"

(Published in the Detroit News)

I like the slang they use today,
It's all so full of pep, so gay.

A "jig" is what they call a dance,
"Glad-eye" is used instead of glance.

"Note-Bouncers" takes the place of band,
"To chow" is eat, I understand.

"All hot and bothered" means to be
Worried, upset, and out of key.

"Whoopee" needs no explanation,
'Tis a famous exclamation.

If with your friends you just don't "rate",
You might as well "vamoose," vacate.

Gallery seats at a matinee
Means that you're "parking in the hay."

Yes, modern slang is "plenty tough,"
And is considered rather "rough."

But surely 'twould be "just **too** bad,"
A calamity, I might add,

Not to have this uncouth "patter,"
Aw shucks, though, "What does it matter?"

Kay Forgey, '28.

2. Didja Ever

Didja ever
Go to
Mr. Winslow
And ask
For cuts
To go places?
I did.
And—
Didja ever
Stand outside
His office
And be scared
To go in?
I did.
And
When you got
Your courage up,
Didja ever
Have him
Sign your card
Without a word?
I did!

R. S.

3. The Old Blue Backed Hist'ry

(With apologies to Sam Wood)

How dear to my heart is the old blue backed his-
t'ry.
The fond recollection of each tragic test;
How dear the old room where the ninety-five missed
me
How dear the old book that has made me distressed.

There oft on my desk it lay threat'ning before me,
To tell me of battles both bloody and long,
To tell me of men who must anger and bore me,
To tell me of dates I must learn by the score.

How well I remember the glory of Caesar
The rise and the fall of his martial career—
His genius of fighting, his method of seizure,
His ambitious nature that cost him so dear.

The old blue backed hist'ry,
The old dog-eared hist'ry,
The old hated hist'ry
That lay on my desk.

B. A.

THE PACE OF LESLIE FARQUHAR

An all-gray high powered roadster drove smoothly along the concrete road that followed the sea-line. At the wheel sat Leslie Farquar. With good looks and a very boyish figure set off by the gray tweed coat and closely fitting felt, she looked very charming in the car. Beside her sat David Merrill, pleasingly tall and reliable looking. As the car moved on at perhaps forty miles per hour Merrill sat too obviously far over in his corner of the seat. At times he looked at Leslie, even stared at her, then gazed off into space as if he himself were far from the shore road. Leslie seemed not to mind but drove on at a steady pace as if she had a destination but that it could wait.

In the middle of humming "A Precious Little Thing Called Love" she suddenly asked, "Tired, David, or are you bored?"

"No, no, my dear, I was,—well, merely thinking," David Merrill replied, still rather "far off."

"I see, but that always makes one want to know more. I mean that when one asks another person what he's thinking and that person merely replies 'Just thinking,' one wants to know more. Out with it. It's probably me. But first give me a cigaret."

Merrill offered her one from his case and then went on, "Glad you asked for one. That gives me a break. Something to start on."

"Do go on," Leslie broke in, "sounds interesting."

"Well, that's it, part of it anyway. Smoking; why you smoke all the time. I don't believe there's a person in Fairhaven who's seen you without a cigaret. And then, too, at dances. God, child, don't you have any self-respect? Of course, you never get tight. In fact, I've heard you boast that you've never been 'carried out', but what's the point of it all? What are you coming to?"

Leslie laughed, "Dear boy, how serious you are about me! Is this your way—your own individual way of telling me how much you love me?"

Merrill smiled—a rather pathetic smile, "No, you're wrong there. I don't love you. You've got me wrong. I'm merely sorry for you." He paused. "I hate to hurt your feelings. We've been pretty close friends these last six months. I've enjoyed them a lot. But listen, you're all wrong, you're off on the—well, to be slangy, you're off in the wrong trolley. A man doesn't marry or love a girl like you. Why, when a man picks out the girl he's going to spend his life with he doesn't pick out the best-looking, fastest girl in town." David Merrill stopped then as if he suddenly realized he had already said too much.

The car approached a narrow path that went straight off the main road and onto a wharf. Leslie drove down and stopped the car on the very end.

"Beautiful place, what? Now, let's have it out. If you don't mind too awfully and since one more can't make much difference, I'll have another cigarette."

Leslie Farquhar snapped the cigarette lighter closed and turned so that she might face Merrill squarely. "All right, now that you've had your say, I'd like mine. I'm not going to try to convince you I'm right or make you change your mind. You're welcome to your ideas, but grant me, please, the privilege of defending myself.

"You rave to me about my fastness, my 'pace', you say. You always have made hints about it. At last you've come out in the open. Please don't think me irreverent if I say 'Thank God!' I mean it. But here's all I have to say. I don't see why I should hide the things I do. I'm not ashamed of them. If a thing is worth taking time to do there's no need of hiding it behind doors. And I don't intend to. If a man does a thing it's all right. Smoke! he can smoke his fool head off! Who cares? Drink? he can get 'boiled' and the next day his friends —Tom, Dick, and Harry—slap him on the back and tell him how funny he was the night before. It's a funny world."

Leslie stopped for breath and David took advantage of it to say, "My dear child, don't get so excited about it. Your logic is questionable

anyhow. But may I ask if there is any other girl in town who leads the life you do?"

A smile crossed Leslie's face, "No, you're right there. There's not one. But my dear boy, it would surprise you to know just how many would like to. I'm not such a fool that I don't realize the envious looks I get when I drive down Huttleston Avenue. Really, I feel quite sorry for them. And don't say that it's the car or that I'm good-looking. I've heard that before. There are other cars better looking than this and most any girl can be good-looking today if she wants to badly enough. And now I've defended myself but I've not changed your opinion of me. Well, little boy, I'll not mar your reputation more. You want to be left at the Wamsutta Club? If the disgrace is not too great I'll leave you right at the door."

David Merrill's profuse and gentlemanly apologies were lost in the noise of the whirring of the high powered car.

* * * * * * *

Six months later the Evening Courier carried an announcement of much interest to the social set of Fairhaven. Under the pictures of Katherine Dorsey and David Merrill was the news of their engagement. The article went on to say that Miss Dorsey was prominent socially and had done much work in local church functions. Mr. Merrill, the paper said, was a young lawyer whose career was quite established.

During the ensuing months Leslie Farquar saw Merrill and his fiancée quite frequently. They had mutual friends and frequented the same circles. Leslie had seen them together so frequently that she was much surprised one night when she and Bill Lyon dropped into the Old Stone Bridge Inn, to see Katherine with a tall, dark, and rather foreign looking man. Bill had noticed them, too, and asked, "Who's the boy with Dave Merrill's girl? Pretty smooth. And what's *she* doing here?"

But Leslie quickly changed the subject with, "Who cares? Don't be catty. They say that's a woman's privilege, you know."

The table reserved for Leslie and Bill was a corner one, exclusive, yet in such a place that they could see the whole dance floor and most of the tables—including the one where Katherine and the "smooth" looking man sat.

Bill and Leslie danced practically every other dance. Bill was a divine dancer. In fact, he was nearly as good a dancer as David Merrill. David Merrill? Why should she think of him? Probably because she had seen his fiancée. Oh, well—but David was nice. Awfully nice. Too bad she had squelched him so awfully that day. Yet, why worry about that? He was engaged now.

They stopped dancing and returned to their table. Bill mixed highballs and offered one to Leslie.

"No thanks, Bill, not tonight. I'm driving, you know and so I can't even have my usual one."

"But only one—"

"No. Bill, can't take the chance. But have yours."

"Sorry, Les, that you had to bring your car. But that man said mine would be ready. Still, you know these mechanics—"

Yes, Leslie knew—and did most of the work on her own car herself.

There was a crash and Leslie and Bill looked up to see Katherine's "smooth" looking escort throwing dishes all around as he argued with a waiter. Katherine, rather noisy and apparently unstable was trying to get rid of him. Finally, she shrieked in a high-pitched and hysterical voice, that if the waiter didn't leave them alone she would go home. Immediately she picked up her wrap and walked unsteadily toward the door.

"Bill, something will happen. She can't drive. She's tight—tight as a fool. And that man won't think anything of it. Just look at him. God, it will kill Dave. I'm going after her."

Leslie grabbed up her wrap and hurried out after the inebriated Katherine. The other car drove out between the two stone posts as she climbed into her own. She followed. Dimly in the distance she could see the tiny red tail-

light. Katherine must be traveling pretty fast. Her own speedometer approached the fifty-five mark.

Suddenly a picture flashed into her mind. The wharf. There the main road curved decidedly and one continuing straight along would run onto the wharf—the wharf where she and David—but the musn't think of that now. She must stop Katherine. It would kill David. To know that Katherine—the woman he had chosen to spend his life with had been drinking, yes, drinking excessively, and that she had driven madly through the night and off the wharf. She must stop her. For David's sake. For David's sake—what wouldn't she do? But she musn't think. On faster, she must. Sixty. Sixty-five. Now she was right behind Katherine's car. A mile or two to the wharf. What could she do now? She couldn't make the fool stop or do any Douglas Fairbanks act from one car to the other. Slowly, it seemed, an idea came to her. She would pass the other car on the right, cut in in front, and prevent it from going on down the wharf. They would crash but not too seriously, she thought. Not like tearing down the wharf and into the water. There was no hope that way.

Slowly, gradually, and yet at an awful pace her own car stole along on the right hand side of the other car. Instinctively, the other car slowed down a little, and the maddening pace was alleviated. Suddenly in the moonlight she saw the wharf. Now to cut in. A sharp turn of the wheel. A cutting, scraping noise, and the two cars came to a stand-still. The jolt and suddenness had numbed Leslie. With a sudden realization of actualities she tried to get out of the car and to Katherine. Her leg. Why did it pull so? She dragged herself out and crawled along the ground until she reached Katherine. She was unconscious, but breathing heavily.

In the distance headlights approached. "A passing car," thought Leslie, "I'll hail them and get them to take us to my house. They'll probably want to talk but money will fix that."

The car stopped and Bill jumped out. "My word, Les, what's happened? Did she hit you? Are you hurt?—"

"Never mind me—take us both to my house —hurry—" and then Leslie Farquar did something she'd never done before. She fainted.

* * * * * * *

The next few weeks Leslie Farquar was confined to her home. A broken leg kept her in her room and because of a very hysterical and nervous condition was kept quiet and alone. Visitors, phone calls, newspapers, were forbidden. When she asked about Katherine she was politely but firmly told "not to worry."

She lay pensively in her chair one day when the French doors behind her were suddenly flung open and the mirror showed the reflection of a man behind her.

"Who's there?" she called, unable to turn around.

"It's me. Dave. Why the devil do they keep you locked up so? I've tried for weeks, seems centuries, to see you."

"That's interesting," said Leslie and thought, "Oh, why has he come here? Why can't he let the past stay past?" And then aloud. "But please tell me how Katherine is. They won't tell me anything here, and I must know."

"You mean you don't know anything about the results of the accident?"

"No, nothing."

"Well, you've got to know some time, so I might as well tell you. Bill told me how you went after Katherine when she, she—had been drinking. I know all about that. It seems she had been drinking something vile. The doctors say she was blind before she reached the curve at the wharf. She'd have gone straight off into the water if you—well, you know. At any rate, Bill got you both here and got your doctor. She hadn't been hurt at all."

"That's good," Leslie broke in, "and how about her eyes?"

"Her eyes? Well, you see, she had been drinking something vile—I told you that. It—it killed her. She died two days later." He stopped a minute and nervously fingered a paperweight on Leslie's desk.

"Leslie, dear, it's been years, centuries, since I've seen you. To think that you nearly got killed trying to save her for me. You always were a sport. I've been blind. I wouldn't let myself love you because I listened to the folks at home and everyone else telling about how fast you were, the pace you went and all that sort of thing. I know better now. So do they. I surely have been blind." The paper weight moved rapidly. "I—I—I'd ask you to marry me if I thought I were decently worthy of you."

"Don't be stupid, Dave, we were both wrong. You too far one way and I too far another. Don't make another mistake, though."

David jumped to his feet. "You mean you will marry me?"

"Marry you, Dave? I'd marry you today if it weren't for this fool leg. But I guess we'll have to wait till that's better."

And even the doctor was amazed at the rapid recovery of Leslie Farquar.

Constance M. Chase, '29.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

The beginning of the New Year
Is the climax of the old;
It marks a day when to ourselves
Our past-year faults unfold.
It marks a day, when we perforce
Indulge in introspection.
O luckless day! how surely you
Result in deep dejection.
Yet 'tis a day that should be spent,
In part, in meditation;
Whereas it's oftener given up
To foolish dissipation.
"Let's not amend our ways this year,—
Of New Years there are many,
But keep on in the primrose path
And now let's spend our penny"
On New Year's Day fresh vows are made—
Oh! how it thrills to break them!
There are more alluring things to do
In the time it took to make them.

But this is but a mocking strain.
The matter is no light one.
How should we use its thronging hours
To make our year a bright one?
Now, looking down its vista dim,
I offer this solution,—
Just **live** indeed a better life—
But make no resolution.

Isabelle Daggett, '29.

EXCHANGES

Connecticut College News is still very interesting even to those knowing nothing of the school and to say that really means something, you know.

William Smith's "Ridge" is just reeking with poetry of that humorous, laughable type and yet glowing with some real gems of beauty.

The Smith College Weekly is just overrunning with news as usual and yet finds time to print "Minerva's" very clever post holiday letter.

Sullin's "Virginia Muddle" is a most interesting magazine and especially did we like the short play "Get up and bar the door." "Ward Belmont's Hyphen" has not made its appearance here since the Christmas issue. We are hoping for copies of this well organized paper soon.

"The Knox Ghost" has made its appearance here and we are liking it very much. Sweet Briar's "Brambler" is still to be commended on their excellent "Dustings From the Book Shelf" and a silly clever article "Pages from the Diary of a Husband-Hunter." We guess she got her man!

Vassar's Review is an excellent magazine, completely organized and containing interesting material; we refer to "More Stately Mansions" a very clever play.

And the following exchanges were appreciated:

St. Agnes "Bleatings"
St. Margaret's "Magpie"
Northfield Seminary's "Northfield Star."

J. W.

EDITORIALS

SCREENS

On first thought, to some the word "screens" suggests perhaps one of those expensive, beautifully carved objects which grace the corner of a lovely room, a thing that brings to mind a product of a foreign country or the far East. To others, "screens" mean those gaudy wood and burlap affairs that equal the thin partition beween the kitchenette and the bedroom-parlor combination. Still again, "screens" are the smooth white sheets of cloth that reveal stories of war and hardship, sorrow and death, joy and gladness, gorgeous countries and placid scenery, hooped skirts and the glorious North, barren plains and gold, races and people and endless tales to amuse, excite, sadden and invigorate a never-bored public.

But the "screens." I mean maybe you have never seen and if you have seen them, have never given them much thought. The first time I saw my screen was a clear, cool night. The blue-black heaven was a living thing of white glowing objects seemingly hiding and popping out again. I followed the stars until the earth came to meet them and then the stars grew bigger. They were veritable bulbs of light helping people on the streets. Far, far away, a lonely light flickered in a window. A space beyond the city streets to the country and hills.

All this I beheld and suddenly coming up from unknown depths, a veil, a screen of white in the darkness, a thick cloud of milky whiteness rising and rising so that the view was obliterated leaving a brilliant curtain reflecting the footlights of the city. Climbing upward, it rose and thinned and gradually the scene I had been looking at came back again, growing clear and more clear as the curtain lifted. Not many minutes passed until another screen of the same white color rolled up and up, first hiding, then slowly revealing the same scene every time. Through the night the screens kept rising from the earth, enveloping everything for a moment, then rising to the stars.

We see a movie on a screen, perhaps we shall see it again; perhaps not, but for days and weeks and months at a time I shall see in my screens the same picture, in my "smoke screens."

LOOKING BACKWARD

I trudged heavily upward along the steep, narrow path which led eventually to the summit of the mountain. It was hard work and my breath came in gasps, my legs seemed to refuse to go a step further, my back ached from the incessant climbing, and my arms begged to be relieved of their burdens for a few minutes. So I weakened, and with a sigh of relief slipped my pack from my shoulders and fell willingly down in the cool shade of a pine tree on the soft carpet of grass and fine needles. I lay with closed eyes inhaling with ecstacy the exhilarating perfume of the balsam pine, then, after several minutes of rest, I opened my eyes to look back on that over which I had just come. It was a wild, overgrown bit of territory. There were dense thickets full of brambles and bright red berries.

Here and there were pine trees which offered such shelter and comfort as I was then enjoying. Below and ahead of me there stretched an unlimited expanse of land, extending uninterrupted as far as the dim outline of the horizon in the distance. Vaguely I could distinguish various objects—a house here and there with a pasture nearby in which were peacefully grazing a few sheep, cattle and horses. A little stream which looked very like a narrow silver ribbon from my elevated position flowed through the field, easily accessible for the animals who occasionally went to refresh themselves in the cooling waters. Picturesquely dotting the landscape were patches of various hues which upon closer inspection proved to be fields of wheat, corn, and other grains. Far in the distance could be seen a white church spire glistening in the bright sunlight, around which were grouped a number of small buildings, forming the typical old-style village. As I lay there gazing upon the panorama before me, I was suddenly awakened to a realization of the vastness of this world in which I lived and of my own corresponding insignificance. Yet, as I thought further, I decided that I was no more insignificant than my fellowmen, and that I had my assigned task in the world as had everyone else. I lay dreaming and considering this new aspect of the situation until the changing shadows reminded me that I had set out to reach the summit of the peak above me. I arose reluctantly and prepared once more for my journey. As I looked upward and ahead, I was not greatly encouraged by what I saw, for the path became increasingly precipitous. I could not resist the temptation to look back once more upon what for the moment seemed to be an ideal picture of peace, joy and content. But, thinking deeper, I realized that there were rocky and treacherous paths in that plain below me in the form of many trials and tribulations which are ever abounding in the world. And I realized that the smooth levels were not to be the object of one's hopes and aspirations, but rather the lofty peaks, reaching almost to the very clouds themselves, which could be attained only by way of the steep and rocky trails. So, with new energy and greater determination I shouldered my burden and turned my face toward my goal.

THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE

Nowadays we don't see the Browns and the Joneses filing down the front steps at church-time—instead, if the day is of the sort that the windows may be opened, we hear a few squawks and squeals and then a man's voice, respectfully lowered in prayer, or a soprano voice floating through the air, singing the morning hymn. Now that there is a radio in nearly every home, the idea of going to church every Sunday in the year, rain or shine, seems to have been done away with. More and more the ministers are feeling the influence of these "radio pastors."

And yet not all of them are having their congregations diminished in number by this invention. Many ministers, as modern as their time, have left their pulpits to stand in front of the microphone with no visible congregation before them—and send their messages through the ether into hundreds of thousands of homes, reaching and influencing many who, otherwise, would never be reached. And these men are profiting by their decisions—for their churches are filled to capacity; they so inspire their unseen audiences that their listeners want to see them and they often travel many miles to see the man whose voice has so impressed them.

Dr. E. Parkes Cadman is one of these men. To be sure, he has always been a well liked minister in his good-sized congregation, but since his Sunday afternoon talks have been broadcast through the principal stations all over the United States, he has had hundreds of thousands of letters from all parts of the world and his name is on hundreds of lips.

It seems only fair that the minister who preaches at his congregation rather than to them, does not hold their attention and interest. He no longer fills his church each Sun-

day, for so many people nowadays take the attitude that it is far better to stay at home, reposing comfortably in an easy chair before the radio, listening to an inspiring sermon, than to get up and go to church just because it is the thing to do. Even now ministers on *all* sides are deploring the inroads which the automobile and the radio have made in their Sunday congregations, but at the same time they are having to admit that the radio, if not the automobile, is having far reaching effects upon the Christian outlook in this country today.

PROCRASTINATION

One of the commonest and weakest traits of mankind is that of putting off till tomorrow what should be done today.

This trait seems to be very prevalent in boarding schools. How it ruins our resolves and self respect! We are so apt to postpone doing our English theme till the night before it is due. To put off washing our silk hose till one day we find we will have to break the rules and appear without stockings till we wash some. Many of us have viewed our increasing weight with alarm but have not really begun to reduce till two weeks before vacation begins. When the rising bell rings it is so easy to remain in bed for a few more delicious moments and then to have the clang of the warning bell dash our dreams to fragments. We bound out of bed, jump into our clothes, and dash down to breakfast madly buttoning those last buttons, out of breath, and a little late. It is all too easy for us to say, "in a minute," "just a second," and thus put off that thing which we do not want to do now till another time.

Just at present perhaps we do not realize how serious this habit of ours is and how difficult it is to overthrow, but as time goes on with our enemy unconquered we have very good chances of becoming one of those purposeless beings who lack dependability, initiative, and the respect of others. The wise person makes the most of every moment and has for his motto, "One instant only is the sun at noon."

THE CRUSH

There are crushes and crushes, and there is THE crush. There are cooling crushes, tinkly and fragrant with mint. There are stifling crushes, in which one could perish for want of a Christmas card. There is the thrilling crush—the movie fade-out—and there is the misunderstood "crush."

They say a "crush" is a violent attachment of one person to another that cannot last because it leads to an advanced familiarity which will in time become monotonous. What they call Love is a state of fidelity and caressing tenderness that will endure forever. But there are loves that are as ardent as supposed "crushes," and is it not possible that there are loves that fill all requirements of truth expected by the world that do not last?

How, then, shall we identify the "crush?" When two lonely persons are mutually attracted something must result. If the personalities of the two are moderate in tone, the bonds weave slowly, but once woven let the Fates laugh or frown as they will. And if the two are temperamental, perhaps the plastic strips of friendliness are fused almost at once into cables of love as thick as all space. "Birds of a feather,"—yes, and opposites—love. But again, who will say that THESE are enduring —and again, where is the "crush?". If it cannot be identified it cannot exist.

The talk about "crushes" is evoked purely by that quality called "cat," and a certain feeling of injury to the spirit, founded on selfish moods, named jealousy. Any outstanding devotion of two people among a group of attractions that fluctuate or are less marked causes controversy and curiosity. Inasmuch as "the best things in life ARE free" and today brings a slogan "every man for himself," there seems to be no reason why those who gaze upon the things they have erroneously named "crushes" cannot search behind the scenes, perhaps to find the loveliest tapestries ever woven, and the why.

ATHLETICS



CARNIVAL

On February 1st and 2nd, our annual Winter Carnival was held. The events began Friday night at 7:30 with a Costume Ball ending at eleven o'clock.

The course of the events of the evening were as follows:—

First the curtain opened and in the rays of the spotlight, seated on her snow covered throne was our Carnival Queen—Martha Hoffman. She was gorgeously bedecked in a silver robe and jeweled crown as befits royalty. Then Her Majesty's humble servants paid their due respects. After this Her Majesty showed her democratic spirit by descending from the throne and joining her humble servants in their merry making.

Dancing—music by a five-piece orchestra.

During intermissions the different dancing classes entertained us with a dance of the wood nymphs, a jockey dance, Pierette—Patty Hastings and Florence Fitch, a scene in Toyland and a solo dance by Patty Hastings.

Popular and classical music on an accordian was rendered by Mr. Voscecci.

Later on in the evening prizes were awarded for most appropriate and prettiest costume—the former going to Mary Moss and the latter to Mary Norton.

Refreshments were served followed by a confetti dance, snowball dance, and a balloon dance which terminated the evening's enjoyment.

We would like to express our appreciation and thanks to the Athletic and Art departments for such an enjoyable evening.

The Saturday following, Winter sports began at 2:30 P. M. Skating, skiing and tobogganning races. Afternoon events ended at five o'clock. The evening's entertainment began at seven o'clock and ended at ten o'clock.

The toboggan race was won by the Seniors.

Skiing race also won by the Seniors.

Then there was the Snake Dance—down the hill and around the huge bonfire where we sang school songs with a uke accompaniment by Natalie Converse.

This was followed by the dog sled race—won by the Seniors.

Food—hot dogs, doughnuts, coffee, apples, pickles, and candy—was sold throughout the evening in Gardner Gym for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

Excitement was over at ten o'clock and as the saying goes—a rip roaring good time was had by all—with greatest thanks to the Athletic Department.

Basketball is in full swing now and varsity will soon be chosen. Many have been out for it this season and all in all it has been quite successful.

The first games were played between teams chosen by the following captains—Muriel Hagerthy, Barbara Powers, Mildred Gaffney and Julia Case.

January 17th—Gaffney vs. Case, score 27-20.

January 24th—Hagerthy vs. Powers, score 32-37.

January 31st—Hagerthy vs. Gaffney, score 23-31.

February 7th—Case vs. Powers.

After these games will come the interclass games. Following these we have hopes of playing a game with an Alumnae team. And if there is time—some outside games also.

HOCKEY AWARDS 1928

Weather conditions did not allow us to finish our schedule and play other games as planned, therefore, no award of numerals can be made because there was no winning class team.

To keep the L award on a high plane it was decided to award only six such letters this year.

L—N. Best, K. Edwards, J. Ayr, . Weber, M. Gaffney, M. Moss; **F. H.** Seniors—J. Ayr, J. Gray, P. Ward, C. Morley, B. Powers, T. Pratt, D. Schwartz, D. Hayward, D. Clark, R. Ford, E. Zacharias, M. Korper, I. Daggett, K. Edwards; **F. H.** Juniors—P. Barber, E. Fraizer, M. Gaffney, J. Gessner, H. Morgan, M. Norton, R. Oppenheimer, H. Roberts, N. Ames, H. Kimberley, M. Moss, M. Kemper; **F. H.** Sophomores—A. Ahrens, A. Baker, D. Brown, A. Conried, J. Case, S. Fletchall, E. Hancock, A. Raymond, F. Weber, N. Best, P. Dunning.



Under has been shivering along with the rest of us in these cold wintry blasts. He continually growls to himself as he slips and slides over the icy walks, pulling his flimsy bedraggled coat a bit closer. His little room is very cold and the other day we heard that the ink actually froze in its bottle! It is quite difficult for the old man, now to sort over the mass of papers lying on his desk, his shaking and rheumatic hands feel the biting sting of the cold. So we must forgive him if he is rather short with us. His remarks may be tinged with a bit of the bite of our friend Jack Frost who seems to pursue us relentlessly this year.

We have in this issue several articles of special interest. First of all there is "A Cross-Section", it certainly ought to be appreciated by every girl in this school for not only clever it is quite refreshingly frank in its report of what the modern "Lasellite" thinks. Then we have an article on "Crushes", quite an article! We had thought that the word "crush" had faded from the modern dictionary but it seems that we are mistaken, at least if we use Lasell as any criterion.

Listen to this one! "Religion and the Relation of Compulsory Chapel To It," an exceedingly well-written article with very sound arguments. (It will get a "big hand" from the faculty). To jump from religion to comics be sure and read "Didja Ever" in Wise and Otherwise, written by Rosalie Starkweather (or aren't we supposed to tell).

An ultra-modern story which also holds a nice little moral about our modern youth was written by Constance Chase, remember the author of that one about marriage. It reminds us faintly of "Dancing Daughters."

Teddy Pratt has given us a vivacious, colorful and sparkling Irish love story with the true Irish brogue interwoven in the dialogue. Her pattern is excellent.

Beatrice Adam has contributed two bits of verse that though not unusual in beauty or form give voice to perhaps things we have all felt but never could express. Originality is the word we mean. "The Man in Black," the title gives us the impression that it is to be another one of these murder mystery tales but it proves to be a mixture of the above mentioned with the old stereotyped Girl-who-didn't-love-the-man-she-was-to-marry, not very effectual.

However, in the beginning we are quite charmed by the interesting description. If only the rest of the story could have lived up to it!

Another thing quite noticeable in this edition

of the LEAVES is that we seemed to have turned quite moralistic with several short sketches on "Procrastination" and et cetera. It seems we have to take our moral medicine in rather large doses!

Taken as a whole this edition of the LEAVES, although not reaching any glorious heights neither falls to any particular depths but maintains the ordinary standard of work. The cold, no doubt, has frozen the inspirational drops of ink in our mental fountain pens!

F. F. '29.

Easter In Washington

The Lasell party leaves Boston on their annual vacation excursion to Washington, D. C., March 29, returning April 5. Old girls and their friends are cordially invited to join the party. For further information address Miss L. R. Potter, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale.



January 15: Christian Endeavor was led tonight by Phyllis Beck. Her topic was taken from the beautiful song "I would be true." Jane Gray sang this lovely selection which made the meeting more impressive.

January 19: Another of our "much looked forward to" events—the Senior-Junior dance given in honor of the Juniors by our Seniors. All danced merrily to the tunes of popular pieces. We thank our Seniors for their hospitality. Refreshments were enjoyed by all and the evening was well spent.

January 20: Vespers tonight were led by Dr. Henry K. Sherrill, pastor of the Trinity Church in Boston. His message was how several people may look at the same thing and yet each have a different idea and conception of it because of their character and vocation.

January 24: The Junior-Senior serenade was indeed beautiful tonight. The sharpness of the air and the full moon were a perfect setting for it all. The gifts from the Juniors to the Seniors were little Chinese jewelry boxes.

January 25: Christian Endeavor tonight was led by Julia Tiffany. Her talk was on "Life" and she brought out her point more vividly by reading some lovely selections of poetry and prose which centered around life.

January 27: Vespers were held this afternoon at the Church of the New Jerusalem at Newtonville. The service consisted of a half hour vesper service, and a half hour of music. We were fortunate to hear several selections by our Glee Club and four beautiful organ and piano duets. These indeed were an inispiration. Rev. I. M. Lawrence Gould, editor of the New Ascription, delivered an impressive sermon on "Seeing and Believing."

January 31: Our Dramatic Club held a most entertaining meeting tonight. Some of their talented members gave a play "The End of the Rainbow" which was very well acted. Three other members each gave a monologue. Our Dramatic Club is something to be proud of, and the girls who took part the other night should be highly congratulated on their ability.

February 1: Our Winter Carnival!! The mere mention of it tells us of a wonderful evening. Everyone bedecked in all kinds of costumes entered into the spirit of the evening with much anticipation. Martha Hoffman was "our queen," and she was indeed beautiful. Much applause should be given to the members of the Dance Club, and the girls who participated in entertaining everyone. The dances were lovely and added much to the pleasure of the evening. Dancing was enjoyed by all as well as the delicious refreshments. The Carnival Ball is a night not to be forgotten for a long time.

February 2: From the indoor pleasures during our Carnival weekend, we rush out to Mother Nature and enjoy ourselves. There were so many things to participate in. The skiing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, all kinds of races, dancing in the gym, and hot dogs and coffee, enabled all to have a perfect evening. By the cheers and screams we were able in a small sense to realize just how much our friends were enjoying themselves.

February 3: Vespers tonight were led by Dr. Arthur M. Ellis, pastor of the Central Congregational Church at Newtonville. His talk was about how to everyone comes the problem of solving just what and who God is, and what he should mean in our lives, and how we all have to face it, and how we should face it.



Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were recently the guests of honor at the Mid-winter Reunion of the New York Lasell Club. The report of that delightful occasion will appear in our March Alumnae number.

Mrs. Winslow remained in New York for a few days as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Helen Ordway, the Assistant Superintendent of the Orthopedic Hospital in White Plains, N. Y. During that week-end Mrs. Winslow had the privilege of seeing Ruth Ordway's mural painting at the 59th Street Orthopedic Hospital, an original and charming sketch of Lindbergh and his famous overseas flight. Lasell girls living in and about New York would do well to avail themselves of the privilege of seeing this painting by one of our most gifted alumnae.

How like old times it seemed to have Louise Cave Maranoff, 1920-22, report at the school and announce that she was "on the hunt" for a leftover bicycle and pair of long lost skiis. She is still in love with the open; was starting for a hike with the Appalachian Club through the mountains and also is very much in love with her own dear little daughter.

The February LEAVES takes pleasure in announcing the engagement of Florence Price, 1925-1926, to Mr. George J. Wight.

At Christmas time some of the "Old Guard" received greetings from Professor Joseph Hills and we are beginning to hope that he will report at the Seminary during Commencement time.

The daintiest baby shoe was recently received by the Personals Editor and when she looked into it she read the following:

"Here's the date,
And here's the weight,
And here's the baby's name;
And here the happy parents
To whom the baby came."

The new arrival was none other than Joanne, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Little (Josephine Kenyon, '22).

A few days later, January 26, a dear little daughter, Barbara, came to gladden the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wendell Brown (Grace M. Gates, '22).

After many moons, Helen McNab, '25, came home to Lasell and brought some good news along with her. Usually she is well content to be a home keeping heart but during the holidays she ventured successfully into the business world and enjoyed the novel experience immensely. She told us of the approaching marriage of Virginia Amos, '26, and "Teddy" Parker, '24.

We have just received word of the recent death of Mr. Charles E. Nelson, father of Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, and Florence Nelson Aplington, 1907-1908. Lasell's heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mrs. Nelson and our former schoolmates.

Celina Belle Isle, '21, began a recent note to Dr. Winslow with this timely discovery. She writes: "I seem to be lost and I know what it is—"The LEAVES"—so I'm enclosing my check and would like to have my name placed on the mailing list.

"While on our trip this year, we chanced to stay at Buffalo and there called on our Lillian Doane Maddigan, '21. It seemed like old times. We drove together up to Niagara Falls that night and the family said that all the way up and back Lillian and I kept up a chatter-chatter and no one had a chance to even think. Lillian is still splendid, has a fine husband and a wonderful baby.

"I am still at the bank and like my work just as much as ever.

"I'm hoping that soon I'll be able to peep in and say hello.

"Please remember me to all whom I know."

The latest honor which has come to Mae Harrison Clifford, 1915-1916, is her election to the presidency of the Home Missionary Society of the Maine Conference Methodist Church, a high honor to one who richly deserves it. Lasell's congratulations to this newly elected president and the women of Maine who will serve under her leadership.

Mrs. Walter G. Africa, mother of Dorothea Africa, '12, and Isabel, '26, writes that Isabel is in love with Johns Hopkins and its superintendent of nurses, Phyllis Rowe, '19. This loyal patron encloses in her note a check for the Endowment Fund. Lasell has long since added the name of this mother of two Lasell graduates to our honorary membership.

Miss Clementina Butler, 1880, is happily recovering from her serious injuries received in an automobile accident. When we heard the whole story we marvelled at her escape. Surely the automobile on icy roads is a vain thing for safety.

Every bit of news which comes to us from Anna Clark Keith, '22, is good news. The latest is that Anna and her husband, Mr. Henry Meiggs Keith, are rejoicing over the advent, December 27, of a little daughter, Elizabeth Anne.

Our dear Helen Foster, '16, has been interrupted in her work this winter through temporary ill health. We trust now after her experience in the Montreal Hospital that she will be better than ever and able to go on with her chosen profession.

She closes her message to our principal with these words: "From the LEAVES I can see that Lasell has started on another good year. I notice Marjorie's name among those of the Jackson hockey team.

"My best wishes to you and Mrs. Winslow and all my good Lasell friends."

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Robertson, Jr. (Evelyn Shidler, '23), are open for congratu-

lations, for on January 17 their little son, John Shidler Robertson, came to gladden their home.

Harriet Morris Kenney, '18, and her husband are very happy these days rejoicing over the coming into their home of another little daughter, Harriet Emily Kenney.

On her announcement card Harriet writes to our delight: "I have two daughters to offer you for Lasell. Will drive over to see you soon."

Dear Mildred Johnston Parker, '06, has our sincere sympathy for we have just learned that last October she lost her father, Mr. W. J. Johnston, of Chicago. She writes in her message: "Our little family are all well. Little Patricia, aged six, is now in the second grade of school, hoping to be a Lasell girl some day." Mildred, as we read the words we join with Patricia in the same wish. We will save a place for her beginning right now. Your hope to revisit Lasell soon we trust will materialize.

We are indebted indirectly to Mariesta Howland, '26, and directly to Miss Witherbee for sharing Mariesta's letter with us, for the interesting news that Dorothy Schumaker, '26, is now in North Carolina doing newspaper work and writing very good articles for the press.

In addition to her regular work, Mariesta is keeping up her Spanish and studying the short story course in Lowell Institute.

Along with her subscription to the LEAVES, Mary Alice Timmins, '28, breaks the news that Louise Denison Rogers, '26, and she are members of the same sorority and often talk Lasell over. Louise and her husband have a most attractive apartment in Elkhart, Indiana and you may be sure Louise is a dainty housekeeper.

That was a most friendly act on the part of Ingewrsen, 1924-1925, to hunt up Lasell during her New England itinerary. She brought to us good news of her daughter, Charlotte, '24-'25, who is at present a student at the Chicago Art Institute and is most enthusiastic and devoted to her work. This mother made us happy when she gave us a hopeful hint that will take the place of Charlotte at Lasell.

A CROSS SECTION

June 20. Mother and Dad told me today that I couldn't go to Cornell, but have to go to Lasell—"A Seminary for Young Ladies"—ugh! I'll miss all the dances, parties, class-rivalry, rush week, sororities, and all the rest of the fun. In exchange for it I will be in bed at 9:45 "each evening except Saturday," have compulsory gym, compulsory church and compulsory chapel. Oh life couldn't be worse. Why are parents so narrow-minded?

Sept 18. Arrived at Lasell in the rain. Don't know anyone except my room-mate. My course is terrible and as a final straw, somebody gave me a book of rules and regulations to memorize. I know I'll die of homesickness or boredom. If I could only capture the one who invented boarding-schools I'd boil him in oil!

Sept 20. I met the sweetest girl. Strange as it may seem she is able to talk without the constant aid of the usual "and how," "imagine my embarrasment" or "what have you?" Guess I'd better dust the cobwebs off the trusty old English Grammar. She has a darling Bostonian accent which I tried to imitate but slipped up and said "If no one is in the *bawth* room now I'll take my bath." "Imagine my embarrassment." I guess I'd better stick to my own "Buffalo Brogue."

Oct. 3. We took a wonderful trip to Plymouth. In fact I actually enjoyed my old bugbear History after seeing so many places where historic events took place. I mustn't forget to send home for my old "American History" book tomorrow.

Oct. 5. Big spread in Rosalie's room. All the crowd was invited. After the usual amount of giggling, popcorn balls, doughnuts, candy, cake, cookies, olives, ginger ale and "what-have-you" we decided to start for our respective rooms. The big problem was how not to get caught. After thinking for ages we

solved our difficulty. Accordingly we stepped out into the hall lock-step and walked, step-drag, step-drag, step-drag, all the way to our respective rooms. I'm all winded now and my heart is pounding. Must rush and get the light turned off or I'll be on restrictions forever. Haven't had so much fun in ages.

Oct. 7. Received a letter from Marty. Of course she's crazy about Cornell. She was rushed by eleven sororities and "went" Pi Omega. She is being rushed to all the games, parties, etc. by an Alpha Tau. She's having a gorgeous time and generally "making whoopee" all over the place.. Why did I ever come here? I haven't seen a movie, heard a decent orchestra, or had a date since I've been here. The only place I've been is church? When I get home my conversation will be limited to the various sermons I have heard. Never felt so blue in my life.

Oct. 9. It seems so queer. At home I never ate anything I didn't like. But here they serve food regardless of my taste. I can eat it or not, just as I please. I eat it, and I'm getting fat. I'm lame all over from doing reducing exercises. Why can't I stay my usual twelve pounds underweight? I'm getting disgustingly healthy here.

Oct. 11. We have to mend our own stockings here. In consequence Dad will receive some chiropodist bills if I can't manage to make my darns smoother. I'm going to keep at it though till I learn how to darn. Miss Josephine Stick-to-it, herself.

Oct. 15. It rained all day. I read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." It was so interesting. It seems so queer for me to read anything but the headlines and the comic-strip of the daily paper.

Oct. 26. Letter from Jerry came today. It's too bad she couldn't come away to school this year. She says the only exciting thing that ever happens in the old home town is when the trolley jumps the track.

Nov. 3. Tonight we went to the cutest Hallowe'en party. Everybody seemed to do all they could to make it a success. I never realized before that one could have a good time at a party without boys. Why they really aren't half as important as I used to think they were.

Nov. 5. Received a letter from Marty. She is terribly worried about her studies. Says she wishes she hadn't gone out so much at the beginning of the year because she is so far behind in her work. Poor Mart.

Nov. 7. I have a book report due Saturday and a 1000-word theme due on Tuesday. After spending two hours unsuccessfully thinking what to write my theme about I guess I'd better admit my head is a hat-rack only and go to bed.

Nov. 9. Received the sweetest letter from mother. I don't believe I ever realized what perfect dears the family were until I had to live away from home. I have suddenly awakened to the fact that I love it here and feel I'm getting an experience I couldn't get anywhere else. Why I wouldn't give up one minute of it for anything in the world—not even Cornell. I guess Mother and Dad weren't so far wrong about sending their daughter to boarding school after all.



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Alumnae Number

1929

Vol. LIV No. 1

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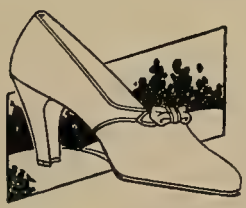
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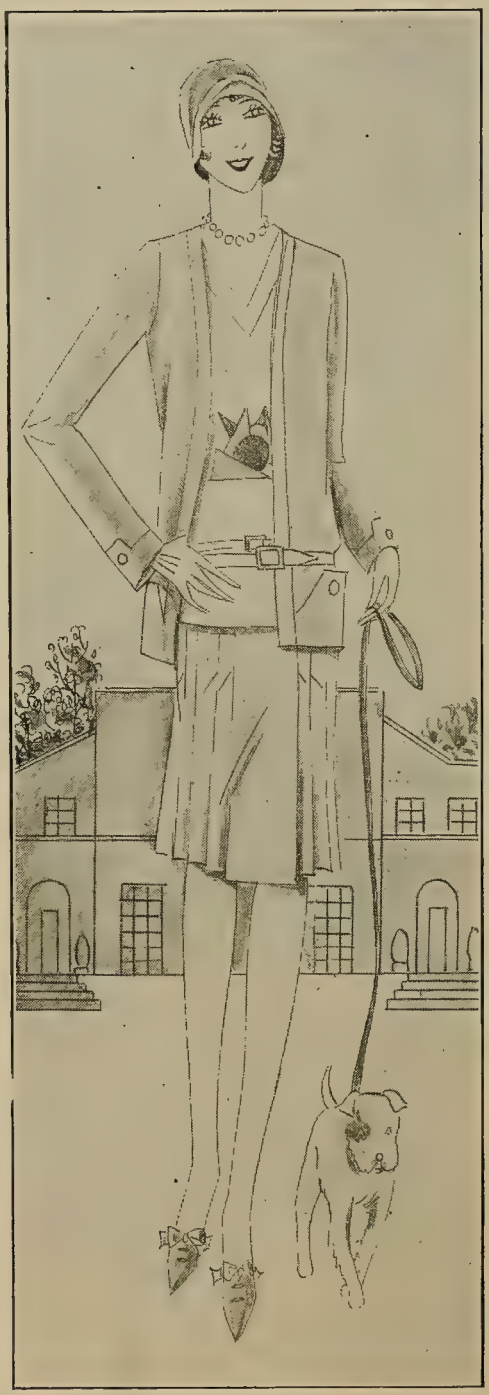
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Assembling the Easter Ensemble...

is such a gay, glorious game . . . and here's a tip -- if you want to be on the winning side, start at Jordan's second floor apparel shops....

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ALL ABOARD FOR EUROPE

When?
June 8, 1929

How?
Sail S. S. "Arabia" from New York

With Whom?
Miss Nellie Wright and the Lasell party under the Temple Tours.

How Long?
June 8 — August 3

How Much?
$795 excluding visas and tips on the boat.

A LASELL TOURIST'S DIARY ABBREVIATED

June 11—S. S. "Minnesota"
Wonderful day—meals very good, nearly all appearing. The meal hours are: breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 1, dinner at 7. Boullion is served at 11 in the forenoon on deck and tea at 4 in the afternoon, sandwiches in our rooms at 10 P. M. We go to the second sitting which is much to be preferred.

June 15—On board
Invited to the bridge by the captain for tea and bridge. Have also met several interesting people to play with.

June 16—On board
Had fancy dress party tonight. B. went as little girl and Mr. C., an English actor, dressed up as her nurse maid—exceedingly clever. It's well to have a masquerade suit with one.

June 17-19—On board
Last night on board so we had a concert at which one of the members of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra played a flute solo. There was other good talent. Miss Newcombe who took the leading role in "An American Tragedy" gave two readings. Sighted Isle of Wight and are to land at Boulogne tomorrow morning. Have had a pleasant trip and with so many artistic celebrities along have had a very interesting time.

June 20—Paris
At last we are safely housed in the Hotel Rochambeau where we are very comfortable. The rooms have twin beds and running water. Went to the Lafayette Galleries for gloves, bags, etc., to Guerlain's for perfume. Some of the girls went to the movies with Mrs. Harris, our conductress, who is very fine indeed.

June 21—
Taxis are very cheap here. Sight-seeing was scheduled for 9.30 so we went off in a huge bus down the Champs Elysees to see the Arc de Triomph, Grave of Unknown soldier, Eiffel Tower, U. S. Monument, George Washington Monument, Joan of Arc's statue and

Victor Hugo's house. Passed the president's house when the guard was changing which was a new and interesting sight. Got back to the hotel for lunch which began with three or four kinds of "hors d'oeuvre" and ended with the largest strawberries I have ever seen. In the afternoon we visited Napoleon's Tomb which was most impressive. France recognized his greatness even if too late. The Sainte Chapelle has the most beautiful stained glass windows in the world. They were taken out during the war for fear they should be bombed. Then we went to Notre Dame, this being the first bit of beautiful French Gothic that we had ever seen. The windows here are very marvellous, blue brightening into yellow giving the effect of both moonlight and sunlight. Saw the oldest clock in Paris, it having been made in the 14th century. It is still in running condition. Arrived at the Hotel des Invalides just as the tablet, commemorating the event of the first automobile crossing of the Sahara by a Frenchman, was unveiled.

June 22—

In the morning we went shopping. After lunch we went in taxis to the Louvre, that great treasure house of art. It gave one such thrills to see the paintings and sculpture made familiar through Perry prints and one felt that a daily visit for a month might be more satisfying. Of course there was a crowd around Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa", which at first sight is somewhat disappointing. Here, too, is Holbein's "Erasmus," Millet's "Gleaners" and "Angelus" and the famous "Venus de Milo" and "Winged Victory." We had ice cream at "Latinville" a place opposite the hotel and my! but it tasted like "Dangle's".

Later we went to Madame Louise's where we all indulged in dresses, models which she altered to fit us.

June 23—

Went by train to Chateau-Thierry, stopping at Belleau Woods to visit the American cemetery which is a beautiful spot and very well kept up. We were told that the wooden crosses are to be replaced by marble ones. The graves form a semi-circle at the base of the hill over which the battle was fought with a flag-staff, flying the Stars and Stripes, in the center. We later motored to Rheims and realized more than ever before, the utter futility of war and the awful desolation it leaves in its train. The beautiful rose window at Rheims can probably never be restored.

June 24—

Went to the Luxembourg Palace where one finds all the modern paintings and sculpture, some of it especially beautiful. In the afternoon we drove to Versailles where we saw all the rooms of Louis XIV and succeeding French emperors, including Napoleon's. It was from this palace that Marie Antoinette was taken to the guillotine. The gardens adjoining the palace are beautiful.

At night we went to hear "Thais" at the Opera-Comique. The whole thing was on a smaller scale than Boston but imagine getting orchestra seats for $2.00! Ushers have to be tipped a franc (four cents) but it's worth the gay sight one sees, as everyone is in evening clothes. And the performance was marvellous.

Avignon

Arrived after a long train journey from Paris. Saw the Pope's palace and had to review our history enough to discover that Avignon commemorates one of the few breaks in the historic unity of the Roman Catholic church.

June 24—Nice:

A perfectly glorious journey skirting Mediterranean shores one cannot describe how beautiful the country is and pictures showing the colour of the blue water and sky are not one whit exaggerated. What do you think we had for dinner? Ice cream and butter and ice!

The next morning we drove along the Corniche Drive to Monte Carlo and went inside the Casino to watch them play. It was most

interesting. This is a most attractive place and one cannot imagine a city where one would rather stay longer.

June 30—Rome:

The Eternal City! visited the Papal Library and Museum where were exhibited the beautiful gifts sent to the Pope from Romanists all over the world. In the Sistine chapel we saw Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and were carried away to that most glorious period in European history—the Renaissance. Were much interested to hear that the costumes of the Swiss Guard were designed by Michael Angelo.

In the afternoon, St. Peter's. Words fail to describe its beauty and impressiveness. The dome was done by Michael Angelo without monetary remuneration for the giant artist was desirious of saving his soul.

The Pope lives in an adjoining building. We peeked into the gardens surrounding his palace.

Fountains abound in Rome and they need them too at this time of year for it's rather dry and dusty.

We visited the Protestant cemetery where Shelley and Keats are both buried.



July 1 —

Visited the National Museum, art gallery and the ruins of the Forum. Again one had to review a bit of history. Later we went to the Capucin church and cemetery. In the old days the monks were buried underneath the church, their bones being used as decorations. Ghastly! Rome is crammed full of all sorts of history.

July 2—Naples:

We have a wonderful room from which we we get a fine view of Vesuvius. Every once in a while a red flare goes up from its mouth.

July 3—

Left early to go on the Amalfi Drive and certainly had all the thrills we wanted. There was barely room to pass and at times the driver had to back up before taking a curve. We finally got to *Ravello* where we stayed in an old palace. We had a room with a balcony overlooking the Gulf of Salerno. Here we had dinner on the terrace and the bells ringing in the churches in the valley below sounded very lovely.

July 4 — Independence Day!

We celebrated by leaving early in the morning for Capri to see the Blue Grotto. No one can really imagine such blue and clear water. We went in little boats from Sorrento to the steamer which was to take us to the Grotto. We had to go in little boats to get to the cave and the only way we could manage was to lie flat on our backs. We returned to Naples in the evening and there were no fire works necessary as Vesuvius gave us all we wanted.

July 5—Florence:

What flights of the imagination do we indulge in when we hear the name! And now to actually walk its streets. We think of the de Medicis, of Romola, Savonarola and a hundred others. Here our guide was a Mr. Faturusi, who used to sell coloured prints at Lasell. He was a very good guide. It's impossible to give any idea of the quantities of priceless paintings and statuary gathered here. We stopped at the Baptistry and were fortunate enough to visit the christening of twins, eight days old. The Pitti Palace reminded us of our own Boston Public Library.

July 8—Venice:

The city of crass materialism and yet most physical charm of the 15th century! One dreaded to see St. Mark's lest it should not come up to one's expectations. However,

poetry in marble it certainly was. The mosaics are beautiful beyond description. No one with short sleeves is allowed in the church so a few in the party couldn't go in. Beware next time! Visited the Doge's Palace and crossed the Bridge of Sighs. Also went to a place where they make lace by hand. In the evening we went for a gondola ride, the most romantic thing we did in Europe.

July 10—Milan:

We arrived here in the late afternoon so after dinner we strolled out to see people, fashionably dressed sitting in the delightful side-walk cafés, listening to splendid orchestras, sipping wine or coffee, each according to his taste. We indulged in ice cream.

In the morning we went to see the Cathedral with its 450 spires which gave the whole building a very lacy appearance. Visited the oldest church in the world and saw Da Vinci's "Last Supper."

July 12—Geneva:

The international city! We had come from Montreux on a bus and stopped here long enough to see the dismally cold Protestant Cathedral which seemed to befit Calvin who reigned here so strangely. But the most superb monument anywhere is the one to the Protestant Reformation. It is beautifully placed against the wall which faces the university buildings and depicts all liberating movements. Proud we were to drive along President Wilson Boulevarde which skirts Lake Geneva and from which one gets glimpses of Mont Blanc with its eternal snow cap. Once again we remember that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country —Woodrow Wilson.

July 13—Interlaken:

From our room we can see the Jungfrau and it is very beautifully refreshing. Switzerland is simply too beautifully picturesque to describe. Went to the Castle of Chillon where we saw the names of Byron, Dickens and Shelley written on the stones in the basement, and "Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind" rang in our ears.

The Swiss are past masters at the art of hotel keeping. Nowhere is one so comfortable. Then too they believe in cleanliness even at the risk of spending money. So, the railways are all electrified.

July 14—Lucerne:

Here are the famous Lion and the William Tell Monument.

July 18—Heidelberg:

One of the most beautiful and fascinating of little old cities. Having recently thrilled at "The Student Prince" in Boston we were glad to see the original background at least. In such a city one can well believe any romance at all.

July 19—

Left Wiesbaden for the much anticipated Rhine trip. The Hudson from New York to Albany may be as beautiful as far as landscape is concerned but can its houses along its banks match the old German castles? We had lots of fun buying cherry pies and I'm afraid when we thing of the Rhine we shall also think of cherry pies.

July 20—

Left Cologne for Brussels, after seeing "the most perfect example of Gothic architecture" in the Cologne Cathedral.

July 21—Brussels:

National holiday in Belgium so the shops were all closed but we took a bus ride around the city. Flowers are abundant and cheap. It was B's birthday so the hotel treated us to a birthday cake. We bought three dozen beautiful roses for seventy cents! A lady brought some lace to the hotel and we all indulged. Found very fine leather bags, very cheap here too.

In the afternoon we drove to church and watched the procession of carriages in which were the diplomats of the various countries, and finally, the king and queen. The drivers and footmen wore bright red coats and wigs which was all very picturesque. Later we drove to see the site of the Battle of Waterloo and were reminded of Becky Sharp.

July 22—The Hague:

Went to visit the Peace Palace. The rugs are Oriental, the furniture rosewood from Brazil, ten silver inkstands given by Spain, statue of justice from the United States, a statue of Christ from the Argentine, marbles from all over the world. It's a magnificent building with international furnishings. The most beautiful rose garden we had ever seen was in the enclosure.

We went to the movies at night and were much amused with the Dutch captions for American films.

July 23—Amsterdam:

Visited the Royal Palace and saw there the apartments occupied by the royal family for a month of each year. The large Assembly Hall is considered the eighth wonder of Europe as it has no supporting pillars. Visited the museum where we saw many beautiful Rembrandts. We were also shown the house where he painted his famous "Night Watch." Left the next morning for the Isle of Marken. We found a party of western Rotarians on board the little steamer and since we occupied one end of the boat we had an hilarious time singing. The islands are very interesting, the people wearing their native costumes. We also visited the factory where they make Edam cheese.

July 25—London:

Glad to get where they speak English. In the afternoon we went to the Tower, Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace where we saw them changing guard, a most interesting and picturesque performance. The next day we went to the British Museum and the art galleries.

July 27—

Went to Warwick, visiting the ruins of Kenilworth Castle and then to Stratford-on-Avon where we went the usual round of the Shakespeare relics. The drive over to Shottery, where Ann Hathaway's cottage is, was very pretty and picturesque as the English are very fond of pretty gardens and the flowers grow in great profusion, the roses being especially beautiful. The cottage is well kept up, the garden superb. The arrangement inside reminded one somewhat of The Wayside Inn at Sudbury since Ford has fixed it up. Back to London with one more day to shop and then to Southampton for the S. S. "American Farmer" bound for New York.



Ann Hathaway's Cottage

RUTS

I'm discontent to trudge the way
My weary feet have gone each day.
Down different paths I want to go. —
New scenes are better still, I know
The open road is calling me.
From ruts in Life I would be free.

Teddy Pratt, '29.

PATTERNS

Dazzling crystal whiteness of snow clad mountains—the electric blue of the sky—everywhere laughing, gay people in bright sports clothes, vivid oranges, greens, scarlets,—on the sides of the mountains toboggan chutes rising up, up, down which plunge at breakneck speed load after load of shrieking, thrill-seeking humanity—land of pleasure, winter playground of Europe—**Saint Moritz.**

A quaint old city, rich in traditions—many winding narrow streets which cause horrible traffic jams—blue-blooded aristocrats riding in limousines and Chinamen padding on silent feet along the wharves—charming shops which display the fashions of Paris but a bit more con-

servative—the center of schools and colleges which fill the streets with slim attractive girls and men, men, some strong athletic types and others too elegantly, too foppishly dressed—a golden dome dominating the whole city—**Boston**—the most snobbish city of the United States.

Cold and snow—minarets piercing the sky—men in fur caps—an air of deep secrecy—closed doors, what goes on behind them?—A few last remains of Imperialism—the Red flag of the Soviet—**Moscow**—City of Russia.

Waving palm trees—miles of warm golden sand—debutantes in fantastic pajamas reclining beneath huge sun umbrellas—blue, blue sparkling water—bathing suits to bathe in and ones that never get wet—the paradise of society—**Palm Beach.**

The weird, haunting mystery of the East—naked babies in the streets—Rajahs on the throne—caste and more caste—years of Western rule—do not change all the old beliefs—brown skins and white turbans—**Bombay, India.**

Queer city built on islands and sand bars—graceful gondolas gliding through the water—moonlight—beautiful buildings—city of romance and legends—**Venice.**

Young city of the West—hog-butcher of the world—clanging trains—the cold wind sweeping across the lake—gang wars and gangsters—this is **Chicago.**

A town by the seashore, queer, dingy, dusty little town—quaint streets—old sea captains with their rolling gaits, smoking pipes, spinning yarns—fish nets and boats—the old mysterious charm of a place where men went down to the sea in ships—**Marblehead, Massachusetts.**

Beauty, centuries old—yellow, slant-eyed people moving sedately—shops full of gorgeously-carved ivory and jade—rich barbaric silks—exotic spices and perfumes—and a mysterious serpentine wall coiled about the city and winding sinuously off over the mountains—**Pekin,** city of China.

Towers reaching skyward, the homes of modern cliff dwellers—noise and gaiety—sleek, well-groomed cars and sleek, well-groomed people—a babble of many different tongues—East Side, West Side—evil smelling tenements and Park Avenue apartments—ships from all over the world, a majestic ocean liner here, a dirty fishing smack there—The Statue of Liberty guarding the harbor—**New York**—the Melting Pot.

All these and many, many others are patterns—patterns ugly and beautiful—vivid and drab—all woven together, making the greatest pattern of all—**The Universe.**

Frances Mann, '29

TWENTIETH CENTURY CINDERELLA

"But can't you see, Pat, she's an awful frump. She's a just plain nondescript and her clothes are simply awful. They don't seem to hang right and as for colors, good Lord deliver us!" Gin Vincent's black eyebrows became two interrogation points of disgust.

"I know that, Gin, but remember she's awfully good at studies, dean's list and all. This sorority needs *someone* to raise its scholastic standard what I mean," replied Patricia Holt emphatically nodding her blonde head.

"Well, Pat, perhaps you're right," responded Gin, pursing her well rouged lips thoughtfully. "We do need some brilliant members but gosh! The Kappas will have an awful laugh on us if she goes to Prom in some awful rig. They'll say, 'Huh, so that's the kind of pledges the Phi Phis bid.' You know they will, Pat."

"Oh don't get hot headed, Gin. Prom's a long way off, don't you know."

"Only six weeks."

"Girls, shall we vote whether or not to pledge Carol Lee as a member of our sorority?" said Pat turning to the other members who were grouped about the room in various stages of repose. Cute little Betty Adams perched on top of the piano; slim, sophisticated June Powers languidly draped over the arm of a chair inhaling deeply through her long jade holder; red-haired Kay Saunders, the worst flirt on the campus, curled cosily up on the davenport; all the others. How would they

all vote, Pat wondered anxiously. It meant everything to her for them to accept Carol, not only because she liked Carol herself but because of Carol's cousin, Charlie Gaines. Pat loved Charlie and she had promised him that she'd do all she could for his little cousin. She couldn't disappoint him.

The votes were counted. Yes, the girls had followed the lead of pretty blonde Pat Holt and had pledged Carol Lee.

A drab, forlorn little girl whose one redeeming feature was a pair of unusual golden brown eyes, was terribly surprised next day when she was told that she had been pledged to Pi Phi.

Carol really was as plain and uninteresting as Gin had described her. Who could believe that good-looking, popular Charlie Gaines could have such a shy, nondescript cousin! An old maid aunt had brought Carol up. This aunt had chosen all her clothes for her. They certainly looked it, dull browns and greens in very durable materials and ugly shapeless styles. Carol had been told by Aunt Hester men were brutes, creatures to be shunned and therefore she avoided all the male members of the State University, never answered them when they spoke to her, with the exception of course of Charlie. He was a cousin and didn't count. But secretly—for all her shyness, Carol adored Frank Chase—handsome tackle on the football team. But she reflected, "He'll never notice me. I haven't pretty clothes or good looks like all the other girls. Aunt Hester doesn't know anything about clothes. Why couldn't she let me choose my own things? I'm no baby. Well, I'll just have to make up my mind to wear the things because I haven't any money to buy dresses with.

* * * * * * *

It was the afternoon of the great day. Prom was to be that evening. Everywhere over the campus there was great bustle and excitement. Snappy roadsters and decrepit old flivvers were speeding here, there and everywhere. The huge gym was filled with laughing men and girls putting up the last decorations. Even the professors seemed to feel the spirit of youth and gaiety.

At the sorority house all the girls were in a flurry.

"Here, Betty, aren't you going to marcel my hair?"

"What makes you think the bath tub belongs to you, June? Really you've been there an hour."

"Sue, I had a big fight with Mac this morning and Morris is going to take me tonight, isn't that a howl?"

"Listen, hon, may I borrow your rhinestone necklace, you know it just matches my earrings?"

Carol was strangely silent in all this hubbub. Oh, yes, she was going to Prom. Her cousin Charlie had persuaded Fat Everett to take her. That was sweet of Charlie but couldn't he understand that she just didn't have the clothes to wear? The old dark blue taffeta simply wouldn't do. She pulled it out of the closet and as she looked at its ugly lines a few tears splashed down on the dingy old material.

There was a tap at her door. "May I come in Carol?"

"Yes, indeed," said Carol as she quickly wiped the tears from her eyes.

Pat entered the room. Over her arm hung a perfect dream of a dress, different shades of golden brown tulle, bouffant, lovely.

Carol's eyes widened at the beauty of the dress. How lucky Pat was!

"Would you like to wear this dress to Prom, Carol? My mother just sent it to me from Paris and I guess she's forgotten how I've gained; ten pounds since the beginning of school. Isn't that dreadful? Well, anyway I couldn't wiggle into it and I thought someone really ought to wear it."

"And you chose me. Pat, you're just too sweet to me."

"Oh think nothing of it. You were just going to wash your hair weren't you? I really haven't much to do so I'll wash it for you, much quicker don't you know? I'll use some of the stuff I put on my hair to make it shine. You have such pretty hair Carol. I wish you wouldn't do it in that tight little knot. I know, Gin can do your hair. She's doing mine and she's a wizard at it."

Several hours later Carol looked in the mirror. Could this girl be Carol Lee? No, it was not possible. From the top of her shining bronzy brown hair to the tips of her little gold four-inch spike-heeled shoes she was perfect. Pat and Gin between them had changed the frump of the campus into a knockout. The tight bodice and sweeping flares of tulle accentuated the slimness of the lovely little figure which had always been hidden in shapeless, ugly dresses. The gorgeous shade of brown brought out the golden glints in Carol's big brown eyes and the bronze lights in her long, curly hair.

A blare of music greeted Carol and Fatty as they entered. Fatty strutted proudly for he knew he had the knockout of the evening as his partner. Gosh, who would have thought the kid could get herself up like that! Fatty blushed as he remembered the amount of persuasion Charlie had used on him before he had consented to take Carol.

Once and only once did Fatty circle the gym with Carol and after that he only caught brief glimpses of her shining, bronzy head and twinkling gold slippers. At last he gave up trying to cut in and went off to the smoking room to drown his sorrows with "alky."

Carol was perfectly happy, laughing, talking gaily, completely forgetting her shyness. She whirled rapidly from one man to another. Yes the little Phi Phi's pledge was the hit of the evening. Frank Chase cut in repeatedly but hardly had a chance to say a word before she was snatched away. At last he determinedly eluded all the other stags. Deftly he danced out onto the porch.

"I haven't had a chance to speak to you. Why do you always run away from me? I've tried to talk to you loads of times in class but you never pay any attention to me."

"Do I run away? I didn't know that I did," replied Carol laughing up at him teasingly.

"Carol, let's go for a ride. There's a wonderful moon."

"But, Frank, I came with Fatty."

"Oh, he's asleep in the smoking room, tight as a lord."

"Well—maybe, if that's the case."

A long, low roadster stopped beside the lake and two people watched the silvery gleam of the moon upon the water. The silhouette of a girl and a man were very close together.

"Carol, I've always loved you since the first day when you were in my history class. Won't you wear my pin—dear?"

"Yes—dear."

The Phi Phi pledge was a Beta sweetheart now and two silhouettes had become one.

Frances Mann, '29

THE SILENT DRAMA

Stale blackness; impenetrable darkness
As contrasted to the
Brilliant sunlight of the fresh outer atmosphere
I had settled down, uncomfortably,
To the unveiling of the great silent drama before me,
Thoroughly enjoying myself in each tense moment—
Until—a squalling infant
Broke through my deep concentrated thought
My thoughts wandered.
Just a row in back, a couple of flappers were discussing
The marvelous technique of the lover
And the strong points in his love scenes.
Three rows ahead an asthmatic gentleman was
Wheezing and sneezing—enjoyment!
Up in the balcony a gang of young hellions—
Were cracking peanuts and aiming the shucks—
At the bald spot on an unconscious victim's head.
In the next aisle over—
A fair young maiden had revealed the ending to her neighbor,
Before the first picture had left the screen.
The clicking and buzzing of that little old machine
Made my nerves jump at every turn
Again from the balcony came the sound of snapping gum,
Each snap in time with an emphatic note from the little old tin piano.
From somewhere up front a—
"What's that—Mum?"
And a Mother's patient reply.
Then came the hissing as the much feared villain appears.
Gads! what misery!
I jammed on my hat—
Rushed for the door
Where the onrush of cool evening air
Struck me full in the face.
Ah! Relief.

K. Edwards, '29

"FORCED SMILES"

When I made my first appearance in this dark, old world, my father hurriedly wired all fond relatives, "A little ray of sunshine has come to our house." From that day on my family never ceased to believe that I was their one child with an even temper and a sweet disposition. They vowed that I was to light up our little home and that my mission in life was to scatter sunshine and chase away sorrow.

Every morning during my cradle days my father would greet me by saying, "Good morning little merry sunshine," but poor Dad would sneak out of the nursery disappointed as I sunnily answered him with a bellowing shriek and a piercing yell of distress. My father, however, was not discouraged when in my infant days I acquired the wrong definition for the word "smile", and let the very mention of it arouse my meanest temper; he continued to believe I was "God's little gift of sunshine."

When I had intelligence enough to make my tongue form more than a "dada or mama" and when I had advanced from the crawling stage to the walking stage, my family decided that such a little piece of smiling humanity should be placed on the stage. They knew that my beaming countenance would touch the spectators with sublime happiness, and uplift their very souls. For fear that a stage career would lure me away from the finer things of life they also decided that their little sunflower should attend Sunday School.

I went to Sunday School rejoicing over the fact that no one would be there to say, "Smile, dear. Those little lips were made for smiles," but much to my horror my first impression of Sunday School was a place to broaden one's smiles. I had only been there five minutes when all the little Cradle-rollers arose, and loudly sang, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam—a sunbeam," and then with grins spread across their little faces blissfully sang, "Scatter sunshine all ye little children." The family was overjoyed when later they had me sing these little selections for the Sunday company. Father would pat me on the head and say, "The little darling is just bubbling over with laughter and happiness."

Sunday School had disgusted me but no words could express my bitter contempt for dancing school. "Merry little me" who hated to smile was to be a second Peter Pan. My dancing teacher, much to my disgust insisted that I was to be a songster as well as a dancer. I was dressed in a little soldier's suit and gritting my teeth, I was forced to smile like a tooth paste advertisement and sing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, boys, smile," and then with all the lightness of a fairy—I danced. This was not a sufficient accomplishment for a sunny-souled person like myself, so she taught me a negro dance and I accompanied myself with, "Mammy loves her little bundle of sunshine."

The first independent move I ever made was the day I joined the Girl Scouts. With all the ambitions of a true soldier, I pledged myself to the Girl Scouts of America, and I diligently set out to pass my first test. I am sorry to say that I never succeeded in acquiring the amount of knowledge required of a Tenderfoot scout, for the first rule of scouting I was asked to learn was "Be cheerful."

This perpetual smiling business got the best of me and I became the most evil tempered member of our family. My brother's suggestion of, "Come on Sis—smile—be happy" resulted in a good kick on his shins. There was no word in the English language that I so detested as the word "smile". As a child I was forced to smile and people thought I was a silly, grinning, little idiot. Today my family realizes that I am not the possessor of any super-human qualities of cheerfulness, but that I am the owner of a very ornery temper. I am not an egotist when I say I might have been the very sweetest tempered young lady of our town. When my family reminds me of my ugly disposition, I put the blame on them, for will parents ever learn not to force ideas on their children? The sorrowful results of my parents' efforts to force smiles on me will surely be a lesson to other parents to let their children's character building take its natural course.

Jean Cannon, '30

"MEMORIES IN A GIFT SHOP"

It was the attractively decorated window with its many tantalizing curios and gifts that tempted me to enter the little gift shop. Inside it, four yellow canaries sang cheerfully from their cages of gold and blue. Gate-leg tables were scattered about the shop, bearing fascinating looking jewelry, carved ivory, and bits of jade, which made one quickly ask the price and then, one generally turned to look for more probable and possible things to purchase, as did I.

"A book is always a suitable gift," suggested the proprietor, who was a beautifully dressed young woman.

My eyes fell upon three books that lay upon a table. One was covered in yellow with black printing, another was a vivid red and the third a dark green. Glancing at the authors of each, my heart fairly leapt in my breast.

"Could it be possible?" I wondered. If so, it was certainly a strange coincidence.

Yes, there boldly glared the names Winona Gay, James Harriman, and Dennis Mitchell, respectively, on the books before me.

All three, I was acquainted with, for at the time of the war I had worked as a Red Cross nurse with Winona Gay. For ten months we had been stationed together in an old Chateau in northern France, which was then used as a hospital for the Allies.

At this time, each new wounded soldier that was brought to the Chateau made Winona hold her breath for fear it was the man she loved—Jimmy Harriman—coming back from the fields, wounded for life. Jimmy had always loved Winona, I surmised, for he was ten years her senior, and for many years Winona had thought of him as a brother only, thinking that it was to see her brother Bill that Jimmy came so often to her home.

Then, a change came over Winona and she began to see slowly that it was *she* whom Jimmy came to see. At first she loved him through admiration, but as time went on her love grew seemingly deeper until one day she promised to marry him.

The crash came then, breaking the calm as a sudden terrifying thunder-clap—WAR! The word hissed its horrible meaning into the hearts of the people. Jimmy was twenty-eight. He must go across. He must do that much for his country. Winona? What of her?

Jimmy sailed in June, and in September, Winona followed. Her destination happened to be the Chateau where I was on duty and that was how I happened to meet her.

We worked together here for several unexciting weeks until one day a tall, dark, handsome-looking young man was brought into the ward. The only noticeable-looking trouble with him, aside from a badly splintered arm, was a severe gash on his forehead which was soon neatly dressed with white gauze. He was perhaps twenty-two, and although his eyes had a sad look in them I could see that he had lived a happy-go-lucky, peaceful life before the war. He had, no doubt, been accustomed to luxuries and wealth for through his forced sun-shiney nature, a tinge of unrest and discomfort concerning his surroundings could be felt. Winona saw him one afternoon for the first time since he had been in the Chateau those few days. Was it love at first sight that made them glare unconsciously at each other so? Winona was the first to change her gaze and she turned her attention to the window, where the sun made her hair look pure gold, but Dennis Mitchell still looked at her, as if he was afraid she would suddenly disappear like some vision. A flare of excitement showed in his eyes and one could see that Dennis was now quite willing to be an invalid at the Chateau.

It was then that I thought of Jimmy, poor boy. He did care so much for Winona and he thought of course she would marry him after the War.

Weeks passed, and one day Winona told me that she and Dennis were going to be married in but a few days.

"Why, Winona, what of Jimmy?" I asked.

"I don't love him. I never could make him happy now loving Dennis as I do," she responded.

The day before her elopement with Dennis a telegram came to Winona from Chateau

Thierry. It was there that Jimmy had been for the last six months, and this was the first bit of news Winona had heard from him during that time. Nervously she read the message, and then turned ashen. DEATH! The telegram was from Jimmy's buddy saying that Jimmy had been killed at the battle front.

It was no wonder that Winona was nearly crazy with grief and the sudden shock that was so horrible, for Jimmy had played an important part, after all, in her life.

* * * * * * *

Months later I received a letter from Winona telling me that she had just married Dennis Mitchell—nothing was said about Jimmy. Evidently she was happy, even so, in her own little world.

* * * * * * *

Again, I looked at the three books before me on the gift shop table. Reading the preface in the book written by James Harriman I learned that he had not been killed in battle but had narrowly escaped death. In his latest book "Ashen Roses", he showed plainly that some influence or factor in his life had been responsible for his cynical outlook on life.

"Winona," I thought and then turned to the other two books. The summaries of these showed that they were both about the war, but an entirely different philosophy was mentioned as their ideas upon life. Gaiety—happiness—contentment, was their reaction after the war.

"And why not? Hadn't their own happiness turned out just as they had hoped it would?"

Strange that these three books should be lying together when the author's lives had been so closely linked. It was such a coincidence that my face must have still shown surprise, for the charming young owner of the shop noticed my queer expression as I stared at the books, and hastened to tell me that they had just come in, as they were war novels—much in demand now.

Suddenly, I wondered what kind of a book would be Winona's next one if she saw *first* the name James Harriman carved deeply into the dark red bound book, "Ashen Roses".

Janice Whittaker.

THE NECKLACE

It warmly presses
With its heavy quaintness,
For someway, thru the years,
Its length has grown—
And precious stones
Are set in every part.
Are emeralds the rarest gems
In all the world?
Milady smiles and nods,
And then remembers
The chain of friendships
That she wears.

Margaret A. Wethern, '29

GUILTY

The report rang out in the quietness of the early evening—it seemed to be followed by an acute echo. The woman dropped the smoking pistol she held in her hand. Her first impulse was to place her trembling hands over her ears and shut out the sound of that shot and its answering echo that still penetrated in her dazed brain—she gazed with fascinated horror at the man before her. She swayed slightly, then she squared her shoulders as if to brace herself—and turned rapidly. She walked over to the other side of the room to a desk and picked up a French telephone—

"Police headquarters—immediately," she said.

"Hello—police headquarters? This is Mrs. Daniel Courte, 482 Riverside Drive. I have just murdered my husband, Dr. Daniel Courte."

She spoke in a matter of fact tone. She seemed more the calm, poised society woman she had been than the cold blooded murderess she was now.

Five minutes later she answered the door. She admitted two detectives who had with them a warrant for her arrest.

"Gentlemen—I am ready! I committed the crime. Now I am ready to pay the extreme penalty. The gun you will find near the body. There are no witnesses whatever because there were no servants in the house at the time. I attended to that—"

Her face assumed a rather cunning, shrewd expression. She continued: "I am ready—

Gentlemen—my wrap is lying over that chair—if you please—"

She pointed to it. The men, hard-boiled as they were, looked at her, horror and incredulousness written all over them. Finally one of them remembered his duty.

"Madame, we have to ask you to be seated. We will stay here until the coroner arrives and see that no one touches the body."

She didn't answer but she smiled coldly and walked over to a chair in the huge reception hall.

Ten minutes later the coroner, his assistants and the usual staff of reporters arrived. All of them stared at her questioningly. She didn't seem to notice them.

Marie Courte, thirty odd, tall, dark complexioned, striking looking, and in every sense a woman of social rank, pulled her wrap securely around her lovely shoulders and passed out the door of her Riverside Drive mansion, accompanied by two plain clothes men. She entered a patrol wagon as she would undoubtedly enter her own Packard limousine.

When her trial came up three months later, it was a sensation and the courtroom was composed largely of quite a select gathering. Society flocked there, eminent psychologists and doctors came too to study this woman on trial for life, who seemed so unconcerned with everything around her. Writers were there who wanted to characterize her somehow, either in a novel or a drama. Then there were the sensation seekers and those who always managed to squeeze in at every trial.

Evidence was very much against her, first of all because she admitted the guilt. There were no witnesses, she had a motive for the crime, and the shot that killed him was fired with the gun she had used.

The last day of the trial arrived. There seemed to be a tense, excited feeling throughout the courtroom. The accused woman ascended the stand for the last time. She was sworn in. She was again asked to testify.

"I have nothing more to say except I am guilty. My motive was concerned with family affairs—it is not necessary to bring that in though the court wishes me to. I refuse to tell the details of my reasons for killing my husband."

The prosecuting attorney arose. "Madame, how many shots did you fire?"

"One."

"Are you sure it wasn't two?"

"I'm almost positive it was but one."

"The deceased was shot through the heart with a twenty-two calibre revolver. Another bullet was found recently, lodged in the arm of the chair where he sat. This, too, was shot from a twenty-two calibre revolver."

"Maybe I did fire two shots and didn't realize it at the time."

The prosecutor seemed satisfied. "That is all."

He took his seat.

The attorney for the defense arose. He received the approval of the court to present his cross examination.

"Where did you get the pistol you shot your husband with?"

"From a pistol holder on the wall of his study."

"How many pistols does this holder accommodate?"

"Two."

"Why wasn't there one left after you took the other out?"

"There was only one in it at the time."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Have you ever seen both of them in there?"

"Yes."

"What is the description of the other one?"

"I don't know."

"Were they similar?"

"I don't remember."

The attorney straightened. "Well, I now inform the court they were exactly alike. Twin pistols. I have traced them down to where they were bought and have definite proof. They were twin 22 calibre revolvers. Inasmuch as the prosecutor has pointed out there were two shots fired, and, madame, the accused, believes she fired but one shot, it is likely she did not commit the murder. But

where is the other gun and who might have fired the other shot?"

Everyone seemed stunned. Suddenly a cry —or a weird shriek issued from a woman's throat in the rear of the courtroom. A shabbily dressed woman arose. She staggered down the aisle.

"Yes, yes, he's right. Another gun—I have it. I done it. I killed him, damn him."

She pulled a weapon from a cheap purse she clutched in her hands.

"Here it is—I shot him."

She laughed fiendishly.

The judge rapped for order.

"Silence—you may take the stand, Madame."

She laughed hysterically.

"Awright—don't care if I do get in the coop fer life—or the chair—My life aint anything but a living Hell since Jimmy died."

Her voice broke off in a heart-broken sob.

Someone assisted her to the witness chair. She trembled violently. As she sat there one could see she was prematurely aged. Her clothes were literally in tatters—her body formless—it was so thin. Her face was pinched and starved looking. Only her eyes looked strong and determined. She was sworn in.

"Yes and by God I'm telling the truth—all of it. Him, the dead man, he killed my son Jimmy. Jim was a cripple and Dr. Courte was tendin' him. One night when I expected him he didn't come. He was to bring medicine 'cause Jim was getting worser. He died that night and he wouldn't of if the doctor had come so I killed him for he killed Jim—and the boy was all I ever loved. I was scrub woman for them—for her over there and him—drat him—and that's how I got him to take care of the boy in the first place.

"After Jim died, I planned my revenge. I took the gun and the day I heard her tell the servants they could leave, I knew that would be "my day". So I hid 'till they all left and then I crept upstairs. I heard she and him having a brawl about her father or somethin' so I knew they couldn't hear me. I hid behind the curtain—between the hall and the parlor. They stopped fighting. He sat down. She ran out of the room. She went right past me. I got ready to shoot him and then she entered the parlor with a gun through another door. She shot and then I did—but she didn't get him. I did—"

The woman sank in her chair.

Marie Courte arose. For the first time she seemed agitated.

"I killed him. She's just trying to save me. Now I remember another shot. At the time I thought it was the echo of mine—but when I shot—he fell."

The other woman arose threateningly.

"I fired the shot that finished him. I done it I told you."

It seemed to be a battle between two women gone mad for the title of murderess.

"The court will come to order," the judge rapped decisively.

"They rest in the hands of the jury. They will now deliberate as to who is guilty and what the penalty will be."

Three hours later the jury filed in. The foreman of the jury arose.

"We find the accused, Mrs. Courte, not guilty due to the fact that there is a question as to who committed the actual murder and since it can never be solved, we do not feel we should condemn both women."

"Case dismissed," said the Judge.

Helene Swick, '29.

THE SILVER LADY

The silver moon
Rides a jet-black steed
Silently, slowly
Sedately she goes.
From East to West
She rides, clothed
In a cloudy mist
Cold and proud.
She gazes beneath her
Starry path on the
Feeble lights below
And higher rides—
For she knows
No mortal is blind
To her superior charms.
And the world still gazes
Enchanted and adoring
While the silver moon
Rides her jet-black steed.

Harriet Hewins, '29.

DO YOU LIKE POETRY?

Do you like poetry? If you don't, you should try hard to do so, for poetry, they tell us, is "the embodiment in appropriate rhythmical language, usually metrical, of beautiful or high thought, or motion, or imagination." "Surely we cannot afford to neglect what is fine and noble in recorded thought, emotion or imagination." We have also other definitions, perhaps better, perhaps not. Says Shelley, "Poetry in a general sense, is the expression of imagination;" Carlyle calls it, "Musical thought." Think what it offers for our delight and helping and how it can benefit us, if we are intelligently interested. In poetry one finds universal and ideal truths presented by many of the great thinkers of the ages. All great nations, both ancient and modern, have contributed to the poetic treasures of the world! Poetry has something to suit all our moods. however different, and from it we may derive endless enjoyment and comfort. To one in a meditative mood, poetry offers rich treasure of that sort. Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra", for example, suggests new and interesting ideas for meditation, or, after having watched an especially lovely sunset, or admiring the beauties of an autumn landscape, a reader of Wordsworth can gain from his poems a new conception and deeper appreciation of nature. Shakespeare gives us in his deathless poetic dramas wonderful plots and incomparable characterizations. If one feels depressed, there is verse both light and gay to show the happy side of life. Here is a little poem by Karle Wilson Baker, which I think expresses in a delicate way both the mood of depression and that of cheerfulness.

Some days my thoughts are just cocoons,
all cold, and dull, and blind,
They hang from dripping branches in
the grey woods of my mind;
And other days they drift and shine—
such free and flying things!
I find the gold-dust in my hair, left
by their brushing wings."

The lover of beautiful descriptions should search the poets for he can find none so beautiful in prose as in poetry. Where can you find in prose as beautiful a description of a cloud as this one, by Shelley in "The Cloud":—

"That orbed maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon—
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels bear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these."

Sometimes, when our thoughts are spiritually bent, we can make them seem more so and can feel that God is closer to us, if we will but read some of our great hymns. Surely, every person has moods, and if they are pleasant moods, poetry can make them more pleasant; or, if they are mean and ugly they can be made happier and lovelier by honestly and intelligently reading the poems suited to such a frame of mind. I know, for I have tried it; and any who will only try, I feel sure, that you too, will also find it brings great pleasure. As this is the fall of the year, I like to read Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," especially the first four stanzas.

"O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear.

How could that ever be expressed in prose, with such great comparisons and pictures? It could not be; for the rhythm seems to give us

the very feeling of the wind blowing and scattering the fallen leaves.

If you don't like poetry, I should fear that there is something lacking in you, yet it may only be because you haven't honestly tried, haven't taken the time to think out and get the real substance of the poet's thought. If this be so, do not any longer deprive yourself of the joy and pleasure awaiting you in poetry.

V. S., '25.

THE OPAL RING

'Way down on Thirteenth Avenue
A worn old ring doth lie,
Tucked in a pawn-shop's window,
To cheer the traveler's eye.

Spirited, sunlit, sparkling,
Filled with the sunset fire,
The mysterious opal reposes,
Stirring the heart's desire.

Scurry and hustle, bustle and tussle. The children skip here and there, and everywhere there is a general commotion. The Bowery is awake! and life is stirring again for another day of expectancy. Here comes the postman! What news does he bring? Perhaps some poor creature is happy in an unexpected stroke of good fortune amid this human strife and struggle for existence. Discouraged husbands and worn old fathers patiently straggle along the side-walks pursuing each his own particular occupation. Away down in a little pawn-shop on Thirteenth Avenue, "Pop Swedsky" lifted his window-curtain and hung out his sign, "Open for Business"—a business dealing in stolen treasure implying often enough lost ideals, unhappiness, and broken hearts. A dull, drab, old pawn-shop window, but look! The opal ring there is awake and is restless with the coming of another day. Gay little opal ring on its shabby velvet cushion in the dingy old window! The pawn-broker is its tender guardian, "Pop Swedsky." What news does he bring? Why, that everyone must be happy, for some good fortune lies ahead, and this is a wonderful world, despite our strife and struggle for human existence. Wise old philosopher, Pop Swedsky!

Spirited little messenger of glad-tidings, reposing on your bed of soft, mellow satin, what troubles are you masking behind your joyful countenance? And now the sun's golden rays send a flood of lovely light into the window to bathe the store with a celestial luminousness. A man shrinks by—a traveler far from his own Arabian desert. The glints catch his eye and he stops. Ah, why does he stand so still, half-dazed? 'Tis the mellow golden and deeper ochre lights in that little opal ring which recall to his mind the picture of his home-land. The burning sands sprinkled with groups of gaily-clothed horsemen, and the peaceful oasis with its few palm trees pass before his eyes, only to linger and accuse. Exile is such a price to pay for folly! As he gazes new thoughts are born, a new ambition to better what of his existence is left comes over him, and with one lingering look, he passes thoughtfully on his way. Oh, little opal ring, what powers lurk within your small compass!

Hobbling along, dragging her over-burdened body to market, a gardener's wife is stopped by her besetting love of trinkets and gold. Rebellious orange and green streaks sparkle and play about the gems in the window. "Cheer up and play with us," they seem to say. But, too tired for play the woman only for a moment dreams of younger days, when she tripped along the shores of Sunny Italy; or in more pensive mood, wandered, a merry child, hand in hand with playmates over the mossy green hills, resting at intervals to steal a flower from its dewy bed. What changes in our lives are wrought by time. And now in this new country of ours, having thus stolen for a brief time back into that beloved past, she returns to workaday reality. Yet life is not quite the same now; she has been freed by the sweet dream from a part at least of her sadness and of the weariness of her toil-worn body. Resting upon this she goes on to market, full of plans and determination. In what unthought-of places do we find our inspirations!

And now a Greek lad, with curly midnight head bent to the ground, paces along to his business place. Azure and emerald flash in his eyes, and he, too, pauses to find the source of

the gleam. Oh! That tiny harmless circlet, hiding behind a fold of its satin bed, peeps mischievously out to shoot forth yet another ray of sunshine gold. A Spanish chum grasps our Greek by the arm, and tries to pull him away, when his gaze also is arrested by the fiery red and deep purple of the little messenger. He stops, drawn by he knows not what, and thinks of the home-folk far away in stately and beloved Spain. Still thinking of his native land stretching along the shores of the Mediterranean, the Greek now steals away, while the other lad braces himself and vows to win his way proudly. Wherein lies the tiny secret of your lovely color, to touch, to mould those who gaze upon you? The sun leaves the sky, royally bespread with clouds of mauve and the small sparkler, the opal is enveloped by dusk, his cheerful message being veiled from the eyes of men. It awaits a new day, hidden the while behind a curtain of dusky twilight sprinkled with twinkling stars.

M. T., '26

THE SEA

Wild and free, wild and free
This is the song of the sea
Hissing and churning
Fantastic twirling,
Thunderous pounding
Hysterical bounding.
This is a storm at the sea.

Jet and silver, jet and silver
This is the moon and the sea
Swaying and shim'ring
Exotic glim'ring
Soft silken glowing
Black oily flowing
This is a night at the sea.

Blue and gold, blue and gold
This is the sun and the sea
Brilliant and blinding
Wantonly winding
Superbly sweeping
Laughing and leaping
This is a storm at sea.

Cool and strong, cool and strong
This is the touch of the sea
Rushing and pressing
Coolly caressing
Buoyantly lifting
Peacefully drifting
This is the feel of the sea.

Beatrice Adam, '30.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. The Tea Dance—From One Who Did NOT Go

They say—

That the favored young gentlemen who were asked, were so eager that everyone accepted and a few rash young ladies had *three* on their hands to get dances for.

That—there was a special policeman by the stop light on the corner because the citizens of Auburndale complained about the heavy traffic around Lasell Seminary.

That—there have been quite a few cases of neck-strain reported—a majority of the cases being among those whose windows give onto the front driveway. Strange, isn't it?

That—the fashion style for men seems to be derbies and dark blue overcoats. Overshoes were *not* worn as a general thing. Of course, raccoon coats were much in evidence.

And

The orchestra was unanimously called "hot" and that together with the gayly decorated chapel made it quite a festive occasion. One little banner, it is said, got lost in the rush of taking them down and was discovered by the fond owner during vespers the following evening, causing much embarrassment to said owner.

And

Wonder of ALL Wonders! the pictures of the old Grads did *not* fall from their places in horror and astonishment as "he" strode down the passageway, but, on the contrary, seemed to take on a highly amused air as if they wanted to say "Think you're smart, don't you. You needn't look so superior. We had our times in *our* day!"

And

I almost forgot—there was such a scuffle for seats behind the organ that tickets will be sold two weeks in advance next time!

F. B., '29.

2. Another Girls' School Brawl

The room was beautifully decorated with orange and blue crepe paper and balloons. In

the corners of the room the class banners of the same hue hung on the walls. Two by two lovely dressed girls came walking in, talking in a loud and gay manner. Their beautiful, long, evening dresses of the softest shades of pink, blue, orange, orchid, and other colors rustled as they passed by. Several elderly women stepped to the front of the room where a huge white sheet hung mysteriously from the ceiling. As the two women placed their hands on the sheet the girls stopped motionless and with awed expressions on their faces fixed their eyes on the two women. The women looked at each other and one said, "Shall we or shall we not?" As the other nodded "we shall," the girls gave a deep sigh and turned their glances with a trembling look toward the sheet. The women pulled the sheet down and—there—believe it or not stood five real men! It was just another girls' school getting broad-minded and decided to give the girls a look at the orchestra!

J. V. C.

3. It's a Great Life!

They say a "change of pasture is good for any cow," but have you ever tried moving to a busy, noisy city after seventeen years of quiet, peaceful country life? Have you ever moved from a spacious country home to a little six-room, third-floor apartment? Cows may need a change of pasture but to natural born suburban folks such a change of environment is tragic.

My father is a staunch believer in the fact that it is beneficial for one to have a change of atmosphere and surroundings, and that it is easy to acclimate oneself to new life. Thus it is that within the past six months father has changed his little family of six from country folks to city people.

It was last summer that father realized that his children had reached the stage where they could cross traffic jammed streets safely, and that they no longer believed the big, bad bandit stories about the city of Chicago. Father's nomadic spirit—common to all his ancestors—was aroused and he decided that we must be off to the "windy" city. No longer would we be the Cannons of Centerville. We must be the Chicago Cannons or better yet the "Cannons" of the "Gold Coast", and we would live with the elite in Chicago's most choice district—the south shore.

So we shook the hay from our clothes, tied a few choice pictures, chairs and other relics on one side of the car, our two dogs, and the bird cage on the other side, and headed south.

Father selected a third floor apartment for us and we prepared ourselves to be city "slickers" and so called "flat dwellers". The weeks that followed this preparation were not as tragic to us as they were to our neighbors. Time after time they vowed we were a bunch of "hayseeds" and that we should return to the country. To us city life was rollicking sport and we entered into it with vim and vigor; however, the place had its peculiarities and caused all of us to make mistakes.

For instance, Don, my oldest brother, could not manipulate the elevator. He would get on it, expect to get off at the third floor, and immediately shoot up to the fifth floor. Then he would press the button again, but this time the elevator would take him to the first floor. After a half hour of having his "ups and downs" he would proceed to climb the stairs, and would arrive on the third floor puffing and blowing.

Doug, my youngest brother, who had been trained for country life made "faux pas'" like the rest of us. His pet diversion in this apartment life was talking through the tube in the hallway. He would refuse to go out the door, or come up stairs without getting some member of the family to converse with him through the tube. His first error came when he accidently rang the bell for first floor instead of the third. Someone shouted through the tube—"hello." Doug yelled back, "Let me in, sis, that darned Irish lady on the first floor is cooking cabbage and it's about smelling me out of here." Doug's reply, however, was heard only by the so-called "darned Irish lady" who answered, "Yes and begory I'd like to be sendin' you back to the country."

We all had our share in adding to our neighbor's displeasure. My brother, Sam, followed Doug's little escapade and evidently got into the wrong apartment one evening after he had returned from participating in a little city night life. He thought he had counted three floors but evidently he had skipped a floor for he found himself crawling in bed beside Professor Stevenson, our fellow neighbor who dwelled above us.

The following morning I contributed to the family's popularity by forgetting that people lived below us and I emptied a dish pan full of water on the back porch. Immediately I heard cries of "Oy my nize clean clothes—oy vot pipples." Yes, I had ruined poor Mrs. Rosenbaum's laundry with the greasy dish water.

Each day the neighbors' visits became more frequent. They would tell us that if my brothers did not stop doing the Charleston the ceiling would cave in, or that our dogs had bit their children and dug up their grass seed. They objected further by saying that it was impossible to enjoy their homes with an amusement park or night club continually going on above them.

Poor father was bewildered at our unpopularity. Slowly and surely we were losing our friends, and slowly but not so surely we were getting accustomed to our new life. Each day brought new complaints about such trivial matters as using the public laundry tubs to bathe our dogs in, or else I was highly reprimanded for picking the flowers in the front yard. We soon became convinced that we were not living at home, but that this must be a hotel.

This was followed by a yearning for the old home town, and a longing to be a "suburbanite" once again. Not even city life was happy without friendly neighbors. Just as we would be about to return to Centerville, father would sign a truce with the families above us and below us, and then peace and happiness would reign supreme for about a week. Just as one of these quiet spells would come upon us and we would begin to regain our neighbors' friendship, Sam and Doug would stage a boxing match in the front room, and shake down Mrs. Rosenbaum's chandelier, or Don would forget his key and proceed to wake the family by throwing stones at the windows which would invariably hit the second, fourth, or fifth floor instead of the third floor windows. Again the neighbors would arise to defend themselves.

So our family life ran in series of order and peace to disorder and war. In spite of this we have stuck to our new surroundings, and, believe it or not, we are still living in that little third floor apartment, father is still wondering if his children will ever attain those tamed qualities of the city people, we are still unconsciously doing wrong, and father is still signing peace treaties with the neighbors. Whether this so-called change of "pasture" has been good for us or not is hard to say but —oh well—it's a great life and as yet we have not weakened.

J. V. C.

4. Lasell—Fifty Years Hence

Imagine Lasell opening for a new term fifty years hence:

It is the twentieth of November, 1979, and Lasell is just opening its fall term. I say November because they have added another month to the calendar which adds one more month to vacation time. Everything is noise and confusion as it always has been and always will be whether the date of the opening is 1898 or 1979. But what a difference!

In the first place, in front of the school is a huge landing place for the airplanes which bring the girls. You hear such cries as:

"Oh, yes, we made it in four hours from Chicago, my dear, awfully slow time, but Dad was piloting and you know how one's family is when it comes to time in an airplane!"

And:

"Really, I think I'll commute this year, with New York only one hour away, and since I am getting a new plane of my own for my birthday next week, there really is no sense in my living at school."

But one thing that remains the same is the Old Girl instructing the New:

"So you're from Petrograd, Russia. Well, well. I'm from Shanghai, China—just a short ways away from you. Funny I haven't seen you before. We used to fly up to Russia for dances a lot this summer. Oh, well, never mind that now. I suppose you want to see the place, come along."

"Now, that imposing edifice is called Bragdon Hall. It burned down a long time ago, way back in '29 they say, so this one is only about fifty years old. I like the marble floors, don't you? This is the chapel. Yes, the organ is automatic. When my grandmother went here one of the girls had to play every morning. Imagine! And they had to go! Why now nothing is compulsory, except Orphean, and I guess that always will be. We have a neat new gym with special reducing room combined, but you will see so much of that the rest of the year that you won't want to see it now. Let's look at some of the rooms. Here's an escalator. We'll ride up on this and see where it takes us."

The New Girl:

"Oh, what darling rooms! I love all this modernistic furniture, don't you? And—shower, swimming pool and bath combined to every three girls, so they can all get clean at once. That is a good idea. Why, Grandmother said she had to stand in line sometimes when she went here. I like the sleeping porches too. What is this? A beauty parlor and kitchenette on each floor? I am so glad, I thought perhaps I would have to go home every week-end to get my complexion treated. Let's visit some more places. Interval of five minutes while they go down on the escalator and out of Bragdon.

Old Girl:

"This is the conservatory. We have fresh flowers every morning. We also have a hothouse and any kind of fruit that we want, but they never seem to get good strawberries in December. Funny, isn't it, how things never seem to taste the same as they do at home?"

"Those houses you see opposite are all Senior Houses. I think there are ten now. There used to be only five when Grandmother was here. Awfully slow, don't you think, when there were only so few here. No, you can't go in those until after Open House. Another old tradition. I was always falling over those things last year. Never mind, you'll get used to them.

"Oh I want to show you something. Now, this is the picture gallery. Just look at the things they used to wear. For instance, the class of '29—aren't they queer looking? Look at this one's hair. I think they called it a "wind-blown," or something like that. And they must have been letting their hair grow, too, because this looks like an old-fashioned actress with it behind her ears. I suppose they thought that looked too romantic for words in those days. But you can't blame them for they didn't know."

New Girl:

"What a cute fraternity chain you are wearing. How is it you only have five pins on it so far. Oh, I see, the beginning of the year. You know they used to think it was improper if you had more than one. And that was considered binding.

Old Girl:

"I'm getting hungry. Let's get a bunch of girls and get the twelve passenger plane and fly up to Montreal for dinner. I have a license. Come on, I know of a darling place to eat."

New Girl:

"All right, let's get late per and go to New York later. I must change now, and I'll meet you at the landing field in five minutes. As they say in Russia—see you when the government changes."

F. B.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. An Impression

It was as I pictured,
A success!
The chapel so effective
Banners, ferns, pillows—
The orchestra's mellow tones
A background for every mood
Not merely jazz—
With the sound of feet to challenge.
Colors—
Quiet, cool, unobtrusive
Colors—
Flaming, vivid, triumphant
Intermingled for beauty's sake
For the while.
Everything so warm and homey
Everyone so cordial
Every face so happy
At our first Tea Dance.

Peggy Heath, '29.

2. The Future Lasell

I have an imaginative mind.
Have you?
Can you imagine Lasell of the future
Her portals open to student life?
Can you imagine her new figure?
Strong, lovely, stately.
In her walls enthroned
Past and future.
Her standard at its height—
See her head held against the sky
Her mind intent on youth's progress.
This new Lasell!
Her lamp still bright and clear,
Can't you see her new gymnasium, classrooms, chapel?
Now bear with me, for I falter—
Can you see her new rules?
Longer week-ends with cuts—
More dances with men—
Less work for all.
I have an imaginative mind,
Have you?

Peggy Heath, '29.

3. The Flu

The flu it comes and makes us sniff
And sneeze and snort and blow;
It makes us wish we'd never been
It hurts our inards so.

We dope and mope and hope and pray,
And toast our weary bones;
We help find Sis a handkerchief
And hear Aunt Sally's moans.

We search for Papa's aspirin
And Cousin Helen's grease,
And when we think our troubles o'er
We find it cannot cease.

For oh, good grief, we have it
We bark and sniffle too;
We're caught within the awful clutch
That dreadful curse—the flu!

L. Elizabeth Strober, '30.

4. Relief—"Hope It's Not a Lasell Girl"

A college girl came home one day
To visit Pa and Ma;
She'd been away for three whole months
And she was full of "bla."

She "lept" from off the limited
And almost knocked me down;
She wore a pair of city socks!
And a greatly shortened gown.

Her joys came forth in whoopee,
Her suitcase stickers bore;
She coyly lit a cigarette,
And very faintly swore!

She read her College Humor
While Pa cranked up the Ford;
She simply couldn't bear the thing
The car that Pa adored.

When three whole weeks had loudly passed
The old folks sang a song;
Pa spit again and looked at Ma
"Thank God," says he, "She's gone."

L. Elizabeth Strober, '30.

5. Fate

Some say that fate is kind to them
Others say so too;
Still others whine and moan and say
Their skies are never blue.

Some people grunt with aches and pains
And some don't grunt at all;
And those who sing and laugh at fate
Can smile on those who fall.

And if you blame bad luck to fate
You'll sooner or later find
That sorrow is not fate at all
But just your state of mind.

L. Elizabeth Strober, '30.

EDITORIALS

WHY TRAVEL?

Because travelling includes a wealth of new experiences it is a very important stage in the process of acquiring an education. We say that experience is the greatest teacher, so if that is true, we certainly should recognize travel as a very important factor in our lives. Any traveller who has the slightest interest in his surroundings cannot escape that knowledge which he picks up from his observations, both of the physical and human features of the country he visits. Of course he must have the will and desire to profit by his experiences and to make the best of all the opportunities which come his way. It is not the sight-seeing which counts, but the extent to which he exerts himself to broaden his education as a result of it.

It was once suggested by an explorer that every traveller should make himself an explorer in order to get the most out of his journeys. He must not be satisfied with observing only the things he sees on the surface. He will be interested to delve deeper and find out how the physical features of a country have affected the lives of its inhabitants. To explore means to search out. So, if a traveller makes himself an explorer he will be rewarded for his efforts by an increase of not only a mass of information but in his qualities of appreciation.

As a rule we are generally interested in the scene which the landscape presents. We delight in its variety, the majestic mountains, awe-inspiring rocks, rushing rivers and waterfalls, dense forests, broad plains and expanses of desert. But if at the same time one had some idea of the formation of it all how much more of interest it might have held. Those rocks which filled one with awe might have a wonderful story to tell, of ages long ago. Those broad plains might once have been a blue sea of water instead of a sea waving with corn and wheat. One begins to have a keener interest in one's daily bread if one has seen it growing in its raw state. Exports and imports are no longer a dull subject but things which now have a local habitation and a name.

To the casual traveller conditions under which the people of the world live is always fascinating. It is astonishing to discover to what degree civilization varies. In a certain section the traveller-explorer may find a flourishing agricultural region with a bustling city nearby, over-crowded with people of all kinds and types, abounding in all those institutions which are considered the marks of a high civilization. And not so many miles away can be reached, nestled amongst the mountains, an occasional village made up of a dozen cottages, crudely built, sheltering people who have little knowledge of the world just outside. In the one may be an extensive, fully-equipped school, whereas in the other a tiny cabin houses those who want to learn the three Rs. In the one is a many-towered, many spired church, the achievement of a famous architect, whereas in the other is a small, single-spired structure within whose walls the people devoutly worship. What astonishment would be witnessed in the eyes of those simple folk if they could but visit the city, modern civilization's supreme accomplishment.

A great many travellers find the study of the varied forms of government a matter of great interest and enlightenment. Here is a

(Continued on page 30)



NAMES FOR

1, Hilda Doyle; 2, Mildred Walker; 3, Dorothea Clark; 4, Eleanor Pitcher; 5, Harriet Holt; 6, Clarice Liscomb
13, Mary Elizabeth Thomas; 14, Jane Gray; 15, Isabelle Daggett; 16, Emily Crump; 17, Julia Tiffany; 18, Phyl
Gladys Judge; 25, Jeannette Smith; 26, June Pankhurst; 27, Mary Groff, 28, Margaret Contrell; 29,, Margar
Helene Swick; 36, Marjorie Knowles; 37, Barbara Goodell; 38, Betty Lyman; 39, Katherine Braithwaite
Korper; 46, Jean Ayr; 47, Preble Borden; 48, Ruth Rowbotham; 49, Julia Clausen; 50, Marjorie Schall
Schwartz; 57, Dorothy Hayward; 58, Marion Simpson; 59, Marjorie Billings; 60, Barbara Wilson; 61, Elizabeth
Wells; 68, Florence Zacharias; 69, Esther Sunderland; 70, Edna Bickford; 71, Barbara Peirce; 72, Olive Fren
Ellenberger; 79, Jeannete White; 80, Catherine Whiley; 81, Marjorie Parrish; 82, Mary E. Simpkins; 83, Nan S
Charlotte Brooks; 90, Louise Thompson; 91, Alice Light; 92, Catherine Morley; 93, Marjorie Kuehn; 94, Janet
Jeanette Greene; 101, Doris Fogg; 102, Theresa Sweeney; 103, Helen Johnston; 104, Doris Baldwin; 105, Jessie
Frazier; 112, Mildred Gaffney; 113, Eleanor Mullins; 114, Dorothy Meeker; 115, Natalie Ames; 116, Dorothy Y
Alderman; 123, Martha Adams; 124, Edith Fulton; 125, Mary Kemper; 126, Marjorie Magune; 127, Betty J. Dav
erine Drake; 134, Bernice Symonds; 135, Mildred McElevein; 136, Jean Cannon; 137, Martha Hofmann; 138, Dorc
Gladys Vuilleumier; 146, Adelaide Murken; 147, Gertrude Stone; 148, Marion Crosby; 149, Catherine Dow; 150, F
Barbara Qualkinbush; 157, Grace Johnston; 158, Marjorie Richards; 159, Adelaide Pilcher; 160, Eleanor Raymor
166, Shirley Haskell; 167, Catherine McLean; 168, Alice Bohn; 169, Elizabeth Rogers; 170, Elizabeth Day; 171, H
Winifred Felch; 178, Charlotte Fredericks; 179, Dorothy Robertson; 180, Charlotte Sherman; 181, Bertha Burnhar
Barber; 188, Doris Hatch; 189, Marion Neave; 190, Ruth Richardson; 191, Jean Fosdick; 192, Emma Thompson;
Dudley; 199, Dorothy Herring; 200, Janice Whittaker; 201, Katherine Fitch; 202, Mildred Hill; 203, Clara D
209, Elsie Moore; 210, Corinne Cowdrey; 211, Jessie Taylor; 212, Ruth Wheaton; 213, Elizabeth Hunter; 214,
Geraldine Andrews; 221, Dorothy Rhodes; 222, Evangeline Couture; 223, Luz Calero; 224, Beatrice Adam; 2
Olga Johnson; 231, Eleanor Heineman; 232, Natalie Best; 233, Barbara Thompson; 234, Dorothy Trask; 235,
Case; 242, Dorothy Brown; 243, Marion Childs; 244, Natalie Whittaker; 245, Eunice Hall; 246, Eva Grossman;
mond; 253, Charlotte Donaldson; 254, Mary Faulkenham; 255, Eleanor Richards.

REUNIONS

1909

Any member of the Class of 1909 who has any suggestions for the twentieth reunion please communicate with Florence Swartwout Thomassen (Mrs. F. T.) whose address is 26 Ridgewood Terrace, Maplewood, N. J.

We trust that there will be many who will be near enough to return.

1924

Dear Classmates:

Are you planning to be back in June for fifth reunion? I hope so! There are indefinite plans revolving around a luncheon banquet at the University Club, Boston, and dinner at Lasell before the Class Night exercises.

If anyone has any further suggestions do write me. In any case, you'll hear from me later but start making your plans for June 3 and 4 now.

Best wishes, *Fran Badger.*



ICTURE

: Edwards; 8, Anna Colson; 9, Helen Ohm; 10, Priscilla Oby; 11, Lestra Hibberd; 12, Nancy Jane Mackie; Maude Williams; 20, Constance Chalmers; 21, Mary Barton; 22, Prudence Christy; 23, Marion Kingdon; 24, Constance Chase; 31, Barbara Powers; 32, Kathryn Kimble; 33, Leora Adams; 34, Muriel Hagerthy; 35, Willson; 41, Jeanne Greenlee; 42, Esther Angel; 43, Doris Gardner 44, Elizabeth Creelman; 45, Mary MacLeod; 52, Margaret Allen; 53, Dorothy Cole; 54, Louise Fischer; 55, Margaret Ward; 56 Dorothy Marjorie Churchill; 63, Dorothy England; 64, Jean Starkey; 65, Dorothy Siller; 66, Alice Pratt; 67, Elizabeth te Harvey; 74, Frances Mann; 75, Florence Fitch; 76, Eleanor Schrade; 77, Frances Brown; 78, Elizabeth garet Wethern; 85, Adelaide Miller; 86, Harriet Hewins; 87, Ruth McGovern; 88, Katherine Bedard; 89, , Marion Roberts; 96, Eleanor Humphrey; 97, Rosamond Cornell; 98, Helen Henry; 99, Eva Gardner; 100, , Joan Collier; 107, Evelyn Brownell; 108, Joyce Tucker ; 109, Elsie Morse; 110, Helen Roberts; 111, Eleanor tha Smith; 118, Frances Smith; 119, Ruth Doughty; 120, Mary Moss; 121, Emily Roberts; 122, Beatrice Pringle; 129, Rosalind Adams; 130, Ruth Erickson; 131, Eleanor Taylor; 132, Elizabeth Stroeber; 133, Kath- Helen Crego; 140, Harriett Rhodes; 142, Janet Haviland; 143, Mary Norton; 144, Marjorie Hubler; 145, 151, Dorothy Kaull; 152, Helen Jordan; 153 Marie Briggs; 154, Marion Streeter; 155, Dorothy Herron; 156, nd Roberts; 162, Natalie Converse; 163, Virginia Johnson; 164, Ruth Oppenheimer; 165, Sylvia Morgan; 72, Ida Murphy; 173, Muriel Cox; 174, Winifred Goud; 175, Caroline Jamieson; 176, Camille Williams; 177, Kelley; 183, Jeanette Gessner; 184, Harriett Kimberly; 185, Alyce Martin; 186, Clare Hightower; 187, Priscilla Weber; 194, Phyllis Dunning; 195, Anne Davidson; 196, Eileen Hancock; 197, Adele Kimball; 198, Juanita thy Douglass; 205, Marguerite Boyd; 206, Helen Whittle; 207, Catherine Chamberlain; 208, Phyllis Jensen; er; 215, Sarah Fletchall; 216, Priscilla Soule; 217, Rose O'Neill; 218, Marion Deehan; 219, Alta Smith; 220, ards; 226, Cathleen Comstock; 227, Gertrude Hooper; 228, Maurie Stewart; 229, Marguerite Ekdahl; 230, n; 236, Lavinia Greenblatt, 237, Alice Conried; 238, Anne Baker; 239, Evelyn Hart; 240, Julia Case; 241, Lois ey; 248, Helen Trautman, 249, Lois Van Iderstine; 250, Gladys Nettleton; 251, Adele Ahrens; 252, Anne Ray-

TORTURE

Laughingly, they torture those poor creatures,
That are not like them.
With self-complacent wisdom they crush the truant hearts,
Squeeze that throbbing organ
Till it fits the mold that they would have it fill.
Till its life blood runs out drop by drop.
Wounded, torn, and crushed the poor heart sinks
Wearily into the space allotted to it.
The rich red blood flowing fast away.
Somehow it flutters on with a fainter but still relentless throb.
The beat though once young and lusty,
Has lost its note of joy.
The heart once full and strong
Is shrivelled and dry.
It becomes a cold, hard crust still living on;
But the blood is gone and the lovely soul within it dead.

F. Fitch, '29

monarchy autocratically governed while on the other side of the border is a workingman's country just as autocratically presided over—Afghanistan and Russia. Another country with a supposedly constitutional monarchy and a flexible democratic form of Parlimentary state is ruled by a dictator who holds even the king in check, while not so far away, is the same kind of government in which the Prime Minister is at the mercy of the will of the people—Italy and Great Britain. Republics galore since the war, each with its slightly varying form of government and yet each seeming to meet the immediate political needs of the nation.

Thus, ad infinitum we might give examples of the benefits of travel, but, inasmuch as it is a means of broadening our knewledge by observations of the physical and human life of the world, it will also enlarge our sympathies. It will tend to enrich our own lives as we learn to appreciate the various forms of culture, and it will help up realize that each race and each country has its own contribution to make. We believe that more than ever travel is going to have a very large place in our educational life.

INTERNATIONALISM AND WORLD PEACE

Since the beginning of time there have been rulers who, endowed with the gifts of leadership and possessed of great minds and great ambitions, have striven to gain world supremacy. In such cases as these that old saying, "the more we have, the more we want," seems applicable. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Frederic the Great, Napoleon, and many other characters stand forth in world history as rulers whose ambitions tended towards world power. All these men possessed keen minds and great versatility. Not only were they warriors, diplomats, and masters of intrigue, but they were statesmen with far-reaching ability. Gradually they were overthrown, one by one. Their principles were unpopular and unjust. Their subjects became discontented and strove for justice and a voice in their government. Absolutism was slowly obliterated, and popular control became prevalent.

While this change in government was taking place, other events of extreme importance were happening. A Venetian, Marco Polo, made a voyage to China. Upon his return he wrote a book describing the spices, silks, gold and other luxuries which he found there. This book, and the tales which Marco Polo told, were the first important steps in the evolution of an international world. Adventurers, traders, explorers, people of all types set out to reach this country of unbelievable luxuries. Two centuries later Columbus, striving to find a westward route to the Spice Islands, discovered America. For two centuries after his discovery, explorers and settlers sailed to this new country. Trade routes between it and the old country were established and thus, in time, the countries of the world came to be dependent, one upon the other, for raw materials or for finished products. As time passed, other elements such as sports, education, finance and travel all made for internationalism. Thus we find the world at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was an international world, with popular control overpowering absolute monarchy.

At this time William the Second, the emperor of Germany, appeared on the scene, a man with an overpowering ambition. Shall we compare his versatility with that of former emperors? Alexander the Great was a famous conqueror, leading his troops victoriously thru countless battles. The Kaiser commanded his armies in person. Julius Caesar was noted for his writing, literary ability and appreciation and for his great gift of oratory. The Kaiser won distinction as a writer and public speaker. Charlemagne planned the remarkable cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. The famous emperor of Germany, William II, showed his genius for architecture in the lovely Byzantine chapel in the Castle of Posen. Certainly his versatility was extraordinary. He once preached a sermon in Jerusalem; he was an excellent shot; his knowledge of the lan-

guage, customs, and geographical features of countries to which he had never been was remarkable. His ambition? Ah, there he was truly a Caesar, a Napoleon. He is quoted as having once said, "From childhood I have been influenced by five men, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Theodoric II, Frederic the Great, and Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire. They failed. I have dreamed a dream of German world empire, and my mailed fist shall succeed." This quotation is explicit. There can be no doubt left concerning his ambition. During the reign of Kaiser William the other countries of the world had united to some degree in the interests of world peace. Germany had entered into no such negotiations. In 1914 the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, gave Germany a pretext for war. The Kaiser, with the vision of world supremacy before his eyes, declared war against France. One by one, England, the United States, Italy and many other countries of the world found themselves entangled and finally at war. At last William II was realizing his desires but the odds were great. If victorious, Germany would rule the world. If defeated, she would be ruled by the world. After a long, bitter war, the allied forces were victorious, and Germany, defeated, was left at their mercy. Thus another emperor's dream of world supremacy was shattered and once again, the world was free.

Since this disastrous World War, many steps have been taken to insure and secure World Peace. The League of Nations was established, with the hope of settling all disputes by peaceful arbitration. All the countries that belonged to the League were bound to submit any international questions for arbitration or inquiry. Any war or threat of war, or any matter concerning the peace of the world was declared a matter of concern to the whole league. Although it was the president of the United States who was the chief promoter of the league, the United States refused to become a member of it, not wishing to become involved in every European territorial dispute or any similar disputes of minor importance. However, America's reluctance in joining the League of Nations has presented a great difficulty. Any nation wishing to declare war might gain much aid from her. Total disarmament, another means of bringing peace, is as yet an impossibility. The greater nations are still skeptical as to how secure this present peace is, or how lasting, and as yet they are not ready to scrap all their means of defense. European nations, bordering close upon each other, are in more danger of war than the United States whose geographical situation eradicates such danger. Financially preeminent, extremely independent from a military and naval standpoint, she looms large in the background of any peace negotiations. However, the United States is not against world peace. She is not a hostile nation, but, to the contrary, she is a peaceful one. She is powerful and wishes to remain powerful, but to do this does not necessarily involve warfare. Aside from all peace pacts and peace negotiations, peace is almost inevitable, and war almost impossible due to economic conditions. The nations are too dependent, one upon the other, to wage war or break away. The world has become sufficiently internationalized, and the financial and commercial ties are sufficiently strong, it would seem, to insure world peace.

There is one figure that seems to stand in the way of complete world peace, and this is the figure of Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascist party in Italy. He took Italy, a weak, badly-governed, ill-kept and economically sick country, and make it a thriving, well-kept, industrious country. Thru him Italy regained her prestige as a world power. Certainly she owes him much. However, when we analyze his ambitions and realize his overwhelming power, we fear that in him we see another Kaiser, another Caesar. Mussolini said, "In our age dictatorship has been desired." His aim is to acquire more territory. Who knows but that his dream is world supremacy? To all appearances, Italy has become merely his plaything. Has she lost her freedom, her democracy? Is she truly under the power of

the reincarnation of Caesar? People have said that Mussolini's control of Italy could not last, but it has lasted. It is to be feared that he threatens not only Italy's freedom, but the freedom of the world. Will Benito Mussolini be the first emperor to realize his dream of a Roman world? Will he undermine world peace? Only time will tell. We must wait and see.

We cannot hope for a modern Utopia, but world peace is a more concrete thing, and should be attainable. Certainly this ruthless sacrificing of countless lives and wasting of billions of dollars is unnecessary. Certainly that war spells disaster is a bitter lesson that all the nations of the world have learned. It has been said that another world war would wipe humanity off the face of the world. Such a war must be prevented. World peace must be attained.

THE ROCKIES

The injunction "See America first" is well worth considering and acting on. One of the most interesting and beautiful regions of America is that of the Rocky Mountains which extend along the Pacific Coast southward into Mexico, and northward into Canada. The splendor, the grandeur of these mountains are unexcelled on this continent, finding their rivals only in the Swiss Alps. And these mountains it has been my good fortune to see.

As one approaches the foothills a feeling of mystery begins to pervade the atmosphere, suggesting the deep secrets these great rock masses hold within their bosoms, and the traveler wonders what must have been the feelings of our forefathers, the American pioneers, upon first seeing them. What tales of human woe and anguish could these mountains tell! To one shut in on all sides by the mystic Rockies, this sensation of mystery and dread increases, and presently one feels as though cut off entirely from the outside world, and in close communion with the divine, all worldly cares left behind. A hurrying brook seems always to be within hearing distance; from the time of one's entering the mighty portals until they are left in the distance, its merry purling play an entrancing accompaniment in this dreamy atmosphere. The brilliant hues of the rocks shade in places into pastel colors such as no artist can equal.

As the road climbs higher a deep rumbling begins to be heard, and grows ever louder and deeper, striking terror to the heart. Then one reaches an open space where a beautiful sight greets the eye, a plunging waterfall, its source the snow melting from the peaks. In peaceful solitude at its base one enjoys the fine mist and spray which the impact of the falling water produces, and watches the ceaseless flow of the stream beneath as it goes dashing over rocks and boulders worn smooth by this never ending conflict, finally, after journeying many miles to empty into the great Mississippi, Father of Waters. Several hundred feet above, the water rushes over the brink of the precipice to the depths below, where the traveler has been sitting mist-enshrouded. Up there, as below, the hurrying water makes slight detours here and there into small hollows; and at such places it is soothing to lean over and refresh oneself in its clear coolness.

Now and then the traveler thinks he has reached the summit of the mountain, only to discover presently that it is but one of the numerous ridges which has been conquered, and that the snow-clad peak still stands high above, majestic and triumphant, an invitation and a challenge. It requires a climb of several hours to attain the timberline. Meantime one finds oneself in the midst of the clouds, which is like being in a chilly and dispiriting fog, such as may be experienced elsewhere; but unable to see a foot ahead of him, the climber is forced to resign himself to fate as regards safety on the winding path. After emerging, however, the experience is felt to have been rather exhilarating. Only a few feet above this altitude is the snow. A thrilling experience it is to have in mid-July a good old fashioned snowball fight on the top of the world, 14,000 feet above sea-level. And here at the summit is another lovely sight—a lake of lapis blue, sur-

rounded by snow, and at the water's edge a myriad, brilliant-hued wild flowers.

A constant wonder and marvel are these mountains, infinitely varied in appearance, always alluring, indescribably beautiful, yet awe-inspiring too.

MORE CRUSH

Great hallelujah among the ranks upon perusal of the article pan-crush which appeared in the last issue of the "Leaves." We note, however, that the rejoicers heavily numbered among those most severely stricken by the "crush" maladie!

The treatise was evidently written in a mood swaying to the sympathetic, and it is a bit hard to state whether the author merely accepted the topic upon inspiration as a good "run," or whether she had a slight insight into the problem as it stands. For it is a serious one, and is being carefully studied by psychologists, most especially in France. Very little progress has been made in the explanation of the causes as yet, however, and less has been made in the discovery of a probable remedy.

The "violent attractions" mentioned are seemingly prevalent among groups that are separated the greater part of the time from the other sex, i. e., boarding schools, hospital training quarters and such, and very often in groups that draw together thru lack of longed-for admiration from their opposites. Most often an analysis will uncover masculine characteristics in one of the couple, as against the utterly feminine personality of the other—which fact would provoke definite conclusions. It is difficult to say whether those who have been more accustomed to association with men are more susceptible to the "crush" germ, but it seems logically possible.

Introspection to discover whether or not one is in the throes of the "crush" may aid in the checking of the curious condition before it proves itself a fact. If there are two who consistently find that each is essential to the other's happiness, and the exclusion of others is accepted as a matter of course, something should happen to jolt them from their coma, for such a complete state of selfishness cannot be other than mental unhealth. Yet that is the popular behavior of the "crush."

And now the rejoicers may continue to rejoice, for of course theirs is the exceptional happiness. Nothing is seen in any friendship but beauty and truth—until it breaks—and then there is only regret. And if my contemporary believes me feline, at least my meow prays caution!

EXCHANGES

Again we wish to comment on the excellent Editorials in the Ward-Belmont Hyphen. This paper is very full of excellent news and yet the short, amusing skits are very clever and sometimes witty.

Connecticut College News is a well organized issue. In a recent one we were attracted by the thorough report of the alumnae of the school. It must be interesting to learn just what does happen to alumnae, and a subject that could be pursued by many of us in our coming issues.

The paper from Smith is another one of these cleverly yet newsily developed weeklies. A step toward better Journalism.

From the Brambler of Sweet Briar College, we note two poems worth repeating:

SUMMERTIME

A tree
A breeze
A brook, and I
And far above
A blue, blue sky
'Tis then I think
That Heav'n is nigh.

TO A FRIEND

The winter sun sinks slowly to the West,
And marks the passing of another day;
A tired city quietly falls to rest
And lies in solemn stillness, cold and gray.
(The days were warmer when you went away.)

We wish to thank our many other exchanges but lack of space prohibits us from commenting.

J. W., '29



February 8: Christian Endeavor was led by Constance Chase. Her talk was about "Purposes in Life." She spoke of how we should all have some purpose in life and strive for higher and better things.

We were indeed fortunate to have Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade lecture to us this evening on War propaganda and the Peace Pact. Mrs. Meade is a well-known lecturer and was enjoyed by Lasell very much.

February 9: Will wonders never cease? Our first tea dance was held this afternoon. Imagine it at Lasell. But, thanks to our Student Council we are at last permitted to enjoy somewhat the pleasures of the outside world. It was almost hair-raising to see the "Lasellites" in the arms of their fair partners dancing to all the latest tunes. More of these in the future will be enjoyed by all, we hope.

February 10: Our vesper speaker this evening was Rev. Howard Chidley, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Winchester. His topic was on "The High Road to Happiness." Rev. Chidley certainly is a wonderful preacher and easily won all our hearts with his inspiring message.

February 15: With bags and baggage many happy pleasure seeking girls left for the mountains for three days. Without a doubt all will grow to realize that there is no place like New England after all.

February 17: Vespers tonight were led by Dr. Edward Payson Drew of Gordon College. His subject was "What is Religion?" Dr. Drew gave a marvelous description of it and we certainly did enjoy hearing him.

February 22: Christian Endeavor tonight was led by Teddy Pratt and as this was Washington's Birthday, she read us a poem about this wonderful character. The poem beautifully illustrated the life and mannerisms of George Washington.

February 23: The annual "Martha Washington" party was held at Woodland this evening. All the girls, with powdered hair and flowing "Martha Washington" costumes enjoyed themselves very much. This is one of the "much looked forward to" parties of the year.

February 24: Vespers tonight were led by Rev. Samuel M. Lindsay, D.D., of Brookline, Mass. He told to us how with the help and power of God we would be able to do whatever we wanted. That faith in God conquers all. We all enjoyed him very much.

ATHLETICS

1. White Mountains

There is no excursion during the school year which is more popular than this. About seventy girls chaperoned by Mrs. McDonald and Miss Ackerman set forth in buses to Waltham

about seven o'clock Friday morning, February 15. The special coach was taken into Boston and there attached to the Intervale, N. H. train.

As usual "Daddy" and Mrs. Bassett joined the party at Haverhill, bringing on board the always delicious lunch, doubly so, because one likes to poke around in the boxes, wondering what next will come forth. Arriving at Intervale about two, we at once got into the spirit of this lovely, peaceful New England village in winter. Jumping into sleighs drawn by four huge horses we were soon at the "Bellevue" Hotel and into our sporting togs.

From that moment until Monday afternoon, February 18, we were never out of knickers except when we slept, and never still except when eating and sleeping. By the way, have you heard what a Lasell girl is able to put down for breakfast? Well, we shan't tell you but go and try the impossible next year yourself.

Since Mr. Seikel's day we have had a carnival queen at Intervale, too. This year we chose Martha Hoffman '30, who had reigned over us at Bragdon and Gardner Hill earlier in the month.

We arrived in Waltham Monday after lights out, just imagine that! tired but happy and with the complete satisfaction of having had a wonderful week-end, only hoping that we can go again next year.

Basket Ball

Alumnae vs. Lasell Varsity:

A very exciting game was played between 1928 girls who lived near by and our Lasell varsity team. Excitement reigned as the ball seemed to flash first here, then there, and the final score was 31-13 in favor of varsity.





As this is the Travel and Alumni number combined perhaps it would be well to take up those articles strictly pertaining to these features first. A Lasell Tourist's Diary Abbreviated," an exceedingly interesting and well written account, making us desire with all our hearts to visit these charming foreign places ourselves.

Then there is an article entitled "Lasell Fifty Years Hence." Alumni please notice! If only some one of the older members of this illustrious body would contribute "Lasell Fifty Years Ago" no doubt we would find a few startling revelations! Haru Tokito and Kay Forgey, both "grads," have kindly given us two very interesting bits of verse, "Mine Own Way," and "To A Loyal Friend." We have a poem on "The Future Lasell" by one of our own who indeed has an "imaginative mind." "Recompense" is a vivid, exotic, though slightly incongruous description of a Patrician's best parlor but as to the significance of the masked figure and the title we rather shamefacedly admit that we didn't get the point!

"Memories in a Gift Shop" is a very original way of not only introducing the main characters in the story but also entertaining us unwittingly with one of the "old war episodes." As for "the Twentieth Century Cinderella" it is one of the popular "co-ed-sorority-fraternity-love affairs" that comes to a quick climax and a long embrace. A whimsical article written by Jean Cannon expounds on the evils of forcing "joy" and "smiles" on the individual; it undoubtedly sours his disposition and furrows his brow.

Last but not least is another article upon

"crushes", and just to "let you on the inside, incidentally to explain that our contributors are not at swords points but to the contrary, quite amicably agreed; these two articles were written by the same person—rather clever person don't you think?

F. Fitch, '29



1928

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Smith, Allston, Mass., announce the birth of a daughter on February 8th. Mrs. Smith was well-known to the Class of '28 as **Helen Parker**, day student.

Helen Cole is attending Leland Powers School in Boston. She kindly returned to Lasell in September to deliver the traditional confidential talk to the New Girls, and has come again once or twice only for a moment. Doug (**Evelyn Douglass**) is also attending Leland Powers.

Betty Adams is taking a one-year course at the Old Colony School in Boston.

Jeannette Allen is working in Boston and favored us with a short visit at the first of the year. At the time she wrote she was becoming adjusted to a postion with the Lockwood-Fuller Vocational Service, and was certain that she would like it.

At the first of the year **Peg Basley** visited us very frequently, but since she entered Leland Powers School she has been so busy that we have felt neglected. She has, however, consented to read for the Dramatic Club occasionally, and has enjoyed with us some of our parties. Some say that she seems quite awesomely grown up since she graduated.

Louise Baumgart and **Dixie Plummer** are roommates and Juniors at the University of Wisconsin.

And **Behrens**, of course! We're all waiting to hear. She wrote on the 27th of November that she was doing social service work, in Bridgeport, and liked it muchly, although then she was "still green at it." She asked of Caps and Gowns and wished us well. Yes, thank you, we think we did it very gracefully!

Lillian Bethel is, as yet, truly "one of ours," as she is employed in the Treasurer's office here ,and if we are always contented when we are busy surely she has a wealth of contentment!

Teddy Blair, Evelyn Bostel, Ellen Crowhurst, Dolly Goodwin, Vivian Johnson, Mildred Lykins and **Dorothy Whelan** all are reported "at home." Teddy has announced her engagement—Dolly has visited Lasell occasionally.

Pauline Brinn is a dietitian at the Waltham Hospital. She had worked only five weeks when she underwent an operation for appendicitis, but is now working again and likes her duties. Some other Lasell girls are at the hospital.

Helen Creveling is studying voice at the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Billie Curtis is attending Vesper George Art School in Boston and living at the Student House. Billie recently became engaged, and to quote her—"I'm about the happiest girl in the world."

Alice David is living at home. At the last word we had from her she was awaiting returns from her Civil Service Examinations.

Christina Finlayson has come several times to visit, and we dare to hope that she has been as glad to see us as we have been to see her. It is always a pleasant shock to encounter the "Old Girls" unexpectedly in the halls. She is teaching and studying piano at the South End Music School in Boston, which stresses Eurhythmics. She wrote a most interesting letter —we wish we could quote it all, but here is a part of it—"I am teaching school in the South End Music School in Boston. It is a settle-

ment school where piano, violin, voice and principally the love of fine, great music is taught. I love my work and although I have just a few pupils I hope to get more and more as time goes on."

Kay Forgey is at home, evidently pursuing her Journalism, for which we are truly thankful. She has contributed to our LEAVES during the year, but best of all they tell us that she has had some very clever poems published at various times in the Detroit papers.

Mary Foss is at the University of New Hampshire.

Dorothy Frazier says that after leaving Lasell any news of the Alma Mater is always welcome—where have we heard that before? Although Dot is just at home now she hopes to take a position in the Harrisburg State Library soon.

We are thrilled with **Barbara Hamlin** at hearing that on February 17th she plans to sail from New York on a ten-week Mediterranean cruise, and cry heartily, "Bon Voyage!" She, also, hopes to attend commencement, if possible. She has been at home the most of the time since graduation.

Helen Head is a student dietitian at the Waltham Hospital.

Edith Hussey is continuing her studies at the Chamberlayne School in Boston. She accompanied the Lasell excursion to the White Mountains, together with several Chamberlayne girls.

Joan Johnson is studying at Butler University in Indianapolis. Quoting a bit of her letter—"I certainly miss dear Lasell and the good times '28 had together. I was fortunate in seeing two of my classmates this winter—Helen Creveling and Kay Forgey. It was great to talk over the good old times."

Ruth Kerns is a Sophomore at Brown. She enjoys her work and is having a marvelous time.

Betty Knowles is at Vesper George in Boston and she likes it very much. She misses Lasell, she says, and is coming soon to visit the "day students room."

Helen Kowalewski has quite an interesting position. She is secretary to nine professors in the Osborn Zoological Laboratory at Yale. Her letter is quite witty—"Can you imagine taking orders from nine men—all the time? I always thought orders from one man were bad enough! But in spite of the number, they are very human individuals, very considerate of me, and I think it's a much better position than a regular business office one would be."

Laddie (**Evelyn Ladd**) was for a time with the Jefferson Hospital at Philadelphia, but is now at home and glad to be back with her beloved music. She is studying violin at Burlington and feels very much at ease.

Judy (**Julia Larrabee**) is working very hard at the University of New Hampshire with the idea of going to The Prince School in Boston later on. She is enthusiastic about her work and her marks have all been in the "80's." In one class she is the only girl but we're quite sure that Judy would not in the least object to that, would you, Judy?

Miriam Lingley writes that for the most part she stays at home, working only occasionally. Her letter tells us that Alice Richards is enjoying a position with a concern in Phillipsburg, N. J. Miriam congratulated us on having obtained tea-dances, agreeing with us that the Class of '29 progresses rapidly!

Gertrude Mondelli is a student at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Margaret Newman is majoring in architecture at the Boston School of Interior Decoration, and has visited Lasell two or three times.

Sylvia Oppenheim, studying Secretarial work in mornings and having her afternoons taken up with "a million and one things," is enjoying this year tremendously, but she pauses once in a while to remember Lasell, and "the two years there that could never be equalled."

Tinker Paige and **Phoebe Dotten** see each other and Lasell friends occasionally. Phoebe is doing the Secretarial in Boston and likes her work immensely. Tinker is staying at home.

Mary Pope is an assistant dietitian at the Newton Hospital. She lives there, and likes it very much. **Florence Ginzberg** is a social worker in Boston.

Mary Pryor is a Freshman at the New Jersey State College for Women in New Brunswick.

And **Natalie Robbe** is another of the many who reply with contentment, "I'm at home with my family this year." However, she and **Caroline Hopkins** plan to open a dress shop. Prior to the completion of this project they expect to study at the Prince School in Boston as well as to obtain practical experience in saleswomanship, etc.

Edith Shalit is working and attending business college in her home town.

Hester Shaw is a Freshman at Jackson College in Boston. She has a great deal of studying to do, but she has been enjoying the social life to the fullest extent also. We have seen her here once or twice, although she never can stay as long as we want her to.

Janet Scott is a student dietitian at the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence. She will complete her course in April, and then she has promised to pay Lasell a visit.

Dorothy Smith is attending the University of West Virginia. And we must wonder if any school other than Lasell doesn't seem very strange indeed.

Marjorie Taylor remembers the time that *she* wrote to the Seniors to find out their whereabouts, and hoped that when her turn came to report to the LEAVES she would tell something very thrilling and different—but, she laments, she is merely a lady of leisure!

Helen Tracy is a Sophomore at Russell Sage College, and says she is kept fairly busy trying to show them that Lasell has done some good work for her! She thinks of Lasell often and says she manages to get "most of the dirt" about present and ex-Lasellites.

Our sweet little "Tokie," **Haru Tokito** of Hakodate, Japan, sends a letter from England that is crammed with her superb power of expression as to dreams and friends and pastimes:

"From the moment I landed in England things have been so pleasant for me, and the time went so fast. All of the people whom I came in contact with have been so very nice. Most of them are Quakers, but I find such warm, loving hearts in them behind their shy reserving manners, which is very much like the people I used to have close touch with in my childhood days, and in my way I feel at home the instant I see such people.

"What I decided to myself is to get this "Certificate of Proficiency in English" from London University to take back to Japan with me for when I want to do something, for instance to teach the English language. Teaching is the last thing I should choose to do, for I never felt quite comfortable at front of people—I'd rather listen to others.

"Grammar is more interesting to me now—it has always been dry and like chewing rubber to me, but I decided as long as I am to study it, I might as well enjoy it! And when things come clear to me, after repeating for several times, I will be so delighted, and now I like doing it.

"I feel as if my future is full of golden and silvery light and rays, and full of beautiful things.

"Miss Edgell, the lady with whom I live, is quite an original, no-two-alike sort of person, very intellectual and bright. She and I have been to picture galleries, exhibitions of arts, plays and concerts, museums, etc., nearly all Sunday afternoons and on some week days when we could arrange the time. She is a busy lady and I have been quite busy with my work and play."

The Alumnae column surely should appear in our travel number. **Isabel Vignot**, who has been employed with a hardware company in Norwich, Connecticut, is planning a trip to Bermuda, during the last of February, with her mother.

Gertrude Wagner is at home now, but is among those planning a tour abroad during the summer months. Another "Bon voyage!"

If we were to call at Tufts College we would find somewhere among those present **Elizabeth**

Stahl and **Marjorie Winslow**. "Midge" has been with us occasionally, and was very much in evidence recently when a team of Old Girls returned en force to play a school team in basketball. Too bad—we're glad—the score was 31-13 in favor of the school team.

Catherine Worrall Clarke wrote us a letter about her recent wedding and honeymoon. The explanation of her early attempts at housekeeping was very amusing. We quote her: "A word about hubby. He is a Clarke from Clarkesville, Maryland. My mother is also from a famous old Maryland family. So it has been the case of two old Maryland colonial families uniting."

Word comes from **Henrietta Hisgen** that she is at present in Tampa, Florida, attending business college. She plans to return to the North sometime in the spring.

Rumor has it that **Dorothy Kierstead** intends to enter the Waltham Hospital for dietitian training, so we may be seeing her soon.

Alice Tower is reported "at home."

Charlessa Carl was spending the winter with her family, having plans to go South about January 31st. She writes—"It seems as if years have passed since school closed last summer!"

Chappie (**Mildred Chapman**) is reporting herself a "wage slave in our big department store, Marshall Field's. I am working in the decorating department, helping other people to 'feather their nests' in the proper manner. I like it ever so much and have just been encouraged by my first raise! I have just returned from a visit to Hanover—and John. He will be at Harvard Law School next year, and the following year I plan to be in Boston again for two years. I look forward to it with much pleasure. I see former Lasellites every now and then."

One of the present Seniors unexpectedly met **Helene Salzenstein** in a shop during the Christmas season, and tells us that Helene is at home this year.

The last we heard from **Helen Hawes** she was the object of all the envy of the children all along the street—she was playing in a motion picture theatre in her home town, thereby gaining free admission to all the movies every night!

We are sorry that we did not hear from every member of the class. We tried to get word of those who did not reply to the letters sent out by the LEAVES staff, but in a few cases there seemed to be no news available.

"MINE OWN WAY"

Tell me not in technique's way,
Or science deep and advanced thought,
Of common, simple light of day
That makes us unconcerned at play.

Tell me not that skies of blue
Are a mass of floating dust,
And that star of golden hue
Is a lifeless thing to trust.

"Dust to dust" you say I'll be
When earth's journey's over
Oh, to fly with wings so free
Over pine tops, over clover.

So, tell me not in speeches grand
In theories, deep and learned.
The things I love and understand
Are not by science measured.

Haru Tokito, '28

TO A LOYAL FRIEND

I

God must have known that I would need
A friend whose ev'ry word and deed
Bespoke allegiance strong and true,
When he decreed that I meet you.

II

He must have known that I would yearn
For someone dear to whom I'd turn
In moments that were sort of blue,
When he decreed that I meet you.

III

He must have known that I'd revere
This friendship which is so sincere
And guard it for a lifetime through,
When he decreed that I meet you.

IV

He must have known right from the start
The gratefulness deep in my heart
And how I'll always bless Him, too,
When he decreed that I meet you.

Kay Forgey, '28



The Christmas number of the Leaves contained a brief tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Lucy Rogers Gove of the Class of 1860 who passed away in her Minneapolis home during the winter.

Since this notice the Seminary has received an interesting letter from Mrs. Jessie Hale Tuttle, a friend of Mrs. Gove. Accompanying the same were certain valuable keepsakes associated with her life at Lasell some sixty-nine years ago. Two copies of the catalog, one published in 1859 and the other in 1860, proved interesting reading. The one and only illustration in these early year books was a photograph of "Lasell Female Seminary."

The most valuable gifts in the collection were the class ambrotypes each marked by Mrs. Gove with the name of the classmate represented. Her class pin accompanied the pictures. It was designed by a member of the class. The letters around the border are the initial letters of the given name of each girl, in the centre the initial letters of the class motto.

On a bit of worn and time stained paper was written the class song, a very precious part of this historic collection.

When speaking of this gift in one of his chapel talks, Dr. Winslow expressed his sincere appreciation and it would seem such valuable souvenirs so intimately associated with the early history of the Seminary should naturally revert to the school and thus enlarge our historical collection.



1860 Class Pin



We are happy to report our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon, and our National Treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, are both convalescing from serious illnesses. A telegram received from Pasadena just as we go to press reads "Dr. Bragdon is better." And Mrs. Cushing writes "I am gaining daily." The loving sympathy of a host of Lasell girls will be turned Westward and Southward as this bulletin is read. Here's for a speedy recovery of these dear ones!

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Friendly tokens all packed in with loving birthday greetings so tender and so many. How can I adequately express my appreciation! My most grateful thanks to the dear instigator of this veritable tidal wave of loving kindness and to the dear old girls for their beautiful cards and personal words of appreciation.

My word of advice, born of experience, is this. If you wish to annihilate the age limit, settle down at Lasell and make friends with these blessed little White Doves. The lovely flowers, gifts and your gracious words of appreciation are undeserved, I well know. Nevertheless, your spontaneous loving expressions will inspire me to carry on more worthily in the coming days. *L. R. P.*

Janette Smock, '27, and Madeleine Robinhold, '27, are completing this coming spring their course in Public School Music Superintending at New York University. Lasell is justly proud of these two graduates who have so successfully followed the lure of learning. Janette's note to Dr. Winslow was so brim full of Lasell news we must share it with "you all." She writes:

"Today it seems almost like spring here in New York and it makes me more homesick than ever for Lasell. It hardly seems possible that it has been nearly two years since I was graduated. Many, many times have I wished that I could live every one of those days over. They are happy memories which I shall never forget.

"Madeleine Robinhold and I are living together in New York this year as we did last. We both hope to teach next year and if possible would like a position somewhere near my home town.

"I expect to keep right on with my vocal work when I begin teaching and I am hoping to get into New York every Saturday for a vocal lesson. Madeleine and I are both studying with Mr. Isidore Luckstone and he is certainly a wonderful teacher.

"We have seen Mary Keim several times this winter. I wonder if you knew that she has announced her engagement to Homer Watson Tietze. She is to be married in April and Madeleine and I are to be bridesmaids. We are giving her a little shower next week and three Lasell girls will be there—Helen White, '27, Ellen Crowhurst, '28, Helen Morrell, 1925-1926, who is now married, and Miss Stewart.

"Next summer I expect to be in Boston visiting Madalyn Patten, '27, and I do hope that at that time I shall see you and Mrs. Winslow. Please remember me to Miss Potter, Mrs. Briggs, Miss Wright and any others who might remember me.

Very sincerely yours,
JANETTE SMOCK, '27.

Lillian Grant, '20, secretary-treasurer of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, was one of the

guests at the Lasell Alumnae Association Mid-winter Reunion. The day following, Lillian and her hostess, Marion Ordway Corley, '11, attended chapel at the old school and Lillian then and there entertained delightfully the present Lasell girls. She gave several readings and was certainly at her best for all were loud in their praises of this gifted graduate.

Isabel F. Coombs, 1924-1927, came back especially to visit Pris Barber, but "scattered like the rising sun her radiance on all." Isabel is now a successful business secretary and evidently steady work has failed to lessen her fine enthusiasms.

Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907, was back at Lasell, this time to enroll her most attractive daughter who will later enter her mother's school.

Nina Dietz Harwood, '11, and Gladys Dudley Linden, 1906-1911, returned after many years and reported again at their Alma Mater. It was a joy to hear them "run on" in just the same merry way as of yore. It seemed hard to believe that Gladys, looking every whit as young as in her school days, is the mother of a seventeen-year old son, while Nina, twice blessed, is the mother of a son and also a dear little daughter.

That Myra Schofield Magnuson, 1908-1909, was a truly *white* dove while at Lasell may be inferred from her opening lines in a note recently addressed to our dean. She writes: "It is rather nice to write to you for it brings back fond recollections of my years at Lasell."

Last winter Myra and her husband visited India. Mr. Magnuson's visit was a purely business one, but Myra had leisure to see a part of India as it is. Myra writes: "We were surprised to find the people so very cordial and apparently fond of Americans. I saw the Taj Mahal by the light of a full moon and sat by the famous tomb away into the wee hours of the morning. Alas! I also saw American tourists rushing around and apparently hurrying back to the hotel for a game of bridge.

"In Constantinople," declares Myra, "I thought of Louise Paisley, '09, and felt we had a common interest inasmuch as were both so far from home."

By the way, Myra is eager to find, and so is Lasell, the present whereabouts of Myrilla Annis, 1908-1911, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Gladys Taylor, 1908-1909, of New Orleans.

Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, and her family are now at home in Rockford, Illinois. Marion expressed the good intention of getting in touch soon with the Lasell girls in her particular zone. She has already had some pleasant visits over the telephone with Helen Hamilton Stafford, 1908-1910, whom she finds is the wife of Rev. Geoffrey Stafford, one of Rockford's most successful and popular pastors, and the residents have many pleasant things to say about the pastor's charming wife.

We are glad you are happy, Marion, and take self satisfaction in learning that you are still devoted to New England. Your Lasell friends now in service at the old school appreciate your renewed good wishes.

Dorothy Barnes Paine, '18, greatly regretted, and so did we, her absence from Lasell on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of her class. Nothing daunted, she is forthwith planning for the reunion five years hence. Dorothy's two sisters enjoyed an independent tour through Europe last summer and this winter her father and mother journeyed out to the Pacific coast, Dorothy and her husband accompanying them. Her friendly wishes for a happy and prosperous year at Lasell are certainly materializing.

Early in February Mr. William Wagner, the husband of our dear Mary Ransom Wagner, 1874-1876, and Miss Martha Ransom, 1877-1881, left Auburndale for Pasadena where they are now the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Mr. Sanford Wagner, Mr. Wagner's younger son.

Irene Ball Sill, '15, did exactly the thing we would be happy to have done by every worthy graduate in sending we hope next year to take her place two fine new girls. In her good message she writes: "It is ages since I have heard directly from Lasell except as I read the LEAVES. I am planning for a trip back to the school in 1930, my tenth anniversary. Ten

years! and I can recall seeing old girls back for their tenth reunion and wondering if I would live long enough to celebrate mine. And here I am, old enough, but still feeling young and gay.

"Have you forgotten, Miss Potter, how you introduced me at the Senior reception as your semi-demi-sensible girl, thereby throwing me into wild confusion. However, you characterized me perfectly and I do know that much of the sensible side of me was developed at Lasell. Bits of training and advice which were given then come back to me in the daily round and I truthfully acknowledge my indebtedness."

Best of all is Irene's bright closing prophecy in which she says: "I can see myself seven years hence coming back to Lasell to visit my daughter." Irene, be assured your little daughter's name is on our roster for 1936.

Over the telephone Maudie Stone, '88, visiting now in Cambridge, Massachusetts, announced, "If not too late I would like to attend the Midwinter Reunion of the L. A. A." Unfortunately, Maude was just too late. We appreciate her loyal interest and friendly greeting. She is now and has been for years teaching in one of the Brooklyn high schools. It was from her we learned that Grace Huntington, '89, is planning to spend the rest of the year in California.

Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, of Winnetka, Illinois, sent hearty greetings lately from herself and family (two boys and a girl). She reported Susan Stryker, '10, on her way to Chicago, but Mary will miss her classmate for she herself was just starting with her mother and oldest daughter on a motor trip to Florida. President Jessie Shepherd of the Class of 1917 speaks: "I have had a very interesting season with a decorator in New York and am associated with an English woman who sells antiques. Am going to Europe soon to study furniture and buy some Spanish and Italian pieces. Another friend will be with me, so it will be a combination of pleasure and business. Am very happy in my work; perhaps some day, Miss Porter, you and Dr. Winslow will be proud of me." Jessie, that "some" day is this day. We rejoice in your success and thank you for that enclosed picture of your dear self, mounted on a coal black charger.

Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, and Alice Linscott Hall, '78, have been sojourning for a season together in Florida. One of those happy days "South" they sat right down and wrote to a group of Lasell girls of their own time. Our Dean chanced to be one of the favored few. Annie was always a lover of nature and gives some charming descriptions of "this land of flowers and palms and bluest of skies." "Big Alice" too added her own gracious message and spoke with downright girlish enthusiasm of her lovely grandchildren. She writes: Annie and I began just where we left off so don't realize the long stretch between now and our happy Lasell school days."

Our Lillian Mansfield Packard, '83, is evidently "having the time of her life" wintering in California. She writes: "I am sitting out of doors this summer morning. I have a white rose on my writing table in my room and we had red roses on the breakfast table. I can see rows of grapefruit trees in every direction laden with fruit just turning a golden yellow. There are nine hundred little chicks round the corner just peeping their heads off and running round their special apartment house as if they were in a marathon race. Punch, the little yellow cat, has just joined me. When it comes night it will be cool and we shall be glad to gather round the fire.

"We are not as much out of the world as we appear to be for a ten minutes' drive takes us to the center of the town Fontana which is really very attractive with its new buildings of Japanese architecture. The Community Church (the pastor of which reminds me so much of Dr. Gordon that I am tempted to call him by that name), the Woman's Club House, The Fontana Inn and the schools would do credit to any town. The people seem to have come from all parts of the world, already I have met one or more from Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Samoa, and Africa.

"I was delighted yesterday to have a call

from Mrs. Douglass and Lilian, '07, who drove over from Covina. Lilian is evidently interested in the best things in her home town—is president of the Woman's Club (of four hundred members,) and heads the program committee for the Missionary Society.

"Coming through Chicago I had a chance to run out to Evanston and see the Shepherds. Mr. Shepherd seemed like himself but not very strong and Bessie was looking well. According to my usual good fortune Bess Bragdon was having a little Lasell tea at that very time so I was invited to it. The guests were Anna Blackstock, '06, Louise Funkhouse Colegrove, '09, Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, a cousin of Bessie's, three Lasell grandchildren, Bess and myself. I wish I could remember all the news but I fear I can't.

"In Pasadena Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon called on me and I on them. Dr. Bragdon was the same friend as of yore and interested in everything pertaining to Lasell.

"Do remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and any other friends. Tell them I am having a good time, have not forgotten New England which I am reminded of when I look from my window at a snow-capped peak, San Gorgonina."

Marion Briggs, 1908-1910, looked and acted just as though she had stepped out of her own room at Lasell instead of her classroom in Attleboro, Massachusetts, where she is a most successful pedagogue. She was really Miss Witherbee's guest but others of her Lasell friends had the joy of visiting with her during her too short stay at the old school.

Not long since, Gertrude Schumaker, '22, called up by telephone saying that she was back from her most interesting and worthwhile sojourn in Geneva, Switzerland, where she attended the Peace Conference and offered to our delight to come out and tell something of her experience to Lasell girls of today.

A few days later we were surprised and delighted to receive the announcement of Gertrude's marriage to Mr. William Edward Doherty. We are very glad that she is to settle in the neighborhood of Boston and have well in mind our determination to hear the promised message from this our newest Lasell bride.

Every time we read one of Jean MacKay's, 1911-1912, letters, we get a sort of Scotch Highland thrill for e'en though she describes the wide stretches of Montana prairie lands, she lifts us high above the ordinary and we are always sorry when she stops. One of her latest messages to Miss Witherbee opens with this original putting of her case: "If I am stricken from the lists of those your memory cherishes, I have only myself to blame. I should send a printed notice to all, 'No correspondence from March until October.' Our house is almost done and we are happy in the result." She further adds: "In July we were visited by Lenette Rogers Atkinson, '17, and her husband. Since that visit, Professor Atkinson has been elected Dean of Amherst College and the two are planning a delightful overseas trip for this summer.

"Dear Nan Stronach, '18, has been sorely grieved by the death of her father. He was a most ideal father, devoted to both daughter and son."

Jean, as we would expect, takes time for good reading, but is honest enough to declare herself not well pleased with the so-called popular sellers of the day. She closes in this original vein: "It is always comforting to be able to "see" even three thousand miles away, familiar faces in familiar places.

"I must perform the evening duties known to all fiction, cover the canary, put out the cat, shut up the dog and—so to bed.

"Wherever this finds you, may it be where you choose to be, and that you are well and enjoying yourself in whatever way pleases you best.

"I think of you daily and many a letter has been written that never pen put on paper—just "thinks" as I go about my work.

Goodnight and love,

JEANNIE".

The Personal Editor regrets the delay in recording the passing away of dear Deborah In-

graham, '19, which occurred at her home in December last. For some time she had been in poor health but we had hoped that home care and the persistent effort of wise medical skill would prove a panacea.

This gentle girl was a near neighbor of ours while in Bragdon and we early established friendly relations. Her mother before her was a Lasell girl which in a way made Deborah from the very beginning sort of "belong" to our school circle. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to this bereaved family.

Edna Christensen Beckwith, 1913-1915, of Minneapolis came through one of New England's worst snow storms to pay her respects to Lasell. She and her husband were East on a little visit, but she left him long enough to come home to us. With her she had a most charming picture of her two little children, a boy and a girl. She told us that her sister and mother are now living in California. We appreciate these visits from our loyal "old girls", even if they are short.

A host of old girls will be interested and happy to learn of the recent marriage of Rosanna Helen McConnell, '27, to Mr. Frank J. Wallis, Jr. Our congratulations to this dear bride and groom.

At the time of the Lasell reunion, we learned that Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, 1904-1906, her husband and two sons are planning a delightful summer in Europe, dividing their time between rural France and Switzerland.

At the time of her last call, Bunny Whitney, 1926-1927, declares enthusiastically that she enjoyed her work at the Boston School of Physical Education. As Emma Lazurus would say, "In her eyes she has the deep glad look of one who has persisted and achieved." Next year Bunny will have charge of some of the work at Smith College. She is taking time too for cultural reading and Bunny and Miss Witherbee found they had some fine mutual friends in the latest best fiction.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Merrill (Florence Bell, '17), announce the birth of a daughter, Julia Bell Merrill, on February 15.

Lasell enjoys the feeling that Dr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Drew still "belong." The Doctor's recent vesper message as always strengthened our faith and Mrs. Drew's gracious note of appreciation following their visit contained as usual a most generous contribution to our Lasell Missionary Society budget.

Annie Dealey Jackson, '06, of Dallas, Texas, has not forgotten Lasell and it is a joy to answer back over the wide stretches between Auburndale and Dallas, "Dear Annie, we are not forgetting you." As she expresses it: "Mine is a busy life bringing up four boys and trying to keep up with that general practitioner and surgeon husband of mine." Our Dean would love to share this loyal Lasell girl's letter, but declares it is too preciously personal and is sure that what she says is quite altogether too good to be true, so she must just keep it to herself.

Dear "Sis" Loomis Stuebing, '22, we can't look at that picture of your adorable baby without being seized with a real cannibal-like tendency. It is well for the little chap that he is at Shelby, Ohio, a safe distance away. "Sis" writes that "Pep" Schroer, '24, lives in the next town, Mansfield, Ohio. "We called last night and were shown over their beautiful new home. "Pep" is all given up to music, has a studio and many music pupils. Mayno is visiting her roommate, Thelma Schweitzer, '22, so you see even years cannot break down the wonderful friendship formed at Lasell."

Marjorie Gifford Grimms, '22, we just long to share all your fine letter with your host of Lasell friends but don't quite dare. That picture of wee Nancy and Baby Gifford in the vernacular of the Doves is "precious." We can't wonder that you and Judge George love these little ones "almost to pieces." What a busy beautiful life you and your lawyer husband live, he dividing his time between church and state and yet wisely saving some of his choicest hours for home and family. I am glad you "keep up" your music, and share it so generously with others. Blessings on you and yours from one whom you graciously call your "Lasell Mother."

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK REPORT

Forty-two "Lasell Girls" met at the Hotel Pennsylvania on Saturday, January twenty-sixth, for the thirty-sixth annual reunion of the Lasell Club of New York.

As we arrived, we were received by our president, Gladys Stults, 1909-1910, and presented to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, our guests of honor, with whom we had an opportunity to talk over "old times" before we adjourned to lunch at one o'clock.

Following lunch, we turned our thoughts to the business of the day. After a word of greeting from the president, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved and the treasurer's statement accepted. As there was a comparatively small balance in our treasury, our president urged us all to give more attention to paying our annual dues, whether we are able to be present or not, for in that way only are we able to contribute more frequently to the Endowment Fund.

The Chair appointed the Nominating Committee consisting of: Mildred Hall Leber, '12, chairman; Grace C. Huntington, '89, and Dorothy Cook, '25, to present the slate at the 1930 meeting.

As our vice-president, Maudie Stone, '88, was detained by illness, we voted to send her a greeting and also to send the usual telegrams to Dr. Bragdon and Miss Potter.

We learned that since our last meeting, three of our members had passed on:

Winifred Smith Chambers, 1905-1906
Mary Bigelow Green, 1884-1886
Anna Jones Bourne, '88

A committee was appointed consisting of Susan Hallock Couch, 1886-1888, and Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, to devise some suitable method of recognition.

The matter of the place and price of the next luncheon was brought up for discussion. Should any girl find the present arrangement prohibitive, it was suggested she address some member of the Executive Committee and a less expensive luncheon would be taken into consideration.

A feature of the meeting to which our members look forward with great interest is the annual roll call. Here we learn who we are and what we do. Louise Paisley, '09, who has spent the last two years in Russia and Turkey gave us an insight into those most interesting countries. After everyone had confessed something, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were presented.

Mrs. Winslow spoke first, telling us of a visit to a New York hospital where she saw murals by Ruth Ordway, '21, and of seeing some of her husband's graduate work in the Museum of Natural History. Then she told us of the many interesting things which happen to make life at Lasell filled to the brim, such as: the French Play, Senior Play, Ice Carnival, Senior Prom, and the new added pleasure of an occasional tea dance on Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Winslow followed with a most delightful talk. He first told us about the faculty.

Miss Potter is right on the job keeping her eyes on her flock of "little white doves."

Mlle. Le Royer Chamberlain is still teaching girls who persist in speaking French "like Spanish cows."

Mr. Dunham continues to show his interest in the Music School and this year has offered a prize for that department.

In this way we learned of the various members who contribute so much to the teaching staff.

Next he spoke of the financial stability of the school and of the unusually large Senior Class. He appealed to the girls of the club to send others to fill their places.

After hearing Dr. Winslow speak, we, like Mrs. Martin, are convinced that "Something good is surely coming," in the future to our Alma Mater.

ELIZABETH VAN CLEVE, *Secretary.*

Those present:
Dr. Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Gladys Stults, 1909-1910
Lois Van Riper, 1927-1928
Elinor Stevens, '26

Uula Morton, 1926-1928
Henrietta Goodwin, 1926-1927
Adelaide Murken, 1927-1928
Helen Terry Francisco, '24
Esther M. Landis, '18
Ina M. Harber, '06
Jennie Hamilton Eliason, '04
Ethel Clark, 1901-1902
Helen Merriam Cornell, 1902-1903
Laura C. Simons, 1902-1904
Elizabeth Edson, '12
Mildred Hall Leber, '12
Mary Fenno Stirn, '13
Olive Parker Cummings, 1911-1912
Maude Dunlap Stewart, '12
Laura Chapman Anderson, 1893-1895
Annie M. Gwinnell, 1893-1895
Grace C. Huntington, '89
Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87
Susan Hallock Couch, 1886-1888
Arline Allsopp, '23
Jeannette Merrick, '23
Josephine Curry Warren, '23
Jocelyn Tong, '24
Ruth Hopkins, '23
Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23
Florence Longcope, 1921-1922
Dorothy Millspaugh, '23
Elizabeth Van Cleve, '26
Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23
Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907
Gertrude Leonard McClanahan, 1904-1907
Louise Morrell Nestler, '08
Ruth Balch Ott, 1907-1909
Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09
Hazel Brady, '17
Julia De Witt Read, '10
Louise B. Paisley, '09

REPORT OF MID-WINTER REUNION OF L. A. A. FEBRUARY 14, 1929

The annual Mid-winter reunion of the Lasell Alumnae Association was held on Valentine's Day at the University Club in Boston. Plates were originally laid for eighty-five guests but much to the delight of the committee there were ninety who came. The Seminary guests were Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss Witherbee, Mrs. McDonald, Mlle. LeRoyer, Senora Orozco, Mrs. Hooker, and the President and Vice President of the present Senior Class.

A very attractive luncheon was served and the Valentine decorations of red carnations, nut cups, crimson hearts made the tables look gay and pretty. After-dinner-"life-savers" in the form of Valentine candles were at each place. The designer of this unique candle was Doris Schumaker Walthers, '26.

Our President, Susan Tiffany, '15, was unable to be present so Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, Vice-president, opened the informal meeting. She asked especially for advice as to how to get more girls to attend our Mid-winter reunions. Although this meeting was the largest ever held at this time of year, still Mrs. Rand feels that out of so many girls we should be able to get together a much larger gathering. Mrs. Rand turned the meeting over to Rosalie Brightman, '27, who very graciously introduced the speakers.

Dr. Winslow spoke of the growth of Lasell and his plans for a wonderful new school and reported an Endowment Fund on hand of $70,000.00.

Miss Potter brought greetings from the teachers and said she found the characteristics of her "Little White Doves" as of yore. She gave special praise to the Lasell girls of today for their generous giving for Missions and local charities.

Mrs. Winslow read a very interesting original poem entitled "Ringing in the Cracks."

Mlle. LeRoyer gave a short but lively little talk. Lillian Grant, '20, Secretary-Treasurer of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, brought greetings from her club and gave a much appreciated reading called "Her First Call on the Butcher."

Julia DeWitt Read '10, was the delegate from the New York Lasell Club. Helen Carter Marcy, '06, Evelyn Schmidt, '14, former L. A. A. Presidents, and the President of the present Senior Class, all brought greetings.

During luncheon Christina Finlayson, '28, played a lovely piano solo called Sky Mazurka by Liszt.

Before the close of the meeting everybody present had just a few words to say about themselves. The majority seemed to be hap-

pily married and there was an alarming number of boys among these Lasell children.

Old fashioned flower bouquets were presented to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter (and after all expenses were paid the committee was able to send $20.00 to our treasurer).

The Committee responsible for the success of this reunion were:

Josephine Woodward Rand, '10
Rosalie Brightman, '27
Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22
Helen Webster Fitz, '19
Doris Schumaker Walthers, '26
Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19

Respectfully submitted,

PRISCILLA ALDEN WOLFE, *Secretary.*

Those present were:
Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Lillie R. Potter
Mary P. Witherbee
Statira P. McDonald
Mlle. LeRoyer Chamberlain
Senora Orozco
Bertha L. Hooker
Alice White Alling '05
Dorothy Edwards Austin '21
Ida Weeks Burke 1882-1885
Marjorie Blair '28
Luella Bassett '20
Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender 1904-1906
Ruth Coulter Bierer '12
Harriett Case Bidwell
Ada Wells Burnham '05
Sibyl Spaulding Balch 1890-1893
Rosalie Brightman '27
Christine Chamberlin '25
Clara Parker Colby '12
Nellie Briggs Chandler 1893-95
Ruth Smith Coates '21
Maude Oliver Chipman '89
Mildred Goodall Campbell '10
Marion Ordway Corley '11
Sibyl Webb Dougherty 1906-1909
Elsie F. Duffy '24
Carolyn Duncan '27
Lucia Parcher Dow 1902-1903
Miriam Nelson Flanders '05
Helen Webster Fitz '19
Frances Thomas Fiske 1887-1888
Mildred Peirce Fuller '06
Edna Thurston Follett 1903-1907
Christina Finlayson '28
Martha Fish '25
Bernice Wood Garland 1911-1913
Mary Goodwin '28
Lillian Grant '20
Ruth Hayden '20
Edith Hadley '24
Florence Guething Herrick 1907-1909
Eleanor Knight '22
Helene Sweney Jensen 1917-1920
Margaret Lonval '24
Eugenia Swift Lawrence 1920-1922
Grace Douglas Murray 1908-1910
Helen Carter Marcy '06
Irene Wallace Meyer 1916-1917
Dorothy Turner Moulton '06
Mildred Strain Nutter '17
Mildred Cloake Norbury '16
Margaret Newman '28
Louise Orr 1918-1923
Louise Furbush Prout '20
Alice Taylor Potter 1898-1900
Helen Perry '24
Mabel Rawlings '22
Josephine Woodward Rand '10
Julia De Witt Read, '10
Margaret Bullock Reed '23
Edith Palmer Stone '27
Miriam Flynn Speth '12
Mary Helen Swartzel 1923-1924
Dorothy Spooner 1925-1927
Hester Shaw '28
Evelyn C. Schmidt '14
Harriett Scott '94
Charlotte Parker Simpson '20
Elizabeth Stahl '28
Florence Sullivan Sullivan '21
Mary Wales Smith 1874-1876
Glenna Webb Tilton 1905-1908
Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19
Doris Schumaker Walthers '26
Edith Burke Wells 1902-1903
Mary Colby Walworth 1868-1869
Sophie Hall Wheeler '98
Alice Phillips Weeks '19
Gertrude Schumaker Doherty '22
Edith F. Hussey '28
Mary King Sargent '21
Mary Dodge Whittemore 1903-1904
Helen P. McNab '25
Irene Wallace Meyer 1916-1917
Elizabeth Robinson Breed 1906-1907
Ruth Dinsmore Tilton '23

Below we take pleasure in publishing a poem written by Mrs. Winslow for this special occasion.

REMINISCENCES

Today our hearts are yearning
Toward the dear old halls of learning
Where we lived and worked and frolicked long ago,
Toward shady lawns and Crows' Nest,
Toward campus walk and hill-crest,
In springtime's lovely green or winter's snow.

Back to Lasell we're homing,
Wherever we've been roaming,
To recall once more our school days on the hill.
Our old-time friends are nearer,
Our early friendships dearer,
And fond the memories that linger still.

Re-echoing voices calling
In accents rising, falling,
We hear them in the hallways as of yore;
"What is the Math assignment?"
"Girls, is this refinement
To run and shout on Mademoiselle's corridor?"

The breakfast gong is ringing,—
"What's this excuse you're bringing?
Dear white doves, you are very late."
"I'll make up gym tomorrow,—
For now I'm off to borrow
That stunning hat to wear to my next date"

"Just see my composition!
It is an imposition
Disfigured with red ink my theme to leave."
"If you don't miss church on Sunday,
You may go shopping Monday
And on Saturday a caller may receive."

"How does she feel this morning?
You see the ring adorning
My third left finger? 'Tis a secret, dear.
Don't, for the world, disclose it—
Of course my roommate knows it.
No hope for me in French today, that's clear."

The warning bell is sounding,
From room to room are bounding
The girls who must have lights out,—so it seems.
Pianos cease their dinning,
Red lights their reign beginning,
Of the future are Lasell girls' happy dreams.

The Past to Future giving.
Which is it we are living?
Old scenes, old friends, old lessons we have had
Are woven firm forever
Into each new endeavor,
So for the spirit of Lasell let us be glad.

A GREAT GIFT VANISHED

Can there be a greater gift than the gift of a pure and noble soul to be our friend, to lighten for us the way when it seems gloomy, to hearten us in hours of discouragement, to quicken into new life our faith in beautiful ideals when it flickers low, as sometimes it does, to exhibit daily the beauty of a sweet and consistent christian life? Such a gift to all who knew her well was our dear friend Mrs. Wagner, Min Ransom, her schoolmates called her, who was for long years associated in one or another way with Lasell. To those who housed with her when she was mistress of Clark Cottage, Lasell will forever be associated with her name and gentle, friendly personality. And in other ways too has Lasell felt the impress of her beautiful life. There is one stanza of Walter's poem, "My Creed," that always suggests Mrs. Wagner to me,—

"I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

Does not her spirit shine in every line of it? Sorrows she had, trials, disappointments, losses. They were but as the friction that polishes the gem; always the clearer and serener shone her faith, always the brighter burned the flame of her outflowing love for all whom she found she could in any way help or cheer.

We had known that her hold on life was growing frailer, more precarious, day by day, and dreaded the inevitable parting. But could her passing have been more sweet to remember, had Love itself been allowed to devise the manner of it? Her Christmas had been packed with joys, she had delighted in the gifts of her loving friends and family; her son, Charles, and his family had been with them—Sanford's presence, with his dear ones, was alone lacking, and yet from his far away home in California she heard his cheery greeting, "Merry Christmas, Mother!" Her last hours held comparatively little pain for her, and no agonizing apprehension of any ill; and her dear home companions were with her.

The day of the service came—our last look

at her loved face! Not on that day her light, quick step on the floor, the cheery cordial voice, the bright friendly glance of welcome. Yet she was at home—only she was asleep. One end of the familiar livingroom was all a bower of exquisite pink roses (how she loved flowers!), and among them, gently sleeping, yet seeming as if on the verge of awakening, lay the precious mistress of one of the loveliest homes that ever bore the name. We looked with brimming eyes at the gentle face whose smile we had long counted among the blessings of any day that had given us its radiance, and the peace of that slumber reminded us that

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

M. W.

STAR GAZING

A few weeks ago, one bitter cold morning, it was my chance to be waiting just within the doorway of a large city department store. It was before the hour of opening, and many were gathered there. The pathetic, comical, ludicrous and romantic were all portrayed. First to attract my attention were two obviously well-dressed men. Dapper, derbied, spatted salesmen, I classified them. One of them seemed really dressed in good taste, but to my dismay I soon found that a tiny red feather was fastened at the side of his derby. From them my glance fell upon a poor, destitute cold darky. He was selling papers and seemed not to have had much success. He hovered over the radiator and chafed his ungloved hands. He did have a heavy overcoat and boots, which made me glad. A little to his left stood two highly-painted moderns. The sight of their chiffon-clad legs and unbooted feet made me feel the cold more keenly, but evidently they did not notice it. Their tight-fitting hats enclosed thin, animated faces. They were plainly aware of the presence of a young man next to them. To my right stood a young girl, pretty in a commonplace way. Clearly waiting for someone, I guessed. A few minutes later, a boy came hurrying in and his eyes found her in a moment. They talked for only a short while and I heard them making a date for the evening. They parted, each going a different way. Puppy-lovers I thought, and smiled.

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

[There is perhaps no one in contemporary American drama who has as large an audience as Eugene O'Neill. It was the privilege of one of the editors to witness the most discussed play of many seasons, and we trust that what she found in Strange Interlude may be of interest to those who have seen or read the play. The Editors].

Eugene O'Neill did a very daring thing when he wrote "Strange Interlude"; I suppose there are few dramatists who, even if they had the inspiration, would dare to use the technique, which O'Neill maneuvered with such nonchalance. After all, writers of plays are human beings—they have one eye on the box office; even Shakespeare was guilty, they tell us! And how, may I ask, was O'Neill to know that his audience could get the swing of his asides or the depth of his soliloquies? Probably he is a psychologist; no doubt, he diagnosed his audience and found that it never had failed him in accepting anything new. So what the public might not be able to understand as art, it would patronize as a novelty. I wonder if Mr. O'Neill ever thought this!

At any rate, the use of asides has not proved a failure, in spite of the adverse criticism which has been raised. They are not, as one might expect, either awkward or melodramatic. They are startling, of course, but only because they are spoken. In hundreds of plays, we have watched characters say what they obviously did not mean. We have not been startled, for nothing which we do countless times a day ourselves could amaze us very much. The effect of the asides is probably much as we would feel if, after complimenting some one on a horrible hat, we should suddenly hear ourselves say that it was hideous. The thought doesn't surprise us—it is only that it should have been spoken! One gets the spirit of the asides in a very short time, and then they are waited for expectantly; the strange part is that if they did not come, one would be horribly disappointed. It is a peculiar, startling device—this honesty which O'Neill saw fit to give way to—but it is amazingly worth-while in a worthwhile play.

"Strange Interlude" is not a trivial play; it is a play of universal appeal with very basic emotions at its heart. I have thought that there is very little of life that one does not

find somewhere in O'Neill; I begin to think that there is very little not found in "Strange Interlude" alone.

O'Neill did a great thing when he created Nina, and he showed an understanding of women, which is a bit disconcerting. One always remarks that now men know so little of the feminine nature—it is so uncomfortable when they do. Nina has been called unreal; she is said to be a perverted picture of what real womanhood actually is—an unfair, disillusioning picture. Whether it is possible for such a variety of experience to come into a single life, I do not know. Whether Nina is unreal, I suppose, is largely a matter of opinion. I have always had a deadly fear of being what people might call an "average woman", but I begin to think that just being born a woman makes you bound to be average in a basic way. After all, women come to know the same impulses, the same emotions—they think the same thoughts—they succumb to the same influences. They know the same friend, husband, lover that Nina knew; it is a matter of chance whether all three are categoried into the same man. Nina is undoubtedly a good example of what Shaw believed woman to be—the creator, the mother—she cared little for the means.

It was her sense of futility and non-fulfillment which made her a strange neurotic after Gordon's death. If he had left her a child—even an illegitimate one—the course of her life would have been vastly different. She had failed Gordon; more important, she had failed herself most miserably. Gordon's death, Nina could have stood; the fact that her child had been smashed to the ground with Gordon in his plane—that was what she could not get away from. Her experiences with the men of the hospital were dismal, unsatisfying—mainly because she knew that in no way was she paying her debt to Gordon, and that from them, she could only have created replica beasts. Then Sam Evans—ah—a Gordon from another man; here was fulfillment, contentment. Sam might have been the idol, Gordon, if his plane had crashed before he had given Nina her baby. The realization that Evans could not fulfill her purpose drove Nina to Darrell, as one goes from a machine which is badly out of order to another with an efficient appearance. By rationalization, she told herself that she would benefit Sam by giving him a healthy child; in her heart, she knew that she was acting for herself, the mother.

Nina was inhuman to Darrell—he was the supreme tragedy of the play—she submitted him to a lifetime of torture and ruin, even in his work, where his prospects had been so bright. Yet she was a strangely beautiful creature, fascinating in the selfishness of her desires until—yes, one has to admit it—until she grew old. Had she been capable of saving herself from the ravages of time, she could have continued her cruelty forever; Darrell would have loved her and not minded the suffering. When one is young, cruelty is sometimes a fascination; when one is old, it is—cruelty. She got by as long as she could wear pink flowered chiffon. When her hair turned white and she felt the need of a scarf over her shoulders, she was only contemptible.

Sam Evans is O'Neill's little dig at our present-day, average American business man, self-satisfied, blind to anything except the glories of success. Charlie Marsden was O'Neill himself when he said of Sam—"I preferred him the old way—futile but he had a sensitive quality—now he's brash—a little success—oh, he'll succeed all right—his kind are inheriting the earth—hogging it, cramming it down their tasteless gullets—and he's happy." This is the fact that hurts O'Neill more than anything else in our silly civilization—that is what prompted "Marco Millions"— the knowledge that the Polos, in all their materialism, will undoubtedly inherit the earth.

George Jean Nathan says that in "Strange Interlude", O'Neill showed himself "a brilliant interpreter of the hopes and disasters and pitiable bravery of mankind." He has done more than that—he has proven as he has countless times in the past—that besides being a poet of exquisite quality, a creative artist of seemingly limitless power—he is also a great philosopher. Nathan and his kind won't admit this. Perhaps they didn't read "The only living life is the past and the future—the present is an interlude—strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living.

ELIZABETH G. FORSYTH, '29

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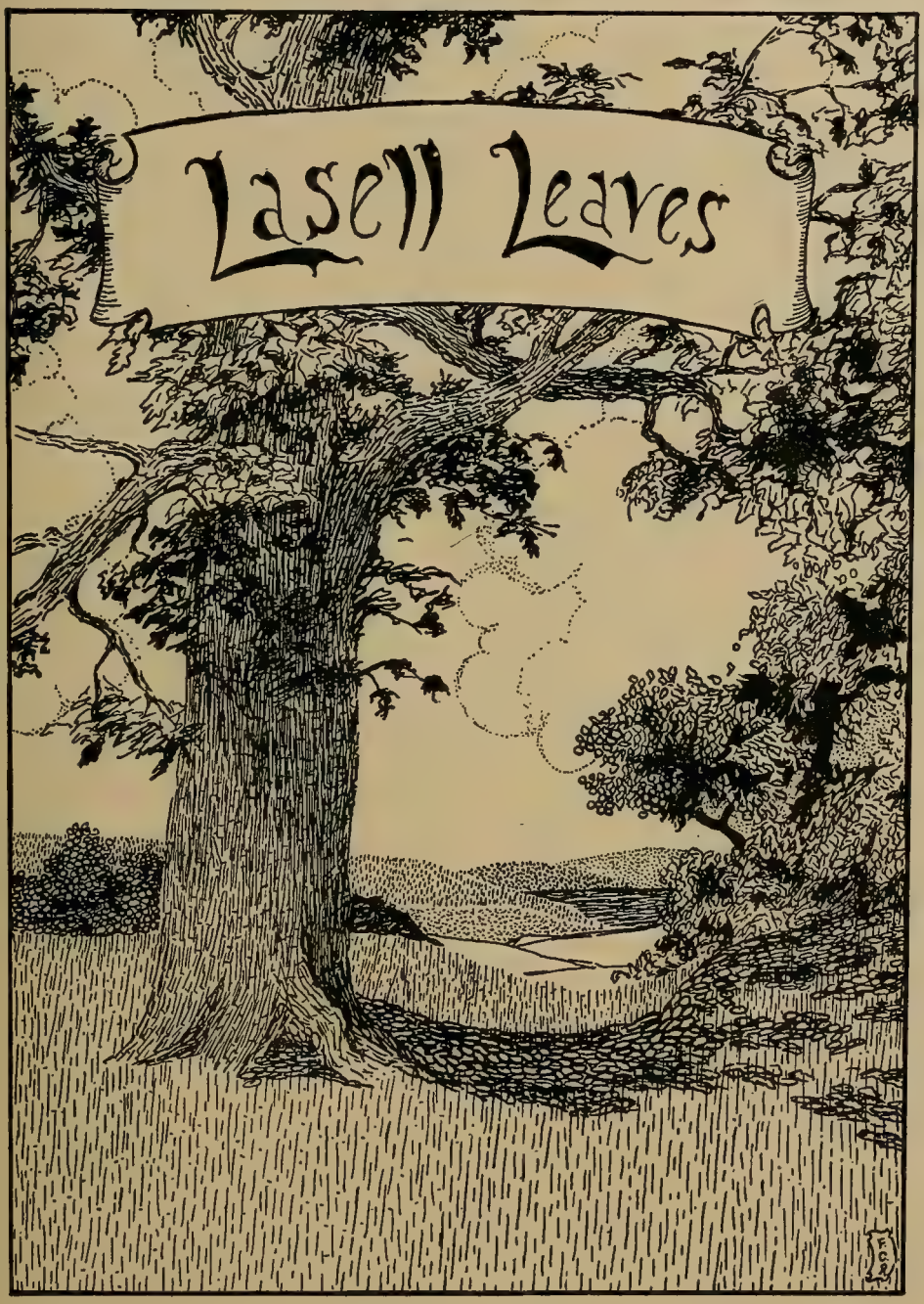
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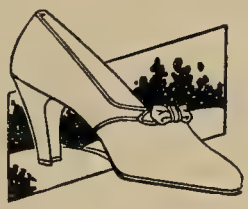
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LITERARY

RUSTLINGS

The tall pine trees are rustling
And the grey squirrels are all hustling
For the scent of Spring is sifted through the air
And from mounds of melting snow
Crooked streams of water flow
While the sky of misty blue is something rare.
In the woods, if you will look,
You will find a new-born brook
That breaks through the ice with timid drops.
There is quiet all around
But for one soft-padded sound;
It's the thud, thud of the rabbit as he hops.
Wild things know on such a day
In some very secret way
That the earth no longer will be bare.
They know why pine trees are rustling
And why grey squirrels are all hustling.
It's the scent of Spring that's sifted through the air.

Teddy Pratt, '29.

MY GARDEN

Gardens, how I love them! love to plan them, to give each plant my personal attention and care, for plants are, after all, only vegetable children, each having a temperament and constitution of its own, some being delicate, others strong; some loving the shade, others the sunshine—each differing in some respect from the others. To one who loves them and knows their habits it is a joy to watch them grow and strengthen, bud and bloom and fruit.

The especial garden of my heart is all my own—of my own planning, my own planting and a great pride surges in me when I am in my realm, for there, you see, I am queen. And oh how wonderful it is to know that your precious plants look to you, depend on you for the gentle ministries that help them thrive!

Around my garden a vine covered fence serves as a beautiful green background for the brighter foliage and gay blossoms of the inmates of the place. Tall, hardy shrubs group sociably along the fence, among them arborvitæs, the butterfly bush and hydrangeas. Then there are beds of zinnias, bordered by variegated grasses. Over the gate is a white latticed arch covered with a beautiful vine, the coral blossoms of which fall in long graceful sprays over the path it covers. On the side of the garden nearest the house where the ground slopes down, there is planted long tropical green grass and in the center of it stands an old earthen jug in a wrought iron frame around whose legs little vines cling.

But best of all is the lily pool! Here is the pride of my garden! It is an irregular pool surrounded by rough ivy-covered rocks. Between the rocks grow long fronded ferns and richly colored irises. At the back of the pool large jagged rocks, cactus growing in their crevices, are reflected in the mirror of the pool. In the pool too, are many beautiful lillies of different colors and varieties, some white, some yellow, some pale blue; and mingled with these are purple hyacinths. At one end of the pool is a tall lotus plant, the sacred lily of the Nile, you remember, because in the early days the Egyptians worshipped it. When the large white bud opens, it looks like a lovely pink tipped star. So beautiful, so delicate is it that it makes one marvel at the great Being who could create such loveliness. Leading to the pool and the white stone bench near it are jagged flagstones. Here lingering in the twilight I love to sit and dream, so peace-

ful is it, so comforting. Even the birds seem to feel its comfort, for they come and rest on a rock, or drink from the cool smooth water. Such confident little creatures, hopping from branch to branch, merrily catching insects for their young, not concerned at all that I am watching.

MY GARDEN

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The variest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Brown

Clare Hightower.

WAKING LILIES

Gnarled old trees
Bend far out over
The black, silent
Water. The shadows
Thrown back make
The trees seem black
And menacing.
Lilies folded to
Sleep by the last
Rays of the sun
Peek through the
Soft green coverlet
Of seeds woven
By plants and
Caressing the
Face of the pond.
Leaves crooning
A soft rustling
Lullaby. A red
Glow of the sun
Filters through the
Comforting fog and
Wakes the lilies
To new life—but
Brings with it a
Breeze—gathering to
Disturb the lullaby—
Sweep away the
Protecting green cover
And awaken the
Lake to a new day—
While forgotten ghosts
Slip back thru the
Roaring trees in terror.

Harriet Hewins, '29.

FLOWER SHOP

A little dingy shop
In a narrow dingy street,
But within a wealth of gorgeous color,
An aroma of heady sweetness.
Here in one corner are a vast army
Of scarlet tulips planting their gay color,
Bravely, insolently, like Continental soldiers.
Close by the door waxy lilies, pure, graceful,
Fill the air with their fragrant perfume.
There are golden jonquils, the buried treasure
Of some miser perhaps, sprung from the earth
To bring sunlight to a sick child.
Here are tiny sweetheart roses, the kind that
Go with crinolines and pantalettes.
A wall of sweet peas, blue-violet, crimson,
White, pink, and velvety garnet
Make a glorious pastel-tinted guilt.
And behind glass doors, exotic orchids,
The flowers of lovers.
Just a little dingy shop
In a narrow dingy street,
But within — Paradise.

Frances Mann, '29.

MOTHER'S DAY

The roar of the "El" as it sped past the window and the screeching and grinding of its brakes, as it slowed down for its next stop, which was just a block from the flat, awakened Mrs. Lane. She arose from her bedside and mechanically started to dress. When her simple toilet was complete, she walked over to the window to see what time it was by the clock over the cheap jewelry store downstairs. It was just 8 A. M. She didn't have to hurry but she wanted to get over to Times Square by 9 and see about that position. She was small of stature, thin, with a face and figure that seemed unduly careworn. Her hair was almost pure white—her eyes—faded and of an indefinite color. However, her expression and

whole make-up seemed to reflect a gentle, sweet and timid nature. Her features and the quiet simplicity of her dress bespoke of refinement and taste that didn't seem to suit her surroundings—a shabby but clean two room flat on the East Side of New York. She seemed lost, misplaced in the world of the slums where she lived,—an old, tired out, little woman whom life had not dealt kindly with.

By 9 o'clock—she was in the heart of New York, "Times Square." She entered a small gown shop that had a card in the window marked "Seamstress wanted." A young woman approached her.

"Anything I can do for you, Madam?"

"I came about the position—" she responded in rather a quivering voice. Her age and timidity rather appealed to the girl. She looked at her sympathetically.

"Why—oh—I'm so sorry. But you see we want a much younger woman—." On seeing the hurt look in the old lady's eyes she added—

"But if you have a sewing machine at home we have some work you could do for us. Quite a lot of work in fact. We would send it to you. Come in the morning and we'll tell you about it."

She left the room—Mrs. Lane—bewildered and with a leaden heart—walked out into the street. She had no sewing machine. What was she to do? For weeks she had tried position after position. For an hour she walked around aimlessly. As she passed a candy shop, she saw a sign, an attractive, brilliant one with the caption "May 5th—Mother's Day. Remember your mother!"

Oh, it was Mother's Day—and this year May 5th. Suddenly she remembered—and laughed, a horrible, unnatural sound coming from her throat. The irony of it—Mother's Day May 5th, 1929 and it was May 5th of last year Jimmie had died. May 5th that he had died of fever in Sing Sing where he had been condemned to twenty years imprisonment for burglary. Burglary that he had been innocently drawn into by a so-called friend of his.

Tears blinded her eyes—she shuddered ever so slightly. A man about forty or thereabouts —well dressed, suave in appearance came out of a near-by door and as he walked toward the curb where an imported car awaited him, he noticed the little, pathetic figure. He saw her wipe her eyes—and noticing how old she was and how poorly clad she was, something seemed to stir within him. He changed the direction of his footsteps and in a second or two stood beside her, wondering what she gazed at in the window and what it was there that evidently brought memories and consequently the tears.

He, too, saw the sign—"Mother's Day! etc."

Perhaps that was it—"Mother's Day." Maybe her son had been killed in the war or something—or her daughter had died recently! He was too much the gentleman to intrude upon her privacy. His own mother had died years ago—Why couldn't he help somehow? Something affected him suddenly—something that hadn't bothered him much for years, it was pity.

He placed his hand in his pocket, pulled forth a bill. This he pressed into the startled woman's hands with but a brief word.

"Please do not be offended. I want to help you. Accept it as a gift from me in memory of my mother. You don't know what pleasure it gives me—."

He turned quickly, walked to the curb and

Mrs. Lane looked at the bill. Fifty dollars! She breathed a prayer of gratitude and blessed the kind stranger. Fifty dollars. It meant a new dress, rent and the sewing machine. Again she blessed the stranger, not realizing that she had accepted a fifty dollar bill from the noted attorney, Frank MacIntire, the same attorney who had proved Jimmy Lane guilty a year ago in his brilliant fight for the state. She had been ill, almost dying at the time, and she never knew.

Frank MacIntire sat back in his imported car with a smile of smug satisfaction on his face. He had been sentimental perhaps but still it was Mother's Day.

Helene Swick, '29.

WHY IS IT?

Why is it
That though I do not love you,
The merest words from your lips,
The slightest nod of your head
Can change my mood completely?

C. M. Chase, '29.

HEADLIGHTS

Headlights of all kinds—
Some dull and yellow,
Some bright and nearly blue,
Some a blinding white that hurts,
Some flickering,—
But all cutting little holes in the black night.

Orchid sweet-peas—
Drooping, dead,
Fit to be thrown aside with other ashes
You're forgotten now.
And in your place
Glows a beautiful, daring,
Tiger-lily.

C. M. Chase, '29.

"WAD SOME POWER"

Mrs. MacLean hung up her dishpan, banged the door of her cabinet shut and stepped out on her back porch, slamming the door behind her, then seating herself in a chair, a pan of peas in her lap to be shelled, she relieved her soul with a sigh. "And to think that I should come to this."

"What's this?" exclaimed a merry voice behind her.

"Gracious, but you frightened me, Louise!" said Mrs. MacLean almost dropping her pan. "Come up and sit down—though how you have time to go calling in the morning, I can't see."

"You sounded as though you were about to start in on a funeral dirge when I arrived," said Louise settling herself in a chair. "Don't let me interrupt you. Perhaps I might serve as audience."

Knowing her friend as she did, Marjorie MacLean let this little bit of sarcasm pass by unheeded, and proceeded to answer her friend's question. "By 'this' I mean my every-day life at the present time. It wasn't like this when I first married Jim, but now it seems as though all I do is work, work, work! I used to go out once in a while; now, what with the children and what with the work, I never have a minute to call my own. I must get up at six-thirty if I'm to get breakfast over and send the children to school on time. Then there are dishes to wash, beds to make, and the baby to bathe and feed, not to mention endless clothes to wash and iron. By the time I get the baby back to sleep it is time to start lunch, and before I know it the hungry horde is again upon me. No sooner are they trotting back to school, than the baby has to be dressed, and, of course, more dishes to wash. I usually iron or mend in the afternoon; but, dear me! in almost no time, here are the children once more and dinner looms ahead. Never have I the time to make myself presentable for my family. Jim and the children are beginning to notice it too. Why, just yesterday, Sally, my twelve year old, wanted to know why I couldn't be like the other girls' mothers who dress up in the afternoon. Let me tell you, Louise, it is something to have your own children criticize you! But, now I ask you, what time have I to spend dressing up? After dinner I am so tired I want to go right to bed. I haven't ambition enough even to sit up and be sociable, and I never feel like going out when Jim wants to go. Besides, who would stay with the children? Someone *must* be here."

"Why don't you get a maid," broke in her friend. "You certainly can afford it. Jim makes more than my husband and I have one and a woman besides to do my washing."

"Oh, yes, I could afford one, but I can't get one who will stay more than two or three weeks. I can't understand why. I'm sure it isn't the children, because they really are good. But I do know that I slave all day long with hardly any recreation, and then I get reprimanded by my own children because I have no time to devote to them. I enjoyed my work

when we first moved here, but now, the place looks to me as if 'twere a hundred years old. Why, I just dread going into the house again. I sometimes think that if I could sit out here in the sun all day long, my troubles would take wings and fly away, but—oh, there's the telephone! I'll be back in a moment!"

Mrs. MacLean hurried into the house. Louise remained for a few minutes considering Marjorie's words, then suddenly springing up, she, too, entered the house.

When Marjorie returned, she found Louise sitting just as she had left her, except for a little smile of satisfaction on her face. Explaining her phone message, she said, "That was Sally asking permission to go to Jean Burke's for luncheon." Then she suddenly changed her tone. "What on earth are you smiling at? You look as though you had solved one of the world's greatest problems!"

"Maybe not the world's, but at least yours," came the reply.

"What, mine?" exclaimed Marjorie, in wonder.

"Yes," calmly answered Louise. "While you were at the phone, I took the liberty, on a sudden inspiration, of going into your kitchen. And there you have the whole thing in a nut-shell."

"Why, I—I don't understand."

Not heeding the interruption, Louise continued, "Your kitchen is enough to drive anyone wild. It may have been all right twelve years ago, but styles change in kitchens as well as in clothes. Don't you know, my dear, that you want things light and bright? Your kitchen is where you spend the greater part of your day. Why not have it as beautiful and liveable as the rest of your home?"

"Why, I never thought of that! But I do believe you're right," said Marjorie weakly.

"Of course I'm right. That's why you couldn't get a maid to stay. What servant would want to work in a place which reminds one of a morgue?"

"Oh, I'm beginning to get ideas already," cried Marjorie. "We could have a new window put in over the sink; the walls could be painted or covered with sanitas—they haven't been touched for years,—and it would be a good time to get the new stove and linoleum I've been needing. The ice box and cabinet could be repainted, and would do very well so until we could conveniently get new ones. I've always wanted an electric refrigerator. I'll speak to Jim about it this very night. Oh, Louise, what a godsend you were! To think that I've been going along like this for years, when all I needed was a bright, sunny kitchen."

Louise departed a little later, happy in her friend's happiness and rejoicing that she had been able to help put one family back on the road to happiness.

Marjorie had no chance to speak to her husband that evening, for he came home only long enough to pack his bag and hurry away on a sudden, important business trip. Recognizing her opportunity, however, she lost no time in starting operations the next morning. The MacLean household was a scene of great activity during the next two weeks, and Marjorie breathed a sigh of relief when the last workman had gone and she received word that her husband was to return the following evening.

Mr. MacLean returned to an entirely different household from that he had left. His wife looked as he had not seen her for years. Her cheeks were delicately tinged with the pink of excitement while her eyes had the sparkle he had known in the girl he married. The children were all at home and radiantly happy. An air of suppressed excitement reigned during the meal, which, to Jim's further wonderment, was served by a trim little maid. When the children had retired and Jim was about to inquire as to the cause of the changed atmosphere, Marjorie arose and led him into the kitchen.

'Jim," she said, I've been blind, foolishly blind for years. I've been brooding on my depressing conditions without once trying to discover their cause and better them. But through a most fortunate circumstance my

eyes have been opened. 'Where as before I was blind, now I see.' Our life together which started out so beautifully, had changed into a drab, uninteresting existence. Life and beauty were all about me, yet I did not know how to bring beauty and cheeriness into our life here at home. But I know my mistake now; I realize I was ruining not only my own life, but yours also, and those of the children—and all for the want of a little beauty in the kitchen, and a little resolution to look for it in other things as well!"

It was not a reform: it was a revolution.

Caroline Jameson, '30.

QUERY

I climb alone to a castle-top
And gaze, and gaze
The sky is draped in deepest black
But the lights in the hem of her gown
Twinkle like rhinestones.
What is hidden in the folds of blackness
And what are the rhinestones—
And why must I wait to know?

A soul is knit into my frame
When I am wrapped thus in the night
I cannot doubt it.
For now I am not where I stand
I am soaring into the blackness
Calling, questioning—
Waiting to be found.

A. M. W., '29.

WAIT

Tonite the trees are bending
Under heavy, cold white snow—
And tonite your soul is bowed
With sorrow's weight.
Do the trees know
That the new light of tomorrow
Will melt the snow away
And keep them straight and strong?

Margaret Wethern, 29.

COLD

Cold! It burns its frigid pathway into every nook and corner of the huge teeming city. The gay young sophisticates wrap their furs more closely around their slender bodies, climb into an open roadster and rush off to night club or roadhouse where they dance their young lives away and proceed to "Get hot!" They drink poisonous drinks of at least five per cent alcohol and forget all about the bitter, sharp, relentless cold that awaits them outside the walls of the stuffy roadhouse. "It's damned cold out tonight."

Down in the slums a long line of derelicts wait for the merciful breadline to open its operations. They hold and clutch their thin, ragged garments about them as the wind shriekingly picks out every vulnerable spot in their wasted frames. "Jeeze!" It's colder tonight 'n it's been fer a long time."

In an attic flat in the still-worse-than slums, an old, haggard woman sits staring at the cold, gray ashes of a charcoal fire,—a very meager charcoal fire. In misty procession the pleasant and unpleasant events of her life pass between the tiny pile of ashes and her dimming eyes. Suddenly a stab of pain brings her to the realization that she is very hungry. It's so cold tonight, so cold to go out and beg. "I'd best stay here and keep out of cold."

There is a district in every city that is frequented only by men, and those under cover of the black of night. No one stirred there. The shutters were closed and although the rose-shaded lamps were still burning as brightly as ever, they had not the same inviting warm glow as usual. They shone in a discouraging sort of way as if to warn away all passers-by. In one of the buildings, the hearth was red with the cold warmth of a gas-log. The girls and women sat crowded around reading "True Romances," and other magazines of the same lurid appeal. An older woman, stouter, coarser and uglier than the rest, sauntered into their midst. "Guess there won't be no business tonight, dearies. It's too gawddam cold!"

On the edge of the city dump, stands a tumble-down shack, unworthy to be called a house. One who passes might stop a moment and then go on. Inside is no warmth, no food, no life. The only one who goes into the hut and sees tragedy therein is the cold. On the

low bed, half-covered with a ragged blanket, a relic of the dump, is the body of an old man. He is very thin and very cold. On the floor, head pointed toward her master's bed, lies the cold body of a mother dog, her three dead puppies half hidden by her drooping head. There is no life in this silent, shabby, cold little shack, the cold has crowded it out.

R. Starkweather, '29.

SPRING

Gray skies
High winds
Trees bending
And swaying
Before the
March rain.
Gay colored
Raincoats. Bright
Umbrellas. Shiney
Mudpuddles
Reflecting fleecy
Steel clouds.

Spring. Silver
Streaked skies.
The feeble
Indefinite notes
Of birds. The
Smell of new
Turned earth
Uplifting
Downcast souls
To a realm
Of joyous
Forgetfulness.
Youth gazes
Into every
Being, however
Unwilling. Quiet
Irresistible.

H. Hewins, '29.

"IT WAS RAINING"

"Paris" how the name shrieks "gay P-ar-ee." The mere mention of the word brings mental pictures of its joy—happiness—gayety. Paris with its night clubs—Paris with its theatres, Paris with its latest modes of fashion—Paris with its beautiful rues and boulevards—its lights—Paris.

Nancy Gaines was a girl, attractive—yet not pretty. As she sat beside her husband she portrayed a picture of a woman of about thirty-five years of age—happy and contented with life, but bubbling over with excitement and enthusiasm as would a girl of sixteen or seventeen years who was experiencing her first joy of seeing a noted city and being initiated into the sophisticated world.. Ten years ago she had walked along these very streets—been to the different theatres and night clubs and now here she was with her husband—could it be possible? She practically ignored him as she sat in her limousine which was driving along the avenue. Her memories were too strong to make her realize that she was looking back at them and not living them. But what struck her so strangely was that it was raining. Paris when it is raining is not like most cities. Somehow it does not seem ugly, but rather beautiful —beautiful with all its taxis and limousines scurrying here and there like little pygmies—women magnificently dressed—colored umbrellas here and there—the lights seem to sparkle so and were so radiant. Ten years ago tonight it had been raining just this way. She had been with Ted then but—tonight—she was with her husband.

Nancy Gaines had come out in society just before America entered the war. Her education had been finished at a fashionable boarding school in New York, and it had finished her. She knew no more now than she did when she entered. But, she did know how to drive a car, spend money and enjoy herself. Too much of this life however, is boring. It's the same thing day in and day out. Her only solution finally was a flying visit to Paris.. As she had no family she had no one to argue with against or for it except a few aunts and uncles—and oh yes—a guardian. But, such things are trivial matters when you are bored and adored by them. So Paris it was. Her roommate at boarding school, Connie Hall, had joined the ranks of an artist and had installed herself in a "ducky little nest" as she called it. It was nothing other than an apart-

ment something on the style and atmosphere of our Greenwich Village apartments. Nancy had cabled Connie she was going to park out on her for a month or so—and stay she did.

When Nancy walked down the avenues, the soldiers who were on leave and always looking for joy and happiness—anything that would dim the noise of guns, cannon, moans of their comrades injured—anything that would make them forget the filth and sordidness of the trenches, these wrecks of humanity would glance her way and gaze at her inquiringly. Soon they would discover that she was one of their own. She indeed looked more Parisian than American but nevertheless was most attractive.

Suddenly she was bumped into and nearly knocked down. Too stunned to do anything she could only glance up with a look that was filled with anger and contempt for the person who hadn't been looking where he or she was going. "Pardonnez-moi, Madamoiselle" came the voice of one very much annoyed also. Instead of being any more perturbed she began to laugh and said "Oh, that's all right, but you should look where you are going."

"Why, why, you're speaking English. Why, you are an American—why."

"Yes, I am," answered Nancy who was now smiling very sweetly at the young man before her. He was very tall and very good looking —a real American—but we'll be different in this story and not describe him too fully.

"And, she added, "I believe you are an American and come from the South."

While they were both carrying on their little discussion of homes across the waters, they were ambling their way down the avenue and at length found themselves in front of a delicious looking tea room. Entering the shop they settled themselves down in a secluded corner and continued their conversation. Before the meal was over she learned that he was on leave for five days. Had already had two days, and was just wandering around looking for something to do. They both agreed to call each other by their first names, and so they were Nancy and Ted to each other.

"Nancy, may I see you again? Couldn't we do something tonight and tomorrow?"

"Well, Ted, I don't know. I was going to do something tonight" (she wasn't, but it sounded good, and she didn't want him to think she liked him) "but I guess I could get away. I tell you, why not go over to my apartment. We could cook supper and sit there a while. It's lots better than running around in this rain. And maybe I could cook something you'd like. I'm just learning don't you know."

"That sounds too good to be true" replied Ted who was now deciding that Nancy was a very, very sweet and obliging young lady. "That would be fine."

Time flew like dust in a wind storm. It was now his last day of leave and tomorrow he would be back at the front. As they sat in the hotel at a table way off from everything, they looked anything but happy. They had taken in matinees, night clubs, dances and many things in just their few days together and—now—tomorrow he was leaving.

Suddenly he roughly drew her hands in his and started to blurt out something, but he couldn't say it. Nancy seemed to sense that something was wrong and leaned forward.

"Ted, what is the matter?"

"Darling, darling, I love you!"

"Oh, Ted when you say that I almost die with joy—say darling again. I love it and I love you."

"Darling."

"Yes, Ted."

"Do you—could you—would you marry me? Tomorrow I go back—tomorrow night—couldn't we be married tomorrow before I go."

"Oh, Ted, I don't know what to say. Let me think. Oh, dear Ted, yes I will marry you."

The hours passed quickly and soon Ted and Nancy were saying goodnight. But, not before they had talked of their little home in Virginia and maybe some day, just maybe,

there would be another Ted, and Nancy. It was too real—too true. Tomorrow they would be married. Would tomorrow never come?

As Nancy sat on her bed that night, she thought of Ted and how she had met him,—of all the lovely things they had seen and gone to and their happy moments together, and in a few hours—ten or so—she would be his wife.

Around eight o'clock she awoke and dressed just as fast yet as carefully as she could. Soon Ted would be with her and then they would be married. Just as she was putting the final touch on her hair and appearance, some one knocked on the door. In came Connie quite excited and in her hand she held a letter. Someone brought this to you, Nan, and so I thought I'd bring it in." Nan took the letter and opened it. Her face turned ashen as she read.

"Darling:

"I've been through hell since I left you. I haven't slept a wink all night. In fact I've been up all night walking the streets, arguing with myself. Darling, I can't marry you. Tomorrow I go back to the front. Supposing I was killed. You would be a young widow. It isn't fair to you, dear. I love you too much to ever let you suffer and when I'm away you will be in fear all the time for fear something would happen to you. I'm not going to see you before I go. When you get this I will have gone. Darling would you keep the little gold ring and wear it. I bought it last night after I left you. I'm going away and I shall come back. When I come back I shall come for you, and if you aren't here I'll look for you at your home in America for I have your address. Remember dear I love you and will till my dying day.

Ted."

He went away and Nancy waited for what she thought was a long time. She finally had to sail for home and leave Paris behind her, and—Ted.

Now she was back again after ten years of absence. She had arrived home and a year later had married. She was so happy with her home, her husband, and her two adorable children. No mother could be any happier than she was. When her husband suggested a little trip the first place that jumped into her mind was Paris.

As they drove down the avenue her thoughts were stopped by "Darling, Darling," and her husband tenderly put his arm around her and gently said, "It hasn't changed much since we were last here—ten years ago—and darling do you remember, it was raining then?"

Dorothy Brown, '31.

A SEARCH

The search for happiness—
It's cost too high!
It takes so little to make me happy
Why deny me?
I've acepted each blow quietly
But now—
I am tired—
I am weary—
A dead load for happiness!
At times almost happy
Never truly for long.
Who said life is a happy quest?
It is a quest for happiness.

Peggy Heath, '29.

SOLITUDE

The cool greyness of the soft ethereal vapor.
The slimy sharpness of the dripping crags.
The icy sting of the salt sea air.
And the sound of glass green water swishing round.
Among these I stood alone, the wind clutching at my body.
And wondered——pondered if my life were worth the task,
Or should I better cast myself into the sea.

F. Fitch, '29.

FAITHFULNESS

One called his faithfulness love
While another called it pure adoration
A third called it devotion sublime
But to me they're three kinds of damnation.

C. M. Chase, '29.

A COUNTRY SKETCH

Yep, Toot, I was sittin' right here—remember it as if 'twas last night! That's why I allus like to have the shades drawn down now whin it gits dark. I'll never fergit how scairt we was—all thought Joe was a goner. Guess he thought so, too, for a minit. We knew who must 'a' did it, but yet we had no proof. You see, the nite before it happened I heard ol' Nip give a yip and a growl that woke me up purty quick. He allus slept right under my window—never hed sech a good dog—he never wasted any breath over nuthin', and so whin he yipped I knowed he meant it. I jumped out of bed and dragged on some cloes and grabbed up my double barrel shotgun. Whin I got outside it was light enough to see ol' Nip tearing for the barn—he'd waited for me to be sure he'd woke me—an' I ran after him. Around the corner he piked, and set up a great racket—the feller must 'a' just got on his horse, 'cause whin I turned the corner he was gallopin' off acrost the pasture in no small hurry. Nip knew as well as I thut there wasn't no use to chase 'em. I was so mad I fired after 'em, an' the way the horse dug in an' run I couldn' decide whether it was the noise or a stray shot that stung 'im. Well, Joe had tole me thet some o' the neighbors hed lost harness lately, so we didn' think nuthin' serious of it—didn' even remember thet Joe hed a habit of sleepin' in the barn, even though he'd piled out whin he'd heard the shot—so naturally we never connected the visitor with him. We was plenty mad, too, whin we realized thet the feller hed cut the pasture fences an' not bothered to piece 'em up again.

Well, thet night we was sittin' in the Shanty, which was the first cabin I'd built on the land whin I cleared a place big enough for it, and where us men allus sat an' smoked evenin's—it was cold enough so we hed the doors an' windows closed an' a fire in the ol' stove. Joe was sittin' quite close to the window with his chair tilted back on two legs, leanin' his elbow gainst my big desk—the Shanty was my office, too, there on the farm. Joe was sorta quiet—he allus was, anyhow. But he wasn' sayin' much while we were discussin' our night prowler again. Don't know what was wrong with ol' Nip that night—only time he ever failed me. But he was all shut in with us there, asleep by the stove.

I hed just laughed and said to the boys I wondered how the feller liked the shot thet morning, when a terribul blast and flash scairt us all out of our skins. Joe was in the direct path of it, and then was the stove, in the middle of the floor. So Joe took the most of it, and one or two stray shot bounced onto the stove and back into ol' Nip, who as usual didn' waste any words—he just give one howl and then he dove behind a saddle thet was lyin' near and didn' give another whimper. Well, there was sorta a panic—Joe had fell backwards and slithered in under the desk an' one of the boys grabbed the lantern and doused it. For a minit everythin' was dead quiet—listenin'—and then we heard the thud of feet runnin' away so we lost no time shellin' out. Joe had only groaned once. Somebody lit the lantern and we dragged him from in under the ol' desk, blood trailin' after 'im—he was covered with it, from buckshot and slivered glass. An' one of his ears was burned from powder, so the feller thet shot must 'a' been *purty* close outside the window. Never have quite understood how Joe got out of it like he did, and neither has he. Musta been somethin' mighty wrong with the shell the feller used. Well, we looked Joe over an' timed his pulse, an' decided thet all he needed was a antiseptic bath and a few patches, an' we'd hev to dig out quite a few shot. We was right. But Joe'd never had no beauty, so it wasn't marred any.

The next day the sherrif picked up a man thet was ravin' with satisfaction about gettin' even with someone nobody'd ever heard of. Joe told people that he'd shot hisself while he was cleanin' his own gun, an' we didn' say nothin'. We liked Joe. Didn' know nothin' about him from the time he come 'til the time he left, almost as sudden as he'd come six

years before, and we didn't know why he shouldn' tell what hed happened—but we liked Joe, so we kept quiet. Don' know where he is now—sure would like to hear from him. The crazy man we blamed the shootin' on is still in "the house on the hill" ravin' about gettin' even with the man thet hed stole his sweetheart, once.

An' so you see, Toot, thet's the reason why I allus like to have the shades drawn down now whin it gits dark.

Margaret A. Wethern, '29

MOOD OF FEAR

You said I was afraid to love—
Afraid to let you know
How much I cared,—
Afraid to hurt my pride
At some sharp turn
Afraid to burn my hands
Not used to fire
Afraid to give up that
So surely mine
Afraid to say the things
I knew were true.—
You said I was afraid to love
The joke's on you—I am.

C. M. Chase, '29.

RECOMPENSE

The patrician stood in his massive drawing room.

"No," he said, "never will I part with any of my precious treasures. For years I have collected them; now I shall enjoy them for years to come. You may tell them all, no!"

Turning, his glance roved around the room, scrutinizing, careful, mentally checking over the objects to which he referred. One observation was enough to appreciate the intensity of his passion for the beautiful, diversified possessions which to him meant all that was worth while in life.

Heavy draperies shaded the view from prying outsiders, serving also as a suitable background against which the drawing room appeared beautifully expensive, ornate and exotic. The twilight blues, mauves, rich browns, staidly withheld the occasional sparks of sunlight caught by the few strands of gold in the intricate design; the dusky, semi-lighted whole conveying the impression of carefully-guarded, stored treasure, wealth beyond price. A room for a monarch, a Caesar, a Napoleon.

The same rich, deep note was reflected in the heavy, extravagant Oriental rugs jealously stretching to every remote corner as if to claim first attention for themselves, grudgingly displaying the rest of the room, maintaining a rigid silence, muted "pad-pad," for all intruders.

The furniture was that rare and intrinsically valuable remainder of what once graced the palaces of the Napoleons, an atmosphere which seemed a faint echo of stately gardens and powdered wigs, snuff boxes and brocades of Versailles.

Sharply contrasting with this reminder of the past, brazenly futuristic statuary, crazily fantastic low angular tables, and tall, tapering, curved mirrors, recalled one to the present world. These, products of the twentieth century masters, the most perfect creations of those about whom one reads daily, scattered the blasé, pampered sophistication and weariness of the time to the huge room.

On the high, graceful walls portraits rare and quaint, starkly, frankly modern pictures, tapestries savoring of Louis XIV, and etchings redolent of fourth floor studios, flowing scarfs, and Bacchanalian revelry lent further beauty, mystery, and a unique, strange charm.

The table scarfs were vari-colored, strange, fascinatingly out-of-sorts with this melange of worlds. On them rested exquisite shaded lamps of all sizes and styles, adorable little cigarette boxes from wee "boutiques" and shoppes in the tucked-away corners of the old world cities, and little volumes of poetry, philosophy, wit, from the four corners of the world, the workshops of twenty centuries.

Thrown over the mellow old piano, dated from the eighteenth century, perhaps once the delight of a Beethoven, was a shawl from the gay, fragrant, burning Argentine country—

hinting at romance, dark-skinned matadors, and their lady-loves.

Surveying the whole from a gorgeous carved stand of black and gold and purple and brown before the French windows, teetered a bird of paradise, lord of all in his restricted home, magnificent, tropical.

The patrician, reflecting on the tales behind this splendor, considered life, examined it, and found it good. His sanctum sanctorum, the solitary, indulged passion of a financial power, a captain of industry. His and his alone—never would anyone else claim one of his treasures—they were *his,* for always. He searched the room again with devouring, self-satisfied eyes. Thank God those pesky agents—connoisseurs, collectors had gone before evening. Would they never cease bothering him, clamoring for an *audience,* a sale?

The darkened lights hid the shadowed figure pressed close against the French doors. Suddenly they gave,—the masked man stood inside—in his hand a small black deadly steel mouth—directly confronting the patrician.

One muffled snap—and the patrician remained forever, with his priceless treasures.

June Pankhurst, '29.

GOURMANDS

Gluttons all—
Feeding our biting hungers
On other people's honor—
And licking our chops.

Constance Chase, '29.

BLUE CLOUDS

Blue clouds cross the moon
And are lost in the black
Of the sky,—
Pass on into unfathomable darkness
That can never be oblivion.

Constance Chase, '29.

INDIFFERENCE

Calm, undisturbed
Reflection-filled
Waters
Of early morning—
Indifference.

Constance Chase, '29.

GRAY SKIES

Splash! A tear ran down the lined and bony face of Miss Marietta Fuller, and fell on her well-shaped, but no longer well-cared for hands. She was standing at a window watching some well-meaning, but curious neighbors as they walked down the path from the fine old mansion. She saw the grey and mottled clouds rolling swiftly across the sky; the wind blowing in gusts across the leaf-strewn fields, beating the rain obliquely against everything in its way; black skeletons of old trees standing helpless, but unmoved before its sweeping force, stripped bare but unafraid; and at the bottom of the hill misty spectres of poor shabby houses which appeared fitfully through the rain.

Another tear ran down her cheek as the woman turned suddenly and looked about the room in which she was standing. That room had once been the pride of the family. She could picture how it had looked—rich oriental rugs, massive pieces of mahogany furniture, beautiful pictures, vases and small luxurious things that go to make up an expensively comfortable room. Many of the things had been heirlooms, and had been greatly treasured. They were all gone now, and the room was quite, quite bare.

The four walls seemed to look down on her in pity.

"We know it's not your fault," they seemed to say. "You did your best,—you always have. It was that good-for-nothing brother of yours that gambled away all of his inheritance, and all of yours, too. Even the furniture has been sold to pay his debts. How, Marietta,—how can you still worship that worthless fool? You send him all the money he asks for, regardless of sacrifice. Family pride? What is family pride, after all, when it comes to this?"

Marietta sighed and looked at the bare walls beseechingly.

"He's my only brother," she murmured, "I had to for old memories' sake."

Into her eyes came a look of humour. It

was a comical situation after all, and she had to grin and bear it for her mother.

She turned, and mounted the staircase.

"Marietta," she heard as the opened the door at the head of the stairs.

"What is it, mother?" she asked, going to the bed where the old lady lay.

It was a large room, and beautifully furnished. In a fireplace at the end of the room, a small fire was crackling merrily, while on the mantle a little French clock was ticking with a steady rhythm. The soft rug, the subdued light, and the luxurious details of the room seemed such a contrast to the rest of the house that the younger woman looked about almost curiously.

The old lady put out tremulous hands and drew her daughter to her. Except for the difference in years, these two were strangely alike. The straight nose, the determined chin, the high cheek-bones.

"Marietta, dear, who were the callers I saw coming in?"

"Just neighbors. They came to ask how you were and hoped you'd be better."

"I wish I could have been there to receive them with you. Such kind and devoted neighbors."

Marietta gave an inaudible grunt.

"Did you serve them tea?" the mother asked. "I hope Anna has not forgotten to dust thoroughly and keep the brass polished. Somehow, dear, I feel that all is not right."

"Please don't worry! I really am a good housekeeper. I should be, you know, at forty."

"Not quite forty, Marietta! Sit down, though, I want to talk to you about something that I had hoped to save until Edward gets home next week. I'm afraid it would be too late then.—No, don't interrupt, please.—I am leaving Edward the eighty acres adjoining us, and half the money in the bank. The other half is yours, daughter, together with this house and all the treasures in it. Your grandmother gave them to me, and many of them were her mother's before her. Now let me speak of Edward. I'm so glad he's been doing so well. Shall I ask you to promise me to take care of your brother?"

"Need you ask? I promise—" Marietta spoke with deep feeling, "I promise to do all I can for him."

With some trivial excuse she got up abruptly.

Out in the cold bleak hall she stood quite still. Her eyes and throat were dry and she felt almost suffocated. From her pocket she pulled a letter and by the gloomy light read:

"My dear sister,

Have lost more money in a gamble.
Sorry to bother you for another check.
Don't tell mother.

Your affectionate brother,
Edward."

It had been so hard to give up all of the beautiful things in the house, but it was worse to keep on deceiving her mother. Was it better to deceive her and let her die happily; or tell her the truth? She went downstairs slowly, prepared her mother's tea, and started upstairs again. Each step said contradictingly, "yes," "no," "yes," "no."

Still undecided she re-entered the old lady's room.

"Mother—."

There was a wonderful smile on the old lady's face that lighted up the whole corner of the room where she lay. It was very still. The little French clock ticking steadily away on the mantle was the only sound. The wind howling about the house momentarily held its breath. There was sorrow within, but also peace and relief.

Into Marietta's heart came a strange joy. The burden was hers. What did it matter now that the house was bare, and the old place would have to be sold? That Edward was weak? She could bear it all, and the old lady would never know. At that moment Marietta felt that her victory was complete.

Gray and mottled clouds rolled fiercely across the sky. The wind blew in gusts across the leaf-strewn fields, beating the rain obliquely against everything in its way. Black

skeletons of trees stood helpless but unmoved before the sweeping force, stripped bare, but proud and unafraid. And at the bottom of the hill misty spectres of poor shabby houses appeared fitfully through the rain. Suddenly the setting sun broke through the clouds and formed a rainbow over the fine old mansion. All was well!

Teddy Pratt, '29.

"THE IRONY OF FATE"

The woman looked at her reflected vision in the long mirror. A smile trembled on her lips—her whole expression was one of sheer delight.

"Oh—I think it is beautiful! Yes, I shall take it. Don't you think the shade is good with my coloring?"

"Yes, madam, it is a gorgeous gown. On you it is a creation. The blue is your color. It accentuates your blue eyes and Titian hair."

The sales-lady pulled the shimmering gown of blue sequins over Marguerite Cortland's truly beautiful Titian hair. Marguerite Cortland breathed a sigh.

"Oh, I love it. I never have liked a gown better. I wish I could wait and take it with me but the shoulders do need to be taken up a little and I have an appointment right away. Send it immediately to the S. S. Leviathan at the pier on 42nd Street. I'm sailing at 6 this evening—."

"Yes, madam needn't worry. Thank you—and the name, please?"

The girl shrugged her attractive shoulders in a very pleasing way (it had taken her much practice to get that little shrug down to an accomplishment).

"Oh—of course—Miss Marguerite Cortland. Charge it to Mr. Godfrey Cortland, 1420 Park Avenue. Good day! Be sure it gets sent out at once."

She pulled her squirrel coat closer around her and walked, through the dress department of Altman's, toward the elevator.

Before she reached the elevator though she had to pass through the inexpensive dress department. It seemed quite empty except for one customer. A young woman of about Marguerite's own age, costumed in a simple but attractive red dinner dress, stood before a mirror in a manner very much like her own a few moments previously, with rather a flushed, pleased expression on her face. Hideous color! Perfectly vile—thought Marguerite not realizing how flattering it was to the dark-haired, light complexioned, brown-eyed girl that had it on. Rather attractive girl. Really pretty—she admitted to herself rather begrudgingly a second later. All this was a matter of minutes. Ten minutes later she ascended from her chauffeured limousine at Sherry's. As she crossed the small expanse of sidewalk between her car and the entrance of the famous Sherry's, she almost collided with another woman. Marguerite looked down in startled surprise. Her eyes met the weary ones of a poorly dressed, foreign looking woman prematurely aged. The woman's eyes softened perceptibly,

"I'm sorry, Miss. I-I beg your pardon."

Marguerite uttered a muffled explanation of some sort. The woman's eyes seemed to fill up—her mouth quivered ever so slightly—she hurried down the street.

Marguerite's one thought—though hardly one at all was a spiteful—"Fool looks like a dope fiend. What is that foreigner doing around here?"

Seven o'clock the same night—a lighted, beautifully furnished stateroom on the Leviathan. Finery of all sorts heaped around—Marguerite Cortland inhaled a cigarette drowsily while she reclined on her bed in an exquisite negligee. Her eyes followed the movements of her colored maid as she hung an innumerable number of gowns of all varieties in the little closet. Finally the girl untied the box marked "Altman's—rush." Her lithe fingers picked up a gown. A simple but attractive red dinner gown.

Marguerite dropped her cigarette unheedingly—her face assumed a furious expression.

"Oh my God—That awful dress mixed up with mine—my beautiful blue gown. She probably has it—the girl who had this on—and I can just see her delight. Oh I hate her!" She pulled the dress out of the hands of the now frightened girl. She tossed it in the corner.

"Oh, get out Sally. Leave me alone by myself. And Jack and I were announcing our engagement on board ship tonight. And I haven't a thing to wear. And a red dress too. A hideous, red dress. She sank down sobbing hysterically on the bed.

A Jersey suburban home the next afternoon at four-thirty, a tiny, rather pathetic little house but very home-like. The door bell rang and an attractive brunette, Betty, half flew downstairs. Three seconds later she undid the box from Altman's with shaking fingers. Her darling little red dress. She was going to wear it at the little dinner party to celebrate Jack's and her first wedding anniversary. She had saved so for it. She unfolded the creamy, white tissue paper. With a startled exclamation of disappointment she drew out the colorful, blue sequin gown. It looked so out of place here. It looked like it should belong to that squirrel-coated society girl that passed her so mockingly yesterday. So ultra smart and exotic. Must have been a mistake in wrapping it and she couldn't take it back until Monday. It was 4:45 now—Altman's closed at 5. What could she do? She hated this dress that belonged to another world. She had to place it gently back in its box. She couldn't throw it down. It might ruin it. Tears of vexation and disappointment fell slowly down her cheeks.

A rather pathetic foreign looking woman—crept up a pair of tenement stairs that same day. Her eyes were weary and extremely sorrowful. At the fourth flight she entered a dark, sombre looking door. A little dark room—a cold room was what she entered. A little, sickly boy came from some corner of it.

"Hello-Ma. Have a surprise for you—a nice man in a pretty uniform came here today and he said—"

The woman grabbed the child convulsively—her Josef was a chauffeur. He wore a uniform. Was he coming back to her? Was he going to help her? He had left two years ago. He was Irish and she Italian but she had loved him so! For days she had tried to find work at houses of the wealthy and all

"He was a chauffeur Mama. Big and tall."

The woman trembled—her eager eyes seemed to flash.

"Yes—yes go on—little Josef."

"Well—he said the lady whom he worked for wanted to help you—so he brought something up for you with a note."

A note! Maybe it was really Josef! "Get it quick, dear boy."

She opened a dainty note with trembling fingers—

"Dear—

I do not know you—But my second maid has told me your trouble and you have my deepest sympathy. Knowing you must detest charity, please don't accept this as such. Just a little taste of a luxury. You must be fed up on the necessities."

A Friend."

The woman opened a large square box—

"Hope it's something to eat Mom. I'm hungry!"

He looked at his mother's horrified-stricken face.

"What is it Mom?"

She stuttered and laughed in a queer, strained way—

"Nothing, sonny. It is something to eat. Here."

She handed him a five pound box of Sherry's imported chocolates.

Helene Swick, '29.

REFLECTIONS OF A GIRL ON A SLEEPER

12.00 A. M.

(Banging down her suitcase outside a berth) "I wonder where that porter is and how we're supposed to get up in these things!" (Tries

to summon porter with loudly ringing bell, no answer).

"Well, I suppose I can climb up, but I'll probaby kick the man below. I wonder who it is. Ooh—there's his bag, and it has a Harvard seal on it. Well, here goes." (Hoists herself up in berth in accompaniment to a grunt from below as foot swings in lower berth. Peers over side of berth).

"Gee, I wonder if he felt that. But I really couldn't help it. Oh rats, I forgot my bag with my pajamas. What am I doing up here without that? But it looks an awful long way to the floor. Where is that porter? I suppose I can jump. What if I kick that man again. And I have to get down. I just can't sleep in this dress. I wonder what that man looks like. I wish I was a trapeze performer and could hang by my toes and reach that bag. I don't see that porter yet. I'll bet anything he's playing craps somewhere. I guess I'll jump and Heaven help the man below.

12.30

(Jumps and just misses very stout lady just emerging from washroom, who glares in reply to her "Pardon me, ma'am").

"Well, she needn't look like that. I wonder who she's breaking that face in for. I couldn't see her coming around the corner, could I? And, anyhow, I didn't hurt her. But I do wish I could've knocked off a couple of those curl-papers. Now for the pajamas."

(Tugs and wrenches at bag.)

"Why won't this open. Wouldn't you know I left my key in my pocketbook and I threw that up in the berth."

(Takes umbrella and fishes around berth for pocketbook, which finally lands on the floor upside down with a compact, change, keys, powder and what-nots flying in all directions).

"This is a nice mess. I'll bet I lost Jack's fraternity pin that I hooked. Oh where is it? It's probably under this berth."

(Gets on knees and feels around under berth after pulling out two more bags.)

"Oh, here it is, and my key to my suitcase also."

"Don't think I had better get up there again. That man might be awake by now. Suppose he should be looking through the curtain at me. Horrors! I can just see the shine on my nose, I guess I'll take my things in the dressing room."

1.00

(Gets in dressing room and finds she has wrong bag; goes back for other and finds porter has put it up in her berth. Enlists aid of elderly man who has just got in train who, after many exclamations, drags it down. Goes back to dressing room.)

1.30

(Looking at self in mirror.)

"I sure do look a fright with my hair up in combs. I hope I don't meet anyone on my way back."

(Goes back to berth and meets on way the elderly man who stares unbelievingly. Crawls up in berth, again kicking wildly in lower berth with one foot. More grunts from below).

"Heavens, I hit something that time! Ye gods, I hadn't better look out again for some time. I do look so awful in these combs. What is the matter with that old man. He needn't stare so. He wasn't any Apollo himself in that gay bathrobe he had on. He looks just like the type that wears garters.

2.00

(Still awake as train crawls slowly to a stop.)

"I wonder where we are now. I can't get to sleep, somebody is snoring somewhere. Sounds like a cow with a cold. Why did I take the sleeper back? But I wouldn't have missed that dance for anything. And Jack was so cute at the train. I wonder if he has missed his pin yet. I ought to have something to show for this trip. He didn't bring me anything but flowers and candy and I did want that cute bracelet we saw on Fifth Avenue, but he didn't take the hint. Ho, hum! I guess we have had a hot box or something. I am so sleepy—I think—

3.00

(Goes to sleep).

6.30

(Feels something poking her).

"Yes, porter, I'll get right up. What time is it?"

(Masculine voice answers.)

"I'm not the porter, young lady, but it's six-thirty!"

(Peers out between curtains, regardless of combs in hair, and sees the top of a bald head whose owner is striving to put on size fourteen shoes over fat stomach. Falls back with a sigh).

"Ye gods, and I thought it would be thrilling to come back on a sleeper!"

Frances Brown, '29.

CONSOLATION

Loneliness
They say is pitiful, distressing
Tearing out the innermost soul,—
Or else it deadens a hurt,
A wound, unkindly dealt,
And makes one show indifference
Or it can bring a hate
That jabs both right and left
With no regard
But loneliness is also
Consolation.

Constance M. Chase, '29.

MY TRADE

(With apologies to Amy Lowell's "Trades.")

I should like to be a business man,
And to be the boss of the office;
To get there in the morning,
And find everybody there,
Except the office boy,
Then to have to look him up
And ask why he is not there;
Then to call the stenographer
To take a letter.
She takes the letter,
Then types it nice and neat.
When it is time to go home
I say, "Get ready to go home, for
The office closes in ten minutes."

Winifred Kelley,
Grade VII, Woodland Park School

COMEDY IN ENGLISH DRAMA

[This is the third paper on English Drama that we are pleased to publish. Realizing not only that English Comedy has had a somewhat different development from that of Europe but, also that our contemporary dramatists are more than ever returning to the richness of our own, we trust some of our readers at any rate will enjoy this article. The other two papers have been "Shakespeare—Moliere" and "Strange Interlude." The Editors].

After an extended examination of English comedy, we are inevitably led to some sort of attempt at theorizing about comedy and the comic element. There are two well-defined views of the nature of the comic: there are comic plays in which the purpose is of chastening certain individuals or certain classes of individuals out of their disagreeable peculiarities and of making fun of them; and there are the comic plays in which the sudden laughter as clearly arises from nothing more purposeful than high spirits. Aristotle said of comedy that it "imitates actions of inferior interest (neither painful nor destructive) and is carried on by characters whose vices are of a ridiculous kind." There is no trace of the comic in the earliest and the strictest liturgical drama. Later, passages appeared which might be interpreted as comic, but the later vernacular Herod-plays aimed so clearly at comic ranting in Herod's part that suspicion of comic intention even in Latin plays is strong. To secure popular favor the Miracle plays introduced a considerable admixture of ludicrous characters, passages, and scenes. The Moralites, on the other hand, familiarized their spectators with personifications of the loftiest of virtues, as well as of the meanest and most ridiculous kinds of vices.

There is a specific distinction between the comic that is real and the comic that is traditional. The comic that is traditionally unreal is the sort of funny act that even now flourishes on most vaudeville stages, susceptible of scarcely any development, but sure to amuse. The husband's relatives, the wife's relatives in their traditional obnoxiousness are cases that

at first probably arose from real observations but have lost their touch of reality.

The Mystery plays have touches of this same sort of thing. Herod and the devil introduce the earliest comic touches of what almost immediately degenerated into traditional stuff, the devil roaring with pain or baffled rage in play after play. The best known of the devil comedy plays are: "Creation and Fall," "Harrowing of Hell," "Lost Judgment," and "Fall of Lucifer." The Townley plays with their tinge of comedy also added a streak of realism to their devil. This constant farce was a tedious business, but could hardly have been so to the audience of those days. The majority of devils show nothing but tiresome imitation, but apparently to the common audiences of the great cycles, the boisterous demoniac roaring seemed satisfactorily comic.

The devil disappeared, popular as he had been, and his place was taken by the far more volatile and human Vice. Vices were decided realizations of the comic and were sinister figures that had preceded and that often still accompanied the devils and the villainous or heathen characters of the Mystery cycles. The single figure most fit to stand beside the roaring vaudeville devil is the raging, ranting vaudeville Herod. Herod was a heathen so he was made impotently comic and could naturally be hated and redeviled with more gusto than the devil himself. The Coventry play "Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors" and the Townley "Magnus Herodes" are good examples of this type of comedy. The regular Herod, like the regular devil, was a figure of unrealistic comedy when he was not too horrible to rank as a comic person at all. Pilate, Ananias, and Eastern emperors, all tend toward the sort of vicious Herod. It is an open question whether or not the ravening Herod, and the swelling Pygopolinsces, the Miles Gloriosus, were about equally responsible for the extraordinary group of characters in English comedy represented by Ralph Roister Doister, Falstaff, Bobadell, and Bessus.

The first real characters such as Cain, Thomas, and Judas are found in the Mysteries. In them the real and the comic combine artistically. They are not figures in a subplot of a serious drama like so many of the comic persons of the sixteenth century plays. Some of the Mysteries also presented at the same time comic plot or situation, comic characters, and realistic background. The story of Noah, his ark and his wife seems to have been perennially funny. Marriage itself was looked upon as a pitiably comic though very real state. The wife tells us vividly what an old tyrant Noah is, always foreboding sorrow and always insisting that everyone else shall fall in with his misanthropic attitude. She then proceeds to demonstrate that she, herself, is a tyrant by exchanging cuffs with him. This picture of conjugal infelicity is overwhelmingly comic and Noah has undergone big injections of the real and comic to make him one of the earliest of hen-pecked husbands.

The alacrity of the authors of the Mystery cycles to inject the real and the comic into their so-called sacred framework of Bible stories was never more strikingly bold than in the plays of the Nativity and those immediately pertaining to the Crucifixion. For example, in the "Secunda Pastorum" Mak stole a sheep while the shepherds slept. Everyone knows how he put the stolen sheep into a cradle to hide it from the pursuing shepherds; how his wife, Gill, pretends to be in child-bed; how at last the sheep makes its presence known from the cradle by sticking out its snout toward an investigating shepherd. The situation is irresistibly comic. As the shepherds rest from their exertions after tossing Mak in a blanket, an angel appears bidding them rise and seek the Christ-child. The latter part of the play, concerned with the greeting of the child and with the presentation of gifts, is written with the power of genuine emotion that most writers overlook in their delight at the episode of Mak. This play gives a more feeling picture of English country life than does the play of Noah.

Comedy arose more immediately from the Moralities. In the first place, they were freer

in design than the Mysteries because they had no cyclical framework to which they must conform. It was through the Moralites that realistic comedy may be said to have escaped finally into an independent existence for its own sake. The play "Mankynd" represents a man trying under the direction of Mercy to till the soil and earn a proper sustenance. The attempts of the devil, Tityvillus, and his fellow-workers to divert Mankind from his devotion comprise the plot. The comedy is afforded when the Vices stand round and make pointed remarks as Mankind labors in the field. The play is filled with country humor, coarse, but it affords a comic situation. The play "The Play of Wyt and Science" by John Redford is a far more advanced type of play. It is mechanically built to extract a laughter—the laughter which Elizabethans were so eager to lavish upon fools and lunatics. In the Mystery plays, the comic realism seemed to have been employed more for the purpose of giving a popular illusion of the actuality of the Bible story. Here the comic elements, which had long been gathering about the Vices in the Morality plays, at last stood upon their own feet, just for amusement, without didactic implications.

The Interludes paved the way for the real comedy. These Interludes were developed mainly from the French "fabliaux" and farces and from the comedies of Plantus. The comic nature of the plot in these Interludes is most frequently physical—a matter of situation rather than character. In his Interludes, Chaucer is very vivid in his characterizations and he uses a staggering amount of concrete detail, discreet bits of actuality and background do more even than the central comic situation to make his "The Miller's Tale" comic. He knows almost better than he knows anything else to pick the trivially true item, so intimate that it is ludicrous.

John Heywood was the author of the first real Interludes. He wrote "The Pardoner and the Friar," "John, Tib, and Sir John," "The Play of the Weather" and "The Four P's." His humor is a kind peculiarly characteristic of those minds which combine with a strong conservative bottom a hatred of shams and a great love of personal license in the expression of opinion. His wit and humor is very striking in that it appeared at the time of the tedious moralities. His Interludes are very simple, but he deserves more credit as he found it possible in so limited an area to display comic faculties which would have been equal to far ampler opportunities. He is distinguished from his dramatic predecessors by his skill in dialogue won from a study of Chaucer.

The first real English comedy "Ralph Roister Doister" by Nicholas Udall, is the fruit of the example of Plantus, being descended directly from his Miles Gloriosus. From his plays the new dramatists learned how to work out a full plot. "Ralph Roister Doister" is no mere actionless farce or scanty debate, but a comedy full of incident and of adventure, well ordered, and well planned. The construction of the plot is both clear and ingenious. The device of the letter, which by the false interpunctuation of the parasite, conveys to the heroine the directly opposite meaning to that which her master intended it to bear, is amusing enough. There is a freshness in the dialogue which shows that the author had heard or studied the rough yet bright and interesting conversations of the earlier interludes.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle" attributed to John Still is a much lower order of comedy than "Ralph Roister Doister," but it is more spontaneous, less imitative and more original. It is wanting in refinement, but it has many realistic touches. The story is of the slightest, all hanging upon the loss of a needle and on the consequent intrigues and jealousies, yet the play has an enduring charm. The humorous idea of making the whole action of a play turn on the fortunes of an inanimate "property" has given rise to some of the happiest creations of the comic drama in widely different species.

Shakespeare was deeply influenced by Peele, Greene, and Lyly. His comedies are bound

together by a common bond of romantic treatment. In "Love's Labour's Lost," a romantic comedy, he made the structure artificial and mechanical and much of its humor is decidedly superficial. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" shows great advance in characterization, but so far Shakespeare has not been able to secure depth nor unity in his comedies. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" introduces us to the richer development of Shakespeare's art. The complicated plot with its subtle and careful unravelling displays that at last he has come to the maturity of his powers. This sense of power is to be traced in all the other romantic comedies. In "As You Like It," Shakespeare has reached the summit of his purely romantic art. It is one of the most prized of Shakespeare's comedies.

There is more hilarity and boisterous humor in "Twelfth Night." Malvolio's self-satisfied assurance, his ambition, his Puritanic contempt of others, are all held up to ridicule, yet so subtly is the caricature put before us, with such infinite humor and delicacy, that we feel somehow a bond of sympathy for the ill-used majordomo. Both Sir Toby Belch, in "The Merry Wives" and Falstaff from "Henry IV" are presented in the same way with a general halo of romantic humor. This quality of humor is seen nowhere more plainly than in the character of Falstaff. He is a braggart, perhaps a coward, certainly a disreputable old sinner, yet there is hardly anyone who does not feel for him and sympathize with him. If we regard him in the cold light of reason we are bound to shun and condemn him, but no audience ever could regard Falstaff in the cold light of reason because of this intangible sympathy which Shakespeare has transfused into his pages. The humor of the man is so broad that he can laugh not only at others but at himself. His intellect is so acute, his sense of fun so highly developed, that we cannot but take him to our hearts.

The four plays "Much Ado About Nothing," "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Measure for Measure," may be considered as leading the way toward the fuller and romantic tragi-comedy of later years.

To review the Shakespearian romantic comedy, we find that the plays fall into two groups: those in which the comic and humorous scenes predominate, and those in which tragedy or scenes of darkness obscure for a time the presence of laughter. In the former, artistic effect has been secured by the subordinating of each play to an element of Puck-like humor, where the roguish spirit of mischief and sage wisdom meet. In the latter, the tragic scenes detract from our enjoyment of the rest.

The romantic tragi-comedy in its fullest form does not make its appearance until the production of "A King and No King" by Beaumont and Fletcher. But after that it flourished until the closing of the theatres in 1642. This play is very artificial and seems far below the deeper, richer, profounder romantic comedy of Shakespeare. "The Pilgrim," "The Island Princesse" and "The Sea Voyage" are among the best of a series of flagrantly romantic works. All the Beaumont and Fletcher plays betray the same features: artificiality of sentiment, complication of plot that of due incident and probability of subject matter, lack of relationship between cause and effect. The plays lose unity of purpose, yet in spite of this Shakespeare was influenced by these authors in his "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest" and several others.

"The Spanish Gypsy" by William Rowley is an excellently written tragi-comedy. Shirley's tragi-comedies have a hopeless similarity and display a lack of individuality in the treatment of character and of theme. He is the last great poet of the Elizabethan era, but he sank far below the standards set. His works included many "roaring" scenes, which provide a good deal of the comic interest, and are obviously similar to such scenes in earlier dramas. The tendency of this time is constantly toward the hopeless but unreal and the impossible. The plots are full of the most artificial and startling devices; the characters

are no longer individualized, but are reduced to the levels of mere types.

In the early seventeenth century this tragi-comedy broke into two clearly marked divisions, each destined to be the forerunner of a definite type of drama in after years. The term "tragi-comedy" may apply to plays of the type of "A King and No King" where the atmosphere is almost wholly serious, but the conclusion moderately happy and also in plays where a comic plot moves forward beside a tragic. The important point to notice at this time is the weakening of true dramatic conception. Shakespeare clearly showed the main scope of great drama, but his successors lost sight of his high purpose.

Ben Jonson found in the literary world a romantic comedy which he regarded as foolish, a farcical type lacking in definite purpose. Boldly he began to establish a comic and a tragic form based on classic example. He had no success in the latter, but in the former he became the greatest figure of his age. He will always remain the chief and dominating dramatist of the satirical comedy. Jonson determined that his comedy should be a satiric comedy and for that purpose the humours, melancholy greed and timorousness, all were humours, gave him the very tool he required. All satire depends upon exaggeration and, by exaggerating eccentricities, Jonson was able to produce exactly the effect at which he aimed. "Every Man in His Humour" is Jonson's most brilliant play. No other comedy so abounds in critical dicta as does this and it is his first real challenge to his contemporaries. "Volpone" contains none of Jonson's personal bitterness, but in it there is a marked deepening of his hatred at the follies and the vices of his time. Hardly a single character in the whole play is virtuous or honest. This note of deepened horror is continued in "The Alchemist" and in "Bartholomew Fair," two of his finest comedies. These are among the best comedies in the English language, but the coarseness and even the brutality of Jonson's later style detract considerably from their beauty.

Jonson is Elizabethan in his sturdiness, in his robust attitude toward life, Elizabethan even in his horror of vice. Humours are copied from the earlier comedies, but not for the sake of satire; vice is indulged in for its own sake. Above all, comedy is moving in a new direction toward wit. The cavalier intellect is demanding something more than the manifestations of the comic element exhibited in Elizabethan plays. With Fletcher, as we have seen, in wit, in callousness, in refined immorality, we proceed from the largely emotional, coarser, yet fresher drama of the late sixteenth century to the borders of that territory which Etherege, Wycherley and Congreve made their own.

The Jonsonian satire comedy in its purest form didn't have many successors, but between 1600 and 1642, there were several movements which often coalesced with his style. Dekker introduced a fresh comedy, but it was destined to be crushed out of existence by the vice and corruption rapidly growing upon the Cavalier element of society.

The comedy of intrigue took on a realistic tone and merged with the Jonsonian type. Nearly all realistic comedies, at this time, were marred by coarseness and vulgarity, but, in spite of this, the realism served a good purpose in its days. It helped to keep drama close to real life and its very coarseness helped preserve a touch of moral sanity. The satire of Jonsonian drama did little good directly in the way of mitigating the abuses of the age, but it proved a most salutary element in the world of the theatre.

Shadwell's style is rough, but he had a true flair for the theatre and considerable skill in the depicting of humorous types. Very few writers beside himself deliberately adopted the humorous style in all its original harshness. Sir Robert Howard wrote one pure comedy "The Committee." It is a well written and a vivacious piece of work. Lacy and Wilson wrote in the fields of farcical humours, but the plays were coarse and lacked in delicacy of style and treatment. Dryden strove to unite the strength of Jonson, the courtly spirit of Beaumont and

Fletcher and the new air of intellectual wit. He stands as a link between the earlier and the later, incapable of casting off his enthusiasm for the Elizabethan drama, yet not content merely to reproduce. In "Secret Love" he reaches the acme of his comic portraiture. His comedies, fine as they are and excellently fitted for stage representation, have not that individual flavor which is so noticeable in the works of Etherege and Congreve.

Congreve dwells almost wholly in the world of the intellect and his amours are not of passion, not of the heart but of the head. Mrs. Aphra Behn is representative of the pure comedy of intrigue. There is little wit in her comedies, but an amount of intrigue cleverly worked out and a decided skill in comic portraiture. Tate and Ravenscroft though not important developed and established the English farce.

Sir George Etherege introduced the comedy of manners. He is unquestionably immoral, but his comedies are of almost perfect artistry. William Wycherly copied this style of comedy. He has not the airy wit of Etherege, but instead he has the masterly hand of a true playwright. Congreve's whole power is centered on an airiness of fancy and a delicacy of pointed style. His plays do not show much skill in construction, but no one had ever produced such a comedy replete with all the raciness of cultured, easy, debonair conversation. The last few years found the comedy of manners, licentious, vain, worldly, attacked on all sides. The days of Congreve, the days of thoughtless, brilliant, careless wit, were over, and the old free grace was never completely recaptured.

George Farquhar and Sir John Vanbrugh aided in keeping alive the Congrevian comedy. They both showed touches of satire and cynicism. They both turned to a type of sentimentalism which was insincere and therefore lost the freedom of action in the conflicting moods of the time. The Restoration drama may be immoral and vulgar, but it possesses the divine gift of laughter and that gift, because of the rising sentimental and moral movement, was destined for many years to disappear in favor of impossible disquisitions on human virtue, artificial sentimentalizings, and inordinate scenes of pathos and pity.

Out of the comedy of manners grew the "genteel" comedy of the eighteenth century, where social folly ruled and affectation reigned. The comedies of manners united with the sentimental and gave rise to a peculiar moral-immoral drama where the atmosphere was of Congreve and the aim was of Cibber. The dramatists borrowed from the French theatre and they went to Molière continually for their themes. The Italians played their part in urging forward the eighteenth century comic stage. The outstanding eighteenth century names are those of Sheridan and Goldsmith, both with an Irish background, and both going to Elizabethan drama for their inspiration and more or less general pattern. The very fact that these plays are successfully revived by professional actors in our own day proves the universality of the characterization, and the hearty laughs which the comedies bring forth. Mrs. Malaprop has become a household word with us.

Thus the comedies came into being. They sprang from the Miracle and the Morality plays, passed through the Interludes until they came into their full glory with the production of "Ralph Roiser Doister" by Nicholas Udall. They were carried on by many writers and treated in many ways until Shakespeare, by his magic pen, wrote them down for the ages. Jonson gave us a satirical type while Fielding, Dekker, and other authors gave no other phases. We watch the rise and the decline of the pure comedy until it is finally dethroned by force. But we always bear in mind that comedy is what Shakespeare described it to us as "a joining of some moral contemplation to the pastime and amusement by which the weary minds of the spectators may be refreshed, and the anxious and heavy hearted may be relieved."

Barbara Pierce, '29.

DUSK

Dusk
Creeps as a fog o'er the lake
Slowly, stealthily
To the croaking of little lives
In the cool distance.
The breezes lazily grow fainter
Then die.
The fragrance of an old-fashioned garden
Wafted o'er all
Stirs memories long since stilled
With another dusk.

Peggy Heath, '29.

SIGNS OF SPRING

They were the dearest pussies,
Nine all in a row,
So soft, so round, so fluffy.
They made me love them so!

I stooped to touch one gently—
He was no longer there,—
Behind a bush, or down the hill?
He wasn't anywhere!

And then I found him, battered,
Lying in the dirt,
His fur was rough, he was indeed
A kitten badly hurt.

But he was only one of nine;
His brothers what of them?
They hadn't stirred, they were the same
Eight pussies on one stem.

He sat on the topmost branch of the bush
Close by the garden wall—
"Robin, let me perch with you,
I'm sure I wouldn't fall."

He pecked a squirming little worm
He held for me to see;
"Oh-ho," he chirped, "Don't be so sure,
Could you do this like me?"

There's a singing rush in the river,
The very air seems awake.
And full of gentle whisperings
At every fresh draught I take.

There's a glorious thrill just in waiting
Here on this moss-covered log.
Sh-h-h! Listen close! Ah, I hear it,
The first spring croak of a frog!

Clarice Liscomb, '29.

SCATTERING LEAVES

1. Being Yourself

Have you ever tried being what you're not? That is have you ever tried being Mrs. Astor when you are only a Mrs. Smith? I tried it once but I was about as successful as the person who tries to keep up with the opera when the installment has not been paid on the kitchen stove, and the second payment is due on the baby carriage. It seems to be human instinct, however, to try to get ahead of one's neighbors, and to attempt to be a little more than you really are. I, being nothing out of the ordinary, made one, and only one, noble attempt to be "ritzy"; however with the lack of cooperation on the part of my family I met with complete downfall.

About a year ago father asked several friends who were visiting in Chicago to have dinner at our home, and to put our to-be guests at ease he told them that it would just be "a quiet family affair." When father told me that we were to have company I decided that this was my chance to put on a little style. Since I was the lady of the house, connoisseur of our kitchen, family dietitian etc., I decided that this company dinner would not be one when we just set a few extra places at the table, but this time we would display the best we had. We would, so to speak, have a society dinner.

The following week I busied myself washing the best napkins which were highly odorized by moth balls, shining the best silver, and polishing the gold rimmed goblets.

The day before we supposedly "crashed into society" Ethel, our maid, informed me, "Ah's sorry Miss, but I don't believe I can serve all that swell company. But let me tell you, William, my husband, won't be workin' Saturday night. Supposin' we let him do the servin'?" The idea met with my greatest approval. I could just see William dressed in a stiffly starched white coat carying a silver plat-

ter into the dining room. "Perhaps they will think he is our butler," I told Ethel.

At six o'clock that Saturday evening all preparations had been made for our company. There was the table, just as I had visualized it many days before, covered with our best linen and silver, and there by the kitchen door stood William dressed in his white coat ready to enter the dining room at my command.

I had not told my brothers about the preparation for this occasion for fear they would not approve, and besides I thought it would be a nice surprise for them. So at six-thirty I ushered the guests into the dining room and silently said a prayer that when my brothers came they would remain silent and take this company dinner as a matter of course. My brother, Sam, was the first member of the family to view the table and with a pleased grin on his face said, "Looks like the Ritz, Sis." I passed this remark off with a smile hoping that my other brothers would be a bit reticent. Doug, however, followed suit and said, "Boy, look at that silver shine!" Of course Don could not be left out of the conversation so he added, "I'll be darned! Here's the spoon Sam and I swiped from Child's restaurant." Sure enough one of the souvenir spoons had been accidently placed on the table. Now that each brother had had his chance to "add his two cents" to the cause, I was in hopes that they would think of something better to talk about. Instead of this Sam started again by saying after a loud sneeze, "Excuse me. Guess these napkins have been stored away in moth balls."

Father had noticed the disturbed look on my face and he had hesitated to make any criticisms concerning the stylish table, but finally he had to say, "I'm sorry, Jean, but I'm afraid these tall glasses are going to be in the way." Needless to say two goblets were overturned before the dinner was over and the results were twofold—the ruination of a guest's dress, and the drenching of a carefully ironed madeira table cloth.

These instances did not bother me for I felt certain that by the time dinner was served the family would be quite at ease with their company manners. The surprise of the evening came, however, when William made his entrance carrying the steaming silver platter. All three brothers looked first at William and then at each other and then Doug said, "Hi, William, what's the matter? Isn't there any train going west tonight?" The guests gave me a bewildered look and I proceeded to kick Doug from under the table.

When the food was all served I gave a sigh of relief for I knew my brothers would be too engrossed in what was before them to say any more. Everything went fine until I noticed the tray which had once been filled with piping hot rolls was now empty. I whispered to Don, "Please call William. We need more rolls." Don immediately put his hand up to his mouth and yelled, "Hey, Bill, bring on the rolls." Luckily our guests had a sense of humor and they thought my brothers were trying to entertain them.

This last episode was followed by a period of silence from Don, Sam, and Doug, and much to my happiness the last course went through without any embarrassing remarks. Then William came with the demi-tasse and I consoled myself by thinking that this hectic dinner was almost over; however the demi-tasse brought all three brothers back to life again. First Sam "Hey Sis where's the cream for this coffee." I laughed to cover up his ignorance and my embarrassment and then Don said, "Now that we've had the sample, bring on the java." The grand finale came, however, when Doug picked up the tiny demi-tasse spoon and said in a very blasé voice, "Well, slap my wrist, old fruit, but this deah little instrument is for our demi-taseeee."

This was almost too much for me, so I hurriedly took my guests away from the table and into the living room. Very weak and worn out I took my place in one corner of the room, and I left my father and brothers to entertain our guests. That night I retired knowing that I would never try to fool the public while my brothers were around and

firmly believing that life is happier when you are being yourself.

J. V. Cannon.

2. "Me, Calories, and Prunes!"

There is a jolly little game called "Count your calories" that we who are desirous of slim, slender figures, fall for sooner or later. I was one who fell "sooner" and now wish it had been "later."

For one full day I played this notorious little game. For breakfast I was forced to deprive myself of a delicious muffin and a very tempting cup of cocoa because I had already consumed one hundred calories in one measly little apple. For luncheon I ate salad and custard which did not exactly suit my taste, but nevertheless the sum total of digested calories now stood at three hundred and twenty-five.

The afternoon came and I felt pains of hunger going hither and thither, to and fro, and up and down my digestive tract. Each little pang of hunger encouraged me to eat and lured me to buy food. Eventually I found myself in the ville facing grocery stores filled with gorgeous things to eat! What could I eat? It seemed that everything the grocery man had to offer did not abide by the rules and regulations of this game—"Count your calories." Finally my eyes spied a sign, "The road to health comes by eating Peterson's non-wrinkle prunes." I immediately purchased a pound of these queer little black things for surely anything so dry, so rubbery and so tasteless could not contain calories!!

So I wended my way homeward chewing with all my might and trying to satisfy hunger by gulping down prunes. By the time I had reached Woodland Park I had swallowed exexactly twenty-one of those terrible little jaw breakers. I wearily climbed the stairs to go to my room and just as I was about to place another "petrified fruit" between my pearly rows I heard some one say "What—eating prunes? Don't you know that to every three prunes there are one hundred calories?"

There I stood with tired, aching jaws, just as hungry as I was before I had even let a prune slip down my throat, and plus seven hundred calories! With all my enthusiasm and spirit I had entered into this game of "Count your Calories" and now I was a complete failure. I tell you it's a cruel world and there is no justice—no, there is no justice—not even for an innocent little "prune-eater."

J. V. C.

3. "The Fatal Spring"

There he stood—a brave, tawny, strong man with a large limb of a tree clenched in his hand. Not more than twelve feet from him was a crouching lion who slashed his tail and growled fiercely and snapped his head. The screams of men, women, and children came through the air begging the man to play safe, and to escape the deadly claws of the lion. Suddenly, the beast sprang and—everything was in darkness. Yep, it was "Tarzan," the ape-man of the weekly serial at the Auburndale movies and now we have to wonder what that beast is doing to that poor man for another whole week!

J. V. C.

4. A Ghost of a Story

"A short story on anything you wish." Just like that! And we were dismissed with a smile and a graceful gesture. Something to ponder over. "Goodnight, now what shall I write on?" "What are you going to do?"

Stupid laugh—"Huh, I don't know. What're you?"

"Well, I wouldn't know."

All through the following days, that story lurked, like a gleeful ghost in the shadowy confines of my half conscious mind.

When I slept it perched on the foot of my bed, and danced a jig, grinned provokingly, and disappeared, to come again, hauntingly, to my dreams. It was intangible, fleeting, always escaping me. I could not grasp it. I could just see it dimly, a cynical grin and a label gloating near its head,—"Due on Wednesday." Oh, the irony of fate!

In the gym, when I was supposed to be limp and relaxed, my mind was screwed up like a top, eager to spin,—but held back.

And last night, the last night, I was still chasing it. It was always just around the corner, evading me. We had a "meeting" with much discussion—and in and out the ways of new ideas—played that infernal ghost. It leered and strutted and made sport of me—"Due on Wednesday." Was that a laugh?

And so on, through the night. It flew in and out the windows, always just out of reach—until exhausted it settled down to sleep. Defeated. The story had escaped me. But wait! Perhaps. I leapt out of bed, set the alarm for six, and slept peacefully on through the night—then I awoke suddenly, grasped that ghost by the tail, and threw him down on paper. Victory! The enemy is mine.

K. L., '29.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. Post-Mortem

(With apologies to H. Longfellow!)
Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I flunked at History,
Prehistoric dim cave drawings
Never meant a thing to me.

I don't care 'bout hieroglyphics
For their meaning's not my goal
What do I care what the Egyptian
Thought would happen to his soul?

Thinking, thinking, always thinking
Seems my destined end or way.
Sometimes cram,—but each tomorrow
Finds me dumber than today.

Persian rugs are fascinating—
Looking at 'em's not so bad,
But to study how they're woven
Is enough to drive one mad.

Copies of old Grecian sculpture
I have seen from infancy.
Knowing who's the one that carved them
Doesn't prove a thing to me.

And that's not half of all that bothers;
Architecture makes me blue
There's "Byzantine" and Mohammedan,"
"Romanesque" and "Gothic," too.

Then the paintings,—millions of them!
Each one's artist I should know.
Tell the school each one belongs to,
And their differences show.

Honor credits all remind me
I can make my life sublime,
And departing leave behind me
Grades that show I've made some climb.

Fair grades that perhaps another
Sailing o'er school's flying main
A forlorn and flunking sister
Seeing shall take heart again.

I will, then, snap up and pass it
Hoping I'll have some kind fate.
Still befogged, but still pursuing.
Working before it gets too late!

Teddy Pratt, '29.

2. On Watching Someone Typewrite

How do you do it, I'd like to know
With a rattle and bang away you go
Over the keys at an awful speed
Well, at least the results you can read.
How do you know which key to hit
When you deliberately look away from it?

Rattle! bang, bing! Did I hear a bell?
Just what is that supposed to tell?
That's such a complicated machine
I'd never remember what those things mean.
You run the thing so easily
It wouldn't be the same for me.

Rattle and bang and the words just flow
Across the page—row after row.
Typewriting seems to be lots of fun
And it fascinates me, the way it's done.
Rattle and bang and away you go!
How do you do it, I'd like to know?

Teddy Pratt, '29.

3. A Moan

(The Library before chapel in the Morning)
I went into the library to study once—
And a friend screamed to
Attract my attention above the noise.

A little group sat in a corner
Laughing, gaily making much whoopee
And someone ran through clattering,
Stopping only long enough to warm cold
Hands before the log fire
Around which a number sat
Just having a good time
(Also with much shouting and shrieking).
Someone sang, someone whistled, still
Someone else ate—
A loud authoritative tap-tapping
For quiet, or at least, a semblance of
Order, but a few muffled giggles
Gradually became the excited buzzing
Of very much alive young humans
Again, and finally I went down
To the solitude of Miss Blackstock's
Room, 'cause
I went into the library to study once—

June Parkhurst, '29.

4. The Lucky Break

Sealed one day in Room 6
I was nervous and ill at ease,
And my fingers fumbled wildly
Through all my notebook leaves.

My mind was as blank as the blackboard,
My face was a sketch of despair,
And I ardently longed for the moment
When I could escape from there.

Miss Irwin glanced down at her classbook,
My name was next on the list,
And my heart was crowding my tonsils—
Not a chance of being missed!

I folded my hands over "Woodworth,"
And prayed for knowledge like his—
Then the bell clamored loud and I tumbled
From that lucky Psychology quizz!

C. Liscomb, '29.

5. Not Really?

I'm gonna get a new hat
A dress and a coat too!
It'll soon be Easter Sunday
I must look as nice as you.

I don't care if it snows or pours
I'm gonna don my "duds"
And parade before the folks at home
Who raise and sell their "spuds,"

I'm gonna give them all a treat
I'm gonna dress up so
That every one will watch me pass
And go the way I go.

And they will say, "Ain't that some class,
That kid sure has got style,"
And I will look at them and nod
And very feebly smile.

They will know that I am "it"
Right from old Boston town,
And every "gal" that lives my way
Will try to "primp" and "gown."

But I know they will not beat me
For lookin' mighty fine
'Cause I've watched the ways of Auburndale
And I have made them *mine.*

Elizabeth Strober, '30.

EXCHANGES

The January *Abbot Courant* brings us a variety of entertaining reading among which we especially like the amusing little play "A study in Blue and Gray."

In *Sweet Briar's "Brambles"* is the poem, "A Chinese Junk" which is both vividly and beautifully written; and "The Book Shelf" is still to be commended on its fine reviews.

From *The Smith College Weekly* we are again amused by "Minerva" and are glad that she has recovered from her fatigueness after the Spring Dance; we hope that this "sneezing weather" is troubling her no more.

An excellent magazine containing much educational and interesting material is the *Chand Bagh Chronicle,* which comes to us from Isabella Choburn College, Lucknow, India. Especially the essay "Should India's Youth Go to the West for Training?" is to be commended for its sound and sensible reasoning in answering this vital problem. Also "The Lonely Isle" from this magazine is a poem well worth one's reading for it is impressively expressed and conveys an underlying meaning through its work.

The LASELL LEAVES appreciates the following exchanges:

Emerson College News, Emerson College.
Ward Belmont Hyphen, Ward Belmont.
Boston University News, Boston University.
Northfield Star, Northfield Seminary.

J. W., '30.

EDITORIALS

HYPOCRISY VS. FRANKNESS

In the present condition of the human mind we are considering only that of today merely because we know more certainly about it—its chief function in conversation, and in expressing opinions, has a decided leaning toward hypocrisy. That may sound a trifle strong, perhaps, but from a very careful study and observation of our different specimens we find it is only too true. We laugh when we see plays and "sketches" on what our social life would be if we told our true feelings at all times. Nevertheless, it is a good policy to follow, if not carried to an extreme, and it is this extreme of frankness that we wish to point out.

Frankness can never go along with hypocrisy—the two characteristics are as different as night from day, and yet we find so many who cannot seem to realize how hypocritical they really are. For instance so much of our life is made up of association with that type of person that a few of us, who are truly frank, have grown to be a bit cynical, because we have learned to disregard what people say, and find it very hard to believe them at all. It becomes an obsession with that gushing, hypocritical sort of individual, to just naturally flatter everyone till they themselves are none too sure as to when they really mean what they say.

People, as a rule, are inclined to be vain, and will in the usual trend of human nature, welcome a compliment with open arms, and so they cannot help but feel a trifle "puffed up" about it; but it seems that educated men and women must know when they look well, and when they don't. Therefore, it is difficult to understand why they do not recognize the flatterer from the truthful person.

On the other hand, frankness, too, has its weakness of becoming too frank, actually to hurting people's feelings. If this last is done, the sensitive soul will react to it, and then a red flag of danger should be hoisted before it is too late. If people say things that are not on anyone's mind, there is little reason why they shouldn't be believed. For instance, if a young girl has been in a room for some time, and the conversation is about politics and school, and someone suddenly says, "Joan, you have the loveliest hair," it is quite likely that she means it, for the remark is entirely unnecessary.

If, however, people ask others for their opinion, they should not be sensitive if the truth is not all that they would want it to be. Probably they knew all along the truth, but desired to console and convince themselves with the flattering remark of the one of whom they had asked the question.

And so we are still wondering which is the lesser of the two evils, and if there can ever be any "happy medium" reached. Certainly not until there is a fairly even number of people who are frank as well as those who are hypocritically inclined.

THE SILVER SCREEN SPEAKS

"Fifty thousand dollar award given to the person who can supply the best synonym for "Talkie."

The brilliant bedazzling and now "Whalenized" district extending from thirty-eighth and B'way up to Roxy's on fiftieth advertises in its five feet of electrical sign "Sound." After every celebrated name comes "All-talking," "Hear them talk," "100% talking" no wonder the producers are after a new word!

There has been and is still continuing a dis-

cussion as to the fate of the talking movie. Some hold that it is but a passing fad yet others swear that it will eventually supplant the stage, but the public at large continues to swarm to the theatres demanding that every new film have some sort of "sound-talking" effect accompany it. Then perhaps it is safe to say that altho the Talkie may not supercede the legitimate drama it will assume decided importance for itself in the amusement of the people. The interesting question is how the silent and spoken versions are going to be worked out together. Can the silent exist in face of the spoken and how can our dear foreign favorite play the gushing heroine in a Talkie or will her subtle charm be able to cope with the new device? It is difficult to foretell.

One of the aims of this new form of spoken drama is of course to bring the stage with its best talent to the smaller city or at least to supplement a film version for the stage.

"Interference," if you remember ran in both London and New York before coming out as a Talkie and one of the most successful Talkies at that. "Coquette" still being acted upon the stage is shortly due for its première with Mary Pickford Talking, and how many more such. Hollywood is crammed full of "voice cultures" and every possible star is taking up "dramatic tone." We have old and forgotten favorites coming back with fresh charm because they can "Talk," we have new and unknown people coming rapidly into prominence because of their "voice quality." "Extras" we are told now hire out for making sounds like dogs or cats! And undoubtedly the throat tablet has felt a decided boom!

"Sound" alone has revolutionized the movie theatre, the orchestra and organist have only "part-time" jobs now and the aim of both (except for a few in the largest theatres) to be members of a sound supplying company. Now we have the horses' gallop, the knock on the door, to say nothing of the human voice! What more can be forth-coming in our wonder-age? Color? Without doubt, although most color processes have been unsuccessful, there is a picture now being shown "All-color" and "sound" though not "Talking" called the "Viking." In all probability color will be the next added to the list of movie virtues.

One of our cultured foreigners unacquainted with America's idol might inquire in all innocence, what temple the grandiose and imposing edifice might be. Picture his mild embarassed incredulity when told it was a "movie-house!" The monstrous marble and gold halls, the crystals and fountains, the gilt and paint, the massive sumptousness of it all! Thousands of cushioned seats, ushers dressed in the gaudiness of pages with the manners of soldiers. A pit of rising orchestra with the accompaniment of a deafening organ and last of all flashed upon the enormous screen, watched intently by the vast seas of faces, comes the Talkie! All this Roman luxury, Louis XIV glamour and Twentieth Century skill for one good American dollar!

CUTS BASED ON SCHOLARSHIP

As once again we struggle through these time worn exams, the thought comes to us of the futility of working to receive a ninety, other than our insatiable thirst for knowledge, so sought for by students of today according to the more dogmatic members of the older generations. But then again, if that ninety would bring us something, some added privilege to help the cause along, how much more eagerly we would strive for a ninety average. We are thinking of the subject of cuts from classes based on scholastic standing. Why shouldn't the girl maintaining an average of ninety or over have the right of cutting her classes whenever needed, thus placing a premium on fine work and encouraging such grades. And then those who come in that large middle group, would have a limited number of cuts to be taken when wanted. Those above seventy and below eighty would have less and those flunking, none. That would be rather hard on those flunking but we wager that they wouldn't stay long in that class if a trip to the Dartmouth Carnival depended on their passing.

It would not only raise the standard of scholarship but it would give those pupils, whether it was a trip in town or an extra hour of sleep, the right to take cuts their more fortunate classmates were taking in week ends. If a girl in the ninety class found her work was suffering from too many cuts, she would realize that they would be reduced and know that it would be up to her to maintain her good work. Again we say, Lasell is striving to be a College or at present a Junior College, why not institute some College practices? The school wants high scholarship, then make that scholarship more desirable by giving an incentive. Remember, "you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar." And so it applies to girls; such a system would raise the quality of work and make the girls happier while doing it.

UNDERCLASSMEN

It seems impossible to us Seniors that graduation is creeping upon us with such swift, steady feet, yet in less than three months we will have completed a course required to give us a diploma.

But instead of thinking of the Seniors wholly, as is usual at a time like this, let us consider the undergraduates at Lasell, especially the Juniors. They play a no small part in the Commencement festivities; toward their success and toward a better, clearer understanding of what is to come to them in their Senior year. If you are not returning to Lasell, you should stay and see the graduation along with all the exercises that accompany it. And if you are returning, why not stay and be one of the onlookers instead of a participant as you will be in the future. It is only four or five days that are crowded with pleasures, that you will always remember. To those Juniors who stayed last year, there is no guess work to what will be the events and happenings of this coming Commencement days as there is to those who have never seen a Lasell Commencement.

So Juniors before you make your plans to take the first train after your class in June, think over the above and see what will mean the most to you in the long run, to get home now a few days early when you will be home for three months, or to see and help a class begin its start to higher education or to start life's problems.

INDECENCY, TABLE D'HOTE

Dr. Raymond Calkins, Sunday evening last, said to us "At the heart of the world are Truth and Beauty and Love, and to have them you must first be expecting them, and then be worthy of them;" and immediately there came to my mind a recent hot discussion among us. In this day, what is indecency?

The visions of short skirts, low necks, sheer hose, high heels, and lipsticks, so frequently tiraded by our ancestors, were considered too passé to be worthy of discussion—enough shocked breath has been wasted on them to have created a high gale, had it been organized. So we pondered awhile on the general beauty of the human body and its place in art, and what is decent and what is indecent.

Apologies to the Greeks—they may be weary of acting as examples—but we must keep before us the achievements of those who could set forth standards of beauty. I wonder if we have lost their healthy ideals? Why do we not clothe the Venus de Milo? Because there was a master in the early centuries when she was created that could recognize the value of the human form, the calm loveliness of its lines, the possibility of its universal appreciation. And, coming to the Italian masters, why do we not blush in regarding the fat boy babies that squirm unadorned upon the laps of the classic madonnas? "Oh," you say, "they represent high ideals, and holiness, and innocence —these have been accepted as lovely for ages, by educated people."

But now the modern school—the dance, fine arts, the drama—none of them are possible without the body of youth, as was true before, because only the finest can be art, and there is nothing finer to be had as a medium. I deal with the dance as a concrete example because it is now feeling a reconstruction that puts it on a plane with any expressive art you may

choose to favor. And though this is called the new dance it is the product of the beliefs of generations. It is an admission that, after all is said and done the free and natural reactions to our thoughts are the finest portraits.

And in this light we can find no fault in the modern methods of interpretation. We find no shame in the exposure of sound and dainty arms and legs and shoulders—(and those who believe in any art MUST be dainty of body as well as in the mind—the standards of artistry are so very high—)

The conclusion is, then, that the educated must go through a new education. They have taken from those before them the appreciation of the old arts—they are now faced with forming their own appreciations. Are they strong enough to do it creditably? Can they look only upon the flesh and continue to suffer qualms from their own false modesty, or can they clear the soiled windows of their minds and look for loveliness?



The ground is beginning to thaw and the snow to cease, the air to warm and study to decrease. (We didn't really mean the rhyme —forgive the effects of spring). Yes even the horny old soul of Under is touched by the quiet murmurs of spring even though the mud holes are dangerously wide. In speaking of spring we are shown a quaint and lovely picture in "My Garden" by Claire Hightower. We would love to walk in that garden too. Then by way of contrast there is "Cold," a sketch that stresses the grotesque but nevertheless all too true aspect of the cruelties of winter. How easy it is for us to contemplate it when we are safe in our warm beds watching the snow filter past our window!

"Wad Some Power" has a very interesting and well written beginning but along toward the middle we become skeptical and begin to wonder if it is one of those advertisements for linoleoum, paint or electric washers. Pardon us, but we are so used to those stories about "He was the most popular person because he spoke to the waiter in French," and "She was a nervous wreck until she learned that the Hoover cleaner could do her house work for her," that we did not want to be hood-winked into reading about something we wouldn't buy again.

Two poems of interest are "Query" written by A. M. W. and "Mood of Fear" by C. M. Chase. The first of these has a mystical, almost ethereal atmosphere about it aside from asking a very potent question; the latter rather whimsical and inevitably true of human nature, both these poems are well worth reading. Then we have a bit of verse quite appropriate for the season called "Rustlings," commendable because of the original treatment of a rather worn-out theme. But as often as we are told about it and though it comes every year we never seem to tire of its approach or weary of its praise.

"A Country Sketch" (that's the name its author gives it) written in rich country dialect reminds us of the "Shooting of Dan Magrew" or "Sargeant O'Toole of the Northwest Mounted," or what-have-you. But let us admit that in "It Was Raining" and we should add in "Gay P-ar-ee," we did not quite get the drift of the husband. Pour-quoi did she ignore him if he was her one and only Ted, or was that just to keep us in suspense? You really ought to like it because its all about Paris and a rich American girl. And last but not by any means least let us mention a story written by our friend Helene Swick called "Mother's Day" with another one of her "surprise endings" that she is so fond of, we really fear that perhaps she is going to turn into a second O'Henry and as it is possible for only one of his kind to exist we fear for Helene's—no, for Henry's life.

F. F., '29.



February 27: The second reception this year was held this evening. We were indeed fortunate to have two well known artists, Mr. Walter Kidder, baritone and Miss Louise Biron, violinist. Mr. Harold Schwab was the accompanist. This reception without a doubt was one of the best ever at Lasell.

March 1: Christian Endeavor tonight was led by Mary Barton. Her talk was "Trying to do our best." She illustrated her point very well by reading a poem about "Doing our best."

March 2: What could be more anticipated than the "Senior Prom" of our Seniors—except, of course, their diplomas. At the well known "Longwood Towers" the prom was held and our Seniors danced their feet and troubles away to the syncopated music, with the self satisfaction that this "their prom" was well worth going through the trials and tribulations of a Senior.

March 3: Vespers tonight were in charge of our Missionary Society. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. W. B. Oliver of Lynn, Mass. She spoke to us on "Migrants" which to most of us have been unknown things. The "camp fire" atmosphere of the meeting, and the wonderful speaker, helped to make it one of the most enjoyable vespers of the year.

March 8: Christian Endeavor tonight was led by Constance Chalmers. She chose as her topic "Happiness." The word in itself tells quite a story, and "Connie's" conception of Happiness is well worth noting.

March 9: The Junior-Senior party was held this evening at Woodland. Dancing, a good orchestra, favors, and delicious refreshments all helped to make a very enjoyable evening for all.

March 10: Vespers tonight were led by Dr. Raymond Calkins of Cambridge. His topic was "The Flower of the Christian Spirit." He tried to show that we can have Christian Spirit anywhere we go. Dr. Calkins was very interesting and we hope he will come to Lasell again.

March 15: The Senior Play was given tonight and they presented "Quality Street" by Barrie. The girls who took part in this play should be commended for their splendid acting. To the audience it seemed as if they were anything but amateurs. Anyone who missed this play should regret it for the rest of their lives.

March 17: Vespers tonight were led by Mr. Frank Palmer Speare, president of Northeastern College. His subject dwelt on the idea of women preparing to earn their own living. He stressed the fact that none of us know when we might have to be on our own, and would have nothing to fall back on because we hadn't prepared anything for the future.

Dr. Speare certainly has a wonderful sense of humor, and we enjoyed him beyond measure.

March 18: A very unusual treat was given us tonight when we heard Sibyl Webb who sang selections in French. Miss Webb was a former Lasell girl, and of course realizing that we appreciated her all the more. This concert was under the auspices of Le Cercle Francais.

March 20: Another of our well known students' recitals was held this evening. The Music Department should be praised on the splendid work they are doing, and their talented pupils.

March 23: A very unusual fete took place tonight. A "Beaux Arts Ball" was given by the Poster Club and sponsored by Miss Peterson. The whole atmosphere was that of a Paris garret. The guests were the members of the Art Classes, Dance Club and girls who modeled for the Art Department. The transformation from American to Parisian life was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it.

March 24: Vespers tonight were led by Rev. Peter Dunn, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Boston. His talk was based on the story of the creation. He compared our lives with three types of trees, the fruit tree, the evergreen tree, and the poison giving tree. This was most original and very impressive.



ATHLETICS

Indoor gym is over and outdoor sports are in full sway. Tennis, golf, field sports and archery. We're hoping for a big season in all of these things—but there's one sport omitted from the above list which we hope will catch the attention of every one. Crew! The most thrilling sport of the school year. Anyone who has seen River Day will agree. All candidates for teams are welcome. We grant you that it's hard work but it's worth it.

All in all our winter program was very successful—our only regret is that there weren't any more supporters at our basketball games and swimming meets. But that was really their loss, not ours.

Awards

In basketball—Seniors were awarded numerals as winners of interclass games. Winners of "L" in basketball—J. Ayr, N. Best, E. Zacharias, M. Gaffney, R. Wheaton, J. Case, E. Hall, K. Edwards.

Winners of "L" in swimming—N. Converse, E. Crump, A. Harvey, K. Fitch, M.

Kemper, E. Hall, K. Bedard, E. Hancock, P. Barber, G. Hooper, M. Boyd.

Posture Week

At every turn during the week of March 11th we were confronted by "Do you walk like a duck," "Do not slump," "Keep your chin high," "How do you look," and "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7." Now tell me, how could you forget to keep good posture when you had these continual reminders.

This was quite a novel occasion—at any time some one might poke you in the ribs and shout the number "7" at you. Then what a change! Shoulders squared, stomach and chin pulled in, chest high, feet together and an all around good posture.

Awards were given out at the end of the week for the best posture, best poster and best poem. Award for best posture was given to Mary Elizabeth Thomas; honorable mention to Mary Korper, Patty Hastings and Katharine Edwards. Awards for best poster went to Mildred Gaffney for "Imagine my Embarrassbent" and award for best poem was given to Teddy Pratt.

Everyone enjoyed the week of "Good Posture" immensely and if signs are true I don't think all the effects have worn off yet.

As a grand finale we were surprised with a Thayer McNeil moving picture concerning correct shoes and what they will do for good posture.

Stand Up Straight

(Posture Week)

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
Stand up straight and go to heaven.
Pull back your shoulders, and pull in your chin.
You look much better with your tummy in.

Point your feet forward's the thing to do;
Put your weight squarely on both your feet, too.
Imagine your embarrassment if you walk like a duck.
If a gym teacher spies you, you're just out of luck.

With a debutante slouch you'll be in for T. B.
Take the hump from your back—grow tall like a tree.
Cleopatra won Caesar by her posture, we're told.
If you slouch over now, you'll do worse when you're old.

So stand up straight and you *might* get the prize
But you surely will look better in everyone's eyes.
Now pull back your shoulders, and pull in your chin
You look *much* better with your tummy in.

Teddy Pratt, '29.



COMMENCEMENT

The following are the dates of important, end-of-the-year events.

We are hoping for the usual large number of graduates and former students to return, especially those observing their five-year anniversaries.

May 17, Glee Club Concert
May 23, River Day
May 25, May Fete
May 29, Commencement Concert
May 31, Exhibitions
June 2, Baccalaureate Sunday
June 3, Class Night
June 4, Commencement Day

Chicago's Lasell Club did a most gracious act when they made Mr. William T. Shepherd the guest of honor at their recent luncheon. Mr. Shepherd, Dr. Bragdon's brother-in-law, was for many years intimately associated with Lasell and greatly beloved by the old girls of his time. This courtesy on the part of our Chicago Club was for Mr. Shepherd almost a birthday surprise party for on Valentine's Day he celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday.

Sibyl Webb Dougherty 1906-1909 not only delighted Lasell's Cercle Francais with her artistic singing but this social event, brought about through the efforts of Sibyl's former instructor, Mlle. Le Royer, attracted a choice number of old girls and friends of the artist. Sibyl's sister, our dear Glenna Webb Tilton, 1905-1908, and her husband, Charles E. Tilton, of Tilton, New Hampshire, were among the guests. We were especially pleased to have with us on this occasion Miss Priscilla White, a former member of our music faculty and Sibyl's present instructor, and also Maude Simes Harding, '06, and her dear mother were among this most enthusiastic audience.

Could anyone strike a more loving, loyal note than this one which we venture to repeat from Katherine Tufts', '27, latest message. "Peggy Hitt, '27, Mary Fulton, '27, and I get together every once in a while and talk over old times. I truly don't think that there is another school in the whole world which holds the affections of its old girls as does Lasell."

Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, in her last letter spontaneously pays this fine tribute to her father. "Although a confirmed invalid he has a most cheerful disposition which we well folk must envy. I am coming to Lasell as soon as possible, but home duties keep me here for the present. Our home is so pleasant and I just love the whole life."

Frances Avery Hoof, 1906-1907, of Hinsdale, Illinois, tells of her joy and her husband's over their two little adopted children. She illustrated her story by sending a charming snapshot of her son and dear little daughter.

Lucy Fenn Holt, 1877-1888, writes to our Dean from Wilmington, North Carolina. "I am here visiting my daughter. Our summer home is still in Thomaston, Vermont. Wish I might claim some relationship to you for my mother's name was "Potter."

In her last letter Lucy Wilson Errett, '06, has this welcome word to say. "My sister's fourteen year old daughter is much interested in Lasell and thinks she would like to go there, so you may have this number of the fourth generation attending Lasell before long.

Dear Martha Schumann Laubenstein, '15, your unfailing expressions of loyalty to the old school and 'Old Guard' are deeply appreciated and our thoughts turn often and affectionately your way.

Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, writes from snowbound Maine: "Even the biggest snowstorm of the winter did not tie up the autos. Last week I met Fancher Sawyer Swett, 1908-1909. She looks just as young as in her Lasell days only is a bit stouter." Julia has been at leisure this winter to visit the senate sessions in the State Capitol and has enjoyed them very much.

Miriam Dailey Taylor '22, is still harking back to those two happy years spent at Lasell, and declares that the friendships made then have lasted. She hears frequently from Iverna Birdsall Biggin, '22, Elizabeth Tarr Benton, '22, and Frances Angel Levenson, '22. She also keeps in touch with Marjorie Blair, '28. Listen to the rest of her report in her own words: "The past seven years since my graduation in '22 have been wonderful ones for me. I continued my education by going to the University of Vermont at Burlington and while in that city I quite often saw Sarah Crane, '22, and Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23.

"It was at college that I met the man who is now my husband, and our good times there are a never-failing source of pleasant memories; our friends were mutual and we have kept up our connection with alumni activities as well as we could since his graduation in '25 and mine in '26. We were married in June 1927 and came here to Montpelier to live where Mr. Taylor is connected with the state highway department as a civil engineer.

"But the greatest event of our lives has recently taken place—the arrival of our sweet daughter, Virginia Ruth, on December 2. We are indeed proud parents and think there never was such a darling baby.

"Please remember me kindly to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Hooker, Senora and others who may remember me. I have been able to go back to Lasell only once since grad-

uation, but whenever I may be near there I shall surely go to see you."

Margaret Fuller Manchester, '06, was kind enough to send to us recently a photograph of wee Margaret Fuller Manchester, junior, all gowned for a fancy dress party. We looked admiringly and were strongly tempted to seize the dear little dancer and make away with her. Perhaps later she, too, will be a Lassell girl. We hope so.

Sarah Crane, '23, is spending the winter in Florida and while in St. Petersburg ran across our Miss Roxanna Tuttle. Of this unexpected meeting Sarah writes: "What a great surprise and what a pleasant one!"

Dear Mildred Snyder Grant, '10, your recent greeting to our Dean she declared was one of her choicest birthday gifts!

From Denver, Colorado, the highest city in the United States, comes a recent good will message. The three signers of this declaration of love are none other than dear Mrs. F. J. Woodward, mother of three Lasell graduates, Jean Woodward Nelson '22, and Baby Jean, junior. Little Jean, junior! We are fully expecting you to report at Lasell in the year 1945.

The recent greeting of Madalyn Patten, '27, to Miss Potter was beautiful and most welcome but added to it came an unexpected and deeply appreciated message from Madalyn's mother.

Dora Goodwillie's '14, message came on a card decorated with wee birds and Dora exclaims "I wonder if these birds are little doves." We ought to know and answer yes, only their fine white feathers are painted over with pastel colors. The girls say these doves are up-to-date, but our Dean adds, "Yes, and as usual up to mischief."

Bessie Louise Thielens Miller, 1904-1905, has a genius for telling a lot of good news in a few words. She opens with "Sister Mary Florence 1904-1905 and I often speak of our Lasell days and friends. The other evening Charlotte Thearle Seelcer 1903-1904, and her husband gave a dinner party at which were also Helen Carter Johnson, '07, and her husband. Sister and I keep in close touch with Lucy Wilson Errett, '06. My two sons are twelve and nine years old. Martin is an enthusiastic Boy Scout and Alexis will be one in his turn.

In the past few weeks bereavement has visited a number of our schoolmates. Gladys Nettleton's older brother passed away suddenly early in the year. This gifted young man had been an honor student at Yale and was making an equally fine record at M. I. T.

Little "Billie" Hill lost her beloved father early in February after a painful illness. He will be sorely missed not only by his family but by the community which he has so ably served.

The death of Mrs. Thomas J. Powers, mother of our Senior, Barbara Powers, occurred the first of March after a long period of suffering.

Word has come recently announcing the passing away of Mrs. Augusta King Dolley, mother of our former instructor, Frances King Dolley. Mrs. Dolley was born in 1841. A local paper paid fine tribute to the lovely Christian character of this distinguished citizen.

To the sorrowing members of these bereaved families, Lasell extends most tender sympathy.

One of the most valued chapel services of this Lenten season was given to us by Rev. Percival M. Wood rector of the Episcopal Church in Auburndale. Now we have to announce the sad word of Mr. Wood's bereavement, his father having passed away recently.

Rev. Cornelius E. Clark, pastor of the Congegational Church, and Rev. Maurice L. Bullock of the Methodist Church, both brought to us during the Lenten season inspiring messages. We are grateful to these local pastors who repeatedly show their deep interest in our school.

How unfortunate for those of us who missed Ruth Watson Garvin's, 1918-1919, friendly call. Especially disappointed were we when we learned that Ruth was accompanied by her dear little daughter.

Many social engagements and home duties fail to crowd out Lasell from the head and heart of Beth House McMillan, 1905-1906. Her recent affectionate greetings are warmly reciprocated. Her note enclosed fine pictures of Elizabeth's two older daughters and an accompanying press notice of these Minnesota University girls who seem to be taking a leading part in the life of their state college.

Evelina Perkins, '15, sent the sad tidings of the death of Cora Hasty Thompson, 1913-1914, which occurred March 18 at Albuquerque, New Mexico where Cora had gone hoping to recover her health. Our sincere sympathy is extended to this bereaved family.

That latest message from the Council Bluffs and Omaha Lasell girls, penned by Madge Hollenbeck Pinney, 1900-1901, was a joy to us all. Especially happy are we to learn that Madge and her husband are deliberately planning to report at Lasell in June. We will certainly give them a royal welcome. Madge insists that it is twenty-six years since her last visit at Lasell. Don't forget our Commencement date this year is June 4.

Annie Merrill David, '12, was in Boston for a week end this fall but was unable "to make" Lasell. We were reconciled when Annie added "The next time we hope to report at the school home." She declares she is very happy to tell us that her dear mother is spending the winter with them.

Eila Patterson Rogers, '05, writes from Portland, Oregon to our Dean who is willing to share a part of this cheery message with many "old girls" who will well remember well this their former schoolmate.

We do find it a bit difficult to visualize this little Lasell girl as the mother of a daughter twenty years of age, a graduate of St. Helen's Hall and now enjoying marked success in the office of the largest crockery firm west of the Mississippi River. Bob, the oldest son, has had one year in the University of Oregon, is taking this year for practical training and next fall will return to his college work again. Eila enjoys a pleasant friendship with the Davis family, relatives of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and also meets frequently Miss Grace Austin.

Vera Clauer, '22, tells us she is a very busy business woman but failed to state her business. We will forgive her, however, when she appears in person, as she kindly promises to do soon, and then and there will satisfy our legitimate curiosity.

In a letter to Miss Potter, Beth Brandow Turnbull, '11, of Cleveland writes: "I have not seen any of the faithful army of Lasell folk for some time. I hope you are all looking and feeling as well and happy as you were when we last met. One of these days, I plan to go back for a look at everybody and everything. I still sincerely appreciate all the wonderful good which I received at Lasell."

Beth's two boys are now eleven and thirteen years of age. Yes, dear Elizabeth, please do come back to your Lasell home and bring with you those two sons and Mr. Turnbull, if you please.

Ruth Smith Coates, '21, called and we were away, but on her card we found this brief but sad notice. "Verda Huntley Howard, '22, died January 29th in Hollywood, California. She left two small children."

Helen Cole, '28, Evelyn Douglass, '28, Bada Waltz, '27, and June Newbold, '27, passed through Auburndale lately and did just about that thing and nothing more at Lasell. We saw them long enough to report all four as well and happy.

This is what Marian Bliven MacDonald, '21, wrote on the charming card just received. "I have come back to be your neighbor. Am living at 106 Waltham Street, West Newton, Mass." Could Marian have written better news to her Alma Mater?

Dear Lillian Terhune, 1920-1921! How unreconciled we still feel to her sudden tragic death. On March 9 she was on her way home, standing quietly on one of the main streets in Branford, Connecticut, when suddenly a car which the driver had lost control of rushed on the sidewalk and struck dear Lillian a fatal blow. She passed away before reaching the hospital. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and friends.

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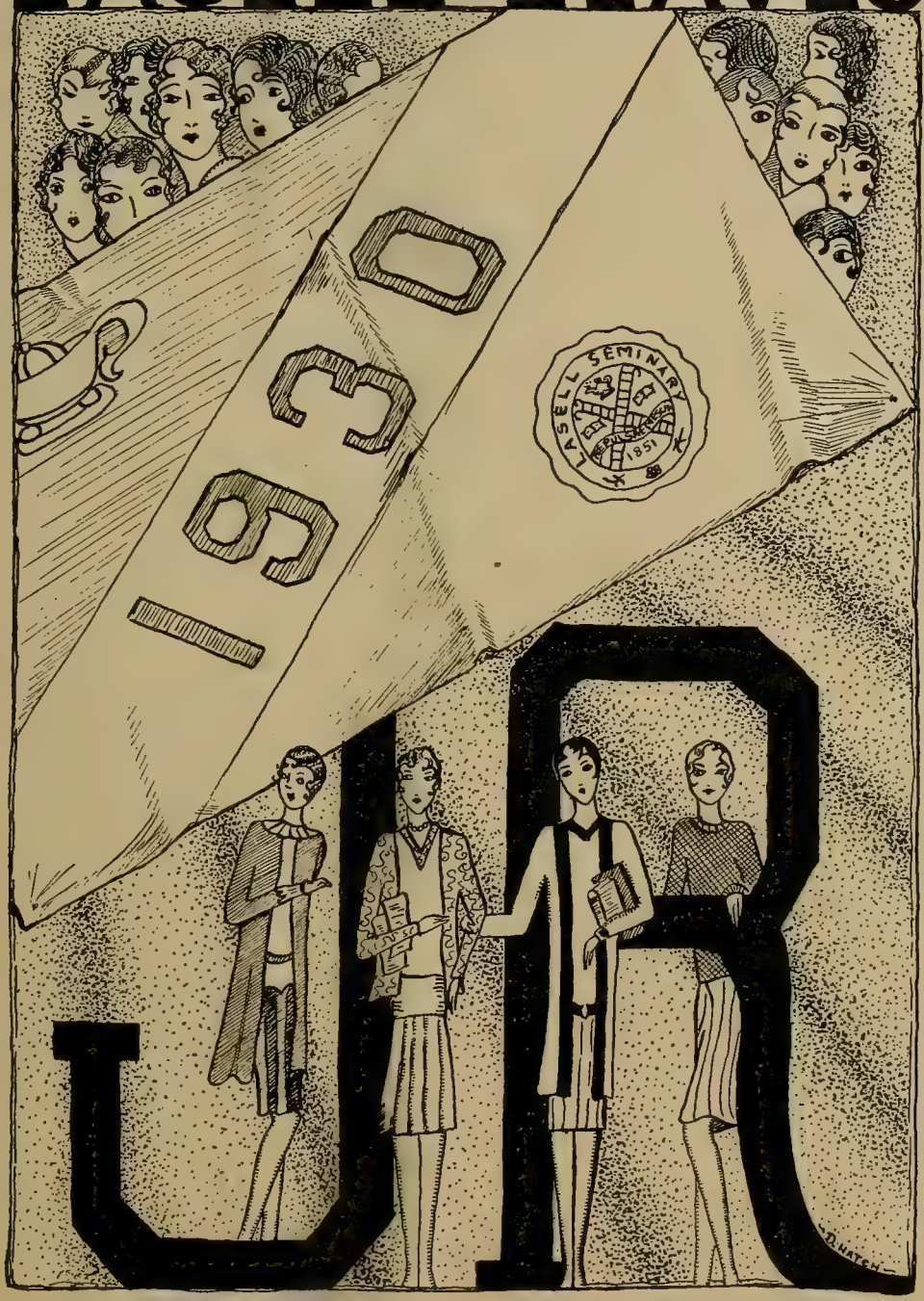
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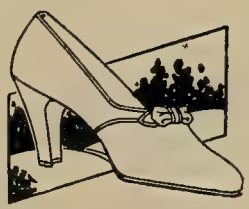
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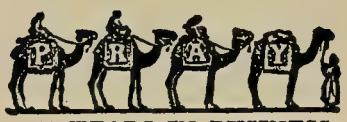
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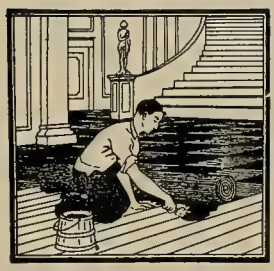
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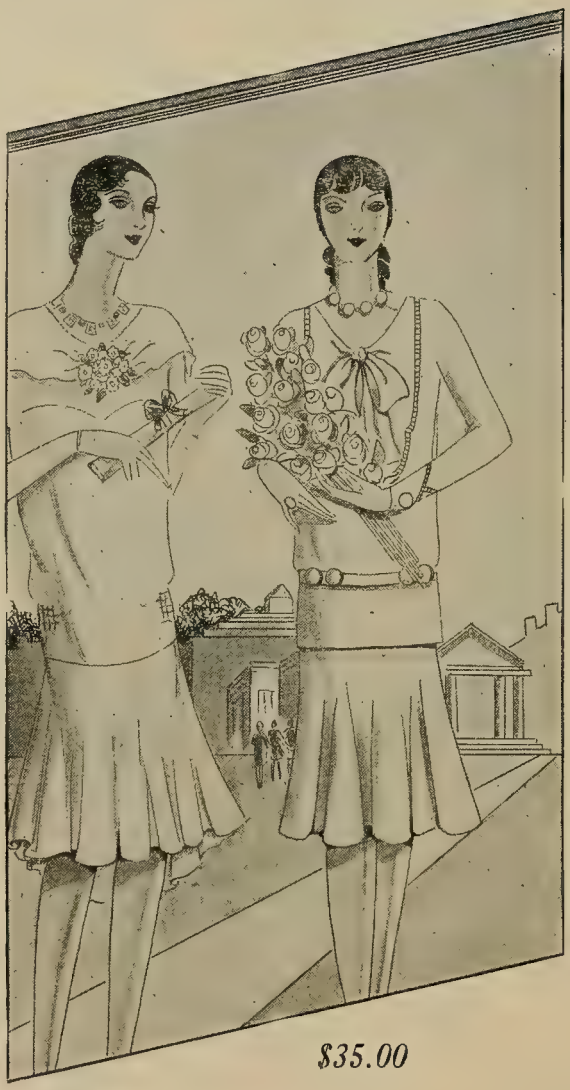
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MENTION THE LEAVES

LITERARY

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE VERMONT FLOOD

Rain, rain, rain!—first as a drizzle, then as a downpour which did not cease for four days and four nights. The ground already soaked from the fall rains, and then frozen by the frost could not take in this cloudburst, so the excess water found its way to the rivers now swollen with ice and snow.

Higher and higher still rose the water until the river banks could no longer contain the steadily increasing downpour. Still fell the rain. The banks overflowed. Into the streets rushed the water rapidly rising—two inches a minute.

Such was the state of things at about four o'clock on Thursday, the first day of the overflow. When school had been dismissed three hours earlier, it had been raining so very hard that a taxi was sent for me. We had been told that we need not return to school for art class that afternoon because of the rising water; but I thought that surely nothing dangerous would happen and so went back. The class was over at three-thirty, but I stayed to talk with Miss Sanford, the art teacher. At about a quarter after four Mr. Ramp, the professor of Chemistry, said that he was about to leave the building and would take us home if we were ready to go. As I live on the opposite side of the town from the school, I hastily accepted, and Miss Sanford also, although she lived near the school, welcomed this offered refuge from the rain.

While Mr. Ramp was starting the car, I noticed that a crowd had gathered a short distance ahead, and it was told us that we should be unable to go down the street since it was rapidly filling with water. There was luckily another way by which I could get home and that we attempted.

Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes when we turned onto the main street of Montpelier, where the water only a block away, was then up to the windows of a sedan abandoned in mid-street. The rising water resembled the ocean when the tide comes in, each wave creeping nearer and nearer. Of course it was impossible under such conditions to proceed, so I went home with Miss Sanford who was rooming at the time with people of my acquaintance.

Arrived there I immediately called up my parents to tell them I was safe, but would be unable to reach home that night. Little did I think it would be three days before I should be able to set foot in my own home. I put down the receiver but picked it up again immediately to add something I had forgotten, when, lo! the line was out of order. It was then only five o'clock.

Never have I passed such a night as that of November 4, 1927. The heavy downpour had ceased, but throughout the night there continued a light rainfall. We sat in the dark for no lights were available save an occasional candle, and we listened to the radio which, curiously enough, was exceptionally clear. It seemed almost sacrilegious to be sitting in a comfortable chair listening to the radio when so many were undoubtedly suffering, and others dead. Every hour we went out to see how far the water had advanced. The edge of the flood waters being but five hundred feet away from us, we could not help hearing the terrifying shrieks and heart-rending cries which filled the air.

People who had never before prayed, prayed that night when the water began to creep into their second stories. Especially did they

pray, if they had no third floor, and had to go out on the roofs, and cling to the chimneys—their last hope—to watch from that perilous lookout the waters rushing wildly by. Yet, even so, there was little hope, since at any minute the swift current might pick up a house and carry it downstream. Often this very thing happened. One house, in such a case, not in Montpelier, however, a house having twenty-six occupants, was picked up, carried miles downstream and finally reached high falls where all were dashed to immediate death.

To illustrate how people felt that night, I will tell you of one family, the Gleasons, whom I know very well. Their home is on the riverbank. By ten o'clock the water was in their second story. They had, of course, to move to the third floor. About eleven they put the children to bed. Mrs. Gleason told me later that she and Mr. Gleason, after they had tucked them into bed and kissed them goodnight, looked at each other and read each in the other's eyes, "Will this be the last time we'll see our children?" At this moment they felt a great crash which threw them over. An iron bridge which had been dislodged a mile upstream had hit a corner of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason each felt that now there was no hope so they gathered the children in their arms and waited for the end to come. As with many families the house withstood the force of the current and they did not meet death; but they spent that night indescribable hours waiting in suspense for that which mercifully did not claim them.

This reminds me of one family in Waterbury. The water was rushing with great strength about their home and ripped off the shed of the house. Fearing that the house would be torn from its foundation they got on to an improvised raft and started for the next house. The raft was caught in the current and capsized. The father of the family grabbed the limb of a tree and was saved, but his wife and children were drowned. Had they not attempted to leave the house they would all have been alive today for their house withstood the force of the current.

We who stood at the water's edge, safe from the cruel stream, could do nothing to help even those who were but a quarter of a mile from us because of the irresistible strength of the current. At about three o'clock, knowing I could do nothing until daylight, I went to bed.

When Miss Sanford and I awoke the next morning we found the house abandoned. Downstairs was a note for us saying that as the heating system of the house depended on electricity we were to go to the Averys'. We did so. The Averys' house was already turned into a Red Cross headquarters. Coffee and doughnuts were served to those who were working nearby, and four women were baking bread. All day they baked and sent loaves to a house where those who had been rescued from the downtown buildings were served. Those nearest the river could not be reached until that night when the flood had subsided somewhat.

That Friday night there were fourteen at the Averys'. Miss Sanford and I slept in a single bed, the other women three to a double bed, and the men downstairs on mattresses. We were all very uncomfortable, but so thankful to be alive that we disregarded comfort.

The water went down so very rapidly that night that I was able to go home on Saturday morning. As I walked through what had once been my town I felt as though I were having a nightmare. Houses gone; porches ripped away; furniture of all kinds strewn along the streets; great holes dug out of street and sidewalk by the current; animals dead—and everywhere muck, muck, muck? Hurrying to my home, which, luckily, is on a hill and had not been touched, I quickly changed into my old clothes and heavy rubber boots for further traveling about.

When I saw the damage done to the beautiful homes in Montpelier, I first began to realize the terrible thing that had befallen us. They seemed beyond repair. Downtown peo-

ple were shoveling out their stores. Dresses, books, shoes, candy—all wretchedly mixed together, were being tossed into the streets already cluttered with refuse.

At noontime we heard the roar of aeroplanes. How we rejoiced for we were isolated. No road leading from Montpelier could be traveled. These aeroplanes were our only means of communication with the outside world. But, horrors! they could not land, since we had no marked field. They dropped yeast cakes for bread and a note requesting that a field suitable for landing be marked so they might land the next day. To me the aeroplane has ever since been held sacred for to our stricken people it meant help after three days of terrible isolation, when we needed others as never before.

Every man and woman was working at the cleaning out either of homes or of stores. The grocery stores were first cleaned out, the city being in great need of food supplies, and there was hope for some salvage. Such things as fruit and vegetables with skins, canned goods, sugar, coffee, flour and eggs which had been on counters that had floated or had been stored very high and thus were not wet, could be sold.

In order to buy food one had to stand in the "bread line." Anyone desiring food had to state the number in the family, the amount of food on hand and the day when the last food was rationed. If there were seven in the family and no food had been bought for two days, they would be allowed a pound of sugar, three loaves of bread, a pound of coffee, a pound of butter and a dollar's worth of fruit. For a few days we ate very little and worked hard.

Sunday morning the state militia arrived and the city was put under military discipline. No one could walk on the streets unless he had a pass. To this rule there was one exception. Between nine and eleven people could go downtown for food. At all other times, unless permitted to pass, no one was allowed downtown. No cars except those doing Red Cross work could be driven because but little gasoline had been saved.

Thus in the amazingly short time of one day after the water had receded, the city had made wonderful progress towards normal conditions. On Monday I was drafted for work and went to the City Hall where relief headquarters for clothing had been established. Another woman and myself had charge of a room where people brought any old clothes they could spare to be given to those who had nothing but the clothes on their backs. By the end of the week we had secured two large rooms, and had ten girls helping us, and at the end of two weeks there were three rooms and more girls.

After a week clothes began to come from all parts of the northeastern states. Some of these were exceptionally good, others only ordinary, and some had to be thrown away because they were in such poor condition. Everyone was very kind about sending in such contributions and I need not say how greatly they were appreciated. Manufacturing concerns were also very generous. We received dozens of men's heavy sweaters, men's mittens, and wool socks, white wool blankets and rubber boots. The rubber boots and woolen socks probably saved many from death for the men had to work in silt and water over their ankles. The boots kept their feet dry and the socks kept them warm, and thus saved many from pneumonia and other serious diseases.

People really needed clothes. One little girl, for example, came up to me one day and said that she was so cold that her mother had sent her down for a sweater. I looked at her and was horrified. Outside it was snowing, and the temperature was very cold. This child had on a cotton middie suit, which was wet, and a pair of rubbers. I took her to the children's table and fitted her out in play and Sunday costumes. Then I told her to follow me. A couple of days before we had unpacked a beautiful doll which we had laid aside to give

to some child who would be likely to appreciate it. This I gave to her. Never have I seen a more surprised and happy child. When I am home I often see her on the street and she always runs up to me and throws her arms around me. She said when last I saw her that she had put the doll I gave her away and plays with it only on Sunday. I'm glad I gave it to her.

Her family were in rather a sad case. They formerly lived in the south and had been in Montpelier only a week when the flood occurred. In order to get carfare to bring them up they had sold half their furniture. The other half was in a box car at the station and was washed away by the flood, so they were left destitute.

Many people who lost all their clothes were too proud to come to the relief headquarters and get others for they had no money and would not accept charity. For these people we had field workers who went from house to house, found out what was needed and reported. We in turn made up boxes full of the required necessities. Below is one of the many lists presented to us during a day:

Family of sixteen
Fourteen children—ages 16 years to 3 mon.
Enough bedding for seven beds.
Have ready in an hour.

We didn't know whether the children were boys or girls, whether the mother was short and fat or tall and thin so we put in a little of everything.

After a few days we began to keep record of the names of those who came for clothes, and of the number of articles each took, for some, who had not suffered from the disaster, but were too lazy to work, thought it a good chance to get something for nothing. It did not take long to find who these people were, and they were told that they could have no more.

In contrast to these unprincipled ones were those old men and women who had managed to save enough to keep them comfortable for the rest of their lives, only to have it wiped away by the flood. They would come to us, take as little as possible, pat us on the back and say, "God bless you." These words said in the sad voices of these old people never failed to bring tears to my eyes.

For three weeks I worked from seven-thirty in the morning until six at night. Many nights it was later. It was very tiresome of course; but I always had at night a feeling of peace and gladness when I reflected that I had during the day helped hundreds of people who stood sorely in need of aid. This work I continued to help in until the first of December when I had to give it up because school reopened. It makes me sincerely grateful to remember that I was thus able to help others in distress.

During all that winter painters and carpenters were busy repairing damaged homes and buildings. In spring the gardeners were busy regrading lawns. By the middle of summer Montpelier had progressed so rapidly that a visitor to the city would hardly have known that we had had such a disaster had it not been for several water marks fifteen feet above the streets. Nor is this true of Montpelier alone, but of all Vermont that was thus afflicted. Proud are we Vermonters of the way in which our plucky state rallied from this frightful blow. But we certainly could not have accomplished so much in so short a time had it not been for the help and cooperation of some of our sister states. The desire of the people in one state to help unfortunate ones in another is a beautiful proof of the growth among us of the spirit of brotherly kindness.

Ruth C. Wheaton, '30

LA VIE

Last night the moon was like a silver coin
That someone had tossed up into the sky,
All cold and hard and round it stared at me,
And froze my heart into a solid lump.
Tonight the moon was like an orange flame
That cloaked the clouds about it with its glow
And penetrated deep into my heart
To melt the fear it made there yesterday.

Margaret Wethern, '29

WHEN SHE WAS VERY YOUNG

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon and Molly had nothing to do. The family was out and for some reason or other she didn't feel like reading. After much thought she decided to go up to the attic and rummage around. It was years since she had been up there.

At last she was at the top of the steps. She sat down on an old chair to rest. Everything was in a delightful jumble. In front of her was a bureau that she had had as a child. She hadn't seen it since her room had been redecorated and the bureau sent up here.

She opened the top drawer and found a crumpled paper bag on which was written in a childish scrawl "Jimmy gave me this with some candy in it."

In the next drawer was a man's handkerchief with a piece of paper pinned to it, saying, "I stole this out of Jimmy's pocket when he wasn't looking."

She was puzzled. Who on earth was Jimmy? Some grammar school sweetheart, probably. She found in the third drawer a diary. On the fly leaf was written "To Molly on her eleventh birthday from Mother." Seven years ago. Maybe this would mention Jimmy. She sat down and began to read.

Saturday.

Sis brought that new man that she has been talking so much about over to dinner tonight. His name is James Forrest but she calls him Jimmy so I guess I will too. Anyway he's awfully nice.

Monday.

Jimmy came over tonight and took Sis out somewhere. Sis told us at supper that he was coming, so I sneaked up to her room right after and hid her best shoes so that I'd have more time to talk to him. He sat me in his lap and I fed him some of the fudge I made this afternoon. He said that the man I married would be lucky because he would be able to eat such good fudge all the time. I think he likes me because I heard him tell Sis, as they were going out, that he thought that I was cute.—I think he's cute, too.

Tuesday.

Oh gee! Sis found out about the shoes and she was furious. She didn't guess why I hid them, though. I'm glad because I just decided today that I'm in love with him and I don't want anyone to know.

Friday.

He came over tonight, but Sis was out and Guess what! He—took—me—to the movies! Way in town. At night too. Mother laughed when I asked if I could go and said that I was rather young to be going out with young men, but she let me go just the same. We had ice cream afterwards. On the way home we had a nice talk. He seemed very interested when I told him that I was captain of my baseball team and thought it was awfully good that I got A in spelling today. He talked a lot about Sis, though, and said that I had a nice sister.

Friday.

Oh, I'm so thrilled! Tonight Sis had a bridge party. While they were waiting for everyone to get there, they were discussing marriage. Jimmy said that he was going to wait 'til I grew up and marry me. Everybody laughed, I don't know why!

But I blushed and ran upstairs. Oh, I'm so happy. I just can't wait to grow up and marry Jimmy.

Tuesday.

I haven't seen Jimmy since the bridge party. He went away for a trip the day after and hasn't got back yet. I have been collecting things for a hope chest. I got one of mother's pillow cases out of the linen closet and embroidered Mr. and Mrs. James Forrest on it. I made a darling pair of curtains with some cretonne I bought at the five and ten cent store. They are a little uneven on the bottom and one is a little longer than the other. I haven't had hemming at school yet so I can't do it very well, So I hope Jimmy won't mind.

Friday.

Oh! I got a post card from him today. He's coming back tomorrow. I just can't wait to

see him again. Sis has been acting awfully queer lately. She got a letter today that she wouldn't let anyone see. I got a look at it over her shoulder and the writing looked a lot like Jimmy's, but of course he wouldn't write her a letter and only send me a post card.

Saturday.

He's back! And better looking than ever. He has grown a moustache now. I was so glad to see him that I ran right up and kissed him. Sis is queerer than ever. I went in and sat on the couch next to him to talk. She was sitting on the other side of him, and kept making signs behind his back, trying to make me go out. She seems to have forgotten what he said about him and me. After a while she went out and let us talk for a while. She came right back, though, and then mother called me so I had to leave.

Sunday.

He was over for supper tonight, but I'm mad. I wish Sis wouldn't show so plainly that she likes him. He paid a lot of attention to her tonight too. I do hope he hasn't forgotten. I think he's mean. Maybe he's mad at me for something and just trying to get even. Anyway I'm mad.

Monday.

Oh-oh-oh! How can I write it? I can't! It's too terrible. How could Jimmy do it or Sis either. I'll sue Jimmy for breach of promise, that's what I'll do. I've heard of sueing people for that. Mother sent me upstairs because I lost my temper. Who wouldn't have. When Sis told everyone Jimmy came over and said to me, "How will you like having me for a big brother?" That's when I got mad and mother sent me up here. I hate both of them. Oh——

And there it ended.

Molly closed the book. How very odd. She had completely forgotten that she had ever been in love with her brother-in-law, James Forrest.

Sarah Clark, '30

LOVE

Love—
With each century changes
From a deep passion
That stirred the best and finest in men until,
It has become merely
Infatuation,
A light and flippant flirtation
For care-not youth.

Love was once the divine in life,
But somewhere along life's highway
It lost its soul
Like a rose whose petals are wilted
Whose stem is dried and bends
Low to earth.

Who loves a flower without a soul?
Who wants a life without a love?

As pilgrims trodding
Up a steep and narrow hill
Thus souls climb, grandly
After death comes
And bodies are left wasted behind,
The souls are glad
Exalted in their search
For beyond the infinite eternity
Lies the promise of a great love.

Does it take Eternity to find Love?

Edith Fulton, '30

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

A tiny fragile old lady sat on the veranda of "A Home for Elderly Women" knitting—rocking—knitting. After a time her knitting dropped to her lap and a faint, far-away smile lit her tired blue eyes. Like many old people her joy came from re-living her past in her mind.

She was again in boarding school and Jane Randall was her roommate. They had become friends that first day at school, the piquant Nancy Lee and the dignified Jane Randall. Through the two years of boarding school, they remained inseparable, confiding in each other their secret dreams and ambitions. Jane proudly told Nancy that she was head over heels in love with Jim McAllister. Nancy giggled her infectious way and said "No man for me, I just never could like the same one best more than two weeks at a time. A business career for me," she boasted confidently.

The next summer Nancy visited Jane. It seemed perfect being together again and if

possible their ideal friendship grew even greater. Jane had planned a variety of dances, dinners, and bridges for her chum's amusement, and the days literally flew by. Also Nancy met the Jim McAllister for the first time.

"Isn't he just as wonderful as I said?" demanded Jane hopefully. "You know how I value your judgment—so tell me the worst."

"Every bit as wonderful, Janie. I don't blame you a bit," said Nancy.

If an escort were lacking for Nancy, Jim proudly escorted both girls. He was a beautiful dancer, and often "cut in" on the popular Nancy. They made a striking couple, this tall blonde Jim and vivid, dark little Nancy.

One morning Nancy found a letter waiting at her place at breakfast. It was from her father and read:

"Dear Nancy:

Have had a real stroke of luck. I have been appointed director of the Marlboro Manufacturing Company in London. It means several trips a year and possibly we shall move to London. Will keep you posted unless I can persuade you to go abroad with me. I leave a week from Thursday. You'd better come along and keep me from being lonely. If only your mother were alive to benefit by this—how she would have loved it. How is your money holding out?

Your loving

Dad."

Just after Nancy finished reading her letter the door opened and Jim burst in.

"Lend your ears, Ladies. Dad has just promised me the yacht for a week's cruising! Make out your list and we'll dash around and invite the gang to a yachting party."

His enthusiasm was infectious and under its spell Nancy forgot about her letter for a while.

In two days a merry group of ten young people and Mr. and Mrs. McAllister had set off for their party.

Perfect weather and a congenial crowd of young people in the highest spirits gave promise to a successful party. When evening came the victrola was kept busy supplying music for the dancers. Lively Nancy and Jim soon arranged a specialty dance for entertainment. The audience stood in a circle surrounding the happy pair as they went through the difficult steps of their dance. Suddenly Nancy turned her ankle. Jim quickly caught her—their eyes met and held a moment—then at Nancy's impish reassuring smile, he had released her and the dance went on.

The last night of the party Jane, obviously in love, was dancing with her Jim. She was claimed by another partner and Jim went in search of Nancy.

"It's fiendishly hot in here, Nancy, let's go on deck." They stepped on deck and watched the moonlight ripple on the water. Suddenly Jim turned to Nancy.

"Nancy, dear—you must know what I'm going to tell you—I love you. I've known it ever since I first looked at you. I have tried not to care for you because of Jane—but—oh Nance —I can't help loving you."

Nancy felt herself grow faint. She was glad—*glad*—for she loved this Jim with all her heart. It was a dream come true that her love was returned. She had always thought that she would never fall in love—but now she had at last. Her happiness flooded over her, and Jane was completely forgotten as she returned Jim's kiss tenderly.

Soon the voice of Jane was heard calling, "Come on everybody, we land in fifteen minutes. Hurry and get your things together."

After Jane and Nancy retired that night, Nancy wanted quiet—she felt guilty and she could scarcely bear talking to Jane—but Jane was in a talkative mood.

"Nancy, I'm so glad you and Jim get along so famously. You know, if it were anybody else but you, I believe I'd get jealous—just imagine my getting jealous at you"—and Jane laughed heartily at the idea.

The next day about noon Jim came down to breakfast yawning—

"Phew, I'm dead—any mail?" His mother handed him a square white envelope. He opened it and read:

"Jimmie mine:

It was all a mistake last night. Can't you see that Janie loves you as much as I do? We can't break her faith or love in either of us. When you get this I will be in New York, and I am sailing with father tonight. He has a position that will keep him traveling all over Europe and I shall be with him, so please don't try to follow me as I shall never change my mind. Please keep this little pin in remembrance of

Nancy."

Nancy and her father left for Europe. Nancy made up her mind that she must forget Jim. She traveled with her father a great deal—but soon tired of this. She took a business course and after some discouragement secured a position which promised advancement.

In the office Nancy met several men who were not at all unconscious of her youthful beauty and charm. They took her out and soon she was the same popular Nancy she had been in America.

One young chap, Ronald Wood, reminded Nancy of Jim. They went about a great deal together, and Ronald fell in love with her. But somehow the image of Jim came between them and Nancy knew she would never be happy married to him, or anyone but Jim.

The next year Nancy's father died and Nancy settled down in earnest to work, knowing she would find her happiness only in that way. Soon she was promoted to the head of her department in the office and was regarded as an atom of efficiency.

The years passed relentlessly taking their toll of Nancy. With their passing she gradually lost all track of Jane. She had accumulated plenty of money and finally resigned her position. Nancy at first grew old reluctantly then contentedly. With old age came a desire for America so she returned and engaged a room in a pleasant boarding house for old ladies called "A Home for Elderly Women."

She sat rocking and dreaming. Dreaming of Jim McAllister. "I guess it's fate," and she smiled pathetically. "I've always loved him, and he forgot all about me." The tears rushed to her tired old eyes.

Her reverie was broken short by the arrival of another old lady on the porch.

"Well, well, do you mind if I keep you company?" asked the tall newcomer.

"Why, not at all, I'm glad to have somebody to talk to" said Nancy and they chatted amiably about the weather, new crochet patterns and that most absorbing subject, their neighbors in The Home. Soon they were discussing the peculiarities of all the old ladies.

The tall lady said—"Oh yes, we all have our peculiarities. Now take for instance my late husband, he had the queerest notion. He always wore a certain pin on the left side of his vest. I asked him time and again where he got it and he always said,

"It's my most sacred possesion."

"I s'pose it was a lodge pin—but you'd think he could have told me—but then, he always did delight in making me ask questions."

"How odd," said Nancy, "what kind of a pin was it?"

"Oh, here it is. I always wear it. It's just the right size to hold my collar in place"—and she pointed to the pin—"On his dying bed Jim gave it to me and said, 'Keep it always. You should love it as well as I.' "

Nancy looked at the pin. A faint flush rose in her cheeks for she recognized the pin she had given to Jim. Then he hadn't forgotten.

A bright tear rolled down her cheek and dropped on the knitting.

"How interesting," she murmured.

Antoinette Briggs, '30

PEACE

Early night—
Moonlight overhead
Shadows of trees far below
A drooping figure trudges
Slowly through the night.

A mellow light blinks in the distance
The light of a church of God
Where wise men teach His gospel
And lone figures enter to pray.

Soft chimes echo
From a starry corner
In the gray old tower
Now the figure hastens
Led toward the mellow light.

The figure is that of a woman.
She enters the chapel
Groping toward the image of the Virgin
Peace is found for her heart at last
Peace—from even the night.

Edith Fulton, '30

THE REVELATION OF A MOUSE

Let us consider for a moment the wind. A soft breeze carries peace and happiness; a gentle rustle of wind with a warm spring shower is consoling and restful, refreshing to the spirit; and the moaning shrieking gale rouses fear and trembling in those with whom it comes in contact.

A late October night—when thunderstorms are being forgotten as summer fades but exactly when storms delight in breaking into all their fury, having one last thorough fling at the world before they leave it in peace.

Far away in the heart of the Adirondacks, on a private and lonely lake, stood an old mansion, weather-beaten, grotesque but seemingly the place for invalids for within the house lay a young man caring little for life, delirious and putting forth a valiant fight aginst his nurse who was reluctant in believing that Bill wanted to die. If only this good-looking, broad-shouldered blue-eyed Bill would realize that shortly the crisis would pass. Bill Cunningham was a polo player and had fallen dangerously ill in the middle of his most successful season. Dr. Reid had ordered him into this ghastly place where stillness and the very feeling of death hung over the house night and day.

Sally Barrow, an easy-going, broad-accented Southern girl, had been put on the case. At first she enjoyed this seclusion with the handsome patient who was only another invalid to bring back to health. But as autumn came on, Sally felt a nervousness, a tension that caused her to become uneasy. She had always heard of Bill Cunningham, the great polo player, and knew that now she was another in the train of his admirers and that gradually the air of her profession was slipping away from beneath her and that she was falling in love with Bill. Love was a most unfortunate thing in Sally's position for Bill was very, very ill and more than ever Sally fought a losing fight. Bill, of course did not know who Sally was for his moments of consciousness were few.

Throughout the summer months, Bill hovered between life and death. Dr. Reid offered to relieve Sally by a night nurse but Sally would not hear of it. She understood Bill's case and wished to do all there was to do.

Sally often wondered why she should waste her love on a man who might never know of it and who possibly in recovering would ignore her. But always there was that feeling that when Bill was better, he would return to her the love she was now lavishing upon him. Sally knew that Dr. Reid would be disappointed if he discovered the truth for he put so much faith in her careful indifference and professional poise.

Summer gave way to a gorgeous autumn. The lake was a mirror wherein the deep reds and golds of the leaves looked at themselves lingeringly. The house took on a more comfortable atmosphere.

And then the trees began shedding their leaves. As they fell and the wind whirled them away, Sally felt a strange misgiving. This was indeed a trying time to patient and nurse. It was as though Bill felt the dying of the leaves, so constantly did he lose day by day.

The doctor's calls were frequent. Every day now the caretaker went to the nearby town for supplies of oxygen. Bill's chances were very low. And at the very lowest of this dreary season, another event was happening which frightened the country.

The police and state detectives were searching in vain for a lunatic who had escaped from the state hospital for mental deficients at Ogdensburg. Mad at the very sight of nurses

who had held him in his prison, he was wandering at large brutally murdering, strangling every nurse he saw. He haunted the hospital grounds and lurked about at night when they were leaving the hospital from day duty. His victims had numbered seven and still luck seemed to favor the madman for he slipped through the very fingers of his pursuers.

Returning to Sally on the dismal lake as the first windy rain fell and dark clouds raced through the sky on that October night, the caretaker had left before dinner for the supply of oxygen for the next day and Sally gave up hope of his return over the slippery mountain roads and her fears were shortly confirmed. His car had broken down in the country and there was no possible conveyance handy at the farmhouses. Jim, good, thoughtful old Jim, calling to assure himself that she was safe.

"Of course, Jimmy, please don't worry about me. I'll be perfectly safe. Dr. Reid sent a night nurse by the next train. She'll be along at any minute. Don't try to venture out in this storm. Stay where you are for the night."

Sally's usually steady hand shook a bit as she replaced the receiver. "Silly of me," she thought, "I must get control of myself and not show the new nurse that I'm nervous." She had admitted it, she was nervous. The wind moaned around the house, boards creaked and groaned, waves lashed the rocky shore, rain, in great sheets, slapped against the windows. Sally had made sure of windows and doors. The cook was away for the day. Helplessly alone, Bill delirious, muttering brokenly in his sleep.

The sky cracked open with a jagged streak of fire and banged shut with deafening roar. A cold fall chill swept under the doors and through the rooms. Why didn't the night nurse get here? Accident? Sally tried telephoning, dangerous but consoling to hear a human voice. The wires had snapped, dead silence.

A carriage, old Hank with his trusty horse out in all kinds of weather. Company at last. Sally opened the door. The nurse wrapped in a heavy rubber cloak and hood slipped inside, big, scowling, gruff.

"Suppose ye heered about the latest murder of that darned lunatic. Nurse found this evenin' down in the ole stone quarry. Hope I aint skeered ye none. Good night" and Hank was ploughing along and was soon lost in the night.

Sally, pale, unsteadied by the news, turned back to the hall. The nurse stood there still wrapped in the black cloak.

"Let me take your wraps and do go sit by the fire. You must be terribly wet. Beastly night. Terrible drive from the station, wasn't it?"

"Yes," spoke the deep voice. Silence again. Rain, wind, terror and the unfriendly nurse.

Sally returned from the hall and sat by the fire looking into the flames which were no comfort. Neither made any attempt at conversation until at last the night nurse asked,

"Will you take me to the patient?'

"Certainly," said Sally, glad to leave the gloom of the parlor. To be again in Bill's room would be a little relief for there at least was life.

They entered the room. Sally looked at Bill who seemed to be resting. She explained the medicine. A door banged above them.

"Will you excuse me now? I haven't closed the windows on the top floor."

Sally left the room, closed the door softly and ascended the narrow stairs to the attic. How unnerved she felt! Her hand on the cold railing shook. A dizziness swept over her. Footsteps, heavy and yet distant, seemed to follow her. It was impossible, of course. There was no one in the house. A door closed below. Sally was experiencing the dreadful fear of not being able to look behind her. At last she reached the top of the stairs, turned on the light and found herself face to face with the night nurse.

"I came to help you," she said briefly.

"But why? Don't you realize that Bill should not be left alone?"

"He is resting quietly now and needs no one."

Suddenly from one of the dusty, cobwebby corners came a mouse. Sally screamed and jumped quickly to an old box. The other nurse did not move but waited until the mouse came to her very feet and with one agile motion of her foot, crushed it.

No woman in the history of the world would ever have done that. This person, big and gruff, was no nurse. The real nurse was lying in the old stone quarry, strangled and here was her murderer, the mad man.

Sally ran to the open window, ready to jump to a better death than she was about to suffer. As she did so, the man made a leap for her. Sally stepped back and her pursuer tumbled from the high window with a sickening crash to the shore below. Sally knew that rocky, jagged land. He would be crushed. Back had come all her self-confidence.

"Sally, Sally," called a weak voice. Down the narrow stairs sped Sally and into Bill's room.

"What is it, Bill," she asked.

"Sally, I am better now. Something has happened and I am going to live. Dear, come and sit beside me. I need you, need you now and always."

And Bill slept, the deep peaceful sleep that follows a crisis.

Elinor Taylor, '30.

WHEN DARKNESS COMES

The crowded amphitheatre of the gods!
Across the vast expanse of sky
Banners are flung before the eye—
A brilliant rose, a deep, rich blue,
A gold and one of primrose hue—
An ever-changing field of color
Whose pomp will fade, grow dim and pass.
Then in the depths of the heaven afar
Twinkles a solitary star—
A diamond gleaming on the breast
Of some great goddess of the West.
At last in royal state proud Zeus shines bright
'Gainst the black velvet curtain of the night.
When the murk curtain has been drawn
We mortals think the show is done
(Although it scarcely has begun);
And so we waste in sleep the hours till dawn.
But after we are deep immersed in dreams,
The velvet curtain rises. Forth there gleams
A furious bull-fight—Tarus and Orion—
To please the Olympians who, delighted watch
Wildly applauding; Pollux and Castor cheer
While Canis barks approval, till Chanticleer
Awakens us. Unknowing and unawed
We look without upon the sunrise glow—
'Tis but the gods who now homeward go,
With waving banner and triumphant shout.

V. L. Johnson

THE BLOOD MOON

Allan Evans, Jr., stood by the railing of the S. S. Windsor and gazed far out over the rolling blue waters. He was the only person on deck, consequently the only person to view the gorgeous tropical dawn. Far to the port of the ship stretched a chain of low mountains crowned with the first flaming rays of the sunrise. It was a colorful scene, the dark green shore-line, the sparkling waves of the Atlantic, and the clouds tinted with yellow and red. It seemed all the more beautiful to Evans for he was returning to the land he loved—the western coast of South Africa.

Ever since the age of seven this tropical land had been his home. An uncle, his only relative, had sent for him when his parents were killed in a railroad disaster. There he had lived on a small peninsular cut off from the mainland by a dense jungle. His uncle had owned part of a small diamond mine and when his business did not require his service, he had passed memorable hours in the company of his nephew.

Finally the time had come for Allan to complete his education in an American college. It was hard for him to abandon his beautiful home on the peninsula, and he had little desire to give up his fishing, hunting and swimming for the rules and limits of civilization. Nevertheless it was his uncle's wish and there was an end of his tropical sports. The four years of college life in Princeton had made little change in either his physique or ideals. Yet, strange to say, something had altered his idea of thrills. This was the cause. Three months before his graduation, when he had been introduced to a certain Charline

Wilson, and looked into her eyes, he received a sensation that no "blood moon" could possibly have given him. No, not even that fascinating and alluring "blood moon" which hung low and red in the sky before the arrival of a typhoon.

As Evans watched the sun disappear below the horizon, many unrivaled memories were brought before him. The magical hours he had passed with Charline—her lovely eyes and enchanting smile that held him in a grip of fascination. How distinctly he recalled that night he told her he loved her. Returning from a country club he had parked for a moment on the summit of a moonlit hill. She had looked at him so dreamily—so sweetly. How he adored her! Nothing else seemed to matter. Only their plans occupied their thoughts. Allan was to be graduated that June, and soon after they were to be married. Their honeymoon would take them to his African home. They had talked of how they would spend the rest of their days on that unequalled peninsula.

All these things drifted in Allan's mind. He recalled how, shortly after his graduation, the letter had come telling him of his uncle's death and requesting him to return at once to handle some important business at the diamond mine. On that evening, Charline was down at the docks to bid him goodbye. She promised to wait for him always. They had kissed, and a few moments later the liner carried him further and further away from the girl he worshipped.

It was only a few hours now before the S. S. Windsor would anchor off a small African coast where Evans would end his voyage. At six o'clock that evening the ship lay at anchor and a large white launch made its way from the shore to take off passengers and mail, both of which were always welcomed at that town. A neatly dressed, gray-haired man greeted Allan as soon as he stepped from the ship's ladder to the launch.

"By heaven!" exclaimed Allan, "if it isn't good old Governor Spencer!"

After an enthusiastic handshake the two strolled to the stern of the launch and seated themselves in deck chairs.

"The letter I received," said Evans, "was rather brief and to the point. It did not mention the cause of my uncle's death. I am rather curious, for he was not an old man."

"It was a most gruesome death," he began, "and the memory of it makes me shiver. A certain black-maned lion made a feast of a murdered native. At once he became the very devil of a manhunter. Several natives fell victim to him every week. Hunting parties were sent out to get him, but to no avail. Your uncle was living alone on the peninsula. It seems that one of his business friends decided to hike through the jungle of the peninsula to pay him a week-end visit. That afternoon, when the friend was within a half mile of the house, he found your uncle lying on the ground, with his right hip practically torn off. It was a ghastly sight and your uncle was not yet relieved of his agony by death. However, he had just time to tell that the dreaded man-eater had attacked him. Your uncle was an ideal man and to meet with such a death—well, it is a terrible thing."

In order to make the news a little easier, the Governor invited Allan to spend the evening with him, and paddle an outrigger to his home in the morning. This was a pleasure indeed to Allan. The evening was passed quietly on the Governor's porch. Evans related various incidents of his college life, and finally touched upon the subject of his sweetheart. This was a surprise to the Governor.

"Somehow, Allan, I never thought you would be so attracted by a girl."

"I was under the same impression," smiled Allan, "until I met Charline Wilson. Before I seldom cared to mingle with girls."

"And you intend to live on the peninsula by yourself? That lion stalked your uncle within a half mile of your home, and he'll certainly be back."

Allan Evans gave a short laugh. "A lion does not frighten me; I've shot them before,

and it will give me a certain satisfaction to shoot this one."

"Do you intend to hunt that black devil without aid?" asked Governor Spencer.

"You see when Charline and I are married, we are coming out here to live for a while, and I don't want her life in any unnecessary danger. Lions of any sort are not very safe neighbors, but when they once get human blood and turn man-hunters—well, there's just one thing to do, and I won't bring Charline here till it's done."

Their conversation continued for a while until a cool breeze came whispering from the sea, promising them a comfortable night's sleep.

Allan was up before the sun. A big day's work lay before him and he was anxious to begin. After breakfast he secured an outrigger and began his trip to the point of the peninsula. His deep, powerful strokes sent the small craft skimming over the jewelled waters; his eyes took in the long broken stretch of tropic jungle lined with silver beaches, and the vegetation glistening with dew in the misty light of the dawn. The air was like wine to his blood as he filled his lungs to their limit with every breath. This was living!

Within a little over two hours from the time he started, Allan's outrigger grated gently on the shore in front of his home. The house was built on a small hill about one hundred and fifty yards from the beach. It faced towards the sea and was visible through several scattered palm trees. A few hundred yards to either side of the house and to the rear, further view was cut off by tangled, shadowy jungle.

The morning was spent in repairing parts of the house, followed by laying in a supply of food and other necessties, that afternoon.

In the weeks that followed Allan found that his work was not very difficult, yet it was necessary that he be on hand for emergencies until a date six months hence when a certain crisis would be passed. His days of leisure were passed entirely in his own company and usually consisted of an out-door program. The morning was always started by an early swim. After that it might be a hike in the cool of the jungle or a trip in the outrigger to a nearby island. The afternoon meant a few hours of fishing. But the evenings—they were his paradise. On one of these evenings Allan sat on the screened porch. The moon was bright and full, stretching a golden path from the white breakers on the shore to the dark mysterious horizon. The scattered palms in front of the house moved ever so slightly as the night breezes whispered in from the vast stretch of shadowy ocean. Evans leaned back in his chair and smoked a cigarette; his thoughts were turned to Charline—they always were. So much had he imagined her beside him that her presence seemed almost real. How he longed for the time when she, sitting close to him, would turn her dreamy eyes to meet his adoring glance. Allan moved uneasily. There was always the thought of that black-maned lion, probably at this moment stalking on the cavernous border of the jungle and looking with greedy eyes at the solitary house. He smiled; no lion would get on his nerves, he decided, and began to softly whistle a jazz tune that brought back again a vivid picture of his sweetheart.

A month passed—two months. During that time only one ship stopped at the coast town. It left no passengers, but some mail containing a number of letters from Charline, and a few from college friends. Those letters from Charline made his spirits reach their greatest heights. Many times he read them over—the majority of them filled with phrases of love; a few having later dates gave more space to breezy news and less to affectionate words.

Again the bronzed young lover worked and waited until the next ship should bring him the mail that so stimulated his body and soul. The man-eater was little thought of, except when at times the horribly mangled remains of some native was found and reminded the people of his ominous presence. A full sixty days passed before the next ship dropped anchor in the little port. This time Allan re-

ceived a great disappointment. He received no mail whatsoever. It was some comfort to know that another steamer was due within the coming month, although the date was uncertain.

In order to pass the time away until the arrival of his precious letters, Allan began to hunt the man-eater. The day was near when he could leave his position in the diamond mine and return to marry Charline. His African home seemed lonely, but when he brought her back as his bride, it would be paradise. One afternoon as Allan sat resting in the cool sea breeze under the shade of a palm tree, the Governor's launch turned in toward the shore. Not more than a minute had passed when he was talking to the Governor.

"I say, Evans, we just got word of a bad typhoon that's headed this way."

"Quite some time since we've had a typhoon. We're due for a bad one," observed Evans.

"Righto," agreed the Governor, "it will probably appear about ten o'clock tonight." "Also," he added, "you'll no doubt be glad to hear that the steamer dropped anchor today. I'll send your letters by a native as soon as the mail is unloaded."

"That's great, Governor—thank you a thousand times!"

Allan felt supremely happy as he looked forward to receiving Charline's letters. The thought of the coming typhoon added to his pleasure. With the last faint glow of the tragic sunset, the first ominous clouds appeared. They stretched along the horizon, seeming to wait for the night. The ocean lay rippleless. Even the air had the death-like calmness that always precedes the worst of storms. At intervals the silence of the evening was broken by the distant beat of the native drums. The horizon became pitch-black and half the sky was covered with massive clouds. Suddenly, a gerat crimson disk slowly appeared—the African blood moon! It cast a weird light over the sea and the jungle. A moment after Allan saw a shadow in the water. Then he realized that it was a native bringing in his mail. A dark skinned native jumped out on the sand, and handed Allan a letter.

As Allan turned toward the house, his happiness vanished. Only one letter had he received from Charline, and that felt like a birthday card. When he entered the house, he tore open the envelope and drew out an engraved card. As he scanned the contents of the cards, a look of bewilderment passed over his features. Slowly he read the card—

The honor of your presence is requested
at the wedding of
Miss Charline M. Wilson
and
Mr. Judson Files
in St. John's Church
on Thursday evening, November twenty-eighth
at eight o'clock

The invitation slipped from Allan's hand and dropped to the floor. A terrible light gleamed in his eyes; he saw the girl's picture on his dresser—he drew out his automatic, twice he fired blindly at the image—the bullets splintered the wood on either side. He hurled the weapon itself, sweeping the picture to the floor. His dreams, hopes, and faith all crushed. To think that she had been only pretending! He still loved the girl with all his heart, and he would never cease loving her. His glance was fixed on the calendar. The date read November 28. A sob choked his throat, and he covered his eyes with his hands.

Allan staggered out of the house; unconsciously he wandered to the beach. He threw himself on the sand for what seemed an endless time. Finally he pulled himself together. He rose and walked to a palm tree where he sat down and lighted a cigarette. The sky was in darkness, and his very existence was the same. All of his plans had been crushed, and the one object of his life had gone forever. How gloomy and lonely his present home would be. The rising wind swept through the jungle making a weird sound; again the blood moon glowed in all its glory.

It was strange, but Allan did not feel as if he were by himself after all. Some one was

near, he felt positive. Suddenly he turned his head and his muscles grew tense. There on the brink of a hill was silhouetted the figure of a monstrous lion. Evans reached for his revolver, but his pocket was empty. There were but two actions that would save his life, a quick flight up the palm tree or a retreat into the water. With a bitter laugh he sprang to his feet— this was her wedding night; he, too, should have a wedding, with the dark angel. His shoulders squared, he walked, fearlessly, toward the crouching lion.

Kathryn Dow, '30.

IN THE JUNE SKY

It was the opening day of the Wabash County fair. A bright June sun shone down upon the thousands of people gathered at the fair-grounds; people from the north, south, east and west—farmers, buyers, traders, politicians, people of all descriptions, there for all reasons. The familiar smells of the fair-ground drifted heavily on the hot air—the odor of cattle, of people, of children, of farm products, mixed with the spicy odor of hot dogs and food. Mr. S. Sidney Hamilton, whose name appeared almost daily in the society column of the New York *Herald,* sniffed daintily, faintly disgusted with the bourgeois gathering, while Mrs. John O'Rorry Flannigan, whose name had never been in the paper save on that exciting day when her father had been sent to jail, held a great red handkerchief to little John O'Rorry's nose and bade him blow hard.

The big attraction of the day was the stunt flying. Two of the country's leading flyers were to thrill the crowds with their breath-taking feats one thousand feet high in the air! One of the flyers, Linda Pennington, was the only aviatrix in the country who dared to attempt the difficult feats which she accomplished with calm ease and self-assurance. The aviator, Tom Winters, better known as "Flying Tommy" was also a dare-devil and together the two made a startling spectacle.

The crowd waited expectantly while Linda, straight and slim in her aviator's dress, pulled the cap down over her jet-black curls, and pushed the heavy goggles over her excited, merry violet eyes. Her teeth flashed between her fine lips in a fleeting smile as she swung herself over the side of the plane and into the cock pit. The whirr of a starting motor sounded in rhythmical loudness and the plane "Fortune's Favorite" glided smoothly away. Shortly afterward another plane, "Devil's Playmate" rose from the fairground runway and soared up into the blue sky. In the cock-pit sat a young man whose hair if it could have been seen would have been tawny, and whose eyes behind the heavy goggles were blue-gray. His brows were knit, for he was thinking and his thoughts were far away. In his mind he was living two years back when he, the debonair son of a prominent lawyer, was engaged to a girl whom he had loved with all his strong young heart. They had been inseparable, these two, and people often remarked about them; they were so charming and happy. He dreamed of the dizzy paradise that was his when they had talked, her soft dark head against his shoulder, of the little dream house that they would soon build. Her violet eyes were dewy like the first sweet wood-violets of Spring when they spoke of Tommy, Jr., who would some day come to be their own. Those had been happy, eager days, but they were not to last. One day they quarreled, and parted, each with a chill sorrow in the heart, and tears in their eyes. Tom sailed through the blue, remembering all these things and more. He remembered their own little signal 1-4-3,—I love you! They had been high upon a mountain when they had found a heart carved upon a tree, enclosing the three numbers with their meaning. Taking her in his arms he had whispered that that should be their own signal, one never to be taken lightly. He had kissed her there beneath the sweet, cool branches of a pine tree; and then the next day they had quarreled—quarreled and parted. And now the girl whom he had loved, and still loved with all his heart was up there in the sky flying with him—his rival! How well he

knew the danger in the feats which she performed. He knew what an awful death awaited her if anything should go wrong—and yet, she was no longer his—he could do nothing. Suddenly realizing that the people below were waiting for him, he soared high, turned off the motor and glided at a terrific speed down an avenue of air, turning at last in a perfect spin. The rush of wind in his face was sweet and he turned to see what Linda, the bird, girl of his dreams, was doing. As he turned his plane he drew in a sharp breath of amazement. There, against the blue of the June sky, her plane was curving and swaying gracefully, leaving behind it as it sped through the air, a thin trail of smoke. Tom watched with eager eyes as the plane, dipping and circling, spelled out 1-4-3! His heart surged with the greatest happiness of his life. Oh, Linda! Linda! He turned his plane to answer her when a sharp snap caught his attention. Then a falling, an awful sinking, and the earth closed in upon the "Devil's Playmate." The spectators at the fair heard an awful crash and creak as the great plane buried its nose in the ground, and splintered.

Linda, after her perfect take-off, leaned back and breathed in the high, pure air. She should be happy—very happy indeed because she was the famous Linda Pennington, but as she soared lazily there in the skies, conscious that thousands of eyes below were focused on her shining plane, she realized that in reality she was miserable. "It's because of Tommy," she mused. "We should be flying through life together, and not as rival flyers." Her eyes lit up with a sudden light, turning the merry violet to flashing blue and black. "Egad! I'm going to take a chance, I always have been a gambler, so good-bye pride—here goes!" Shouting the last words into the sky, she started her message and her heart thilled madly as she tried to anticipate what Tommy's answer would be. She finished the last letter, and hung in the air like a pen suspended while the writer hesitated. Would Tommy answer? His plane turned and then—Linda never could remember afterwards how it all happened. Somehow she landed, and arrived at the scene of Tommy's disaster just as Tommy, a pitiful, unconscious heap, was lifted into an ambulance. Frantically she shook the interne's arm. "But I'm to be his wife—his wife, you understand, and I must go with him! I will go with him!" and pushing past the white-clad barrier, she went in and smothering the awful sobs which shook her very soul she took her place beside Tommy.

The bright June sun hung in an azure sky flecked with breat heaps of fluffy clouds. In the sky hung a huge plane, watching with interest a scene in the town below. From his place in the sky where the aviator was watching, the scene looked miniature. From a tiny stone church came two figures, one in a fluffy white dress and veil, the other in black.

Into a waiting car they rushed and off they drove, as other gaily-clad figures waved and shouted. Looking out the back window of the car, just before they drew the shade, Linda and Tommy saw the plane and Linda, flushed and happy, pulled the curtain and muttered against Tom's lips, "So many things happen—in the June sky."

Mildred McElvein, '30.

A GIFT FROM GOD

Strains of music—
Like liquid poetry
Gladdening the heart
Exhalting the soul.

Birds—
Notes escaping from slender throats.
A father bird singing
A song to encourage his mate.
Her soft feathers guard their little ones
Keeping them warm and alive.

A little girl—
Lisping a bit of a Lullaby
To a china dolly.
Sweet!
Some day
She will breathe a song
To a babe against her heart.

Vespers—
(Tall candles flicker
Then grow brighter)
A saintly choir
Chant softly

"Our Father . . . . .
Thy Kingdom come . . . .
On Earth as in Heaven . . . . ."

I know now
But it took all these,
To tell me that
It was He who gave us Music.

Edith Fulton, '30

WHAT HAPPENED ON DANTE PLACE

Tony whistled as he walked along lower Main street toward the docks. His little boot-black box was slung on his back in its usual place. He had shined many shoes that day and although it was only three o'clock, twenty dimes and a few quarters jingled pleasantly in his pocket. "I'll put some of them in my bank," mused Tony. Tony's bank was not like anyone else's bank. In fact it was not a bank at all. He smiled as he thought of the little hole in the wall about eighteen inches from the floor in the corner of the room where he slept across from his father. He remembered how he had finally managed to hang a very large stocking inside the hole between the partitions. This was the only place he could think of in which to hide his money from his father. He could not hide it in the old stove, of course; there was no drawer in the rough wooden table and that was the only bit of furniture beside a chair, in the place Tony called home.

By this time he had reached Dante Place, the street where he lived—the street where hundreds of other people lived in wretched poverty. It was hot this afternoon and the sun beat down upon swarms of dirty, sticky, little Italian children playing in the narrow street—upon the bright red tomatoes which had been left in wooden trays to dry—upon fat, dark, oily-skinned women leaning out of uncurtained windows cursing at their offspring for throwing dirt at newly-washed clothes which stretched on lines from roof to roof. It beat down upon Tony as he trudged along and made his dark hair curl in damp little ringlets around his shiny temples. His dull gray overalls hung limply from his hot little body, but his black eyes were ebony pools of excitement and anticipation. After he dropped his pack in a dirty narrow doorway that looked like all the rest, he hurried toward the docks at the end of the street.

Already several of his companions had assembled and were singing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," to the people on the boat. While they were singing, Tony gazed at the crowd of listeners on the decks who were being entertained and who were about to leave for Crystal Beach. Bobbed-haired, red-lipped girls in tight-fitting sweaters stopped chewing gum just long enough to apply another coat of powder to noses already too white; small, smudgy-faced children with sand-pails and shovels tugged at their mothers' skirts and teased for ice-cream cones which the man in the white coat was selling. Little men, big men, bored men, well-dressed men, working men—all with picnic baskets over their arms—were responding to the call of the beach and the cool water. Everyone seemed happy and contented—perhaps they would also be generous. When the other small boys had finished their song and had picked up the coin which kind or amused listeners had bestowed upon them, Tony strolled nonchalantly to the middle of the wharf. He made a funny little bow and in deep rich tones announced that he would sing, "Little Old Mother of Mine." An audible whisper of laughter rolled over the decks. To think that this roguish looking little fellow should sing such a song was quite amusing. Tony was not in the least disturbed. He cleared his throat and began to sing. His voice was full of a gripping emotion; it possessed a quality of maturity far beyond Tony's twelve small years. When he had finished, he repeated his funny little bow and waited. There was silence for a moment as though the audience was waiting for more—and then wild applause boomed in his ears. Silver coins were showered upon him. He gathered them up and put them into an inner pocket where his father would not find them. He had sung his song

and they liked it—they had liked it. Even Tony did not realize just how much they had liked it for he did not know that some had stopped their gum-chewing to listen, and that there were tears in two mothers' eyes. He had chosen this song out of an old book which he had bought for a few cents. He had always loved it because it made him think of his own mother. She had always encouraged him to sing and to save the money which he earned that way so that some day he could, perhaps, learn some really great songs to sing before the world. Before beautiful light-haired ladies dressed in velvets and furs and jewels; and gentlemen who wore white silk scarves and shiny black high hats like the one Mr. Petrone had worn to his mother's funeral. Tony would never forget how lovely his mother had looked that day with all the daisies about her which he and his father had gathered in the fields together. Ah—why could his father not always be nice to him?

"Tony-y—Tony-y—," suddenly he stopped dreaming of that unforgotten day as his father's gruff voice came to him from down the street. Hurriedly he picked up the rest of the coins and again climbing over the fence, hurried homeward. His father sounded cross and impatient. Perhaps he was drunk again. Tony shuddered at the thought and tried to push the money deeper into his pocket. Oh, if he could only slip it into his bank before his father saw him. He hurried a little faster. Just as he gained the doorway, a huge bulk thrust itself in his path.

"Where the devil have you been?" growled his father leaning against the door post for support. His face was flushed and his voice was thick. Tony was right, his father had been drinking again.

"Get in here. I want some supper." Tony did as he was bid for he had learned by experience to dread the sting of his father's leather belt. Soon the old iron kettle full of spaghetti was steaming on the rusty stove and the pungent odor of spicy tomato sauce filled the bare, dusty, ill-ventilated room. Tony placed a loaf of hard, dry bread, a jug of sour red wine, two forks, and two cups on the table. His father got up from the door-step where he had been sitting; he walked with a little uncertainty toward the table and sat down rather solidly on the one chair in the room. Tony sat opposite him on an empty box. They ate in silence except for an occasional outburst of profanity from the half-drunken man. At length, he rose, stretched, and threw himself on the mattress to sleep. Tony cleared away the rest of the bread and jug of wine and put it on the floor behind the stove. He knew his father was sleeping because of the heavy, even regularity of his breathing and so as not to disturb him, he stole on tip-toe to the doorway. It was too warm and he was too tired to play this evening so he sat on the step to rest.

He was lonely tonight as he was many nights. Sometimes he wondered why he did not run away and leave his father. Perhaps if he did he could save lots and lots of dimes and quarters and then he could become a great singer—a great singer! What could be more wonderful?—and yet in the back of his mind there was something for which he longed even more—no, not any more, but just as much. He yearned for his father's love. Tony knew his father loved him sometimes. Had he not taken him to the circus once and bought him some pink lemonade? Had he not brought him a bag of oranges when he was sick with the measles? True, he had been rather gruff when he gave it to him but Tony had not forgotten the look of affection in his dark eyes. Yes, he did love him sometimes, but why did he beat him and curse him at other times? Poor Tony—he blinked away two little salt tears that would not stay back. Wearily he rose and going inside, closed the door behind him. Before slipping off his clothes, he carefully deposited the coins from his pocket in his queer little bank and then crawled onto his mattress.

All at once he heard soft strains of lovely music. Outside were crowds of people calling him. He learned that a great soprano had one day heard him singing by the docks. She

had come to take him away to the theatre where he could sing to all the world.

Suddenly everything faded and Tony felt someone shaking him.

"Hello son—time to get up," said his father rather sheepishly. He rumpled Tony's curls and tickled him in the ribs until the child had to gasp for breath, he was laughing so hard. While Tony dressed, his father prepared breakfast. When they had finished eating, Tony shouldered his little pack and bidding his father good-bye, hummed to himself as he strolled away to his work. His father was in a good humor this morning and Tony's world was bright. He little knew the queer trick Fate would play him that very day.

About three o'clock, as usual, he came home with his earnings in his pockets. The shoe-shining business had been rather slow today but perhaps he could make up for it when he sang down by the wharf. As he took the money from his pocket to put it into his bank, he heard a hoarse chuckle. Jerking about he saw his father—not as he had been that morning, but drunk again and greedy for Tony's silver to buy more drink. Before the hulking brute of a man could prevent him, Tony had dropped the money into the bank. He regretted it the moment he had done it; his father was mad with rage and drink. He unstrapped his stout leather belt and struck at Tony with all the fury of a savage brute. The child tried to dodge the fearful lash but it caught him several times; it hurt him terribly, it cut into his flesh like a thirsty sword, but he was too proud to cry out for help. Once he fell to his knees and his father relaxed for a moment. In that instant Tony leaped up and ran toward the door—but the demon that was his father followed on his heels still flourishing the cruel strap. As the two reached the door, Tony fell into the street and lay there in the gutter with a terrible gash which reached from his jaw to his temple. The buckle on the leather belt had found its mark.

The whole world seemed to reel dizzily before him as he tried to open his eyes. He was lying on a white bed in a spotless white room and there was a great big white bandage around his head and neck. He felt weak and tired as if he had been asleep for weeks or years. In reality it had been only a few hours. His head felt hot and heavy and he could think only with difficulty. A nurse came into the room. She smiled at her little patient but he did not notice her. He was looking at the man who followed her in. He looked like his own father but he seemed older, kindlier, somehow. Why it was his own father. He came near the bed and put his hand on the little boy's forehead.

"Son," he said and his eyes filled with tears, "Tony lad,—Oh, God—how can I tell you? I have taken away the only treasure, the only blessing that you ever had—the doctor says that you can never sing again. What a beast I have been—what a brute I've been," sobbed his father. "Oh, Tony."

There were tears in Tony's eyes too—not tears of sadness but of joy, of happiness—for Tony knew that his father loved him.

Mary V. Moss, '30.

"HER CONQUEST"

The last bright red flames of what had been a huge bonfire, cast weird shadows on the ground and on the overhanging and gently waving branches above. The glowing embers threw a rosy light on the two figures seated on one of the branches, rows of which surrounded the smouldering fire. A soft wind occasionally found the flowers, caused the leaves to rustle mysteriously above, and mischievously blew a stray curl into Carol's face. She hastily attempted to brush it back into place.

"Let it go," coaxed Ben. "I like to see it blow."

The girl's soft, delicately-tinted face flushed becomingly as she turned a pair of deep brown eyes toward him.

"Do you really?"

"Indeed I do," the boy emphatically responded. "Some day I'll make you always leave a curl out for me," he added significantly.

Carol's complexion became even more rosy than before, but she complained, half-accusingly, "Oh, you'll probably forget all about me as soon as you leave tomorrow."

"Don't be silly. Of course I won't," Ben answered with all the ardor of eighteen years. "You'll probably forget about me, though," his voice containing not quite the proper amount of regret over such a tragic possibility. This the girl noted, and she sighed deeply, with all the signs of love-lorn melancholy that her sixteen years could permit.

"Come on, let's go in and dance some more," suggested Ben gaily. "Why be so sombre when it's our last night. Just listen to that orchestra."

Carol reluctantly gave the dying embers a parting glance and obediently accompanied Ben to the dance hall, where he swung her lightly off in a lively fox trot.

After the dance was over, they took a short stroll under the deep blue sky with its myriads of twinkling stars. They watched the moon as it rose slowly over the dim outline of the mountains, growing smaller and paler in its ascent into the heavens. It was a night she would long remember, she sighed as she later got into bed. She would put a check after the date in her diary—August 18—her last night in Canon Camp.

The next morning after Ben and Carol had eaten their breakfast together, they stood on the veranda of the large, rambling lodge built of crude logs. They watched the long line of yellow buses as they came slowly along the driveway to carry their passengers on to the next camp, or out of that bit of wondrous land called Yellowstone Park. The "pack rats," as the bell boys were called, rushed here and there while the passengers crowded around to hear the number of their assigned bus. Carol was watching Ben as his eyes wandered over the passengers getting into his bus, probably looking for some pretty girl to sit beside, she thought suspiciously.

So when Ben shook hands hurriedly and awkwardly, she held her head high, though a bright spot glowed in each cheek. And soon the buses drove away, amidst the songs and "goodbyes" of those left behind. Carol followed them with her eyes till the cloud of dust hid them from sight. She wondered why fate should decree that she and her mother should leave the camp that day too, but in a direction quite opposite to that of Ben.

Four years came and went, bringing with them many changes. For one, Carol was no longer the innocent, adoring, romantic girl of "sweet sixteen." She became as the other modern girls of her set, more worldly-wise and self-confident, but altogether charming. Frequently her thoughts wandered back over those years which had gone by, and it was usually with a laugh that she recalled Ben Windsor and Yellowstone, for that childish romance was one but to look back upon with a smile for her foolishness. Occassionally, however, though she was reluctant to admit it, thoughts of gay, carefree, confident Ben made her smoulder within to think of the many laughs he must have had at her expense. She had been a little silly to hang so worshipfully on his every word and almost idolize him. How she would love to have her revenge, she thought, with a wicked little gleam in her eye. She would have him bowing down to her, would encourage him until she broke his heart with her cold, scornful refusal. But she always ended such dreams with an amused laugh at their ridiculous impossibility.

Carol might have broken most any man's heart so she looked on the night that she boarded the train, eastward bound to carry her back to her final year at finishing school. Her slender figure of medium height was becomingly robed in a dark tan ensemble suit with a close-fitting brown hat which permitted that same golden-brown curl which Ben had found so fascinating to prove equally tantalizing to Keith Saunders. He was staring at her helplessly as she stood smilingly on the platform awaiting the departure of the train. Carol would never take him seriously, he feared. For the third time she refused his fraternity pin,

and it was a pin any girl might be proud to wear. But Carol had laughingly said she wasn't ready to get married just yet. And in a few minutes the train pulled out, Carol gaily waving goodbye to one and all the same, bestowing not even the encouragement of an additional smile upon poor Keith.

Carol, having a lone evening's ride ahead of her before going to bed, was settling herself comfortably with a couple of magazines when a friendly-faced young man crossed the aisle to where she was sitting, and bowing respectfully asked her if she would care to make a fourth hand in bridge. She hesitated but a moment before accepting the invitation, and presently her escort introduced a pleasant-faced girl as his sister, Ann Windsor, his roommate as Tom Webber, and himself as Jack Windsor. They, in turn, learned that she was Carol Drew. The four were jolly and friendly and the evening quickly passed. In the morning they also had breakfast together, and before parting, Jack insisted that the two girls should come out to school to a hop some time before Christmas vacation, to which suggestion they, of course, heartily agreed.

So Carol returned to school firmly convinced that all claimants to the name of Windsor must possess a remarkably winning personality for she had found both Ann and Jack as interesting and attractive as she had formerly found Ben. Ann, two years her junior, had been on her way to boarding school not far from Carol's destination, while Jack was a sophomore at college about two hundred miles from the girls. Carol found herself hoping that he would not forget about the dance.

Thanksgiving brought his highly anticipated letter, forbidding her to refuse to come to the Thanksgiving hop. Also there came a little note from Ann, begging Carol to call her immediately so they could plan all the details for their departure. She did so, and accordingly, November twenty-fourth found the two girls boarding the train at four o'clock in the afternoon, with the two hundred mile ride before them. The time passed swiftly and it was time to get off again before they realized it. They were both tingling with excitement as they stepped off the train, and the air had a twang sufficiently frosty to exhilirate them and enliven their spirits even more. But where was Jack? Ah, there he was, running up breathless and laughing, with Tom close behind.

"Almost late, weren't we?" he demanded boyishly as he enthusiastically shook hands with Carol and greeted Ann with,

"Well, Sis, think you're going to enjoy your first holiday? It's a good thing Carol is along to keep an eye on you and give you a bit of sisterly advice now and then," teasingly.

"Oh, you're not so old and experienced yet yourself. Ben might dare to talk that way to me, but not you. By the way, where is Ben? Will he be at the dance?"

"Oh, sure. Never saw him miss one, did you? He's having some girl come from somewhere or other. I can't keep track of them all. He has a different one every time. "Behold our chariot, ladies! Enter!" Jack ordered dramatically, with a mocking obeisance toward them as he pointed to the ever-waiting yellow taxi. Laughingly the four got in and rolled away to the house which the girls were to make their headquarters during their short stay.

"You won't be here much of the time, though," warned Jack when they arrived. "In fact, we'll give you just fifteen minutes to get ready to take in a show tonight."

It was in the early morning that the girls climbed sleepily into bed, too tired to indulge in the usual confidences that follow such an exciting evening. Carol did, however, manage to ask Ann, in the midst of a yawn, who Ben was to whom she had referred early in the evening.

"My elder brother," muttered Ann, already half-asleep. And Carol, much too tired to ponder over such a miraculous coincidence as had seemingly occurred, drifted off to sleep, to be pursued in all her dreams by laughing, confident Ben Windsor of Canon Camp.

The dance the next night was a gala affair, and everyone was even more enthused after the football victory which had occurred that afternoon. The orchestra was the best available, Jack had told the girls proudly. And it proved itself worthy of his praise. Carol found Jack a good dancer in addition to being a considerate and entertaining companion and host. It was at the end of the second dance that he, consulting the program, told her that her next dance was with his brother Ben whom she yet had the pleasure of meeting.

"He's a senior, and proud of it," he explained while scanning the crowd for his missing brother. "So don't mind the condescending attitude he's liable to exhibit. He'll get over it some day. Oh, there he is," and Jack carefully piloted Carol through the crowds to the door of the dance hall where she saw a tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed young man standing with his hands thrust carelessly in the pockets of his tuxedo and a self-satisfied, indifferent smile on his face. He did not see Jack and Carol approaching, for his eyes were fixed upon the couples already beginning the third dance—just as he had looked over the occupants of the bus that day in Yellowstone, thought Carol, who now hadn't a doubt but that fate had somehow arranged for her to make her fond dreams come true by a personal conquest of this conceited, spoiled boy. So with her heart beating a trifle faster at the adventure of the situation, Carol stood, head erect, her most sophisticated, charmingly-bored attitude ready in defense as she acknowledged the introduction with slight bow and indifferent murmur. Piercing blue eyes looked questioningly into hers for an instant, as though attempting to solve some unanswered problem. A minute later, however, he led Carol onto the floor and they disappeared from Jack's sight into the midst of the dancing throng.

They glided along in silence for a while. Then she heard soft words in her ear.

"Have we not met before?"

Carol felt her cheeks burn in spite of her for his very voice seemed caressing and flattering. But she wouldn't let herself fall—she wouldn't. And she looked him squarely in the eye as she answered evenly, "I'm sure I don't recall any such meeting."

For a moment she feared that she could not hold out as his eyes looked searchingly into her own. Then, apparently satisfied he looked away, to her great relief, and she was left to regain her composure for the succeeding attacks which she felt were sure to come.

"It's fiercely hot in here, don't you think so?" he asked at the beginning of the encore, and without even waiting for her to agree, he led her off the floor and out of the door to one of the cool parlors where they sat down, alone. Carol was furious at herself for having offered no resistance to his entirely too assuming attitude. When he asked her a number of questions about herself, she answered perfunctorily. Presently Jack appeared and claimed her for the next dance, and Ben was left musingly alone.

She saw no more of him that night nor the few hours the following day before she and Ann left to go back to school. She was both relieved and disappointed, and thoroughly disgusted with herself for fostering even the slightest degree of regret.

Christmas vacation came and Carol went home to enjoy the round of holiday festivities —and to refuse Keith's frat pin for the last time—for he finally told her emphatically that if she should ever want it, she would have to ask for it. And Carol's only answer was a provoking laugh.

About a month after her return to school, she stepped briskly into the drawing room in response to the notice she had a visitor, and was surprised beyond measure to see that it was Ben Windsor.

"How do you do, Miss Drew. I stopped in to see my sister, and at her suggestion I am making bold to ask you if you would allow me the pleasure of taking you to dinner this evening."

Carol hesitated slightly before answering. "Why—I—it is such a surprise," she faltered.

"And I, of course, realize also, Miss Drew, that we have but scarcely met," this remark accompanied by a questioning, doubtful raising of his eyebrows. But then came his irresistible smile—and Carol weakened.

After her return that night from a most enjoyable evening at dinner and dance, Carol had to admit to herself that he was interesting, indeed fascinating. But she also had the sense of having been at least partly victorious in her conquest. Her careless and unusual way of laughing off his flattery and attention seemed to upset him a bit. He wasn't quite used to such opposition.

She later thought perhaps that might explain his succeeding visits, which became more and more frequent as the winter wore on. He seemed more serious, not nearly as happy-go-lucky as before. Their acquaintance grew, and they spent many hours talking together on various subjects, upon which they nearly always agreed. Carol never thought but that their relationships were surely on a friendship basis, for not even an endearing term had passed between them. Nevertheless, she was unable to go to the Senior Prom in May, to which he had invited her. But far greater was her surprise when he sacrificed the Prom and came to see her on that week end. He explained rather carelessly that he couldn't get anybody else to go. So they went to a dance and enjoyed a particularly jolly evening. But when they returned to school that night, Ben became suddenly serious and said simply,

"Carol dear, I'm in love with you."

She was speechless with amazement and could not for a moment believe that he had said it. He had taken her by surprise for she had never thought that that would happen. She knew she must answer him—must say something for he was awaiting her response. She gave it, remembering all her previous resolutions—and recalling her plan for her "conquest."

"Why, Ben, don't be silly. You know you don't mean that," she managed to say, with a brave attempt at laughter.

And a few minutes later she hurried to her room where she threw herself on the bed, sobbing and explaining brokenly to her amazed roommate,

"I've done it. I've encouraged him, he has bowed down to me and I've thrust him away —hurt and sorry—!"

She said no more, for visions of the hurt expression on his face as he hurriedly departed made Carol more miserable than ever. She knew that he loved her, and that she had been a little fool, for she at last forced herself to admit that she had always loved him. It was just her pride—her foolish pride because she had not been continually made the idol of a man's dreams. And now it was too late.

During the rest of the time till graduation, Carol heard no word from Ben. She was sorry—oh so sorry that she had lied to him that night. But it was all over now. She might even have to ask Keith for his pin yet, she once thought with a wry smile. But there was no need to ruin those last days at school by her grievances. She would live on dreams of the past—and hopes, though faint, for the future.

Graduation day came—the first of the most enviable of all months—June, with its balmy days, bright sunshine, air sweetly-scented with the perfume of flowers, the soft droning of the bees, butterflys with outspread wings floating gracefully on the gentle breeze, caps, gowns, diplomas—and it was all over! Carol enjoyed every minute, felt the thrill of it all. But only her roommate knew of that last night, and how it still hurt. As Carol pressed her hand gratefully and lovingly before boarding the train for home, she could not quite keep the tears from her eyes as she murmured,

"It's been a wonderful year, dear. I'll never forget it—or you—or him!" And she quickly climbed up the steps into the train which was soon to carry her away from the scene of so many happy memories. She found her com-

partment and sat down to await the departure. Would the train never start?

Suddenly some one slipped into the seat beside her. A tender arm encircled her and she looked up, startled to see Ben, his blue eyes shining, smiling down at her. He bent and kissed her, indifferent to the people in the car.

"You dear, silly little thing," he whispered tenderly. "Why did you ever do it? If I hadn't see your roommate who told me just in time that you were on this train—and cared about seeing me—!" He left the sentence unfinished.

"My conquest is complete, and as conqueror, I willingly give myself over to be a prisoner from now on," Carol answered happily as she settled herself in the curve of his arm.

Marjorie E. Hubler, '30

LIFE

We are born in it
Our childhood is guarded that we might have it
We play in it, and call it a lovely thing—
Adolescence, and we wonder at it
We are confronted by it and we condemn it
We are mellowed by it
And we accept it as it is,
Life.

We see it dimly through the mist,
We do not concern ourselves about it,
We are brought in contact with it
And we wonder at its bulk.
We try to view it more plainly
But we cannot pierce the mist,
Our hearts are told it is a thing untrue,
Death.

Mildred Hill, '30

EXTRA

The *Evening Graphic* devoted its front page to sensationalism. Thus the amazing disappearance of a native youth was deemed worthy of an extra issue.

Shivering newsboys stood in windy corners, yelling in their nasal voices the foreboding lines. "Extry—extry, all about the disappearance of Dave Caldwell, Princeton senior."

It was a night for startling news. An unrelenting drizzle had held fast since early afternoon. Consequently yesterday's pure white snow was now a dirty slush. The lights of the city, outlined against the jet black of the sky, glimmered faintly. Traffic was slackened by the ominous weather, cars skidding as reckless drivers hastened, regardless of danger.

Gay decided it was an extremely disagreeable Wednesday night as she waited impatiently for a trolley. She wished she could forget the handsome youth who had carelessly sauntered into her uncle's book store Monday afternoon. How well she remembered him. Tall, over six feet, generously built, with the assurance of an athlete, he had walked up to Gay nonchalantly inquiring about seafaring books. While he glanced over a few, Gay studied him intently, his blue eyes, his ruddy complexion, his straight mouth and his firm chin. Gay told herself that if his hair hadn't been blonde and wavy, she would have been safe, but unfortuately for her he was blonde. Gay reassured herself that when he smiled the spell would be broken, for surely perfection could not follow even to teeth. He smiled, and the timorous sigh Gay had been repressing escaped from her lips. While thus rhapsodizing the much desired trolley arrived.

Gay was extremely fortunate in obtaining a much coveted seat. Another sigh and she opened the extra she had purchased to oblige a pleading newsboy. The first thing that confronted her eyes was a large picture of the hero of her thoughts. Gay at once became engrossed in the article telling of his disappearance.

It was dusk and a fog was stealthily, on velvety padded feet, closing in on the city of brotherly love. The streets were almost deserted for so early in the eveing, and only occasionally did the lights of an approaching car break through the gloom. Dock Street! A policeman, on duty, paraded down to the wharves, whistling lustily as if to increase his courage. A figure turned the corner and walked by the old store houses. He was tall, well-proportioned, with an easy swing gait. From in back of a ramshackled shelter two

figures came, one short and burly, the other appeared of enormous size. They cautiously followed the stranger, biding their time. At last the queer trio reached the docks, the stranger unaware of his pursuers. There was a calm, perhaps a sign of approaching danger. The pursuers gained on their victim. Suddenly he turned, just in time to meet the advance of his adversaries. The struggle was short. The body of the stranger lay quietly on the dock.

"Did-ja get him. Jim?" a voice nearby hailed.

"Sure we got 'im. He's some tough bird," snarled the giant. "O. K.?" "K. O!"

Fifteen minutes later a vessel noiselessly pulled anchor, and headed out towards the grimy sea.

Gay Harris, almost in tears, ran into the house where she lived with her uncle.

"Denny-darlin'! Denny!"

Gay threw off her raccoon coat, shoved her little felt hat on the crowded hall table. She ran into the living room where she saw her uncle sitting in his armchair, in front of the glowing embers that cast weird shadows on the distinguished face, relaxed in the forgetfulness of sleep. She smiled appreciatively and tiptoed noiselessly over to the chair. Bending over the back she dropped a kiss on his bowed forehead. His eyelids fluttered and slowly his eyes opened. He noticed Gay at once, and her long black lashes suspiciously damp.

"Something's happened, Gay? Sit down here and tell me all about it."

"But, Denny, haven't you heard about Dave Caldwell? He's disappeared. They have absolutely no clue, and"

"Great God! What this you say?"

Gay drew the paper from under her arm and handed it to her uncle, who read the article with increasing dismay.

"He's a great lad, Gay! I'm inclined to think he met with foul play, for it isn't like him to cause his folks so much undeserved anxiety. Poor Ethel and Charles, they must have taken this badly. I'll call and see if I can help them.

As he started to rise, Gay laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Denny, listen to me a minute, then we'll both go. You know that I've never met Dave? It's queer, because I've known his parents, but we just never seemed to make connections. Not until tonight did I realize that I'd ever seen him. I recognized him by the picture in the paper. Monday just before closing time Dave came into the store.

"My dear child, this is most important, did he buy anything?

"Denny!" Gay smiled a trifle but her tone was reproving. Your old Scotch ancestors propping up again. No, he didn't buy anything, but he seemed particularly interested in nautical books.

"That fact may be most significant. Now we'll drive down to the city, have a bit of supper, then run out to Princeton and see the Caldwells.

Trenton isn't a beautiful city, but Gay and "Denny" dined at a most attractive restaurant. "The Parrot." Throughout the place, cages were hung from the ceilings, occupied by parrots. As they were leaving, Gay stopped a moment before a cage to inquire "Polly want a cracker?"

An impolite man at a neighboring table overheard the low question and uttering a loud laugh, turned to his companion saying, "She must be in a fog. She's talking to a wooden parrot." His unkind remark was loud enough for Gay to overhear, and she blushed crimson to think anyone noticed her mistake. This was his way of reciprocating for the manner in which she avoided his flirtatious attention. He had been quite attracted to this slight young girl with titian hair. Her blue eyes were so soft and deep, and her moist red lips took the most attractive curves as she leaned across the table to converse with her escort. Most girls, he pondered, would have been delighted by his attention, but this mere chit of a girl had a most regal attitude. When

she left, he consoled himself with the fact that she was perhaps a bit thin.

Gay and "Denny" had an uneventful drive to Princeton. The Caldwells were besieged with callers, sympathizers, college chums and acquaintances, who came merely out of curiosity.

Ethel Caldwell, a nervous woman at best, was almost prostrated at her son's disappearance. Their daughter, Natalie, had died two years previous and the thought of losing her son made the poor woman almost distracted. She welcomed Gay wholeheartedly, and as she kissed her uttered a pitiful whisper in Gay's ear.

"Dear child, please try to get rid of all these people for me."

Gay smiled reassuringly, and with her usual tact managed to dismiss the eager people.

When the last person had gone, Mrs. Caldwell turned to Gay.

"Thank you." It was a simple little line but it expressed volumes. "It's bad enough to have Dave disappear, but to have people here every single minute expressing sympathy and offering suggestions, it's almost driven me mad. Charles, can't we do something?"

Caldwell, a large well groomed man walked over and put a comforting arm about his tiny wife. After twenty-five years of married life, they were still sweethearts. Ethel Morris had been a charming young girl with many admirers, but when Charles Caldwell, who strongly resembled a giant beside her, lumbered a bit churlishly into town, the others gave up hope, for they had neither the personal magnetism or character that Caldwell possessed.

"Hon, you know I've done every possible thing. Dave is safe and sound. Don't worry about *that* boy, he can take care of himself in any circumstances. He's probably off on some tear. Don't fret, Hon, brace up!" He glanced at Gay, who interpreting his look correctly, led Mrs. Caldwell out of the room.

Caldwell turned to Dennis Harris and said sorrowfully, "Den, I'm damn worried about this affair. I've notified the police, his description is being broadcast over the eastern stations. What else can I do? We've traced him to Philly, but there we're stumped. Absolutely no clue or any ideas. He left here yesterday morning for Philly to look over the prospects of a position with Fraser and Smith, a ship building concern. That young whippet of mine is clever—Den. Just look at that model!" and he pointed with a father's pride to a miniature ship on the mantel. "Every damn bit of it himself," he added.

"When was he coming back?"

"He was returning on the sleeper last night. Got in here at nine A. M. I went down to the station to get the scamp and he wasn't on the train. I was a bit at loose ends, but didn't get worried until afternoon. I had sort of a premonition, Den, and called up the Hotel Touraine, his stopping place. They seemed glad to hear from me. "What did I wish done with Mr. Caldwell's business portfolio?" He lit a cigarette and then continued a bit haltingly. "Finally I found out that Dave came in at three in the afternoon and checked out shortly after. He hasn't returned or been heard from since."

"Well, Charles, I know how you feel but it may be some prank of his, as you suggested to Ethel. He must be extremely interested in ship building. He was in the store Monday, so Gay said, looking over books on that subject."

"Yes," wearily, he is or was mighty interested."

"Damn it all, Charles, I'm not worth a whit a time like this, but I'm damned sorry this had to happen, and you and Ethel have all my sympathy. If there's a single thing I can do, I'll do it. In the meanwhile, I'll keep both eyes and ears open wide. I'll go along now. Try and get some rest."

"Thanks, old man, I'll tell you if you can help us. There's something you can do right now. Let Gay stay with us. She'll be such a comfort to Ethel."

"Of course. I was going to suggest that myself."

Gay waited patiently for the trolley. It was a cold wintry night and the winds chilled her to the marrow, but she was unmindful. She was thinking of Mrs. Caldwell whose bouyant spirit had been completely broken by the continued disappearance of Dave.

"Paper, lady?" questioned a shivering newsboy hopefully.

Gay smiled at the pensive face. "Yes, sonny. Keep the change," she added as she handed him a ten cent piece.

"Thanks," was the prompt reply.

The trolley arrived in due time as Gay knew it would, and, for a wonder, there were quite a few vacant seats. She chose one at random, sat down, and slowly opened her paper. She searched for some item concerning Dave. Finally in an obscure corner, almost hidden, "Caldwell's continued disappearance baffles police. No clue as to his fate or whereabouts yet uncovered." Gay crumpled the paper disgustedly. When he disappeared they had issued an extra, and now he was of no further importance.

"I suppose," she mused, "if he suddenly returned, another extra would be forthcoming."

She was startled from her reverie by "Extry, extry!" It seemed as though a hundred voices shouted that one word in unison. At first she thought she must be dreaming, but peering through the car windows she saw newsboys selling them like wildfire. "Dave Caldwell found.— What was that last word, murdered," Yes, that was it. Gay almost fainted. The two months spent with Mrs. Caldwell had broken down her resistance. No, she couldn't give in. She must hurry to Mrs. Caldwell. She would need her. Time enough to cry later. Would the trolley ever get there? It just seems to poke along. Why does it stop at every corner? Why did that man have to get off? Thank God! One more stop.

Gay had worked herself almost into hysteria. She stumbled up the steps of the Caldwell home, gave herself a little shake and opened the door quietly.

Mrs. Caldwell heard the door regardless of Gay's precaution, and came out into the hall where Gay was methodically putting away her hat and coat.

"Gay, dear."

Gay turned and beheld Mrs. Caldwell smiling happily in spite of tear-dimmed eyes. She ran to her and put her arms around the fragile lady. "Oh, Mrs. Caldwell—I'm so sorry." and then broke into tears.

"Why, Gay, what are you crying about? It can't be as bad as all that. I'm so happy about Dave. I scarcely know whether to laugh or cry."

Gay jumped away and looked at Mrs. Caldwell in blank amazement. Poor woman, her mind was probably affected by the horrible news. Gay had heard of such cases and decided it was best to humor her. She managed to smile and nodded.

Gay followed her into the living room, trembling. The news of Dave's murder and his mother's state of mind, left her a mental wreck. When she saw what appeared to be Dave standing before her smiling reassuringly, the shock was too great and she crumpled into a little heap at his feet.

When she opened her eyes the morning light had penetrated through the drawn curtains and Mrs. Caldwell was in the door.

"Good morning, Gay. I hope you feel better. We were all so worried last night."

"I feel fine, thanks, but I'm so puzzled about everything. It must have been a dream. Gay made a very charming picture with her reddish gold hair, curling about her face, and a look of bewilderment in her blue eyes.

Mrs. Caldwell came over and sat on the bed beside Gay. "Dave came back to us yesterday, dear, after a terrible experience. While he was in Philadelphia, he walked down Dock Street in the evening to look over the shipyards. He was shanghaied onto a sugar steamer bound for Porto Rico. I can only thank God that he's with us again safe and sound. He was worked and plagued unceasingly, but was not harmed as long as he obeyed orders. The captain was such a bully that most men

refused to work for him—thus they had to shanghai a crew. He escaped in Porto Rico and took the first boat for home. Gay, I'm so thankful my boy's safe." Mrs. Caldwell's voice broke as she finished her explanation.

Gay was delighted beyond words, and after giving Mrs. Caldwell a loud and resounding kiss, jumped out of bed and bathed and dressed with renewed vigor.

She was a bit shy when introduced to a tanned and thinner Dave, but he was so charming that within five minutes her mask of self-consciousness was thrown aside.

Dave fell head over heels in love with this redhead—as he affectionately called her.

One particularly beautiful night, when they were driving home from a dance in his roadster, Dave stopped the car in a secluded spot. Gay in all seriousness said, "Did we run out of gas, Dave?"

"No, but wish we had, Red." He slipped an arm around her shoulders. "Would you care?"

Gay buried a curly head in his shoulders.

"Would you, Red?" he insisted.

"No, I'd—love it," was the muffled reply.

Marjorie Richards, '30

MUSIC

Music—
Shrill, maddening
An organ grinder in a crowded street
A shivering monkey
Chattering—stretching forth a skrawny hand
Black claws
Taught to reach for copper pennies
Always driven on
By screeching music.

Music—
Husky, uncertain
From a figure huddling near a dying fire
Face blanched, lips blue
Yet his voice gives courage
To the soldier
In the game of War.

Music—
Tender, trembling
Soul stirring
A mother crooning to her infant
The Baby—
Lashes curl against pink cheeks
Chubby fingers lie
Warm on mother's breast.

Music—
Powerful, tremendous
Soul thrilling
As it fills an old Cathedral
People, worshipers
Kneeling, lips moving
Hearts deep with love—
Love for the Divine.

God! Could the world go on without music?

Edith Fulton, '30

FLORABELL

"The center of every man's existence is a dream."—CHESTERTON.

Florabell was tired. All day long she had been out in the world among busy people, had been hustled along by hurried business men, had been pushed and shoved by anxious shopping women, and had been stifled by the sickening odors of foreign laborers. People everywhere, hurrying, ever hurrying, bumping about in close, hot stores, cursing those around them in crowded subways, demanding service at greasy lunch counters, wiping their brows with damp handkerchiefs as they stood packed in small elevators.

How unnatural and drear this all seemed to Florabell. She wondered how such people really could live. Did they ever cease their endless bustle? Did they ever think of those about them whom they were shoving and pushing out of their way? How could they eat such greasy, smelly food? And did they never see the sun, nor God?

This great picture presented a most horrifying life to Florabell—a life all enclosed within walls of darkness, strife, and pain, where all the sunshine, and the pretty things were shut outside.

But such is the life of many people. Shut within the beliefs of our fathers, the conventions of our time the rush of worldly important things, the fear of being laughed at by our fellow men, we merely exist, we do not live. Surrounded by these conditions we clois-

ter our thoughts, our imaginations, our real desires, and vain, idiotic, or insane is the soul who ventures forth beyond these unnatural, earthly bounds, to stretch longing arms toward the sun in the distance.

All the way home Florabell had been thinking of these things; so now, tired and lonely, she pushed open her tiny chamber door, and leaving all strife behind, entered her own world of dreams. Dragging her little velvet coat at her heels, she crossed the soft carpet and threw herself on the fleecy, swan couch. She kicked off her tiny, shell slippers and with her soft, white hands under her flock of ringlets she looked up into the top of her bed. Yes, it was very familiar. There was the great swan's head looking maternally down at her as she lay enclosed in its great golden wings. Each beautiful night this mother had carried little Florabell far away over sunny meadows to the enchanted lands, far, far away.

A blood-red shimmering over the darkening room suddenly awakened Florabell from her dreams and her eyes were dazzled as Apollo gazed boldly in at the casement. How beautiful every thing appeared bathed in the radiant hues of the setting sun. The tiny lounges, the silken drapes, the little closets, the dainty dressing table, the glass floors all glowed dully through a faint vermilion haze. It was lovely —oh yes, very lovely; so beautiful, and quiet, and alone.

Florabell stretched her graceful limbs, covered an elfin yawn and suddenly opening her rose petal eyelids, she realized that all was quite dark about her. How long had she been sleeping there? Oh, yes the sun—where had it gone?

She sat up lazily, and looked about her little kingdom. In the far corner by the silver book shelf, a glowing candle cast grotesque shadows about the room. On the farther side she could distinguish, mellowed by the night, her tiny dressing table, her closet's hung with deep emerald and jade, her little banjo door which opened into another world. Her nostrils breathed the perfume of pale lotus through the dark. All was still. Florabell turned her gaze toward the flood of moonbeams which were gliding softly in through her casement. The pale sky had not yet bloomed with starry flowers; but there, just in view, rested Diana like a "huge white balloon." Somewhere a cricket churred. As the light shivering of the grass blade, the filmy curtain shivered in the late evening breeze. Night was creeping softly in.

Sliding from her couch, Florabell tripped quickly across the velvet, and parting the deep veils, she drew forth her shining night dress and laid it carefully across the little coral musical chair which stood by her table. Her tiny day dress slipped easily from her shoulders and bared her white body which was as soft as the velvet of the flowers. Florabell let the pale iris gown drop over her ringlets and her blood tingled with joy as the cool, silken film slid over her warm body. At her glittering table, Florabell combed her golden locks with a tiny, ruby cockscomb, and taking a wax-white lily, she lifted its petals to her lips and drank deeply of its sweet nectar. She donned her elfin slippers of peacock blue, fashioned of sheerest humming bird wings, and feeling greatly refreshed, she stepped to the open window.

The cool night wind played in her hair and ventured a slight game with her flowing veil. Florabell breathed deeply, and sinking down on the miniature balcony, she sighed—a sigh so full of cloistered thoughts. The great blue dome above had been scattered with myriad twinkling drops of silver—shining like raindrops in the sun, or dewdrops at dawn. At the horizon the graceful trees were silhouetted against the blue. Somewhere a flowing river caught a few moonbeams and chased them over the stones or under the weeping willows. All was silent and magical; and Florabell's whole being surged within her for want of a more adequate way in which to express her gratitude, her appreciation, her joy.

There, directly before her, and ever so slightly separated from the rest, two huge stars

smiled down peacefully. They seemed so much larger than the rest, so much more fascinating, so much more mysterious, and each night they had been directly in view of the casement. When Florabell had returned every evening to her own little world, exhausted, and hot, she had always been greeted by her two faithful companions. Each night she had fallen asleep knowing that these two eternal friends were looking in on her and would watch over her and guard her until the dawn should break. Knowing that she could hide nothing from them, she had confided all her secrets to these two, for she felt that their twinkling lights could penetrate all material barriers. And now tonight, as she gazed into their clear faces, she wondered, ever so slightly, what these companions of hers really could be. Stars! Stars! Of course they were, as worldly people would say and dismiss the thought, but how absurd to drop it there—how *could* people—but, oh yes, they are people of the world. "Star," that word meant so much to Florabell; something clean and beautiful, something strange and mysterious, something friendly and true, something spiritual and a part of God. So now she stepped lightly from her balcony and climbing into the downy bed she closed her eyes, content, unafraid, the eyes of her friends upon her.

"Chur—r—r Chur—churr—r eee—e Chur chur. Good morning, Florabell. The beautiful sun is up and is playing in your ringlets. The flowers are blooming, and the air is sweet and fresh. Come play with us, Florabell," called the little yellow canaries from their gilded cages.

And yes, when Florabell opened her eyes, the moon and the deep shadows had given place to a glorious morning sun, and the golden fairies were busily chasing about the chamber expelling all dark and gloom. With the lightness of a feather, Florabell bounded out of the graceful bed, and running to the open window she clasped her pretty hands in joy. The earth had been dressed in silver webs of dew, great oval clouds of pearl and amethyst floated lazily through the sky, and in the fresh air were the mingled odors of spring blossoms, sweet grass, hidden berries in the wood, the water. How it all thrilled her! She breathed deeply, flung her white arms above her head, and with thanksgiving on her lips and dancing in her heart, she ran to prepare her toilet. In the deep lotus pools she bathed her tender body, in the morning breeze she shook her lovely hair, in the warm sun she dressed in cool garments. Soon she gave a last wistful glance to her little kingdom, then closed the wee banjo door behind her and was gone till cool evening should soothe the earth's burning wounds of day.

"Such a strange step," thought the blue poetry book out loud.

"Quite different from that of our mistress," said the tall, jade perfume container which stood on the glittering table" and no one else comes here."

"Whom could it be" crooned the canaries.

"Soon," clinked the painted crystal lantern which hung by the window, "he shall open the little door and we shall see."

Slowly the door did open, (but not as Florabell would have opened it), until it stood ajar. Then wearily, to the horror of all Florabell's pretty treasures, the little mistress appeared in the opening and raised her sad eyes to them, slowly, pityingly. She gazed about for a few seconds, then as the door closed, forgetting her usual smile of greeting, she sank to her knees in disgust. She looked forcibly at her pretty things which smiled so pleadingly at her in the rose sunlight. But she could not interest herself. It had been a hard day, so long, and ugly, and cold. No one seemed to understand her dreams, no one seemed to see and appreciate the lovely things which attracted her. And now ever her beautiful companions failed to cheer her damaged spirits.

Hoping to release herself from this disheartening mood, Florabell slipped out of her dusty dress and plunged lazily into the cool dark water. After drying the crystals from her

body with soft, while milk-weed down, she dressed in a flowing robe of emerald green, let loose her soft curls, and choosing her favorite collection of poems she curled herself on a comfortable lounge to read. But the beautiful lines could not soothe her fevered thoughts. Her gaze wandered listlessly about her precious dream world. But something was lacking. She had always felt that to be so, but never had she felt it so strongly until, as she thought, she had been abused by the world. Something had been left out of the picture, something she could not explain nor define. And now she was not satisfied. She wanted to break her bounds to go farther into the realm of the mystical, to find that "something" which she had not attained. And it was the sky, the beautiful, ever-changing, boundless sky which seemed to call her. There, all things appeared to be restful, lovely and free. She was sure that there all things would be explained.

With the thought of the sky, Florabell was aroused, became conscious of the darkness about her, and laying aside her book she went to the open casement. There she found the one scene which she knew would always be the same would give her peace and contentment as could nothing else she knew. And how great was Florabell's joy when she found, just as she always had before, that her two beautiful stars were in their usual places, bright and clear and smiling, ever faithful and dear. Stretching on her tiptoes, Florabell longed to touch the precious things, to examine them carefully and understand them, to wander in that endless meadow of deep blue among God's divine flowers. There, she felt sure she would find satisfaction. There she knew resided the one thing which she lacked, the thing she did not understand but which she loved very deeply.

She stretched higher in her coral slippers, when suddenly she noticed a little white path which ended just at the corner of her little balcony. She had never noticed it before, but now she could see that the clear white path reached far out into the night where her young eyes could not see. Lifting her filmy green she stepped lightly over the balcony and her coral slippers ventured eagerly along the beautiful way. Far, far out she went, her heart singing, her soul dancing, until she vanished from sight.

And now, Florabell's little treasures are lonely; but each night, when the great silver moon has announced the coming of the stars, all the treasures gather before the casement and there in the heavens, separated ever so slightly from the rest, they can see three lovely shining stars.

Mildred Hill, '30



1. Introducing Matrimony

Marriage is a serious problem and before we take our last fling at folly and enter into the cold, sad, depth of matrimony we must hesitate, deliberate, and concentrate. In order to make a decision as to whether we wish to "drag the ball and chain" we will make a careful survey of the various types of married life. Thus we visit one of our modern apartment buildings!

Here it is—a large brick building just full of little love nests that are bubbling over with happiness and contentment (according to the real estate agent).

We come to apartment No. 1 Here's the happy domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Flanagan, traveling salesman from the Non-run Hose Company. We go no further than the door for we hear sighs and sobs from within and a muffled voice saying "I don't care, Tom, I found a blonde hair on your coat, and a

powder puff in your pocket. I told you I'd go back to mother if you took that sales girl out again." This was followed by the stamping of feet and the slamming of doors, so we proceed to apartment No. 2.

The little love nook of Joshua Judson who always before marriage boasted of being the cleverest caveman on God's green earth. From within we hear a feminine voice saying, "Joshua, will you go take that dog for an airing as I told you to? For the last time, get out of here!" "Yes, my love," and soon we see the one time big brute meekly leading on a silver chain a four pound poodle tied up in dainty pink bows. Yes, believe it or not, this is married life!

Apartment No. 3 is our next stop. Just as we arrive Mr. and Mrs. Fred Farringham are about to bid each other farewell for the day. We immediately hide ourselves in some secluded spot expecting to be eye witnesses of a love scene and a display of true companionship. We hear some one say:

"Fred, may I have some money for the groceries?"

"Money! Where's the dollar I gave you yesterday—of all the inconsiderate, worthless women, you are—"

A hat comes sailing out the door, another door slammed, and we hasten to seek further information.

Apartment No. 5—Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanaugh, and here they are folks— the newlyweds! Apartment No. 5 is their "blue heaven." They proudly show us their goldfish,—"eczema and pyrea," and their two love birds, halitosis and listerine, who are busy chattering sweet nothings to each other. As Mr. Cavanaugh is about to make his departure his little wife says:

"My honey-bunny will be careful not to get his tootsies wet won't he?"

"Yes, sugar plum, if you'll be my honey snookums?"

"I'm your honey snookums if you're my snookie-ookums."

Thus they whisper sweet "oozie-woosums" and we slip out of the room and leave them in their ecstasy.

Thus we end our exploration, and as we leave the apartment we wonder if marriage is simply silly sentimentalism, or if it is a combination of argument and a plate throwing contest. The proof comes only through trial, girls, so more power to you!

J. V. C., '30

2. Little Orphean Annie

The fatal hour—Wednesday—four o'clock! Poor Little Orphean Annie trudges with lagging steps to the formidable chapel, feeling very much like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine, for soon she too will have her head removed by the sharp-edge wit of the wielder of the baton. Alas, poor Annie with two hundred other Orpheans is forced to raise her voice in song. How can anyone enjoy it when on the left Carol sings d-sharp, on the right Sally sings high c, and behind Squat sings a note which makes the piano blush. It is human nature to dislike to do things which are obligatory and Annie is only human. All around her, others like herself are present in body but not in soul. Some are battling with the Gauls under Cæsar; some are attempting to prove that $NH_3+H_2O=NH_4OH$; some are henming linen towels; a few are half-heartedly sing "Cupids wave their wings." It is no wonder that the master of ceremonies jumps up wildly gesticulating and shrieks "STOP" at the top of his lungs. But how can one possibly sit in a stuffy room on a hard chair which squeaks with the chorus and interpret little pools of music when she has no sense of rhythm or harmony. Alas, Euterpe, why must you be ruled by the iron hand of Dread Compulsion? There are some who say that you would die if he were not your master but I know better. Those who love you would not forsake you, but would make you live again. Ah, Euterpe, hear little Orphean Annie's plea and saving her, save yourself from a horrible fate.

M. V. M., '30

3. So Goes It

Did you ever get up in the morning feeling tired and very much out of sorts? If you have, then you know how completely disagreeable the whole world seems. The sunshine seems dark, the birds' singing seems to annoy you and you simply can't bear it. You are not happy—you think you're not—nine times out of ten with no real reason, so you just won't be happy, and you therefore go about in some such manner as this.

When you try to put on your shoe you find the string is tied in a hard knot. After about sixty seconds of very agitated picking and pulling, your disposition gets the bests of you and you toss the shoe across the room and in so doing upset your favorite vase, filled with flowers, and the vase, the water and your lovely roses fall sadly upon the floor.

After this mess has been removed and the puddle of water sopped up from the carpet, you finally succeed in getting dressed after you have spilled powder all over the dresser and stuck hairpins in your ear.

Invariably on this day you will find grapefruit for breakfast and you will always manage to get half of it in your eye. After the day is started, on walking to your work or business you always meet the people you don't want to see, you fall down, or else your banker notifies you you've overdrawn.

Why not get up cheerful?

L. E. S., '30

4. The Gum Chewer

Gum is a rubbery substance which human beings chew. It seems to be a most delightful pastime. The gum-chewer is absolutely a person in himself; he is a distinct character—a character who stands out because of his utter lack of interest in his fellow beings, his country and himself. He wears a look of utmost satisfaction upon his face. He can be nonchalant, serious, comical and still continue to chew. He does not cease no matter what the cause.

Usually his face has a dumb expression. His mouth gives violent jerks and spasmodic wiggles. If he is absorbed in reading, by watching his mouth an onlooker can usually tell what type of literature the man is reading and just what is going on in the story.

If the gum-chewer slows upon his vigorous movements he is approaching the climax, if he stops altogether there is a love scene in the story at that point, but if he chews very rapidly and excitedly, he is reading a Wild-West story and the hero is just being hung.

But oh! don't we enjoy the happy, carefree chewer? The pleasure he gets from this pastime is greater than any those of us who do not indulge in this inspiring art ever have known. His mind probably is as simple as his face and from the noises which can be heard while he is rehearsing we begin to wonder if he isn't a thunderstorm just remembering how to thunder.

L. E. S., '30

Dutiful Diaries

Diaries are queer, little books whose duty it seems is to record our secrets and to tell us how fickle and changeable we are. Day by day we faithfully put down our thoughts and meditations. Today they seem so sincere and yet, often within a year, they will seem impossible. Perhaps because your feelings fluctuate your diary looks like this.

March 7, 1928—At home. Date with Jack. He's unbearable and I'm sick of men anyway.

March 7, 1929—At Lasell. Oh! for a man! Think I'd go out with Ben Turpin or Happy Hooligan tonight if I had the chance.

March 10, 1928—At home—The family gives me a pain. I'll be glad when I'm away at school.

March 10, 1929—At Lasell—Would give anything to see the family. I'll be glad when I'm home.

March 15, 1928—At home—I'm on a milk and cream diet now to gain weight. I wish I were stout.

March 15, 1929—At Lasell—I'm on a cracker and water diet—oh to be thin!

March 17, 1928—At home—Phi Gam formal tonight—I hate formals and Bill's dancing bores me beyond words.

March 17, 1929—At Lasell—How I would adore to go to a formal and dance with Bill tonight. No such luck.

March 20, 1928—At home—Decided to go to Lasell next year—I crave to go East.

March 20, 1929—At Lasell—Decided to go to California next year. I know I'll be nuts about the West.

Thus our diaries give us away and show us how vascillating we are—But then, we'll let it go at that because after all it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, isn't it?

J. V. C., '30

Spring is certainly trying to evade us this year. Now it's here and now it isn't—but mostly isn't.

But for all of that some of us have managed to put in a little time at tennis and golf, and are looking forward to bigger and better games in both sports.

Practice for our biggest spring sport—crew—was terribly late in starting but finally we made our way upstream in the five white canoes with the familiar little green motor boat weaving back and forth among them—and Mr. Ordway's familiar war cry—"Feather your blades more"—"Snap those returns"—"Pull those blades through."

Hurray! we're off!



Time for Crew!

Who said Crew? Here come balmy days, sunshiny days—when one only wants to play hookey—the birds are coming back and we so suddenly see how much we've missed them! The lawns are showing millions of straight emerald bladelets, so close-marching that they are almost mossy—and how the trees pop with buds! Springtime, and all the energy that has been tight under Winter's lid is pushing, *pushing* until it bursts into expression—songs in the throats of the birds and children, poetry in the eyes of the dreamer, all of Nature's soft freshness around us—and for the outdoor girl here is a different sport for her athletic vigor—"Let's go out for *crew!*"

What matter if the other fellow makes it and I do not? On the first day out, in small canoes to try for paddling, I see in the river the stir of the new season. There are sleeky

brown water animals, and little turtles on logs and among the water reeds. There are friendly croaks and hums everywhere. There on the bank is the bridle path, and some of my friends are passing—pride in my occupation swells my chest—"Oh, yes. I'm *out* for crew!"

In the war canoes, "Never worked so hard before—maybe it isn't worth it." But the river is being fringed with greening bushes—the calm spots mirror the earth and sky, and the currents offer a pleasant competition worth bucking! And then there is the comradeship—the thrill of pulling strongly with a company that noticeably changes each day from a group of individuals to a unit. *"Together* now! Ready! Set! S-t-r-o-k-e, back!" Springtime—time for crew!

And on River Day, when the canoes come plowing down the course to the line where the banners are flying, and howling rivals are pounding one anothers' backs in frenzied hopefulness, the new strength in the hardened muscles of the crewites, the baptism of the flashing paddles, the visions of waiting letters, the winners and the losers, all in good sportsmanship—that's CREW! What say?



April 9:

Another of our Senior thrills took place tonight. Our Seniors "took tables" and it was most impressive to come down the steps in the dining room and to see the Class of '29 at their places dressed in their caps and gowns. A ceremony of this kind is far more impressive and lasting in our memories, than the scramble and wars of previous for "Senior Tables."

April 13:

The second Tea Dance was held this afternoon, and needless to say everyone enjoyed themselves.

April 14:

We are always glad to welcome old girls back again to Lasell. This evening our Vesper service was led by Mrs. Gertrude Schumaker Doherty, '22. She spoke to us on "Peace" and it certainly was an inspiration to see such a young person so enthusiastic over such a beautiful topic.

April 17:

This morning we had as our speaker Mrs. Edith Samson Adkins, wife of Rev. Leslie J. Adkins, pastor of the Old South Church of Boston. Mrs. Adkins has within the last three months returned from Turkey where she has been a physical educational instructor in a boarding school. Her verbal pictures of her experiences were so exciting that we could hardly contain ourselves. Of all the missionaries I have ever heard, I never listened to such

a "live wire" and one so interesting. Our thoughts will be with her when she and her husband leave to carry on their evangelistic work.

April 18:

The Dramatic Club gave a tea this afternoon at Woodland Park. The program included readings by Edith Fulton and Rosalind Harris. Jane Gray sang and Dorothy Schwartz played a piano selection. Jean Cannon and Jeannette poured. Teas of this kind are always enjoyed and are always welcomed.

Christian Endeavor was led tonight by Jeannette White. In her message to us she very beautifully brought out the fact that our lives, like the sunsets, must have shadows to bring out the best in them.

April 19:

The last reception of the year was held this evening. Mr. Leon M. Pearson entertained us with a varied program of readings, including the negro and the Italian dialects, and a ballad of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

April 21:

Vespers were led tonight by Dr. Elmer Leslie of Boston University. His subject was "Leveling Mountains" by the means of iniative, finish and beauty, characteristics which women have more abundantly than men.

April 24:

The annual Orphean Concert was held this evening at the Auburndale Club. The program consisted of many beautiful selections, among them was given the beautiful and unusual cantata "The River of Stars" by Alfred Noyes. The assisting artists of the evening were Miss Emilia Marie Ferrazzi, soprano, Mr. Henry Jackson Warren, baritone, and Mr. Harold I. Schwab, accompanist. Both Miss Ferrazzi and Mr. Warren offered beautiful solos and added much to the splendor of the evening. Mr. Dunham should be heartily congratulated on his splendid work as a conductor.

EDITORIALS

ARE YOU STAYING FOR GRADUATION?

The Seniors, our rival class, but our dearest friends, are nearing graduation. We Juniors plan to leave school as soon as the gate opens, leaving these girls at the greatest time in the school year. When they "took caps and gowns," that song thrilled us—Juniors, you will get a greater thrill to see your "Senior Sister" take her diploma.

They will not be here next year and we'll miss them. You have watched the caps and gowns go silently into Vespers. You will not be able to see the Seniors take off their caps, if you go home.

You say that they will not know if the Juniors are here—yes, they will know. Even in all the excitement they will know and remember that we stayed three days longer to see them graduate. You say that you have no part in graduation, therefore you are going home. You had no part in "caps and gowns" yet you did not stay in bed and sleep. Juniors, you will have June, July, August and part of September to enjoy yourselves at home. What will three more days mean to you? When we graduate do you want all the Juniors leaving? No, you do not and you do not want to make these Seniors feel as if they were the only class at Lasell.

"LAZARUS LAUGHED"

In giving to the public, "Lazarus Laughed," Eugene O'Neill has not only contributed his best play, but has created one of the choicest works of philosophy anywhere to be found. The assertion, so often made, that this great dramatist is not a philosopher, is of course absurd. And nowhere is the brilliance of his philosophy appreciated more keenly nor its wisdom seen more clearly than in this mystical play for an imaginative theatre.

Taking as his subject the story of Lazarus and his phenomenal return from the grave,

O'Neill has given to the tale an exceptionally fine interpretation. The play opens at Lazarus' home in Bethany a short time after the miracle, and the action covers many months, finding the god at last at the palace of Tiberius Caesar at Rome. Lazarus had gone to the grave a tired old man; in four days—he had returned a new man, a man very much like a god. Looking up into the eyes of Jesus, Lazarus had uttered, "Yes"—as if in answer to some question that he found there. And an onlooker said afterward, "Jesus blessed him and called him 'My Brother' and went away; and Lazarus, looking after Him, began to laugh softly like a man in love with God! Such a laugh I never heard! It made my ears drunk! It was like wine! And though I was half dead with fright I found myself laughing too." From that time on, it was the rich laugh of Lazarus that transfixed the people wherever he went and gave him a peculiar power over them, even as they feared.

Lazarus' laugh, "so full of a complete acceptance of life, a profound assertion of joy in living, so devoid of all self-consciousness or fear, that it is like a great bird song triumphant in depths of sky, proud and powerful, infectious with love, casting on the listener an enthralling spell "was wine to those who heard. And as the gentle sweetness of it entered their hearts, they found themselves laughing too—at first foolishly and self-consciously, then gaining confidence from Lazarus, until their voices rang with his in an exultant triumph. One might account for this in the magnetic power of Lazarus' personality ,and explain further by the force of mob psychology. At any rate, the people laughed, but they could not laugh alone. A Greek states the case when he says, "But I have heard that when he has gone people cannot remember his laughter, that the dead are dead again and the sick die, and the sad grow more sorrowful."

And this, to O'Neill, is the tragedy of life —that men forget, that they intend to forget. They forget the teachings of God because it is too hard to remember them; finding it difficult to live according to what He taught, men thrust Him from their hearts—and go their narrow way more complacently for having done so. For, says O'Neill, "Remembrance would imply the high duty to live as a son of God—generously!—with love!—with pride!—with laughter." And it is too glorious a victory for man ever to live with laughter; laughter is the most difficult thing in the world to attain. The path of least resistance lies along the small, cowardly way, and being small, cowardly creatures—men accept the easiest path, forgetting that by effort they could rise forever from themselves. Accepting insults, nursing grievances, hating our fellow-men, tired of living and fearing to die, we go our way with "eyes always either fixed on the ground in weariness of thought or watching one another with suspicion." It is altogether too glorious for men to ever lift their heads upward to the stars. They refuse to see eternal life—fearlessness of deathlessness, being concerned only with the transient things—things that cannot last, fretting their hearts away over trivialities and never having time to see the realites. And, peculiarly, if they had the opportunity to do otherwise, they would refuse it because it is "easier to forget, to become only a man, the son of a woman, to hide from life against her breast, to whimper your fear to her resigned heart and be comforted by her resignation."

In Miriam, O'Neill gives us his conception of real womanhood; like Shaw—he considers her primarily as a creator with "eyes oblivious to the life outside as they dream down on the child forever in memory at her breast." From Pompeia, the prostitute, come words which might as truthfully have been penned by Shas —"Do I love Man, men? I hate men! I love you, Lazarus—a man—a lover—a father to children!" It is a strange coincidence that so many true artists regard woman in this light. O'Neill's philosophy, as expressed by Cybel in "The Great God Brown," is reiterated in his description of Miriam—"acceptance of the compulsion of motherhood, the inevitable cycle

of love into pain into joy and new love into separation and pain again and the loneliness of old age." There is futility and inevitableness here, but life is often futile and inevitable and there is joy, Cybel always ended with joy —"always there is spring again," she said; and to Miriam—life was likewise an eternal cycle of pain and happiness. This is the dominant note of O'Neill's philosophy—the balance of joy with suffering—and the life of woman is a concrete example of its wisdom.

Believing that there is Eternal Life in No and the same Eternal Life in Yes, and that death is only the fear between, Lazarus had been reborn to life crying "Yes" and laughing in the laughter of God. He realized in his rebirth that man's fear of death causes the cruetly of nature, and that in preaching against fear, he is preaching against cruelty. And so he spreads his message, which is O'Neill's theme—"There is no death! There is only life! There is only laughter!" When Caligula says to Lazarus, "Then if there is no death, O Teacher, tell me why I love to kill?"—Lazarus answers, "Because you fear to die!" There was a certain feeling of superiority to Caligula when he watched others die at his feet— a feeling that at least he, Caligula, had escaped death for a while longer. If he had had no fear of death himself, there would have been little triumph in watching another man die.

O'Neill analyzes our fear of death, and he finds that it is at heart purely a fear of uncertainty. If men were sure of what lies beyond, they would not fear; as long as they are not sure, they cling to the things which are concrete—the certainties, regardless of how unsatisfactory they may be. Caligula speaks for Mankind when he says, "I cling to the certainties—and I do not wish to die! If I were sure of eternal sleep beyond there, deep rest and forgetfulness of all I have ever seen or heard or hated or loved on earth, I would gladly die. But surely, Lazarus, nothing is sure." One clings to a concrete thing when one is not sure of an abstraction—this is a universal truth. Not only is this why men fear death, but it is why they cling to all the countless small things in life, fearing to give them up lest they never completely grasp the larger things, which flit before their eyes. Even peace, which Lazarus assures Tiberius is beyond the grave, is an uncertainty—"Another word blurred into a sigh by men's longing." When Lazarus says, "If you can answer Yes to pain, there is no pain" —Caligula, begging for the concrete, replies, "Do not take pain away from us! It is our one truth." And Lazarus himself gives Miriam the concreteness of earth rather than the abstraction of space in which to find her peace.

As O'Neill finds in man's fear of death the fear of uncertainty, he finds in his fear of life the fear of loneliness. "Life," says Lazarus, "is for each man a solitary cell whose walls are mirrors." Tiberius points out the tragedy when he tells the story of his own life—all men start out as children with love in their hearts, they are made to suffer, then they make to suffer (the inevitable cycle again), and all the suffering in the world seems to come from loneliness. Lazarus diagnoses as Tiberius' great ill—loneliness caused by the loss of Agrippina. And when Caligula says that he is sick of cruelty and desirous of being clean, his loneliness is tragically expressed in the cry of all blinded, solitary mankind—"If only I could believe that one man or woman in the world knew and loved the real Caligula." And Lazarus almost falters when Miriam dies because he dreads the loneliness of having her gone— "That much remained of the sad old Lazarus who died of self-pity—his loneliness! Lonely no more! Man's loneliness is but his fear of life!"

Why we are so important to ourselves is a question for which there is apparently no answer. To O'Neill it is an absurdity, and he begs us to ask ourselves, as jesters, what we really matter. Only by laughing at our insignificance are we to be born to new greatness; as "Petty Tyrants of Earth," we are subject to death—as specks of dust, we live forever. Then at last we shall look at the stars and be

brave enough to love our fellowmen without fear of their vengeance.

"Once as squirming specks we crept from the tides of the sea. Now we return to the sea! Once as quivering flecks of rhythm we beat down from the sun. Now we re-enter the sun. Cast aside is our pitiable pretense, our immortal egohood, the holy lantern behind which cringed our Fear of the Dark! Flung off is that impudent insult to life's nobility which gibbers. 'I, this Jew, this Roman, this noble or this slave, must survive in my pettiness forever!'" When we can accept this philosophy of O'Neill's and resign ourselves to being minute parts of nature, ever to return into nature again—there will be no fear. When we can accept, "Death is dead. Fear is no more!"—then we can believe, "There is only life! There is only laughter!"—and we shall laugh as Lazarus laughed.

Elizabeth G. Forsyth, '29.

*[Some critics feel that "Lazarus Laughed" is a greater play than "Strange Interlude." It has been produced with success in both Germany and Russia. It still awaits professional production in the United States, for, up to this time an amateur company only has produced it in California. We trust that some day the Theatre Guild of New York will find an actor to interpret Lazarus. *The Editors*].



We wish to congratulate the Juniors on the splendid way in which they handled this issue. It would be a success alone for "Personal Experiences of the Vermont Flood," which is by far the most outstanding article, not only pleasingly written but with a wealth of "human interest," of the most truthful sort. If you don't read another thing be sure and read this, it is well worth your while.

The cover by the way, was created by our new art editor, Doris Hatch.

"When She Was Very Young" (the title reminding us of A. A. Milne) is a whimsical little sketch concerning a little girl's adventures with her sister's beau. Then we have several poems by Edith Fulton, the most commendable being, "Love."

"When Darkness Comes," another bit of verse by V. L. Johnson, concerning amphitheatres, gods and bull-fights. (She must take Latin!).

There is a tragedy called "Blood Moon," written by Katheraine Dow and an aviation romance written by Mildred McElvein.

In "Scattering Leaves" which, please notice, has a new heading done by Ruth Wheaton, be sure and read "Little Orphean Annie," and sympathize!

The Junior Class as the members of the staff this year seem to run to short stories in favor of the lesser arts of Journalism, but Juniors, you have done nobly! We are proud of you!

"The Revelation of a Mouse" is a mystery story and these being quite the vogue we welcome it in our columns. It certainly stirs our emotions but in situation seems like all the rest and the conclusion strikes us as somewhat anticlimactic, rather a blunder for a mystery story.

F. Fitch, '29.



We know that many Old Girls will enjoy as much as we have this bit from Dorothy Barnard's, '24, last letter to Miss Wright in which she recounts a few of the delights of her late transcontinental trip in company with Phyllis Raffertv Shoemaker, '22, Helene Perrv Hall, '22, and Ruth Hopkins, '23. She writes:

"From Portland, Oregon, we passed along the Columbia Highway, visiting a rose ranch of 135 acres. The sixty varieties of roses were in full bloom and the air was heavy with their fragrance. At Paradise in Ranier National Park, located five miles from the summit of the great white mountain, wild flowers abounded in great profusion, while just ahead were snow drifts five and six feet high and this in the middle of July.

"How we loved the Shasta Valley with its lakes and always in sight the five snowy peaks of the Shasta Range.

"San Francisco was fascinating with its Oriental shops, open air markets and fine stores.

"Five delightful days were spent with Phyllis's parents in California and they took us on a 110-mile drive down the Pacific coast to Monterey. The Grand Canyon of Arizona and Lake Louise were inspiring beyond description. Then there were four never to be forgotten days in Colorado."

Dorothy is not teaching this year. Since her father passed away she has devoted her time to the home and mother. She describes some beautiful and difficult needle work which she has been doing and which Miss Wright no doubt must fully appreciate. Her promise to report at Lasell in June for her fifth reunion filled us with satisfaction and her loving greetings to all were appreciated.

Dear little Ruth Elizabeth McKean arrived in Schenectady, N. Y. April 9. This wee daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKean, nee Elizabeth Frick, '24, and granddaughter of Ruth Rishell Frick, '99, has been promptly registered on Lasell's list of prospective students for the year 1944. Congratulations to parents, grandparents and little Ruth Elizabeth.

Beth Bailey, 1909-1910, writes from her home in Cleveland: "We are busy with all our babies. My brother who lives next door has three and the sister in Burma has two boys. I sew for the Burma babies and sister as well as myself and mother. Am still singing in the choir of the Episcopal Church and love it as much as ever. Do you realize that it will be twenty years in September since I was at Lasell?" Beth, you seemed but twenty when we last met you in your hospitable Cleveland home. Don't you think you are a little mixed up as to time. To us it seems only a bit ago that you were actually one of us. We were very happy to get your greetings.

Dear neighbor, Harriet Morris Kenney, '18! If you had only telephoned the Personals Editor she would gladly have stayed at home to welcome you and your precious little daughter. Please come again soon.

The Personals Editor thanks Florence Chaffee for the birthday card but most of all for the picture of herself and the wee doggie. In Mrs. Martin's words, you looked both well and happy. You were kind to remember us.

Dorothy Hale, '26, and her home folk seem to swing off to the uttermost parts of the earth easily and frequently. Thank you for the fine picture and friendly greeting, mailed from beautiful San Diego.

We are rejoiced to learn that the husband of Barbara Jones Bates, '14, has recently been promoted to the second vice presidency in the second largest bank in the country. Barbara loves her new home, her fine community church, and very naturally most of all her precious children, a boy and dear little girl.

Good fortune seems to be following Octavia Hickcox Smith, '18, and her husband, Justin Lewis Smith, for April 4, 1929 was the birthday of their little son, Justin Lewis Smith, Jr. Lasell's congratulations to the parents and also to this most favored small boy.

The Chicago Lasell Club made a happy selection when they elected Gertrude Wagner, '28, as their new president. The report of Dorothy Pearson, '24, of this recent meeting will appear in our Commencement Alumnæ number.

In a letter from Mary Florine Peeples, 1904-1905, to our Principal, Mary enthusiastically refers to the Chicago Club reunion and inci-

dentally observes that while Edna Matthews Condit, 1903-1905, expected to be in Honolulu, at the time of the meeting, she did not fail to send her annual dues. At the close of her letter, Mary writes, "I fear that you have not yet heard of the tragic death of Catherine Clark Martin, 1921-1922, which occurred early in the fall in her own Chicago home. She had been ill and arising in the night was seized with faintness. Before anyone discovered her illness or assistance could be given, she had passed away. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to Catherine's husband and the bereaved family.

From Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, word comes to us of the critical illness of Charlotte Ryder, '08. Julia and her husband are anticipating a busy successful season at their summer hotel in Maine. They have enlarged their hostelry and will be ready this summer to entertain some 165 guests.

Bess Emerine, '15, has sold out her gift shop in Findlay, Ohio after seven prosperous and happy years. She writes: "My partner is married and I am again at home with my father and sister."

Only a card from Grace Deborah Thayer Berkeley, '25, but it contains valuable information. Grace's present address is 5 Collin St., Worcester, Massachusetts. Her husband is a member of the Worcester Technology faculty and this "old girl" is busy with teas, receptions and other social functions, and best of all is caring for her dear little seven months old daughter. Grace is planning to spend the summer in Europe.

Katherine Thorp, '15, called April 16. She came in her car through one of the wildest rain storms of the season. She insisted she had not been at Lasell for many a year, but we declared she looked as young and peppy as in the old days. She has won her A.B. and M. A. degrees, but these university honors have not spoiled her a bit. Just now Katherine is enjoying a well earned rest with her parents.

As we read this last newsy letter from Mariesta Howland, '26, we exclaimed, "Certainly her forte would seem to be a reporter's career." Her letter is so admirable and worthwhile that we are sharing most of it with Mariesta's many friends. Mariesta writes:

"How are you these lovely spring days? I know so well the green vista that will meet your gaze each morning as summer progresses, and I envy you very much indeed.

I am wondering if you can send me the address of Eva-May Mortimer, '25. Do you remember the Count in Washington who was so nice to Eva-May, Bobby Cushing, '25, and myself three springs ago? Well he has written a best seller entitled "The Cruise of the Kronprinz Wilhelm" brought out by Doubleday Doran. He is almost the only man left alive of the crew on aforementioned boat.

"I suppose you know of the announcement of Sally Foster's, '26, engagement. Speaking of Sally reminds me of Ginnie Amos, '26, who is being married in Philadelphia June first and Sally, Helen McNab, '25, Martha Fish, '25, Dode Schumaker Walthers, '26, and myself are plannnig to go down as her bridesmaids.

"Madeleine Roth White, '26, has just completed a circle of the continent with her Grandmother Milliken and visited Mary Freeman, '26, in New Orleans, (Mary is working in a bookshop), and Margaret Anderson Gage, '26, in California also Fran Vail, 1924-25. Fran is being married this month. Aileen Wilson, 1924-1925, was married last month and is living in Honolulu. She was certainly a beautiful girl, wasn't she?

"Minerva Damon Ludewig, '27, is in Washington, D. C. for a visit but expects to join her navy lieutenant husband in California very soon.

"Kitty Worrall Clarke, '28, has been touring up the Hudson and I think she must be very happy keeping house in her Washington apartment.

"This is all '25 and '26 news, mostly. But that's natural, isn't it? Nadine Strong James, '26, was ill this winter with the prevalent flu so went to the West Indies to recover. I hear

from her dear mother quite often, as Mrs. Strong and I are great pals."

Mariesta closes her letter with kind regards to all.

Some thoughtful friend mailed to our Principal a most attractive program of a concert which was to be given in April in Chicago. The artist is none other than our Francis Hunter, 1915-1916, now evidently a well known soprano soloist. We are proud of her success and only wish that Lasell could hear her in the near future.

Charlotte Russell, '26, is not only one of our graduates but has her degree from a fine business college in Providence. She is at present the social secretary to her grandmother but had a day off and very properly paid her respects at Lasell. We were glad to welcome her home again.

Mrs. Moore, mother of Maurine Moore Allen, 1919-1920, on from Chicago made quite a detour to call at Lasell, bearing peronal greetings and the good news that Maurine and her husband are the happiest parents ever. The grandparents are equally delighted with and proud of that little grandson. Lasell, too, is rejoicing with this happy family group.

Mrs. Hooker received this newsy note from Mary Roline Stewart. The news is all good and we gladly share it with the many friends of the former head of our art department. "The other day I ran into Chris Blanchard at a tea room and we chatted for a few moments. One evening recently I played bridge with seven Lasell girls at a party given to Mollie Keim, '27, by her old roommate Madeleine Robinhold, '27. It was fun to see all the girls again, and we had a very pleasant evening as the guests of Madeleine and Janet Smock, '27.

"I met Betty Smith, '26, in the Grand Central Station the same day I saw the other girls, so you see New York is not such a huge city after all, nor Lasell so far away.

"My best wishes to you and Lasell."

And Lasell extends to you, Miss Stewart, her very best wishes.

Several important news items are being saved for the Alumnae number which reaches a larger circle of "old girls."

Louise Puckett Neill, '23, and Priscilla Wolfe Scarth, '23, are rejoicing each in the coming into their homes of little daughters. Louise's Lasell girl was born February 20, and Priscilla's little daughter came to gladden their home March 3. Lasell sends congratulations to these classmates.

A TRIP TO THE ATTIC

One cold rainy afternoon the time seemed ideal for rummaging in the attic and straightening the litter which is always in evidence there so I armed myself with broom, mop and dust cloth. I was eager to begin work and visions of the long deferred duty accomplished gave me a particularly virtuous feeling, and I determined to allow no dust, no lurking cobweb to mar the result of my vigorous labor.

Moving boxes, chairs and odds and ends of furniture of all sorts kept me busy and soon I had the room in that state of chaos which is the beginning of every house-cleaning. Suddenly I spied the little old trunk which had belonged to my great-grandmother. There was only one faded old dress in it, but I conscienciously took it out and shook it, and laid it in my lap while I let my fingers enjoy its silky softness. As I noted the old fashioned style, in my fancy I saw the old fashioned girl wearing it—her tiny waist, her sloping shoulders, her long curls, her shy, demure glance. And I wondered if my great-grandmother would be shocked at me—her descendant—with my boyish bob, my athletic figure and my bold manner. Out of a dark corner of the attic I seemed to hear a sigh, whether of reproach or of envy, I could not tell. The shy glance of my little great-grandmother met mine with a passion of entreaty. Was she pleading with me to understand her, or was she wanting so to understand me?

Suddenly I grew old in that atmosphere of long ago. Who can say that the sigh was but the murmur of the wind, and that my chill was caused by the draughty attic?

But hark! a loud peal of noise! The dinner bell! Hooray! And I jumped and ran down those attic steps without a backward glance, or a regretful thought for the lurking cobwebs and grimy dust which still remained in their accustomed places.

JUDGMENT

It is our usual habit to judge character from physical aspects rather than any spiritual traits. This is not an altogether false means of forming an opinion. The cynical mouth, quick-moving eyes, a one-sided smile usually indicate to us a bitter person, perhaps of the villain type." Beautiful hands calls forth a picture of a dainty girl, or a skilled artisan. But is this method always accurate? The villainous visage may hide a person of generous impulses; the beautiful hands may show a lazy, disinterested person.

By way of illustration, to contradict the general acceptance of character-judging, from the physical aspect—I noticed some hands that were holding a magazine. It was on the train, the dreary commuter's ride, and I had ample time to study them. They were small, plump hands which had a look of hardness although they were well cared for. The fingers were stubby, thick and strong, rather capable-looking, scarcely the hands of an artist or craftsman, I thought, undoubtedly a business man whose thumb held down a pile of important papers. A glance at the stern face confirmed the impression given me by the severe hands.

That evening I attended a piano recital, designed to rest tired nerves. It was not long before I noticed that the hard-working hands at the piano were strangely familiar. They were those I had noticed that afternoon, believing them incapable of emotion. Here they were being enchanting, moving, mysterious in their firmness and power. I had taken a sensitive musician for a cold business man, because of his hands.

Charming manners, a simple and unaffected way, graciousness, all come from a frame of mind, and certainly there is no mistaking of the kind of character behind them. People of courageous spirit, who are genuinely democratic and scrupulously truthful, display a right mind. How much surer of them we can be by these traits, than by any physical characteristics. As the old proverb puts it "Don't judge a book by its cover."

EXCHANGES

By far the finest publication received by this column has been the last Vassar *Review*. From poetry regal in its aesthetic beauty to mere little amusing ditties, it has been finely executed and polished. We also want to call attention to the three articles written on "The Student Speaks on Government," they are full of helpful improvement that can be carried on by any school government. The cover itself is an achievement in design of black and white. Vassar, we commend you.

From down in Bristol, Virginia the "Virginia Muddle" comes from Sullins College. It is a clever and amusing magazine but if we may say so just a bit too trite in places. There is one bit of poetry that especially appealed and here it is,

Sleep
Sleep engulfs me.
I lie, disembodied,
On clouds of black mist.
Cares, pleasures, ambitions
Reckon the same
As a fallen scale
From a butterfly's wing.

As usual the *Smith College Weekly* is full of information that is made interesting for those not in college. It is a weekly to be proud of and we are only too glad to enter our praise.

Ward Belmont's *Hyphen* has been unusually newsy for the past month and although very cleverly done, it doesn't give us a chance to note their literary triumphs. Their Editorials have been exceptionally good and one we liked particularly well was entitled "Old Fashioned Happiness."

We are grateful for our many other Exchanges.

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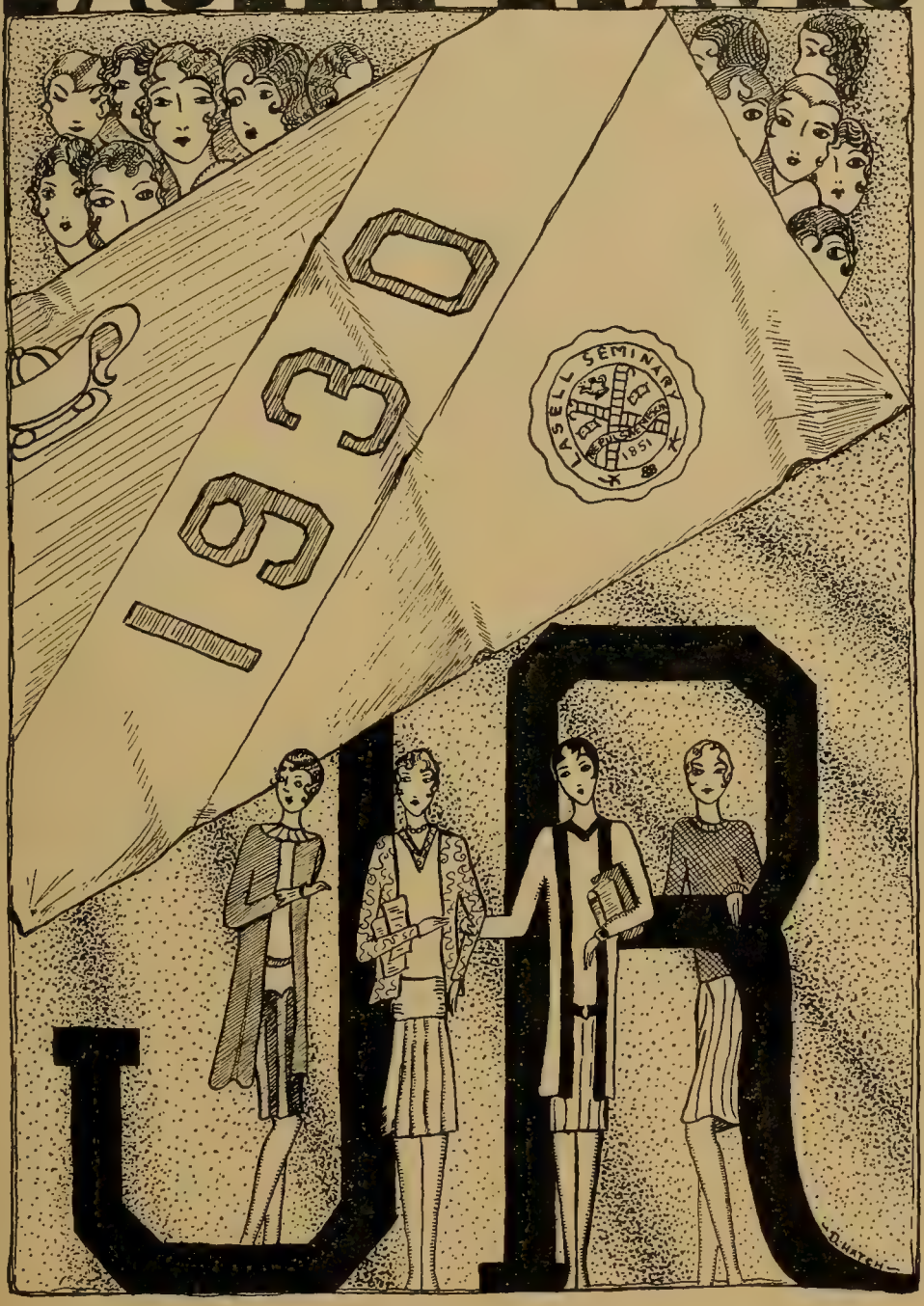
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LITERARY

YEARNING

John Storm plunged blindly on through unnumbered miles of snow and ice, snow that flung itself in a tempestuous veiling white screen before his narrowed, glazed eyes. Snow that was an enemy, snow that hid with a beautiful, wool-like blanket deceiving gullies and crusty ice sheets, snow that seemed the only remaining thing left in a dead world composed of weariness and myriad layers upon layers of fallen snow carpets, endless miles.

Sometimes it came quietly, and again the blizzard was so fierce that he fought for his snail-like progress as a collie fights a bull dog, and tossed with it, seeking to win and hold the upper hand in a battle so unevenly waged, a battle between a vast immovable force that was inanimate and a mere human being, a lone man.

Sometimes the gnawing hunger clawing with rasping nails at his heart became almost so great as to annihilate the consciousness of the unending struggle with this weapon of nature. Then he would curse the destiny that had thrown him alone upon a world so steely, so cruel so unfair.

Coming at the end of another day which was simply one more link, now forged in the chain that seemed endless, the chain that might bring him to his heart's desire, he sought a sheltered spot beneath one of the North's sentinel pines. He overlooked a huge ravine now darkened by the deep forces of night, in the daytime a treacherous blinding whiteness of unwarmed snow and ice.

Building a small fire, he felt that his was a tiny stronghold against the greatness of the huge country which held him in an ice-like clutch. He leaned against a tree and mused, if such a term may be applied to a mind so bent upon one end, a mind that existed only to know one aim.

Lynn, and the startling vividness of her; Lynn, whose hair of flame lit up a face of white, a face so white, so cameo-like that the slightest movement of her head seemed to shock the observer into a realization that she really was human, flesh and blood. Lynn, with a beauty not fragile but unearthly in that one could reconcile it only with those women immortalized by Raphael and Titian. And yet, when her cool, clear gaze should chance to meet the eyes of one whom she loved, that visage so clear-cut, so statue-like in its flame-set halo became softened into a tenderness impossible to conceive as existing in the human eyes of a mere woman. Lynn, the enshrined, Lynn, the adored, Lynn, the woman of ethereal beauty, and Lynn, the Lynn only he had known of such supreme heights of love and tenderness!

Where was she? Would he find her at the end of the frozen trail? Would she, for whom he had traveled a thousand miles alone, be back in the same stately house on the tree-lined avenue? Could she ever realize the irrevocable, insatiable need of her, the desperate craving, the immeasurable aloneness away from her presence?

The great tragedy of the noiseless, white Northern night, the weary loneliness, was broken by the soft, scarcely perceptible wail borne on the wind—some far-off wolf feeling the depths of misery in the starved, frozen solitude. John Storm roused himself from the stupor of thought to find the little fire a tiny flame, and the piercing cold a biting, bitter hurt equal nearly to the pain, the intolerable longing to press on, on, on, back to his life, his home, Lynn. With a sudden, desperate shaking-off movement he shot to his feet as if bursting the weighted chains of lone miles of snow, wind and misery. Time was wasted—he could not wait until morning to go on.

Back—back—back! Why waste hours spent only in a pretense of rest? Back to civilization, back to warmth, back to solace for a weariness so habitual that it was his one state of existence between the agonized spells in which he waited for dawn to bring a new day to press forward to the heart of Canada, to people, to light—to Lynn.

He gathered the few remaining remnants of a camping outfit once again and with the blackness of despair pursuing him, the blackness of the void surrounding him, hemming him behind, ahead, to the side, he went on, on, on—.

His face had ceased to be a face—and was now just a bit of hardened frigid flesh, containing the narrowed slits he used to pierce ahead into the night—and he longed for her as a wanderer for the home country, as a bird for the spring, as a blind man for the dawn.

On, and desperation in the wailing cry,—"Lynn!—Lynn!" On, and miles were lost forever, miles of numbed footsteps, miles of Hell.

"Lynn—Lynn" and the far-off moan was lost in the stillness.

"Lynn—" and the falling curtains of snow covered the frigid, steely form that was flesh.

The invincible Arctic night whined in its aloneness.

June Pankhurst, '29.

RAIN

Rain!
People hate it
Because it spoils their plans
And postpones their picnics.
Rain!
People hate it
Because it calls for heavy coats
And clumsy overshoes.
Rain!
People hate it
Because it means days indoors
Or slushing through mud.
Rain!
I love it
Because it rouses and delights
My very soul.

Constance Chase '29.

DRY LEAVES

Did you ever tramp through
Piles of dead brown leaves
Heaped along the gutters?
Did you ever drag your
Weary feet through masses
Of them, and wish you'd find
More and more all the way home?
Did you ever sit indoors
And watch a neighbor's boy
Run carelessly through
Those piles, and envy him?
Did you ever see an autumn wind
Play with them and toss them
All about? What gorgeous fun
From plain old dark brown leaves!

Constance Chase '29.

HIS LORDSHIP, THE BABY

Yellow silken twists
Of hair fluffed
About the small
Blond head. Big
Sparkling blue eyes
Like sunshine o'er
Blue water. Small
Button-like nose,
Angel kissed lips.
Soft masses
Of white linen.
Fat dimpled hands
Waving with great
Abandon and glee.
Feet wriggling in all
Their pink and white
Glory. An occasional
Gurgle and glub
Of pure joy and content.
His Lordship the Baby!

H. Hewins, '29.



OUR EASTER IN WASHINGTON

You have only to confront a member of the Washington party and spend two hours with them to learn about our wonderful excursion with Miss Potter at Easter time.

The boat trip from Boston to New York afforded interesting and novel sights and experiences. We went through the Cape Cod Canal by night and were saluted by horns and whistles and friendly hand waves from relatives who knew that the Lasell party were aboard. It was rather rough in Massachusetts Bay and some people left the dining room suddenly and were seen clinging together in groups ranging from two to five, merely, they explained, for support.

In the morning, after saluting the Statue of Liberty and sailing majestically under five great bridges which spanned the river, the steamboat docked at New York and we were transferred to the train and soon on the road to Philadelphia. In the Quaker City we lunched in a darling Dutch hotel, the Rittenhouse, and later visited Independence Hall and had the thrill of touching the historic Liberty Bell, entered the very room where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and later had a fine drive in autos about the city through Fairmount Park, passing the homes of Betsy Ross and Benjamin Franklin.

At two-thirty, we were again en route to Washington. Such keen anticipation. Our first glimpse at the city was far from disappointing. It seemed so clean and peaceful. We found The Raleigh much finer than it was reported to be with its halls festooned with garlands of Dorothy Perkins roses and its homelike air

Easter morning we all, twenty-four strong, found our way to the Congregational Church, which for eight years was President Coolidge's church home. Here we enjoyed a lovely service, remaining afterwards to meet the genial pastor and sit in the Coolidge pew.

Who can ever forget our Sunday afternoon trip to Arlington, Virginia, the national cemetery, where are buried thousands of brave soldiers, the stately Lee mansion in the midst and the white marble amphitheatre were attractive, but the tomb of the Unknown Soldier resting high above the banks of the Potomac impressed us most of all. Our return drive took us through Potomac Park and by the cherry trees then in full bloom. One of our party felt she must gather a blossom or two, but when the guard told her she could do so, but pay a fine of $25.00 a bloom, she decided to wait.

Fortunately for us, we were the last party to visit the President's beautiful yacht, the Mayflower, before it sailed away to Philadelphia to be drydocked.

Museums and art galleries were filled with interesting collections. We felt especially stirred as we looked admiringly upon Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis." Our ride out to the cathedral where Woodrow Wilson is buried, and at evening to the brilliantly lighted Congressional Library and a wonderful view from the Washington Monument, were experiences never to be forgotten. We cannot recall the Lincoln Memorial without a feeling of reverence.

We had a perfect morning at Mount Vernon. Our journey there led us by the Potomac River and our guide declared that an Indian had once thrown a silver dollar across the stream, and one bright member of our party exclaimed, "A dollar went further in those days than now." At Mount Vernon we first paid our respects to the tomb of General Washington and his wife and later went through the typical southern mansion, especially enjoying the old fashioned garden with its hedges of boxwood and low beds of myrtle in full bloom.

At last came the biggest thrill of all when President Hoover received us at the White House. We brought back this news to our own towns along with a secret resolve to join next year's party to Washington.

Margaret Heath, '29.

THE FRIEND

Who murmurs words of praise, or kindly deed
Does for the one oppressed by sorrowed care
Most God-like is, most worthy manhood's mead.
Most fit to reap reward of heavenly fare.

His friends owe much to such a one as he
Who prods them on to higher, nobler things,
Who leads the way, refusing pay or fee
For all he does, and all the hope he brings.

We needs must know him as a selfless man
Who counts it gain if one may rise a bit
By what he does to aid him in the plan
Of life, by deed of worth or simple wit.

What friends encompass him who practises
Such simple deeds of hope and faith and love!
What loving tributes, praises, gifts are his
Who loves and serves and helps like Him above.

V. T. Johnson.

OVER THE ROLLING HILLS

As I look out o'er the hills today,
They carry me off, far, far away
I ride from here to another country—
Into the land of Eternity.

I'm carried off by the call of the hills
By their crested waves and their green rills.
Their curving backs take me on and on,
From this home to see the new dawn.

V. T. Johnson.

THRILLS

I've never been thrilled by the Southern Seas,
Or by climbing a mountain high,
I've never been so sick with a bad disease
That anyone thought I'd die.
A submarine is nothing new
Neither's a college degree
A celebrity to interview
Would hold no thrill for me.
Men are passé, with them I'm done
They bore me—merry or still
But when by me a good poem is spun
That day I'll get a thrill.

V. T. Johnson.

On the wall,
Who can tell whose initials or whose scrawl?
Under the desk,
Who can tell which gum is mine. Don't ask!

SHADOWS

Serene I lay, the waters tumbled,
The evening drooped on castles crumbled.
The distant mountains dimmed to blue,
And then I knew that day was through.
The sky was shaded with clouds of night;
A first faint star peeped into sight,
It tried to stay but flickered, and died,
For night and its shadows were drawing nigh.
A silver fish glided silently past
Escaping dark fingers that night had cast.
The soft wind rustled in tall pine woods,
The flowers felt it and understood.
Lingering shadows over me crept,
Wrapped in the shadow of love, I slept.

Elinor R. Taylor.

THE MOON

One night I woke from sleep
And gazed forth through the pane of glass
That is my window, into the night.
The moon was in the sky. It hung
A silvery bow suspended by some power;
The bow of Artemis a-hunting
I slept.

I woke again; some few weeks had passed
Since I had seen the moon at midnight.
This night it was a slice of melon
And I felt refreshed. Again
I slept.

Once more I woke at night, and yet,
Again the moon was there
This time a jolly jack-o'-lantern
Making faces at me. I laughed
And with a smile upon my lips
I slept.

K. Chamberlain.

I. OUR MODEL

A pupil may be compared to a new sport model roadster (all rigged out with horns and the latest accessories—good intentions) starting out on a well paved road (a school term). Everything is smooth sailing for a time. The car runs beautifully and with perfect ease until it comes to a mud puddle in the road (exams) and then how those wheels (brains) do clog, muddle, and slip in that whirl of flying mud (excitement). It is hopeless to try to speed the head gear as the wheels only flounder the more. Nothing can help the situation and at last the engine (mind) stalls and it is left in the midst of the puddle while the only thing that remains is a detour sign (study) showing others the way, a little longer around but profitable for that bright shining new car in the long run. *Dorothy Siller, '29.*

1. It Sometimes Happens

While I was in my English class
I heard the teacher say, "Alas,
You've done no work this term, my dear,
So you will have to repent, I fear."

My heart beat fast, my eyes filled up,
I could not even keep them up,
Then to the door I slowly went
My head was low, my back was bent.

I dragged myself up to my room
And there did cry away my gloom.
I took my pen into my hand
And tried to write of fairyland.

I passed it in the very next day.
The teacher said it was O. K.
The marks came out, I looked at mine,
And there it was—a sixty-nine.

Joyce Tucker.

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2. A Lazy Student's Alphabet

A's for Arithmetic numbers and fractions,
Which I don't consider merry distractions.
B's for books which are heavy to pack
And heavy to read from the front to the back.
C is for chirography—writing in fine
There's no one but me who can ever read mine.
D is for drills, calisthenics and such,
I really can't say that I care for it much.
E is for an eraser, mine doesn't last long,
From rubbing out things that I've written wrong.
F is for father who reads my report
And always remarks it's a pretty poor sort.
G is for Geography—countries and maps,
And facts about people like the Poles and the Lapps.
H is for holidays when I am free
They can't have too many of those days for me.
I is for ink I get on my fingers
And there it just lingers and lingers.
J is for July when I'm rolling in clover
Because all my studies for one year are over.
K is for Kings whom I read in history
Why I must study them sure is a mystery.
L is for Latin, I just can't bear it,
But soon all my troubles to my teacher I'll hand it.
M is for math I can't seem to get
I think I'll just try to forget.
N is for notes that I pass to my friends
And also notes the principals to my folks send.
O is a mark I often receive
Although it means nothing I believe.
P is for principal, the head of the school,
I meet him whenever I've broken a rule.
Q is for questions the teachers all ask,
The answers to me seem a very hard task.
R is for rules of which there are plenty,
Whatever you do you'll break fifteen or twenty.
S is for spelling, I always have found
You never can spell words the way they all sound.
T is for teacher who never is through
Thinking of lessons for me to do.
U is for universe, yes the whole show
Chuck full of things they expect me to know.
V is for vacation I've mentioned before
Though we get quite a lot, I could stand a lot more.
W is for whispering, a terrible crime
For which I get spoken to time after time.
X for x-cuses which mother must write
When I go to a game or get in a fight.
Y is for yawns over lessons concerning or
Whatever it is I'm supposed to be learning.
Z is for zeal in my studies, I guess
In time I'll have more for I couldn't have less.

Jeanette Greene.

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3. Despair

Here I've sat for over an hour
And I scowl and cuss and fume and glower
For Thursday last our teacher said
Make up some rimes and use your head
And in our class they will be read.
That awful bomb she calmly exploded
And so to this horrible task I am goaded.
Our teacher has said a thousand times
Nothing's much easier to do than write rimes.
So I rack my brains and worry my "roomy"
And wait in vain for the spirit to move me.
Ah, if I could but think of a ballad,
Now what rimes with that? Nothing but salad!
So I throw up my hands in despair and I bellow
Please, teacher, don't try to make me Longfellow.

M. A. Briggs.

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4. Fleas

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A pest as pesky as a flea;
A flea that flies around all day
And never has a thing to say;
A flea that hides in people's hair
And with her flealets nestles there;
A flea whose tiny mouth is prest
Against a dog's warm furry breast;
Inside your ear or near your face
It flits about you every place;
Poems like these are made by me
But how could God create a flea.

K. Chamberlain.

5. Pinched

Forty, fifty, then sixty-five,
The speedometer upward leapt,
Houses, fences, and cars flew by,
While this thrilling speed we kept.

Here comes a curve, for heaven's sake!
Please, please, slow down a bit,
I know you're in a hurry, Sue
But I'm most to throw a fit.

I glanced at her, then laughed aloud,
So funny did she look,
Her eyes were large, her hair on end,
Her knees—they wiggled and shook.

We took a curve on half a wheel,
And around another we flew,
We missed a man, we missed a cat,
But the hen—the hen we slew.

The road was wide and oh, so clear!
There was no reason to stop,
Suddenly Shirley grabbed my arm,
"Oh, my lord, here comes a cop."

"Oh, Sue, he's coming, he's awful close,
In a minute the whistle will blow,
Why did you go so fast, oh dear,
It'd been better if you'd gone slow."

The whistle blew, I stopped the car,
Poor Shirley began to cower,
"Where in Hell do you think you're goin',
'Bout seventy miles an hour?"

I looked at Shirley, she at me,
My knees began to shake,
I returned again to our dear cop,
And a smile tried to make.

I talked and talked and smiled and grinned,
Oh gosh! the lies I told.
My cop began to be quite nice,
And his face became less cold.

He finally said, "Well, miss, you win,
But only for this time,
If you're pinched again, pinched once again,
You'll need more than just that line.

Betty Heyer.

6. The Schoolgirl Flapper

(Apologies to Whittier)

Blessings on thee, little flapper,
High heeled shoes and tight wound wrapper,
With thy stocking turned down hose
All dolled up with striking bows.
And thy face made most unnatural
By the compact in your satchel,
But your face smiles every day
'Neath your brimless red beret,
Oh! you little maiden dapper!
You are still a school girl flapper!

K. Chamberlain.

Reminisence

I remember the moon as it sparkled so brightly
over the snow-laden, crusted fields of
southern New England—
I remember the moon as it kissed each
breaking wave and uncovered the wrecked
old rum-runner imbedded in the rock-free-shore—
I remember the moon as it climbed slowly, but
so quickly, out of the calm and rest-
ful harbor—
I remember the moon as it hung so loftily
between the rows of ever-reaching pine-trees.
I remember the moon in the morning—
huge, red, glowing—like a naughty
child staying up too late—
I remember the moon so clearly—but
tell me—does the moon remember?

Constance Chase, '29.

Q and U

Q and U are very close friends;
If you hunt your spelling book through.
You will find when Q begins a word
It's always followed by U.
You never know how they'll behave
When side by side they appear;
Sometimes you will find they are QUiet
And then again they are QUeer.
They get together to QUarrel,
To QUack and to QUestion, too;
Even out on a QUaking QUest
Q is always followed by U.
They are QUick in all they do,
In measure they make a QUart.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. A. W. Vernon of Dartmouth College.

Dr. Vernon took as his text "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you'." (Mathew 17:20).

He pointed out the vast difference that existed between trust and faith and the continued confusion between the terms, the one signifying a relaxation of nerves and the other acting like dynamite. The faith that Jesus means is the kind that transforms but which is not for repose. He drew attention to the fact that reason observes things as they are, lists facts, while faith estimates and interprets. Faith subordinates facts to a great purpose. In short, reason may be man's geography, but faith is man's engineer.

There are three mountains which block the path of the average individual. They are the mountains of doubt, sin, and unchristian social customs. These may be blasted by three little grains of "faith as mustard seed", truth, love, and inevitable conquest. That is the noblest life, the life that is utterly possessed by love, the life that is bound to conquer.

If one turns from the thing one desires to do, to the thing one ought to do, if one has the conviction of personal freedom, a sense of holiness, the glad hope of immortality, one lives a true life. Again, if one lives the life of love which is: looking out for your neighbor with deeper delight than one's self, refusal to care what others think when one feels one is doing right, bearing suffering for others, losing fear of the unknown, healing rather than getting healed, then one has accomplished a great deal.

Further, Dr. Vernon reiterated the pettiness of the churches, the hypocrisy of the colleges, the cruelty of ambitious business. All these were pulling us down and were obstacles in the way of a life of faith; we are not fighting against the odds but completing the process of creation.

To the members of the graduating class, he said, "The world is changing, your school has recognized it, your parents also. The new comes from the old, and there is no complete break. Do not carry the precepts of the past generation but its aspiration. If you will carry and cherish these three grains of faith, wearing them as the most precious jewels in the secret places of your heart, you will have triumphed in life and surmounted the mountains that stand in your way."

COMMENCEMENT

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, formerly bishop of the Boston Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church but since 1924 resident in Chicago, gave the Commencement address.

Bishop Hughes took for his topic "The Teacher", an unusual one for a Commencement address, as at this time we think mostly of the students who are graduating. He mentioned the fact that at Commencement the teachers usually hid themselves in the background, proud of their products.

Bishop Hughes approached his discussion from four points of view. First of all, he said, "We all have a very high estimate of the educational institution to which we send our children. So high is this estimate that we do not even know the names of the individual teachers, for we are quite confident in their separate abilities. One-fifth of the life of the average person is spent in the conscious presence of his teacher, and actually, a child in his pre-college days, spends more hours of the day with his teacher than with his parents. If our confidence were not so great in the teachers as a collective body we would be in a bad way indeed."

Secondly, he spoke of the way we have of depreciating our teachers. The college stage is the critical one. We feel a certain cocksureness and have not yet learned humility. When our teachers give us counsel we rebel and consider them our enemies. He referred to Masefield's poem, "Daffodil Fields" in which the hero feels the restrictions of school

life with its boundaries only to find out later that it has been for a purpose.

We pass from the state of depreciation to appreciation. Again taking illustrations from literature, he spoke of Dickens' stories which were needed in the 19th century for the cause of educational reform but which today would not be read with that in mind. A great deal of water has flowed under the educational bridge from the time of "Oliver Twist to that of Ian Maclaren's "Dominie Jameson" in which Maclaren glorifies an old teacher who has been the means of showing him the way, the man who kept a beaten path between the little village school in Scotland and Edinburgh University.

The fourth stage is reached in exaltation of the teacher. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, upon receiving her diploma from Radcliffe College paid high tribute to her teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, who through patient and loving labor wrought this miracle. So it is when students leave the college they no longer remember the restrictions and the discipline but the institution lives for them because of the teachers who have gained a high place in their hearts.

Bishop Hughes then summed up these from stages of estimation, depreciation, appreciation and exaltation as equalling the sum total of idealization. We can't help it and every great man or woman has usually pointed back to some teacher who has been responsible for lighting the spark and for keeping the light aflame by inspiration and counsel so that the student sees things from a different angle and is encouraged to go ahead. It once again recalls to mind the old, old saying, "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other is all one needs." This in a nutshell was the bishop's address.

Following the address, diplomas were presented by Dr. Winslow to the following members of the Senior Class:

Leora Adams
Margaret Allen
Esther Angel
Jean Ayr
Betty Barker
Mary Elizabeth Barton
Phyllis Beck
Katherine Bedard
Edna Bickford
Marjorie Billings
Preble Borden
Katherine Braithwaite
Charlotte Brooks
Frances Brown
Constance Chalmers
Constance Chase
Prudence Christy
Marjorie Churchill
Dorothea Clark
Julia Clausen
Dorothy Cole
Anne Colson
Margaret Contrell
Rosamond Cornell
Elizabeth Creelman
Emily Crump
Isabelle Daggett
Hilda Doyle
Katharine Edwards
Elizabeth Ellenberger
Dorothy England
Louise Fischer
Florence Fitch
Ruth Ford
Elizabeth Forsyth
Olive French
Doris Gardner
Barbara Goodell
Jane Gray
Jeanne Greenlee
Mary Groff
Muriel Hagerthy
Annette Harvey
Dorothy Hayward
Margaret Heath
Helen Henry
Harriet Hewins
Lestra Hibberd
Harriet Holt
Eleanor Humphrey
Sylvia Huston
Janet Kaufman
Kathryn Kimble
Marion Kingdon
Marjorie Knowles
Mary Korper
Marjorie Kuehn
Alice Light
Clarice Liscomb
Betty Lyman
Mary McConn
Mary McEvoy
Ruth McGovern
Sara McKee
Nancy Jane Mackie
Verta MacLeod
Frances Mann
Adelaide Miller
Catherine Morley
Priscilla Oby
Helen Ohm
Myra Page
June Pankhurst
Marjorie Parrish
Barbara Peirce
Eleanor Pitcher
Barbara Powers
Alice Pratt
Ruth Richards
Marion Roberts
Ruth Rowbotham
Marjorie Schaller
Eleanor Schrade
Dorothy Schwartz
Dorothy Siller
Mary Eleanor Simkins
Marion Simpson
Jeannette Smith
Nan Spahr
Jean Starkey
Rosalie Starkweather
Esther Sunderland
Helene Swick
Alice Taylor
Mary Elizabeth Thomas
Louise Thompson
Julia Tiffany
Mildred Walker
Margaret Ward
Elizabeth Wells
Margaret Wethern
Catherine Whiley
Jeannette White
E. Maude Williams
Helena Willson
Barbara Wilson
Florence Zacharias

EDITORIALS

ANSWERING LETTERS

Why is it that it is so extremely difficult for the majority of us to write or answer letters? After all, it should not be such an unpleasant task, provided, of course, that we really like a person well enough to write to her. If we could have a fifteen or twenty minutes' conversation with our friend, we should enjoy it, but the very fact that we must pen our thoughts on paper, seems abhorrent to us. Let us see if we cannot sketch the mental process attached to receiving and answering letters, and thereby obtain some logical answer to the question, "Why do we have an aversion towards writing most letters?"

The mail is put out, and in my box I find three letters for myself. A glance at the envelopes will tell us whom they are from. One is from the family, another from an old school chum, and the third is from the "only man in the world."

We open them in their order, perhaps because we are saving the best till the last. The family letter contains warnings about health, the social activities interfering with studies, and a few scoldings about the bank account. We will always find some excuse for not answering immediately, even though we intend to.

The friend's letter is cleverly written, entertaining and newsy, but the excuse of "too tired," or "too much work" prevents us from answering promptly.

The contents of the third letter would vary a great deal, and requires more time for an answer. And yet though our English is merely half-done and our Spanish untouched, we will sit down to write "just a line." In the end, it is four or five pages, and still the question haunts us as to the reason for putting off something which would take little time in preference to that which requires a lot of careful thought.

B. Ellenberger, '29.

SUPERSTITIONS

When we stop to think that the people of today, who are so highly educated, should still cling to old superstitions and fancies, we wonder how long it will be until they outgrow these ideas. It is not only found among the uneducated, but among college students. This was found out when a questionnaire was issued to the students of the University of Oregon. More than half, (of whom two-thirds were women), admitted that they still allowed superstition to influence their conduct. But they do not all do so blindly. Nineteen per cent have faith in them because they have had experiences that seem to justify this. And why should one go on ignoring these warnings, and thus perhaps court serious consequences? Edward Partridge did. He tells the following story of his experience.

"I was an unbeliever, set in my ways, and anxious to persuade others to my mode of thinking. To prove how groundless superstitious fears are, I determined to walk under a ladder to show no bad luck would follow. I tried three times. First I had a pot of paint upset over me; then I fell into an open trap door; and finally I made a poor exchange of hats at a restaurant. I was convinced on one score."

I have cited only one instance of the consequence of failing to heed warnings and the benefit to be gained by taking all opportunities for insuring good fortunes that are offered by supernatural powers. Since the results in each case have been so well proved time and again, it is well to be able to follow all the signs set, even though they are classed as "superstitions" by those who do not know. It was for this purpose that I have summed up some unusual superstitions in the following pages.

One of the things that comes to my mind when superstition is mentioned are the various warnings of approaching death. The howling of a dog, the persistent tapping of a bird at the window, an owl hooting in the sunshine or flying screeching over the house at midnight, all prepare us for news of a loss. The calling

of the sea, when there is no wind, is a summons to death. The blossoming of an apple tree during harvest in the orchard of a married man, foretells the funeral of the owner. But these are all "post positive." We can do nothing to avert coming disaster. All we can do is open the doors and windows of the house to give "free egress to the departing spirit and free entrance to the angel of death," and keep the front door of the house, through which the body was carried, open, until the close of the burial service, so there will not be a second death.

On the other hand, at the other end of the scale of life, many precautions can be taken. If a child is carried downstairs before he is carried up, before the end of a year he will be carried down for the last time, to his grave. Knowing this, the wise nurse will construct a stairway, in the bedroom, using a stool, box and chair.

For all of life which lies between these two extremes there are many guide posts set. Particularly at the time of courtship there are hints for the wise. A maiden in doubt as to whom her husband is to be, has only on St. Agnes' Eve to take a row of pins and as she says a Pater Noster pull them out, one at a time, stick one in her sleeve, and she will dream of her future husband. If, however, she would know on Hallowe'en and can get several friends to help her, she may make a "dumb-cake." The recipe is simple: an egg-shell full of salt, one of wheat meal and one of barley, these to be made into dough without using spring water. Everyone must roll it, and spread it, and using a large new pin, mark it with her initials, no words being spoken during the process. Then strict silence must still be preserved while it is being baked, each person sitting as far from the fire as possible. If this is done between eleven and midnight, and each girl turns the cake once, shortly after the clock strikes twelve, the husband of the one who is to be married first will come in and lay his hand on the part of the cake marked with her name.

A word of warning must be given bachelors seeking marriage. If he hopes to be lucky in love within the next twelve months, he must avoid stepping on a cat's tail. Spinsters desiring to know the number of years their single state is to continue have but to count the number of times the cuckoo calls when they first hear him in the spring. If either the boy or girl desiring to be loved can find two four-leaved clovers and eat one himself and persuade his beloved to eat one at the same time, success is certain.

Unfortunately, the rules for ensuing conjugal bliss (a thing some have despaired of) seem to give all the advantages to the man. However, the wife may get an even break if she visits St. Keyne's Well. For

> "If the husband of this gifted well
> Shall drink before his wife,
> A happy man thenceforth is he,
> For he shall be master for life."

But if the wife should drink of it first,

> "God help the husband then."

In addition to these special hints for special occasions, a knowledge of certain general facts to their application is extremely advantageous. Of wide-spread interest is the announcement that the spirits of a melancholy friend may be raised by the kind of jewelry he wears.

A true friend will always stand ready to pronounce a blessing on a friend when he sneezes. This is an absolutely necessary precaution, for sneezing is caused by some aerial spirit trying to force an entrance to the body.

Apples can be used to cure almost any of the common ills of life. Rubbed against warts, they banish them; eaten on Easter morning, they prevent fever and jaundice; but they must be avoided on New Year's Day, or their use will result in abscess.

If there are to be cats around the house, one must be very careful in choosing the pets. A Finistine cat (one from one of the departments of France), having served nine masters, has a right to take the soul of the ninth off to Hell. Even an ordinary black tom-cat, may become a devil incarnate at the end of seven years.

A word of reassurance should be given in regard to seeing black crows. They do not

necessarily forebode evil; it all depends on the number seen. "One is lucky, two is unlucky, three is health, four is wealth, five sickness and six death." The finding of a dead crow prophesies long life for the finder.

While most of these superstitions have been outgrown, if each one of us would just stop for a moment to recall all the superstitions we now know and practice, I am sure everyone of us would be surprised at the number we still use and yet we consider ourselves highly educated.

Martha Jane Adams.

WORTH WHILE?

Are you worth while? More than likely you are not because worth while people are getting about as scarce in this world as hoop skirts and a horse and buggy. That is people who live up to all our ideas of being worth while.

A scholar believes that a person who is continually studying is worth while; however, most of us feel that this man is foolish and is missing some of the finer pleasures of life.

A newspaper man believes that a man who will stand at a right angle from the roof of the Woolworth building or stand on the Statue of Liberty's ear for the sake of a good news story is decidedly worth while. Level-minded people feel that this man is crazy to play with death.

There are people from Chicago who thought Mayor Thompson was worth while because he wanted to deprive the school children of their text books which were published in England; however, the majority of the people believe that "Big Bill" was enjoying second childhood in carrying on such a procedure.

To those of us who are in school, Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given us a fine idea of a worth while person when she said:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song.
But the man worth while is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

What a pleasure it would be to our roommates if when we failed in an examination we came home with a smile. How happy she would be if we displayed a beaming countenance when it came our turn to close the window. We can make our own lives, as well as our neighbor's, unhappy by showing a mean disposition, or we can be worthwhile and make life pleasant for everybody by smiling through sorrow and disappointment. This so-called worth while disposition is easy to cultivate, and after all "it is better to have lived and laughed than not to have lived at all."

We are proud to announce the following people elected for the LEAVES Staff for 1929-1930.

Editor-in-chief: Jean Cannon, '30.

Associate Editors: Mildred McElvein, '30, Marjorie Hubler, '30.

Short Story Editors: Antoinette Briggs, '30, Helen Crego, '30.

Essays Editors: Mary Moss, '30, Dorothy Herring, '32.

Poetry Editors: Elizabeth Strober, '30, Natalie Ames, '30.

Locals Editors: Dorothy Kaull, '30, Kathryn Fitch, '30.

Art Editor: Doris Hatch, '30.

Athletics Editor: Helen Roberts, '30.

Exchange Editor: Janice Whittaker, '30.

Business Manager: Dorothy Brown, '31.

Assistant Business Manager: Elinor Taylor, '30.

Personals Editor: Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80.





April 26:

Christian Endeavor was held at Woodland tonight and was led by Martha Hofmann. She read to us a few lovely poems and hymns.

April 28:

Vespers tonight were led by Rev. Charles N. Arbuckle, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church in Newton Centre. His subject centered around "Believing in and having complete faith in God." He told us the only way to prove our faith in anything was to act it. His sermon was most impressive and he had complete control of his thought. Everyone enjoyed Dr. Arbuckle beyond words and it will never be too soon to have him with us again.

May 1:

We were indeed fortunate to have with us this morning as our chapel speaker Mrs. Brown, who spoke on "Child Welfare." Mrs. Brown certainly told some very tragic stories which made us realize that life isn't all a song, and that there are many, many people in this world having things happen to them daily like Mrs. Brown told us about.

Another of our well-known students' recitals was held this evening. These recitals are always very entertaining and enjoyed by all.

May 3:

The Dramatic Club held a "Stunt Night" tonight and all the different dormitories had a part in it. It really was most amusing and we only wish we could have more of them. Gardner won the prize for the best stunt, and great credit was given to Kathryn Kimble for her coaching. The other girls who coached the different stunts should be greatly applauded on their good work and ability.

May 5:

Vespers tonight were most unusual, and quite different from our past vesper services. Prof. John Marshall, head of the Music Department at Boston University, spoke to us on the world-known and beloved Schubert. We had a delightful talk on Music Appreciation. Prof. Marshall certainly is a learned man on the subject of music.

May 8:

Our chapel service this morning was turned over to the "crusaders" from Caney Creek, in the Kentucky mountains. Last year some girls came, but this time they were boys and it was an inspiration to see these children just entering their teens so eager for knowledge and an education. It is seldom you are able to hear anyone any more ambitious than these children were. They can never come too often,

and we are eagerly looking forward to next year when they will be with us again.

May 10:

Mrs. Blanche Martin, former head of the Expression Department of our school, returned last night and presented very cleverly and entertainingly a four act play, "If I Were King." Our Seniors are very grateful for Mrs. Martin's kindness in reciting this play because she presented it in order to help the Endowment Fund.

May 12:

Rev. Boynton Merrill of West Newton had our Vesper service tonight. He took as his subject "Treasures" and he wove in his talk many incidents concerning this and told us how so many things in this world are treasures. He also stressed the idea of how our conceptions of "treasures" change during the course of our life. It is needless to say that when Rev. Merrill is here our chapel is full, and we can never hear him too often.

May 17:

The Glee and Orchestra Clubs presented this evening at the Auburndale Club the well known Gilbert-Sullivan operetta "Pinafore." The operetta was most entertaining and the clubs should be congratulated on their charming actresses, actors and their talented musicians.

May 19:

Vespers tonight were led by Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt, pastor of the Harvard Church in Brookline, Massachusetts. He spoke to us about the definition of "wrong." He told us that when we hurt a person physically or mentally then that is the definition of "wrong." Dr. Leavitt certainly had a beautiful message and we hope he will return to us next year.

May 21:

Our president of the Student Council was elected today for next year and we chose as the head, Helen Roberts. The Dramatic Club also elected their president and they elected Helen Morgan. Both girls should be congratulated for the honors that are bestowed upon them.

May 22:

Lasell's Paderewski, Isabelle Daggett, gave a recital this evening. She was assisted by Mary Faulkenham and Mary McEvoy who sang very beautifully. Isabelle's playing was exquisite and is something that will never be forgotten.

May 23:

What could be more exciting or thrilling than River Day! With happy hearts and loud shrieks and howls, Lasellites cheered their team-mates on to victory today. The final race was a tie between the Senior and the Sophomore-Freshman crews.

May 25:

There never has been a better day for a May Fete and lucky for us it didn't rain. This afternoon our May Fete was held on the lawn. It certainly was a beautiful sight to see our May Queen, Dorothy Cole, and her maid of honor, Marie Antoinette Briggs, walk over the lawn between the Seniors in their caps and gowns; the Juniors dressed in white carrying gold and amethyst colored balloons, and the Sophomores, Specials and Freshmen dressed in white, carrying a chain of laurel. The Dance Club under the direction of Miss Grace Felker should be congratulated on their marvelous ability and entertainment. Rejoice with us because it didn't rain, and that it was a beautiful sight to the eyes of all.

May 26:

Tonight we had a "Musical Vespers." Miss Grace Cronin of the New England Conservatory played and she was indeed a genius. It was an inspiration to hear her, yet it was awfully discouraging when you stop to realize that a mere child of seventeen years could play so well. It is our wish that we hear her again.

May 27:

Our Commencement and last Recital was held this evening. It really is unnecessary to say that the program was lovely, because the Commencement recitals are always beautiful.

May 31:

Several of the different departments held exhibitions today such as the "Home Economics Department," "The Art Department" and "Physical Education Department." The exhibits in every department were indeed beautiful and the Faculty and girls should be congratulated upon the work they have done.

June 1:

Today our Seniors held their banquet and tea dance at "Longwood Towers," Brookline, Massachusetts. It is needless to say that they enjoyed themselves.

In the evening the Seniors held their reception at Woodland Park. This reception is the last and one of the most beautiful receptions of the year.

June 2:

It is hard to realize that the Baccalaureate sermon of the Class of '29 was given today. The speaker was Ambrose White Vernon, LL.D. His sermon was indeed beautiful and something impossible to forget.

June 3:

Class Night!! It is impossible to explain how wonderful Class Night is. Without a doubt it is the most beautiful and impressive ceremony of the year. At eight o'clock sharp the Seniors marched sedately down the aisles of the tent to their seats. The meeting took the form of a court scene and Julia Tiffany, vice-president of the class, attorney for the class, as attorney for the defense, opened court and gave the address of welcome. Lestra Hibberd as first witness read the prophecy, Frances Mann as second witness read the class will, Dorothy Brown, '31, as foreman of the jury pronounced the judgment, and Emily Crump, class president, gave the final word.

After the court scene all the Seniors formed a line, each having a Junior torch bearer. Then led by the Sophomore president, they serenaded every Senior house and sang their farewell songs. After the procession the Seniors held their "To the Flames" ceremony around a bonfire on the lawn of Bragdon Hall, where different members of the class threw a loved or hated object into the flames. After that the Seniors sang their "Here's to Thee" songs, then the Alma Mater, and all left with joys and sorrows in their hearts.

RECENT REPORT FROM OUR LASELL CLUBS

The Lasell Alumnae Association

The Lasell Alumnae Association held its Commencement Day reunion in the Library, to the real old girls *still* the Chapel. Our President, Susan Tiffany, '15, in a few happy words called the meeting to order and everyone joined in singing L-A-S-E-double L Lasell. Miss Potter offered a prayer in memory of those girls who have passed away during the year.

Dr. Winslow spoke briefly and told us the school had enjoyed a very fine year and the graduating class was the largest ever, numbering 107 members. The gift of $1,350.00 from the Class of 1929 put the endowment fund over the $70,000.00 mark. Dr. Winslow extended a very kind invitation to any of the Alumnae or "old girls" to come back to Lasell for a visit at any time.

Norma MacMillan Sisson, 1914-1918, sang three very lovely songs. This was a great treat especially for those of us who knew Norma at Lasell.

The secretary's report, treasurer's report and the report of the Caroline Carpenter fund were all read and approved.

Flowers were sent to Dr. Lizzie D. R. Atkinson who was graduated from Lasell fifty years ago.

Greetings were brought to the meeting from Mrs. Silas Peirce (Annie Kendig) of the Class of 1880. There were members present from the Classes of '80, '83, '89, '94, '95, '09, '19 and '24.

A night letter was sent later to Dr. Bragdon who is convalescing at his home in Pasadena.

Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83, who has been present at forty-seven consecutive meetings of the L. A. A., told us in a very delightful and

informal way of her western trip this past winter and of her many interesting meetings and visits with old Lasell girls.

We were especially happy to have with us Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, our National Treasurer.

The officers for 1929-1930 are as follows:

President, Susan E. Tiffany, '15;

Vice-President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10;

Secretary, Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19;

Treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing, '73;

Asst. Treasurer, Louise Furbush Prout, '20;

Directors: Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06,
Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907,
Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05;

Caroline Carpenter Fund: Annie Kendig Peirce, '80;

Nominating Committee: Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907, Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, Norah Burroughs Dillingham, '97.

The Western Massachusetts Lasell Club

The Western Massachusetts Lasell Club held its annual luncheon and business meeting at the Weldon Hotel in Greenfield Saturday, May 4. Fourteen were present. It was voted to have a monitor from each town or city to notify the Alumnae of the club activities. Printed notices are to be discontinued for the present. The officers for the coming year are as follows:

President, Susan E. Tiffany, '15; Secretary-Treasurer, Hortense May, 1924-1925.

Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, was the guest of honor and it was a great pleasure to have her with us. She brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee and other members of the faculty. Miss Potter told us about the various school activities and interesting pictures were passed around. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Dorothy Wells Seller, '09, for the excellent luncheon. One of the delightful surprises at this happy reunion were artistic corsages presented to each guest. The flowers were white sweet peas and forget-me-nots, real Lasell colors.

The first Saturday in May, 1930, was decided upon as the date for the next luncheon and business meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

HORTENSE MAY, *Secretary*

Those present were: Lillie R. Potter, '80; Dorothy Wells Seller, '09; Florence Hudson Lake, '09; Irene Sauter Sanford, '06; Hortense May, 1924-1925; Dale Whipple Turnbull, '16; Helen Gerrett, '16; Pearl L. Putnam (Faculty 1915-1921); Susan E. Tiffany, '15; Ethel McCorkindale Harwood, 1905-1907; Grace Alexander Van Deusen, '12; Gertrude R. Bardwell, '24; Ruby Blaisdell Carter, 1888-1889; Clarissa Gibbs Smith, 1904-1905.

The Chicago Lasell Club

The Chicago Lasell Club held its winter luncheon and bridge party in the beautiful west ball room of the New Stevens Hotel on Tuesday, March 5. Luncheon was served at one o'clock to the twenty-seven members present, the school colors of blue and white being carried out in the luncheon, and in the decorations of flowers, candles and nut cups.

To save time, the business was held between the courses of the luncheon, May Florine Thielens Peeples, 1904-1905, the President presiding. She welcomed the members and guests and urged all to keep up their interest and enthusiasm by seeing that all of their Lasell friends attend the reunions and enter into all the plans of the Club.

Helen Buettner, '23, long a faithful Secretary and Treasurer, gave a report of the past meeting and of our financial standing. Jessie Matteson, '25, Vice-President, read the telegraphed greetings of Dr. Winslow from Lasell. Also a letter from him in grateful acknowledgment of the gift book, "The Fair Touraine," recently sent to Lasell by the Chicago Club. We sincerely hope that we may have some of the teachers as our guests at a

near future meeting. Miss Potter's letter was much enjoyed. The club sent a night letter to her on her birthday Februry 24, with their love.

Each member present then rose and told her name, class, present occupation and any news of old girls. Miss Laura Mae Hayward, educational advisor for Lasell, gave a few words of greeting.

Upon the suggestion of Mrs. C. J. Peeples, the club voted to raise some money for the Lasell Endowment Fund by giving a Bridge-Tea for fifty tables about the middle of May at the Stevens Hotel.

Attention was called to the honor conferred on the Chicago Club by the selection of Miss Martha Hofmann, a Chicago girl, as Queen of the Winter Carnival this year at Lasell.

Mr. William T. Shepherd, father of Rebecca Cushman Shepherd, '94, and brother-in-law of our Principal Emeritus, Dr. C. C. Bragdon, was to have been our guest of honor at the luncheon but was unable to attend because of ill health.

A sad announcement was that of Mrs. Catherine Clark Martin's, 1921-1922, sudden and tragic death which occurred last September 13, 1928.

The election of the new officers for 1929 followed. They are:

President, Marjorie Gertrude Wagner, '28;

Vice-President, May Florine Thielens Peeples, 1904-1905;

Secretary-Treasurer, Dorothy Pearson, '24.

The luncheon was voted a splendid success and closed with the singing of the "Alma Mater"; after which bridge was played, all of the prizes being in blue.

Respectfully submitted,
DOROTHY PEARSON, *Secretary*

Those present were: May Florine Thielens Peeples, 1904-1905; Helen Buettner, '23; Jessie Matteson, '25; Elizabeth Louise Thielens Miller, 1904-1905; Agnes Wylie West, '05; Julia Potter Schmidt, '06; Marion Hale Bottomley, '10; Helen Carter Johnson, '07; Kathryn Moore, '26; Emma C. Hackett, 1890-1891; Helen V. Guertin, 1916-1917; Mariam Richardson, 1926-1927; Gertrude Wagner, '28; Cherry Buchanan Thomson, '22; Alvine Hoelscher, '22; Alice Wry Anthony, '24; Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22; Dorothy Pearson, '24; Elizabeth Buettner Lang, '23.

Certainly the enthusiasm of May Florine Peeples, 1904-1905, is contagious, for new as well as old girls "took hold" of that May Lasell meeting and made a splendid success of it. May Florine sent on to the Seminary for banners and our Principal sent a generous supply. She writes: "They were most beautiful and the girls were so happy to have them. We put them up around the room in the Stevens Hotel and under the side lights and the large one hung high at one end of the ball room. The room was lined with mirrors and decorated in cream, gold and blue, which was quite appropriate and made a lovely effect. One of the members bought the beautiful five-dollar pillow top to send to her daughter at Lasell. We were very happy to have the mother of one of our Lasell Seniors, Mrs. Clausen, present.

The Southern California Lasell Club

The twenty-first luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club was held at the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena March 5. Thirty-one members were present. On account of illness, Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon did not attend.

The minutes of the last meeting and several messages from absent members were read. Miss Packard gave bits of news from Lasell and "old girls" she had seen recently. Margaret Nye, a friend of our president, Lilian Douglass, '07, gave two very charming dances. The following members were elected for the coming year:

President, Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901;

Vice-President, Amy D. Phillips, '18;

Treasurer, Sarah Pauline Wild, 1919-1920;

Secretary, Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22.

The report of the treasurer was then read, after which the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

MILDRED MELGAARD REES, *Secretary*

Those present were: Nettie Roulstone Barnhart, 1910-1911; Louise Wadleigh Bedall, 1902-1903; Edith Simonds Bennett, 1904-1905; Helen Cleaveland Coleman, 1892-1893; Argenta MacDonald Carothers, 1901-1902; Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01; Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901; Hattie Church Cottle, 1886-1887; Marie Saxton Fisher, '16; Lucy Muth Kinney, 1898-1899; Caroline Thomson Moore, 1897-1898; Marriott Degan MacDonald, 1906-1908; Mary Curtiss Degen, 1903-1905; Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1900-1902; Bertha Gray Richards, 1887-1888; Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22; Helen Campbell Rousseau, 1898-1899; Nellie Briggs Sandos, 1895-1895; Juliette Rideout Smithers, 1915-1918; Leona Benner Brotherton, '08; Lilian Douglass, '07; Mary E. Hubbard, '20; Elizabeth Lum, '01; Lillian M. Packard, '83; Winifred Napier; Amy D. Phillips, '18; Adele Roth (former member of the Faculty); Sarah P. Wild, 1919-1920; Geraldyne Banks Wilkinson, 1920-1921.

LIFE MEMBERS OF LASELL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1854—Rose Heywood Brown
1857—Fannie Sykes Davis
1861—Caroline Hills Leeds
1863—Ida Capron Cook
1869—Catherine Ames Ide
1870—Ellen Clark Gill
1873—Ella Richardson Cushing
1878—Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, Alice Linscott Hall.
1880—Annie Kendig Peirce, Lillie Rose Potter
1882—Carrie Wallace Hussey
1883—Lillian Mansfield Packard, Lillian French Wadhams, Annie Wallace
1884—Ida Sibley Webber
1892—Mary Patten Witherbee
1894—Laura Case Viot, Jennie May Rich, Rebecca Cushman Shepherd, Harriett Grace Scott
1895—Alice Andreesen Kountze, Elizabeth Stephenson Morgan
1896—Annie Jean Hackett
1898—Helen Abbott Bucknam, Emma Aull Duncan
1899—Evelyn Ebert Allen, Alice Kendall
1900—Blanche Gardner Peeler, Elsie Boardman Reynolds
1904—Jennie Hamilton Eliason, Katherine Jenckes Knox
1905—Ida Ruth Jones Hayden, Edna Rogers Carlisle, Laura Weaver Buxton
1906—Edith Anthony Carlow, Anna Grant Blackstock, Helen Carter Marcy, Mildred Peirce Fuller, Irene Sauter Sanford, Maud Simes Harding, Dorothea Turner Moulton, Elsie Young Hayden
1907—Fern Dixon Leahy
1908—Lela Helen Goodall, Grace Thomas Griswold, Louise Morrell Nestler, Anna Smith Floyd
1909—Annie Crowe Collum
1910—Lucy Aldrich Berston, Julia Craft Sheridan, Julia DeWitt Read, Mildred Goodall Campbell, Susan Stryker, Josephine Woodward Rand
1911—Margaret Jones Clemen, Gladys Lawton Bullock
1912—Florence Jones Allen
1913—Mildred Westervelt Warner
1914—Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine, Ruth Davis Giller, Ruth Thresher Jenks
1915—Susan Emeline Tiffany, Nellie Woodward Collins
1916—Naomi Bradley Reed, Ruth Griffin McDonald, Laura Hale Gorton, Helen Merrill Strohecker
1917—Fanny Gates Frey, Jessie Caulk Shepherd
1918—Lydia Adeline Adams, Dorothy Casoline Barnes
1919—Mary Hopkins, Sarah Hopkins, Mercie Vinal Nichols

1920—Anna Crane Sherwood, Doris Margaret Crawford, Isabel Maude Fish, Marjorie Vivian Hussey.
1921—Gladys Victoria Lucas, Julia Russell Robertson, Ruth Smith Coates
1922—Iverna Birdsall Biggin, Marion Axtell Brown, Harriette Case Bidwell, Sarah Frances Crane, Cornelia Hemingway Killam, Mabel Esther Rawlings
1923—Ruth Hills, Adrienne Estelle Smith
1924—Avis Dorothy Ballou, Edith Campbell Clendenin, Alice Wry Anthony
1925—Elizabeth Hastings Nowell Croft, Helen Maria Wahlquist
1926—Dorothy Hale, Sarah Mackay Roblin
1927—Alice Landfield Crawford, Cynthia Madalyn Patten, Frederica Madeline Robinhold, Janette H. Smock
1928—Marjorie L. Blair



Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's special guests of honor during these June days were his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Ordway, and his sister, Miss Inez Winslow. Mrs. Ordway celebrated her eightieth birthday at this time and many relatives gathered on this happy occasion to offer their felicitations. Lasell takes the privilege of adding her most loving congratulations to our Principal's mother.

Commencement time this year celebrated not alone the graduating from Lasell of its largest Senior class, but it was also the joyous marriage season of not a few of our former graduates and old girls.

On June 1, Virginia Dinsmore Amos, '26, became the bride of Mr. Robert Grant Farrington.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Robson announce the marriage of their daughter, Lucile Tiedman, 1923-1924, to Mr. Bonne Ellison Beneyfield on June 12. Mr. and Mrs. Beneyfield are now at their home at 6424 Woodcrest Avenue, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. George M. Winney announces the marriage of her granddaughter, Mauriel Winney Greenough, '25, to Mr. Carle Huntress Morrill.

The wedding of Dorothy Edwards Austin, '21, and Mr. David Simpson Rodgers, Jr., has recently been announced.

Mrs. Charles Wilbur Rhoades announces the marriage of her daughter, Marjorie Drake Rhoades, '22, to Mr. John Clifford Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Ross will be at home after the first of July at 275 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

An announcement has recently been received of the marriage of Mrs. Elizabeth Whitley Pechin to Mr. Edward H. Dean. Mr. and Mrs. Dean are now at home to their many friends at 1201 Central Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey.

On June 19, Marjorie Louise Blair, '28, became the bride of Mr. Raymond C. Perkins. The wedding took place at the Leslie Lindsey Memorial Chapel in Boston.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Elizabeth Frederica Oppel, '26, to Mr. Florian Albert Morris. Mr. and Mrs. Morris are now at home at the Sun Haven Apartments, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mr. Walter W. Cobb has announced the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Cobb, to Mr. Clarence Edward Chute. Miss Cobb has been a member of the Lasell Seminary Faculty for the past two years.

Dr. William Franklin Keim announces the marriage of his daughter, Mary Evelyn, '27, to Mr. Homer Watson Tietze on Saturday, April 27.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Celina Marie Belle Isle, '21, to Mr. Thomas Thedford Forman on Saturday, June 8, at Beacon, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank Davis announces the marriage

of her daughter, Alice Marguerite, to Mr. David Edward Jones on Saturday, June 1.

Our Principal Emeritus was happily recovering from his recent hospital experience when a misstep and fall brought an unexpected injury and sprain from which he is now rallying. Our renewed and tenderest sympathy is extended to Dr. Bragdon with earnest prayers for his speedy and quick recovery.

Some of our most appreciated and appreciating old girls come back to us unheralded and their coming is always an occasion of rejoicing on our part. Mrs. Baker, wife of one of our Massachusetts esteemed judges, returned accompanied by Mrs. Hattie Church Cottle, 1886-1887, of Pasadena. It was the Personals Editor's good fortune to escort these guests over their old school home and hear their spontaneous words of appreciation of Lasell as it was in their day and is now.

In the recent passing away of Professor Henry Morton Dunham, Lasell has lost an old and gifted benefactor. One who stood close to Professor Dunham will elsewhere in this issue pay him deserved tribute.

Dorothy Keeler, '25, accompanied by Adelyn B. Pearce, 1917-1918, reported not long since. Dorothy is attending the Scott Carbee School of Art, while Adelyn is also a student in the same fine school. They are specializing in interior decoration. One of the pleasant bits of Lasell news which they brought was of the good fortune of Ruth Cody Ball, 1916-1918, who is the happy mother of a little one-year-old son.

Frances Angel Levenson, '22, is very proud of her litle son, Ralph Jerome Levenson. We can't hope to have him as a student at Lasell, but his Aunt Esther has promised to chaperon him as soon as he is able to make calls.

Helen Jones of last year took time to write a very appreciative note to our Dean declaring that her memories of Lasell were always of a most pleasant kind, even going far enough to declare that her year at Lasell was simply wonderful. She has often wished herself back again but is enjoying nevertheless her year at William and Mary College. She courteously closes her message with cordial remembrances to members of the Faculty.

In her last message to Lasell, Ruth Watson Garvin, 1918-1919, of South Orange, New Jersey, assures us that she and her little daughter Joan were sorry to miss some of her teachers. Ruth, the disappointment was mutual. That little three-year-old Joan appeals to us. We were quite touched at her question which she asked you on the spot, "Will I come to Lasell, too?" and we join with you in hoping that this will come to pass some years later. Ruth writes: "I still see several of the girls: Helen Files Debevoise, '20, lives nearby. She has two adopted little daughters. I also see Carolie Abrams Painter, 1917-1919, Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith, '21, Nell West Haigh, '21, and Margaret Reid Perry, '22. Carolie was so interested to hear of the changes I noticed in the main building. The library is perfectly lovely, such a restful, dignified room.

Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, did not quite succeed in bringing her class together, but she certainly gathered together some interesting news items concerning these dear slackers. Of the missing members she writes: "Stella Marx Rosenburg is the proud mother of three children. Louise Paisley has accepted a position with the Scribner Publishing Company in New York after an interesting two year experience with the "Near East Relief" in Armenia.

"Mrs. B. T. Hume, Jr. (Maria Riker) lives at 434 College Street, Harrodsburg, Kentucky, She has two daughters, Martha, age ten, and Martina, age eight.

"Florence Swartwout Thomassen's address is 32 Ridgewood Terrace, Maplewood, N. J. Her family consists of a lawyer husband and two children, Henry Swartwout, age ten, and Claire, age seven.

"Katherine Wheeler teaches music in the public schools of St. Paul, Minnesota."

This energetic former president did succeed delightfully as far as Lasell was concerned by

appearing in person and taking a very active and interesting part in the Lasell Commencement functions.

One evening Isabel Rodier, '25, and her sister Anna Rodier, '27, appeared at our door to our great delight. Isabel is still the private secretary to the Principal of the Norwich High School, while Anna is just completing her course in one of Boston's schools. It was a joy to see the two sisters and we hope they will come often.

Kathryn Moore, '26, and her *young mother* reported at the old school recently. Kay is finishing her course at Chicago University. Every time they come we have a great regret that Chicago is not a nearby suburb of Boston, for we would enjoy so much seeing them oftener.

River Day brought to Lasell again Martha F. Wilcox, '25, who is now doing secretarial work at the Brookline Savings Bank, and with her Alice M. Wilkins, 1923-1924, who is in the same service with "Chase and Gilbert" of Boston. Both girls seemed enthusiastic over their chosen professions and we congratulate them on their marked success.

We are indebted to Miss Witherbee, who shared with us not long since a charming letter received from Louise Paisley, '09. She regretted being unable to accompany Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, to the reunion this spring but hopes later to "make Lasell" in her itinerary. Louise is free to confess that she was greatly fascinated with the Near East and would be willing enough to return to her former labors in Constantinople were it not that at present her mother and the good old U. S. seem to be claiming her attention. She is at present enjoying her work with Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

A few weeks ago Louise and her mother motored to Philadelphia and while there lunched with Ruth Balch Ott, 1907-1909, and saw the three youngest of her six childden. Ruth is herself as pretty and young looking as she was in the old school days and is an ideal mother.

Lasell is hoping that another year Louise will come to us and tell us face to face some of her wonderful experiences during seasons of war and peace in the Near East.

California must be not only a land of eternal sunshine but perpetual youth. Visitors to that "fair countree" return to us delightfully refreshed. Our Miss Lillian Packard, '83, is a happy illustration. We were charmed at our Alumnae meeting with her very lively and delightful account of her meetings with Lasell girls during her winter spent on the Pacific coast.

Classmates Gladys Rathbone Moran, '21, and Ruth Smith Coates, '21, returned together just before Commencement. Gladys is the proud mother of two dear children. Ruth is still musically inclined; in fact, is organist and choir master in her local church. Her husband is Assistant Superintendent of the high school.

The recent trustee meeting at Lasell brought together representative Lasell girls: Susan Tiffany, '15, Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96, and Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901, being members of the board. It was at this time we learned of the passing away early in the year of Molly Taylor Rathbun, '94. The tidings will bring sorrow to a large circle of former Lasell students. Lasell Seminary extends deep sympathy to the bereaved family.

Ruth Hayden, '20, Helene Sweney Jensen, 1917-1920, and Helene's little daughter all tarried for tea after the May Fete. These Lasell girls seemed to drop back naturally into their old places and Helene's wee daughter by her winsome ways at once won all our hearts.

Mary Rich Hinkley, '17, and her husband motored from Keokuk, Iowa, to Boston in May. Mr. Hinkley's was a business trip but Mary, looking radiant, put off at once to her old school home and how rejoiced we were to welcome her and listen to her glad declaration, "I have four little daughters all on their to Lasell."

Mary's sister, Lydia Rich Gray, 1915-1917, and her husband have left California and are now residing in Keokuk. Mr. Gray is in partnership with Mr. Hinkley.

In a note to Mrs. Winslow, Doris Sanborn, '21, seemed to be filled with memories of her own Commencement at Lasell and anticipations of the on-coming celebration at Smith. This is Mrs. Winslow's thirtieth anniversary year at Smith and Doris declared "It will be thrilling to watch for you marching with the class of '99."

It sounded pleasant in our ears to have this loyal Lasell graduate confess "How I wish I could be in Auburndale to see you all and enjoy the loveliness and be inspired anew." Come back, Doris, whenever you can. Your coming will always rejoice us.

Henry Druummond once declared "Until God is through with us we live a charmed life." This seems signally true when we remember that our treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, through weeks and months of suffering, much of the time confined to her bed, kept up her active interest in and her successful work for her beloved Alma Mater. Would that we could each one sing with as clear a conscience as does our national treasurer "We are loyal to thee, dear Lasell." It was a great joy to have our Mrs. Cushing with us at Commencement time.

From Mabel Cogswell Johnson, '85, Lasell received the sad tidings of the recent death of her sister, Ida Cogswell Bailey, 1879-1880, in Worcester, Massachusetts, on March 22. Mrs. Johnson referred to the unusual and lasting friendship which existed between Ida and four of her Lasell schoolmates, Jessie Joy Macmillan, '82, Mary Moger Young, 1879-1880, Annette Young, 1879-1880, and the late Evelyn Wires, 1879-1882, of Milford, Massachusetts. Mrs. Bailey is survived by three sons and one daughter; also her three sisters, Mabel Cogswell Johnson, '85, Cora Cogswell, '83, and Bernice Cogswell, 1895-1896. Miss Potter, now at Lasell, remembers distinctly this former schoolmate and recalls that once during her school days at Lasell, Ida was chosen May Queen and our Dean had the honor of crowning this schoolmate.

Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to Ida's family and host of bereaved friends.

That was a unique honor which came recently to our Mariesta Howland, '26, and this is her own account of it:

"John Philip Sousa was in town the past week-end to conduct the massed bands of Boston and I had a very pleasant lunch with him, and suggested the title of his new march being written for the Ibero-American Exposicion in Sevilla, Spain, this spring; I named it "La Flor de Sevilla" and even wrote a verse for the title-page. I went to the concert the next night, and it was all very thrilling. Mr. Sousa is a very fine and charming old man and is extremely kind to me."

She also adds: "I know you will be interested to learn that Lolita del Pino, 1924-1925, is now doing some very important law work in the Agricultural Department of the States of Cuba. She has an office and goes to it each morning. Lolita and I still keep up our wonderful friendship despite three years' separation."

Lasell girls, Alma Mater receives figuratively with open ears these very dear and latest arrivals:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bershon (Miriam Chollet, '22) announce the arrival of Burt Louis.

A little daughter, Edith Mary, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Stedfast (Marietta Chase, '24) on June 1.

A card has been received announcing the arrival of Abigail Straker Kimball at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Montague Kimball (Mabel Straker, '16).

Norman Day Giles came on May 5 to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer W. Giles (Miriam Day, '17).

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Killam (Cornelia Hemingway, '22) have announced the birth of a little daughter, Mellasy Loomis Killam, on April 20.

A dainty card has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Norman Richmond (Mayno Seltzer, '22) announcing the coming of Norma Eugenia Richmond on May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis D. Thompson, Jr. (Frances Heath, '20) are rejoicing over the

birth of a little son, Willis Duer Thompson, 3rd, early this spring.

On May 5, Ann Dewar arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Sargent Dewar (Emma Perley, 1919-1920).

Madge Hollenbeck Pinney, 1900-1901, fulfilled her promise and called at Lasell with her husband early in May. Mrs. Pinney is the treasurer of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club. We rejoiced as we listened to her enthusiastic report of the doings of these western Lasellites and of their definite, worthwhile, successful program.

Emily Hale, 1902-1903, now Mrs. Francis B. Barnett, the first of the three Hale sisters whose home was in South Glastonbury, Connecticut, writes from Yardley, Pennsylvania: "My daughter Dorothy, age 19 years, is graduating this year from State Teachers College at Shippensburg; a son, Francis, Jr., age 16 years, is a Junior at High School, and Walter is 12 years old." Rev. Mr. Barnett is the rector of the Episcopal Church in Yardley.

How happy the girls of 1902 and 1903 will be to get this latest good news of Emily and her family!

In a note to Dr. Winslow, Gertrude Schumaker Doherty, '22, promised that she would report at Lasell Class Night. She may have done so but we failed to locate her. She shares with our Principal this bit of her future itinerary: "Mr. Doherty and I are driving to Asheville, North Carolina, starting on June 8 next, for three weeks vacation together, and I plan to remain longer if it is bearable. When I return, I shall not be in this office but will continue my peace activities as Executive Secretary of the Fellowship of Youth for peace—they need a trained worker, and a less-radical influence! I am eager to begin my new duties, but am glad of a respite before starting."

Godspeed you, Gertrude, in your somewhat new and fine field.

On the very day of our most successful Domestic Science, Art and Swimming Exhibits, there was an impromptu, private exhibit in our Dean's office which attracted not a little attention; for there, joyously rolling about on a soft rug was Nancy Rix, Peggy Rix Cole's, '26, little eight months' old daughter. For about one hour this little "dimpled darling" laughingly cooed and actually shook in the very face of our Miss Witherbee a tiny rattle, explaining in perfect English to be sure some things which the head of our English Department seemed to understand, but the rest of us failed "to get."

A few days later in the same office appeared Viola Sullivan, '21, and her beautiful little two-year-old Viola Sullivan, Jr.

These dear babies, so their fond mothers declared, are to be among the Lasell girls of the future.

A letter to Dr. Winslow from Violet Han Tang, '26, is of such great interest that we are moved to share it with her many friends:

"Have you heard that I am married? I didn't send you or any other foreign friends any invitation because the cards were all in Chinese. I was married on December 15 last year. My husband holds the rank of Colonel and is Vice-Chief of the Personnel Department of the Three Eastern Provinces and Personal Secretary to Marshal Chang.

"My husband and I are planning to come to the States this summer. He has never been to your country so I'll be a sort of guide and I am so happy of the chance for I have longed to see all of my friends whom I haven't seen for almost three years now.

"My younger sister also wishes to pursue her studies in your country and since we are coming it will be a good chance for her to come with us. But the law is, no passports can be given to a student unless she has a letter from the school which she intends to enter permitting her to enroll. My sister is now studying in McTyeire, the same school that I went to, and she has had half a year more than I had when I entered Lasell. She shall, of course, bring with her all her reports. Just what year she should enter could be decided after we arrived at Lasell. A letter from you permitting my sister to enter Lasell would be quite enough to pass the law."

Violet closes with best regards to Mrs.

Winslow, Miss Potter and all her friends at Lasell.

Lasell is anticipating the coming of this dear old girl and the Colonel, and will extend a most hearty welcome to her sister, Rosalind.

We constantly congratulate ourselves, those of us at Lasell, that our Dorothy Messenger Heath, '26, has come back to our neighborhood, and very much enriched, for on May 2 there came to her home a dear little daughter. Of this wee one she writes: "We hope that our daughter will be a true blue Lasell girl. Nothing could please her parents more than that. At present she is not saying much about it, but I shall soon question her and let you know the result of the interview."

Dorothy's devoted friends at Lasell extend to her, her husband and the little daughter sincere congratulations.

Jennie Johnson Brewster, 1905-1906, adds this interesting item to our Personals: "I am planning now to drive to Boston the last of the month and hope to have time for a few minutes at Lasell enroute. My daughter (if she passes exams) enters Mt. Holyoke in September and my son will be ready for Worcester Tech in two years, all of which makes me realize that '06 was some time ago!"

That was a gracious message which came to our Dean from Gladys Wilkes McCutcheon, '15. Enclosed in the letter was the calendar of the Colonial Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas, of which Gladys' husband, Rev. Lyndon L. McCutcheon, is the successful pastor. Gladys has a dear word to say about her two little daughters, Jane Elizabeth, six years of age, and Mary, her senior by two years. Without consent from their parents we are venturing to add the names of these dear children to our future Lasell list.

Through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Towne we are in receipt of a newspaper clipping recounting a recent honor which has come to our Mary DeWolfe, '24. The excerpt reads as follows:

"The Sowans 4-H Club of Warren, R. I., after a long search has found in Miss Mary DeWolfe an able leader. A native of Warren and a teacher in the local high school, she comes to the club as the unanimous choice of the members. Miss DeWolfe is the instructor in History, English and Physical Education at the high school. She consented to become the club's co-leader after the members, who are also members of her classes in high school, had urged her to take over the post."

Lasell is increasingly proud of Mary's achievements. We well recall her mother's active interest in the young women of her town and feel that Mary comes rightly into this successful service.

Four members of our Faculty are touring Europe this summer. Miss Constance Blackstock and Miss Edith Johnson are dividing their time between England and France. Miss Lewis is taking a more general tour, and Mrs. Stevens is spending her summer in England.

Quite a group of Lasell girls are also enjoying a European "hike." To each and every one Lasell wishes a happy journey.

Mary Marshall, 1881-1885, now Mrs. Edward P. Call, sister-in-law of our former instructor, Anna Payson Call, returned to Lasell one day this spring and expressed her never-failing interest in and best wishes for dear old Lasell.

On the day of a big football game in the Harvard Stadium, Uula Morton, 1926-1928, motored out to Lasell, tarrying long enough to tell us that she is now a dietitian at St. Barnabas Hospital, Newark, N. J. During the summer vacation of the head dietitian, Uula will have full charge of the department.

From her home in the sunny South Ruth Mayes, '25, sends us this welcome word. You can see at once how selfish is this Personals Editor of the LEAVES: "Every once in a while I get awfully lonesome for Lasell and the good times I had there. Last night while at the movies, I saw the Lasell crew on the old Charles River. It seemed just like the years had been turned back and I was once again on the banks cheering my team on to victory. It made me homesick to see the girls, and hear them sing their Crew song.

"I plan to come to Lasell next year for my fifth anniversary. Last summer I visited

Jinny Smieding, '25, and Sally Stultz, '25. Jinny is working in Boston and Sally is going to Europe this summer. She will be graduated from Goucher next spring.

"I am working again after completing my business course. Am now secretary to Mr. Thomas A. Marlowe here in Charlotte. My work is very interesting.

"Give my regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. I am looking forward to seeing you all again next year.

Your 'little white dove,'

RUTH MAYES.

Dr. Winslow's last letter from Gertrude Wagner, '28, is worth quoting. Here's a bit of it: "Three weeks ago today the Chicago Lasell Club had a very delightful luncheon and bridge party at the Stevens Hotel, also elections. Our luncheon was planned so well, Lasell colors were carried out wherever possible and everyone there seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.

"To my astonishment I was elected president of the club. It really scares me to think that I am taking the place of such an able and smart woman as is Mrs. Peeples. She is now vice-president so I have her to turn to, which I probably will have to often.

"We are at present planning a very nice party to be given late in May. The proceeds we hope to send back to Lasell.

"I am coming back for Commencement and to visit one of the finest girls in the world, my roommate at Lasell, Marjorie Taylor. Then the nineteenth of June, I sail with Joan Johnson, Vivian Johnson and a number of others for Europe. It all seems like a fairy story as yet.

"At present I have a most interesting position. Am in the office of the Visiting Nurse Association of Chicago. It is a perfectly splendid charity, largely supported by the very wealthy people of this city. My work is clerical but it is fascinating to see what is done for the poor and the helpless. I am very fortunate as I do not have to give up my position this summer. They are giving me a leave of absence which I think is remarkable as I have been there just since October.

"Last week my LASELL LEAVES came. It was the Alumnae issue and I read it from cover to cover, ads and all, without stopping. It was so fine to hear what everyone was doing.

"There is one thing I am very happy about, that holding office will bring me in contact with many of the older Lasell girls who live in this vicinity.

"I had a most interesting talk with Kay Tufts, '27. She is graduating from kindergarten school this June, then is leaving for six months abroad.

"I love to go up to Northwestern University as Nan Pagin, '27, Jessie Matteson, '25, and Mariam Richardson, 1926-1927, are all there. Nan Pagin is graduating and expects to teach next year.

"Please give my very best regards to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter—also Marjorie."

Dorothy Wason Morrison, 1916-1918, recently received some interesting letters and pictures from her former Lasell roommate, Madge Shepard Peterson, 1916-1918. To Dot, Madge writes from Shanghai, China:

"Dearest Dot:

Your Xmas package which came yesterday was a most welcome surprise and you are the dearest thing on earth to have spent so much time and care in making that gorgeous bag for me—it is a beauty and because your clever fingers fashioned it, I shall prize it all the more. I love it, and *you,* for sending it and I do thank you just heaps.

"Arriving in Shanghai just a week before Xmas as we did, we didn't experience much of the old Xmas spirit except what came from 'home', so every package and Xmas card was greeted joyfully! The Holidays in China are very gay and business is entirely suspended for a whole week, both at Xmas and New Years, so immediately upon landing we were whisked from party to party. I never saw such gaiety! Shanghai's hotels, clubs and theatres are more gorgeous even than those in the States—in fact it is a beautiful city. Avenue after avenue of palace-like homes, all with gardens, and walled in. We walked right from the ship into a furnished apartment of our own, procured for us by one of Petey's

men. It is modern in every way, and we even have our own "boy" and coolie! Meals are served in a central dining room on the eighth floor, with breakfast and tea in one's room. We seem to be the only American tenants as the rest are all English.

"Life in China is very easy—servants are cheap and it seems to be beneath the dignity of foreigners to do anything for themselves so you are being waited on constantly—I am sure if I stayed here long I should become very lazy. We have breakfast in our rooms, and Petey strolls into his office around 10:00. All offices are closed at noon from 12:00 to 2:00 (lunch is called 'tiffin' here), and the afternoon closing hour is 4:30 when *everyone* has tea. Dinner is usually around nine o'clock. Theatres don't begin till 9:30, and at the movies, people keep their hats on and smoke as much as they please during the performance. New pictures arrive here about as quickly as they are shown in the States—the orchestras are all Russian and are marvelous. So you see Shanghai is really very up-to-date, and after I get used to seeing so *many* Chinese, I know I shall love it!

"Thanksgiving Day we landed in Honolulu and as my old Dobbs Ferry roommate is living there, we had a grand reunion. Two weeks later we arrived in Japan and saw everything there was to be seen in Tokyo, Yokohama and Kobe. I adore Japan and hope to go back again this summer. It is just a three days' boat trip from here. We plan going up to Tienstin next week, and later on will take in Pekin, Hongkong and the other larger cities.

"Petey and I have been enjoying the horseback riding here—the country is beautiful and the funny little Chinese ponies are adorable. The weather so far has been lovely—day after day of warm sunshine—and the temperature around 70. The climate is similar to that in New Orleans. As you ride past tiny farms and villages, the natives all shout greetings at you. They are very good natured and very likeable. The Chinese here all wear their own native costume—old women don black trousers and short black coats. The girls wear long high collared garments of figured silk in the brightest of colors, and they *all* wear bright pink or blue felt bed-room slippers for street wear! They seem to be quite the fashion. The well-dressed man wears several long coats, more like a petticoat, of dark blue, brown or black brocaded silk, and a "monkey hat" perched on the top of his head—very fetching! The poorer children are sewn into their clothes for the winter, layer after layer, so they can hardly waddle. Ask a Chinese how cold it is out, and he will say "oh, only four or five coats cold today!"

"How is my little namesake getting along? I hope she is keeping well.

"A heap of love to you and little Madge and may the new year hold many blessings for you all. My regards to your mother.

"Ever affectionately, and with grateful thanks for your dear gift,

Madge."

One of the choice invitations which has come to us at Commencement time was that received from Cynthia Madalyn Patten, '27, who completes her course, as we can well believe, with honor at the University of New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Potter of Minneapolis, Minnesota, attended Commencement this year. They were especially interested in the graduation from Lasell of their granddaughter, Mary Eugenia McConn. They are always most welcome guests. They brought with them their daughter, Mary Potter McConn, '05, and also Hetty Betty, the little daughter of Julia Potter Schmidt, '06.

Our Principal received recently from Orissa M. Attwill, '16, the sad tidings of the passing away very suddenly of her dear father, Mr. Gustavus Attwill. A little later came the word from Nancy B. Almy, 1883-1884, of the death of her dear sister, Sarah L. Almy, 1881-1883. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to these bereaved families.

Lasell was pleased to receive a call from Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89. The loyalty of the Middle West Lasell girls is a constant source of satisfaction to those of us who are still trying to carry on at the old school home.

Close following the home coming of Ruth Hayden, '20, to Lasell, we received an announcement of a piano recital by the pupils of

Miss Alice R. Hall, Miss Clara E. Frost and our graduate, Ruth D. Hayden, '20. These instructors are associate teachers of Miss Louisa Parkhurst, for many years in the Music Department at Lasell. Our congratulations to these pupils who are under the able instruction of these former teachers and this Lasell pupil.

Mrs. George Z. Goodell, President of the Salem Oratorio Society, had recently high tribute paid her by a local paper. We recall with pride that Mrs. Goodell was a former Lasell girl. As Esther Frances Chase, she attended Lasell in 1884-1885, and has kept up her active and enthusiastic interest in music from that day to this. Mrs. Goodell not only received instruction and inspiration, we are quite sure, at Lasell, but was also a student at the Conservatory of Music.

Lasell has not sent heartier congratulations than she is extending today to Nancy-Louise Pagin, '27, who is completing her course at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

During the recent convention of book men and publishers held in Boston, Mr. Richard F. Fuller, husband of Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, took a very prominent part. Residents of Boston and vicinity have been especially grateful to Mr. Fuller for his determined stand on the subject of "the best literature for Boston."

It is of interest also to note that the husband of Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, was recently awarded a gold medal. The explanation of this award appears under the picture of one of the buildings which has been remodeled after the plans of this young architect. A picture of this building appeared in a Chicago paper and beneath this explanation: "A jury of distinguished architects awarded a gold medal to this structure as being the most distinctive altered building to be completed in the north central district of Chicago during the year 1928. Frederic B. Schmidt, Architect."

While in Washington this spring, Miss Potter did not meet face to face Edith Vance Nicolson, '19, and Ruth Tuthill Green, 1913-1914, but had a pleasant conversation with each over the telephone. Phyllis Rowe, '19, motored all the way from Baltimore to Washington and had an old fashioned visit with her former preceptress. Among other things she gave a very enthusiastic report of the work being done at Johns Hopkins Hospital by Isabel Africa, '26. Miss Potter greatly appreciated this visit with Phyllis.

The Personals Editor found this note on her desk: "Catherine Holby, '27, and Ruth Hutton, '27, called April 2 and were so sorry not to see you." Dear L. W. D.'s, you could not begin to regret this missing of each other more than did the Editor herself.

We received not long since eight finely written pages in dear Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing's own unequalled penmanship,—excerpts from letters which she has received recently from old girls, many of them *thanking* her for having called their attention to the fact that they are delinquent in the matter of "paying their dues." The fact that they have received these reminders so graciously and cancelled their debt so promptly, shows what a wonderful gift our treasurer has of approaching these dear slackers. One of the graduates writes: "You have had the duties of treasurer a very long time and it seems to me we are all much indebted to you for your faithful services." Another adds: "Please let me know exactly my indebtedness and I will send a check for I should like to have a perfect record."

Another Lasell girl writes: "I am sorry to learn of your accident and that you were obliged to be laid up for such a long time, but really this has been a benefit to the Alumnae Association of Lasell in that you have been able to get in touch with so many of us who have unintentionally let our dues slide. My husband thinks it would be a good thing for me to become a life member and I am more than delighted to do so, so enclosed please find my check for $25.00."

And yet another writes: "I am enclosing check for $25.00 for life membership. So happy to have your note bringing the matter to my attention. I have always intended joining but have just neglected it."

"Your work is certainly deserving of all the credit in the world and I wish I could tell you how much I appreciate it. There is so much work and so little glory attached to such

a task. Perhaps it will show my appreciation and lighten your duties a little if I become a life member. I am, therefore, enclosing my check for $25.00."

From the wife of a professor in one of our great universities, herself a graduate of Lasell, Mrs. Cushing received this word: "All Lasell girls certainly owe you many thanks for all the work you do, and I, for one, do appreciate it."

Incidentally all of this is a fine tribute to our dear Mrs. Cushing and we cannot but feel will suggest and stimulate many a Lasell girl either to pay her bill or a much more satisfactory and sensible thing is to become a life member and have them paid once for all.

Mary Potter McConn, '05, was recently elected President of the Twin City Lasell Club. She also served as a judge during a recent local election.

Dear Alfhild Trondsen, 1922-1923, and her devoted parents have returned from their continent wide journeyings and are now at home in Schuylerville, New York.

Rosamond Kent, 1918-1920, has been all year at the School of Religious Education, Boston University, and next June will receive her Bachelor's degree. She is enthusiastic over her university experience but to our satisfaction declares even Boston University has failed to totally eclipse Lasell Seminary.

Our Dean received a charming anniversary letter at Commencement time from Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, '78. She writes: "I had the pleasure this spring of meeting Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, in St. Augustine." Alice was south recuperating from a nine weeks' siege of pneumonia. "On our way north," she continues, "we stopped in Savannah, Georgia, and I called up Clifford Branch Dasher, '98, now Mrs. W. B. Stephens, and had a pleasant visit with her. Whenever I am in a city where there are Lasell girls, I call them up."

By the way that is a fine custom of Alice's, well worth adopting by all Lasell girl travelers. The old school roof is sufficient introduction and some delightful bits of news have come to us in this friendly informal way.

Alice's son-in-law, Captain R. E. Ingersoll, is now Assistant Chief of Staff to Admiral Pratt, who is in charge of naval operations of the whole United States fleet.

Alice encloses a dainty snap shot of her little granddaughter dressed as a fairy and the little lady looks the part.

This graduate of fifty years ago sends cordial congratulations to the Class of 1929.

Girls who were privileged to be students at Lasell during our beloved Miss Carpenter's regime will be especially interested in these racy bits from letters written by Miss Carpenter to her cousin, Mrs. George Williams of Newark, New York. The date is 1900. Mrs. Williams, now in her ninety-seventh year, has kept up her friendly interest in Lasell, her cousin's school home. The letters were sent recently to our Miss Witherbee and with her permission we share them with Miss Carpenter's girls. Miss Carpenter writes from Kennebago Lake, Maine.

My dear Cousin:

"Another beautiful lake, perhaps the most beautiful of all!

"I had such a nice ride on a buckboard. You would have laughed or cried to have seen me sitting in the middle of the back seat, feet firmly planted sometimes on the floor, again on the seat in front, each hand holding a strap attached to the seat in front. I looked like an old woman driving. The driver said "You must not brace yourself. Just sit easy like I do." I just "sat easy" but have been nursing my bruises ever since.

"On the return trip I was on time at the start, but after long waiting the bell boy announced 'Mr. Lasell will come presently.' He did and took a seat near me. There was something about the twinkle in his eye that was so like Ethel Lasell, 1895-1897, one of our girls, my curiosity got the better of me and I said: 'I heard you announced as Mr. Lasell. May I ask if you know the Lasells of Whitinsville?" He answered, "Well, I should think I did." He proved to be the nephew of the founder of our seminary.

"But back to the bouncing buckboard, for if

any old buck could elevate a person more readily and successfully, I would go far to see it!

"Did I tell Cousin George that all through this region we have doughnuts and coffee twice each day and sometimes three times and apple sauce much more than semi-occasionally? Does he wonder that I am having a good time?"

C. C.

During Commencement time Miss Ellen Hemmeon, a former member of our faculty and for some years Dean of Women at Mt. Allison University, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McDonald, Lasell's Assistant Dean. A distinct honor was given Miss Hemmeon at the close of her school year by the Women's University Clubs of Canada—a traveling scholarship which permits the appointee to have a year abroad at any university with a generous honorarium. But her plans have changed. She is to be married in August to the Rev. Robert Miller, Rector of the Church of the Incarnation at Lynn, and in the coming days will again be a near neighbor of Lasell. Lasell's congratulations to Miss Hemmeon and Rev. Mr. Miller.

"In her last letter to the seminary, Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, writes: "I arrived home April 10 after driving up from Miami to find a Lasell LEAVES full of interesting news. I read that you wanted information of Myrilla Annis, 1908-1911. The queer part is that driving through Chattanooga I had the same idea so looked her up, not having seen her since Lasell days. She is now Mrs. John B. Rathwell, Edgewood Circle, Chattanooga, Tennessee. She has a charming husband and two fine children, a boy about ten and a girl of six. Their home is delightfully situated on a hill overlooking a curve of a river. Myrilla seems about the same and her eyes are just as snappy and black as ever.

"She was the only Lasell girl I saw on this trip.

"I drove about four thousand miles down to Miami and back, stopping at Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, Stone Mountain at Atlanta and Chickamauga Park and Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga.

"Happy days to you all and I'm looking forward to our reunion in 1930."

One of the pleasant aftermaths of the Lasell Commencement was a delightful tea given by Mrs. William Smith of Brookline, which proved to be the occasion for the announcement of the engagement of Elizabeth Stephens, '20, to Mr. Roberts Fuller. Those who were guests declared it to have been a most attractive and enjoyable social function.

Lasell's hearty congratulations to Betty Stephens and Mr. Fuller.

Wilhelmina Joscelyn Swett, '13, her husband and four children motored from LaGrange, Illinois to Auburndale, Massachusetts, arriving at Lasell just too late for Commencement. It was, however, a joy to welcome these travelers and at once we began to visualize the two dear little daughters as members of our student body in the years that are to be.

How do these Lasell mothers keep so young in the midst of such a strenuous domestic career! It must be in part the result of Lasell's "I-am-well-and-happy" propaganda.

But Wilhelmina brought also the sad news of the recent sudden passing away of her dear sister, *our* Lucile Joselyn, '15, who on May 16 was struck by an automobile and instantly killed. Dr. Charles F. Hall, Director of the Minneapolis State Board of Control Children's Bureau, wrote to Lucile's stricken parents.

"To enlarge the diadem of heaven God has gathered unto Himself one of His precious jewels—your own Lucile. Hers was a life filled to overflowing with service for the weak and distressed of earth.

"Her life though short has been one of great success. During the last three years a large portion of the state of Minnesota has been moved by her leadership and deeds to fairer and better living. We are companions in your sorrow and grief."

Lasell extends her heartfelt sympathy to Lucile's bereaved family and friends.

Mr. Henry Morton Dunham, long connected with the Music Department of Lasell Seminary, passed away Saturday morning, May 4, 1929.

During a service at the Ruggles St. Church,

Boston, where Mr. Dunham was at that time the director of music, the sexton handed him a card upon which was written "Will you please play for a party of young ladies after the service?" signed by C. C. Bragdon. These young ladies came several times during the year, always using the same procedure. At the close of the season, Mr. Dunham received a letter of appreciation from Dr. Bragdon, enclosing a small check from the young ladies who wished to express in some way their appreciation. Wouldn't he buy some sort of a souvenir with it. A little later Mr. Dunham received a letter from Dr. Bragdon as follows—"Won't you spare one day a week out of your busy life to teach for us at Lasell? We have a young lady who wishes to study organ." Mr. Dunham became a member of the Faculty in 1897 and continued without interruption until 1926. After the succession of Dr. Winslow a Music Department was developed with Mr. Dunham at the head. One of his greatest pleasures was the Orphean Club which under his direction gave some very fine concerts. He also designed the three-manual organ now in use in the chapel. Lasell and its Music Department was continually in his mind and the Academic Music Course, established in 1917, which has proved so helpful to those who wished to pursue music, was entirely his planning.

During the last three years of his life which were spent as an invalid, he wrote a book of memoirs in which he said "Lasell is a fine school and I prophesy for it a brilliant future."

In commemoration of his 50th year as a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, the Alumni Association arranged a program of his music in Jordan Hall. The Orphean Club of Lasell contributed one number for this program, singing "Salve Regina" for female voices, piano and organ. This number was written for the Orphean Club. His activities at the Conservatory brought him in contact with hundreds of pupils who are now scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country. They all revere him for his great ability, his high ideals, and his quiet yet forceful character.

In the field of composition his writings include much for the organ, his Sonatas being among the best examples of any American composer. They are widely played. His "Aurora" originally composed for organ, he later orchestrated and this piece has been played by many of the Symphony orchestras of the United States. His church music including anthems, sentences, and responses are extremely effective for the church service. This is but natural as he made a real contribution to the church life of Boston, especially through his long term of service at Ruggles St. Church, Shawmut Congregational Church, and the Harvard Church, Brookline.

The funeral services were held in the Lindsay Memorial Chapel of Emmanuel Church, Boston, Rev. Joseph Dirickson Cummins officiating. Dean Wallace Goodrich of the Conservatory, an old organ pupil of Mr. Dunham, played before the service a Chorale Prelude of Bach and a Chorus from the Beatitude of Caesar Franck, after the lesson the Requiem Aeternam from the Verdi Requiem, and after the service the Chorale of Luther, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." The procession of honorary pallbearers which accompanied the family included George W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Frederick S. Converse, Charles Dennee, Dr. Guy M. Winslow, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Everett Truette, Frank Blake, Ralph Flanders, and Homer Humphrey. The altar was massed with flowers of all colors and the casket was blanketed with pink roses. The interment was at New London, Conn.

On Monday evening, June 4, memorial exercises were held in Jordan Hall with a program of music including Mr. Dunham's "In Memoriam" played by Harold Schwab, and his First Sonata played by Wallace Goodrich. An address was given by Mr. George W. Chadwick in which he spoke intimately and beautifully of Mr. Dunham's life.

Lasell joins with the countless friends of Mr. Dunham in paying tribute to a brilliant musician, an inspiring teacher, and a loyal and devoted friend.

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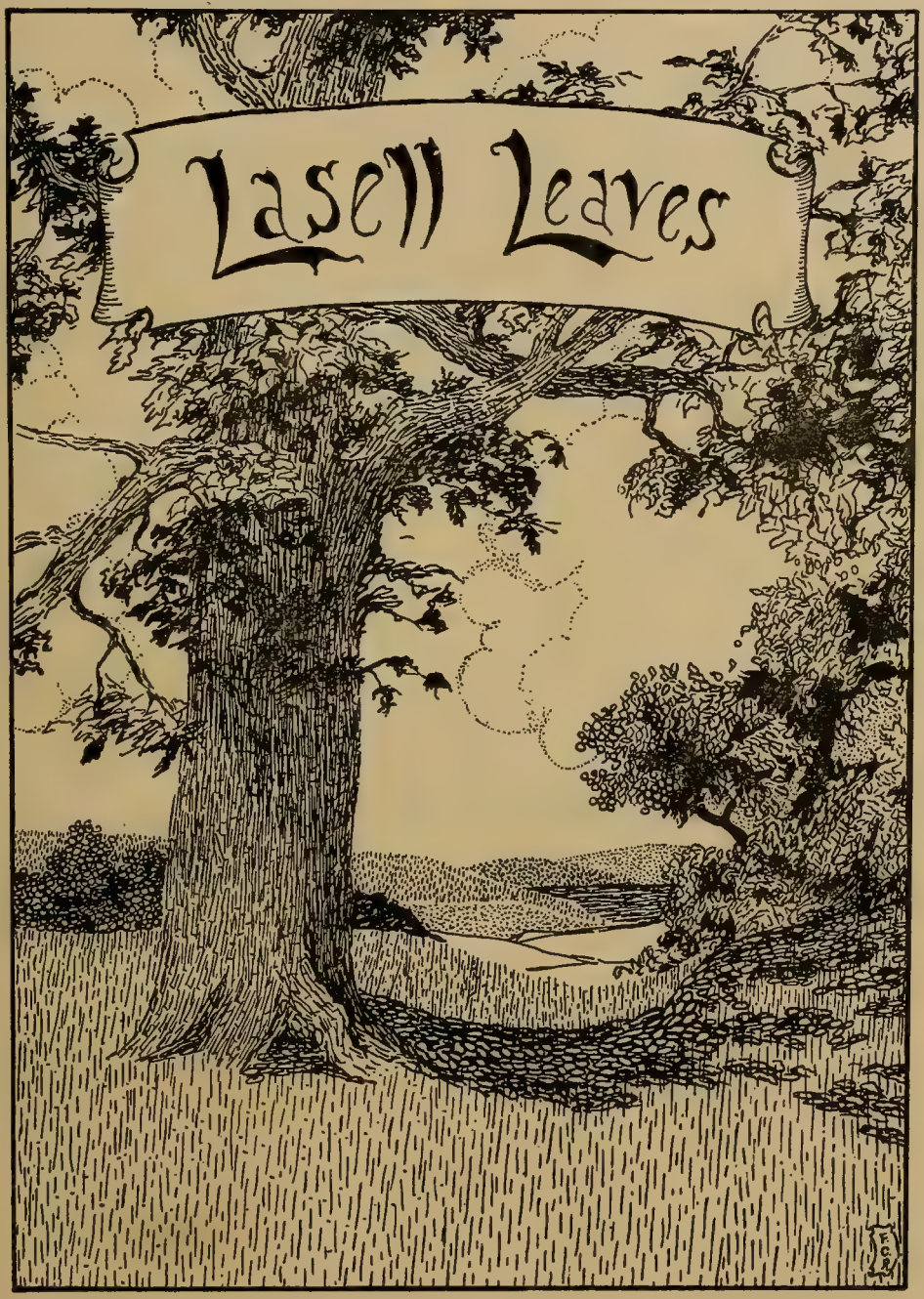
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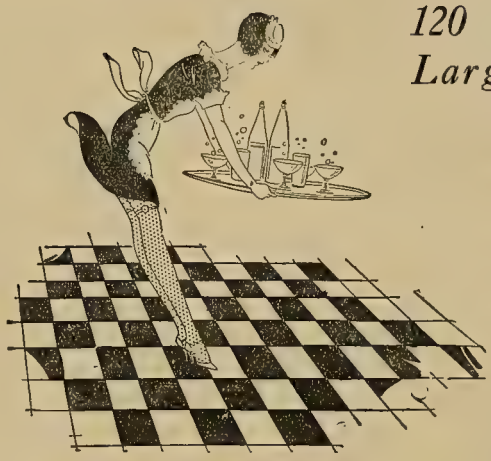
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LITERARY

THE STORY OF LU CHII

Perhaps you may wander some day into the Chinese quarter of New York City. If you do, and your guide is amiable, he will doubtless take you down a narrow, winding street—a bit of old China. There, in front of his little antique shop sits Lu Chii on fine days, when trade is not coming his way. A wizened old man, his crinkled, yellow face beaming benignly; you are assured of a hospitable welcome here. Like many of his countrymen he has not adopted American dress, but wears a faded yellow silk robe, over silk trousers long past their prime. And also like many Chinese he is master of the flute. Holding it between his aged fingers, he raises it to his lips, and you wonder how such a quaint, little Chinaman can produce such music.

The soul of Lu Chii is in the clear, piping notes, resonantly bursting forth. As he plays can you not see beautiful China in the spring time; the lotus in blossom, climbing up a quaint pagoda, and an old man gazing reverently at it; the tea plantation and the women in their faded blouses toiling in the hot sun? You would if you heard Lu Chii play. For that is what Lu Chii himself sees.

Many years ago—Lu Chii was only sixteen—the Lu family came to America, because had they not heard that Buddha had blessed that land of milk and honey, and couldn't they hope and pray and work for the return of the lost fortune, which had gone to aid Old China in her wars against the-not-even-worth-mentioning Tartans? But now—now all the Lus had gone to their ancestors on-high, and only Chii was left to carry on the business of his father, ever hoping and praying that some day he would return to China. But business was poor, and Lu Chii had never earned enough for the fulfillment of his dream.

Recently, however, a millionaire had found his way to Lu Chii's, and had bought an ancient teakwood table for which he had paid a fabulous sum. He had become interested in the little Chinee, and his wonderful playing.

John Hamilton was a dreamer, an unusual dreamer, for his dreams had come true, and he owned the largest steel corporation in the East. Lu Chii, however, had not confided *his* dream, his bright star of the future, to John Hamilton—until one day.

It was a late summer evening. Hamilton, weary after a long day at the office, had wandered down into the peace of Lu Chii's shop. There the old Chinaman had taken out his flute. His heart had opened, and John Hamilton had peeped within and had seen Lu Chii back in old China, wandering at sunset over the hills of Kato-Kan. The tears were in his eyes when Chii had finished playing, and it was then that Lu had unburdened his hope to the millionaire. Class distinction, and more, race prejudice were forgotten. Man to man they talked, two dreamers, two thinkers, so alike, and so utterly different.

* * * *

Plans were made. John Hamilton was going to take his vacation in his private yacht enroute to China. Lu Chii would be on board—his dream at last realized, his hopes fulfilled. On the night before sailing all Chinatown was out to bid Lu Chii bon voyage, and his heart was too full even for playing his beloved flute. Oh, it was good to be even alive. All those years of waiting seemed nothing—they dwindled away into the land of forgotten things.

* * * *

It was the third day at sea. They were nearing the Floridean coast. It was very warm in the Gulf Stream, and Lu Chii was basking in the afternoon sun on the upper deck—too absorbed in his surroundings to even read his aged bound volume of Confucius' teachings, which had been handed down from father to son for many generations of Lus.

On the other side of the boat the Hamilton party was gaily watching a school of porpoises, when one more lively than the rest started jumping into midair, causing the crowd to shout suddenly at his actions. Lu Chii sprang out of his reverie, and started to rush over to the boatside to see the excitement. Half way over, however, he stopped; a sudden tugging at his heart—it had happened several times of late. But it hurt now, and he suddenly sat down, feeling oh so faint. John Hamilton noticed Lu Chii, and hurrying over found his friend gasping for breath. He hurried in to the salon and brought a glass of water. In half an hour Lu Chii seemed himself again—but still weak.

That night a dance was to feature the evening's entertainment. Lu Chii had consented to play his flute, and all had gathered around to hear the beloved music of the old man. Lu Chii was feeling as gay and light-hearted as the young people themselves, but he had just finished his first number when—oh, that pain again. Why couldn't it stay away just tonite? Suddenly he fell back. Why did every thing go black like that?

Later that night Lu Chii became much worse—angina pectoris was the verdict of the ship doctor. Lu Chii felt no pain now, just a pleasant drowsiness in which China seemed to float in and out of his inner consciousness. It was so dim and far away. But the horizon—a black outline—nearer and nearer. Then suddenly he was in the heart of China itself—and strangely enough he was young, wandering down the ancient garden with beautiful little Ah Ming on his arm. Her black eyes were aglow with an inner fire, and her golden lilies tapped softly on the flags beside him. The moon had risen, and its silver threads spun sheaths of light on the old wistaria-covered wall. Beauty—enchantment of that night—and the subtle fragrance of wistaria. Ah Ming had withdrawn her arm now, and was flitting before him, ever eluding him. Why couldn't he catch her? His feet were so heavy, and his head—he could hardly see now. She was fading away—in a minute she would be gone and he would lose her. Then the bells of the old mission of Kato-Kan began to ring, but ever so softly. Would they fade away too?

John Hamilton, tears in his eyes, gazed reverently on Lu Chii's calm, peaceful face; turned, and quietly went out, closing the door behind him. If only Lu Chii had lived to see his beloved country. But Lu Chii had lived, and had seen the China of his youth—and Ah Ming.

Blanche Ainsworth, '32.

"BARBARIAN"

Great music has never been able to hold me;
Your symphonies of exquisite art
Are always too polished for vulgar emotion,
But a jazz melody can break my heart.

Norma Keller, '31.

" . . . AND EVER"

Forever seems so permanent
To reckon by;
But let a gold leaf fall—a bird sing—
Or eye meet eye,
And forever is a transient thing—
A tiny cry.

Norma Keller, '31.



NATURE'S BLEND

My heart
Leaps with joy
When I see a golden sunset—
Its rays like glittering pennies
Dripping low
Across the water.

Water
Shimmering, silver,
Luring the limpid sun
In its last moments on high,
Until it casts down the pennies
For spangles of copper.

Bright
Like gypsy trinkets
They trinkle down and splash,
Lovely on the lake.
There they catch and linger
In the network at her feet.
And there until nightfall they stay,—
Spangles for Lady Lake's gown!

Artists never knew that gold
With silver blended
Until—
Once, in the fading twilight
They saw
A golden sunset
In a silver lake!

Edith Fulton, '30.

THE SUNDIAL'S TALE

If you were to look in the peacock garden of one of the most ancient castles in England, you would find an old sundial on which are inscribed these words: "I mark only the hours that shine." Around this old timepiece there hangs a tale so old that almost everyone has forgotten it, and there are many who have never heard how:

Many, many years ago, when the whole of England was divided into many feudal countries, each vying with the other for supremacy, there lived a king by the name of Asar who ruled over the land with such great justice and kindness that he was loved and revered by all his subjects. He realized, however, that he was growing old, and that the hardest task of his life was upon him—that of choosing his successor. The choice must be made between his twin sons, since, because of the carelessness of a nurse, it was never known which of the two was really the older. At the age of eighteen there was a marked difference between the two lads, Edgar, the larger of the two excelling in all the manly sports of the times, his great strength and skill in warfare making him appear an ideal prince and future ruler, that is, to everyone except his father, who saw in his face too much pride and selfishness. He would not be a good ruler over men. His brother, Rolland, was almost exactly his opposite, for he cared little for horseback riding and less for fighting, both necessary attributes of a King at that time if he wished to retain the respect of his people. But Rolland had other qualities which fitted him to rule over men. He understood them, and by associating with them he learned their weaknesses and thus their secret needs. The King realized all this, but to him Rolland was the favorite. However, many of his counselors opposed this succession because they said that while Rolland would make the more liberal king, he would not protect his country as ably against its warring neighbors. For they thought if Edgar were King he would command not only the respect of his own people with his wonderful feats, but also that of his enemies.

One morning Asar led his two sons into the garden, and as they walked he told them of the responsibilities of a ruler, of the trials he must face and the difficulties he must overcome, and as they passed before the sundial he paused, and pointed out to them the old inscription on its base, "I mark only the hours that shine." "That is a motto which should be inscribed on every page of a King's book of life, a book which must have no blank pages, but be full to overflowing with shining deeds," said he. "Therefore, I charge each of you to go out into the world, and accomplish for yourself as many worthwhile deeds as you can find in the course of the year, and at the end of that time return to me that I may judge

which of you is the better fitted to rule this kingdom."

The next morning the two boys rode out together to the city gates and as they were about to take leave of each other, a messenger met them, appearing to be in a great hurry, with a message for the King. Edgar stopped him and asked the news. He learned that the coast road which he had intended to take had been washed out and covered with water by an unusually high tide that had come up out of the bay about the time when the crops were almost ripe and had ruined everything. This was the third year that this had happened, and the inhabitants were facing famine. After Edgar had heard the story of all the unfortunate things which had happened there, and the discomforts he would have to undergo while travelling through, he decided to take another road. But Rolland decided that something ought to be done for the peasants who had gone through so much, so he changed his route, in order to pass through the stricken place.

Edgar bade his brother "good luck" in a patronizing manner, for there was no doubt in his mind as to who would succeed to the throne. He felt sure that he need not fear his brother, while Rolland who had no room in his heart for petty things, thought nothing of it, and the two parted, one to the right and the other to the left.

Edgar travelled many months, always looking for something great to do, and never finding anything, which according to his idea of things was great enough, until one day he met a knight staggering up the path without the heavy parts of his armour and with only the hilt of his sword in his belt. He walked with such a feeble step that it was evident that he had been severely wounded. The Prince dismounted from his horse, and after giving the unfortunate man a sustaining drink from his flask, heard the story of how he had been driven from his castle by some bandit knights and had been wounded in the struggle. After leaving the dying man in the care of his squire, the Prince rode on to the castle, and resolved to recapture it. As he approached the fortress he saw a great horn hanging beside the gate. Not long after he had blown a mighty blast, a servant appeared and asked his name and business. "My business is for the ears of your felon master alone. Tell him that a Prince of royal birth wishes to avenge the honor and life of the Earl who owns this castle," said Edgar.

A few minutes later a man of extraordinary size rode through the gate on a great war-horse. Without a word the two came together with a clash which echoed through the hills for miles around. So evenly were they matched that the battle lasted a long time, but the celerity and skill of the youth stood him in good stead until he finally managed to drive his sword through the breastplate of his opponent. The felon's followers, when they saw the end come to their master, gave themselves up to the Prince who restored the castle to the Earl's heirs, and after resting for several days went on in search of other adventure.

But Rolland, after he had done all he could to help the people rebuild their houses and recultivate their fields, organized the men together and taught them how to build dikes and dams to keep out the water that might hurt them in the future. All this took so long that by the time he had finished, the year was nearly up and there was no time in which to search for brilliant deeds before returning to his father.

When he got home he found his brother, Edgar, already there, awaiting him with tales of great battles fought and won, and his sense of self-importance greater than ever. When his father had heard his story through, he asked for Rolland's and when the lad told of how he had not had time to do any brilliant deeds, and how he had stopped to help those who had suffered from the flood, his father looked up with tears in his eyes, and said: "You have found the truly great things in life. Your brother has done brilliant things indeed, but

they are things that will tarnish. You have found the things which will shine forever. And you are the one who is the better fitted to rule my kingdom after I am gone."

Dorothy Herring, '32.

SAND DUNES

Sand dunes drifting, drifting,
Over endless waste;
Sea gulls wheeling, wheeling
Upward into space.

Sand dunes glistening, glistening
In the shining sun;
Blue waves rolling, rolling
Slowly one by one.

Sand dunes fading, fading,
Melting in the sky;
Night winds sobbing, sobbing,
Night birds start to cry.

Sand dunes peaceful, peaceful
'Neath the silvery moon;
Waters lapping, lapping
'Gainst each silent dune.

Sand dunes listening, listening
To my whispered love;
Blue stars silent, silent
In the vault above.

Wanda Watson, '31.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

We came upon it suddenly. It wasn't anything that developed gradually into beauty; it sprang upon you unawares. Riding along asphalt roads, trotting decorously, one does not expect to suddenly turn off the road and find godly beauty—the beauty of nature. Trees formed a natural lane through which one walks, breathless in anticipation of the next unveiling of the divine Nature. Fir trees, laying a carpet of green, led onward to the only heaven visible to man. Leaves of yellow upon branches, uplifted in thanks to a Divinity who lavished his life-giving gifts upon them, shook in the soft breeze. Red, green, brown, yellow smatterings of color, enchanting as a rainbow, greeted us on both sides, bespeaking the oncoming change in Nature. The transformation would only add to the glories, for nature in any place is beautiful. Suddenly the path widened and we came upon a broad field, a plain bordered with wide-armed trees silhouetted against a sky, radiant with the setting sun. Snow-capped clouds passed in serene splendor. Waves of clouds billowed in a sea of blue sky. Soft pink and gold deepening into royal rose and yellow announced the passing of another day. Another day rich with the wonders of nature. Another day to marvel and revere the One who blesses us and bestows it upon us.

Terry Kovner, '31.

MOODS

Dear God, why did I yesterday
Look upon the mountains
In calm, cool wonderment?
Marvelling at the bluish-purple
Of their hazy heights,
Topped with heavy bundles
Of gray mist.
The pine trees were still and dead.
The waters mumbled distantly.
I was quite content
To sit and dream
Where I was.
But today, the peaks
Are clear and green.
The sky has drawn away
From the mountains and is blue and laughing.
The pines are beckoning, calling,
Whispering together.
The waters are dancing.
I want to go to the highest peak.
God, help me to climb there.
But no, I do not want to go.
A dull, aching loneliness is creeping over me.
Take away the laughing sky,
The pines that are stretching out their arms to me.
I cannot climb today.
Will there be another day
Of bright blue sky,
Or are all the tomorrows
Gray and purple?
I had better go today.

Elinor Taylor, '30.



1. It Was the Radio

We do not have a radio, therefore we are eccentric. But oh, what peace—what love and understanding abound in our household. Why do people give up these joys simply to listen to some wild and uncouth person charging us to eat grapenuts, or a loud-voiced Borgia exclaiming over the exploits of some future Babe Ruth.

Of course if there is a baby, or even a dog in the family, one is not surprised or distressed by the strange and unlawful noises that are emitted from a loud speaker. We have no such protection, unfortunately, so in no way were we prepared for the distressing elements which entered our home the short time we unwillingly possessed a radio.

It was one cold November morning when I answered a knock at the door. I should have been prewarned by that knock, but also, I was innocent. Unsuspectingly I opened the door, and there on the threshold stood a great hairy ape—or so it seemed to me.

"You want a radio," the words thundered far above me. I smiled indulgently, hoping to pacify the beast, but dared to shake my head. Again thunder rolled, and when I recovered I found myself sitting on the floor with a radio balanced precariously in my lap. The door was shut, and the hairy ape gone. I staggered to my feet and set the radio on a table.

Even at this early date I could feel a difference in the atmosphere. The house seemed cold and dark and from the rear of the house I heard swearing. This was an unheard of thing (our cook is a minister's wife) and from upstairs I could hear the stamping of angry feet, the banging of doors and other such demonstrations of angriness. I sighed despairingly—it was the radio.

When my parents arrived for lunch, they found me sitting in a dejected attitude with my arm around the radio. Naturally I was questioned. What could I say? I was severely reprimanded and sent to bed without my lunch.

It was a weary afternoon and I was restless, and when I did finally drop off to sleep it was only to be chased around and around by the grinning radio and the hairy ape.

Suddenly I was awakened by music, a wedding warch. The first thing I thought of was my sister. She had "gone and done it" and no one had told me. I felt bruised and lonely. As I was preparing to leave my none-too-comfortable bed to congratulate her, the music stopped abruptly. She had been jilted, I thought. Then a voice—"It is now 5:55—central standard time." How embarassing, I thought, and then,—"Station WLW now signing off till 10 P.M." I clutched my head—relief—it was the radio.

Horrible and more horrible. Why was it not dispensed with? I decided to investigate.

I dressed and went downstairs. As I neared the foot I heard squeaks and squawks from the library. I groaned, "If only I could get my hands on that hairy ape," pretending to myself that I would not turn and run if he so much as appeared.

I entered the room in time to hear father calling on vengeance from the heavens. I was shocked—he never swears. It was the radio. Then he appeared to "get something"—at least he said so, but I knew better. However, we listened patiently for an hour or so to the whys and wherefores of the Anti-Ant Killer Society. Dinner was then announced and mother and I held our breaths. Could father be persuaded to come? No, he could not. We ate without him, but to the strains of Paul Whiteman

mixed with a ball game at Pinhook and a child reciting poems. It was all horrible.

After dinner we sat in pretended patience and interest whilst some cavalier proclaimed the wonders of a fish market at Alexandria, intermingled with a beautiful advertisement of a new store, and music from Tin Pan Alley or Harlem. There were other things, but I could never say what they were. Sometime in the course of the evening mother vanished quietly, but I dared not leave. Father was muttering to himself in a sort of mad way, and getting his pipe mixed up with his pencils, poor soul. Occasionally I would hear, "I'll get her," or "Ah, ha, I've got something." But poor disillusioned father had nothing. His hair was quite gray by now and his face was haggard. It was a hectic evening.

The radio was quiet for a moment—then "I've got it," cried father. "New York!" And a strain of beautiful music, unmolested, reached our ears. We listened silently for perhaps five minutes, when into the music broke the harsh and ill-bred words of a man, "Hear ye, hear ye, Whitman's roller skates for ladies are—."

Here I looked at father—his face was terrible to see. With one stroke of his hand, he swept the radio to the floor, and burst into tears. He was uncontrollable. For weeks he was a nervous wreck and not once was the word radio mentioned before him.

Slowly he recovered—but how slowly.

Now he is well and our home is once more to be envied for the perfect understanding within its walls. But how close we came to disaster. How glad I am I can say, "we have no radio."

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

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2. A questionnaire which every Lasell student should be able to answer before graduating

1. What does "little white doves" mean at Lasell?

2. Who should write a book on "The Life and Work of George Augustus?"

3. How does it feel to make a 2.12 train after a 2.10 class?

4. What Juniors would like to do to Seniors the morning after the taking of caps and gowns.

5. What to borrow when going to house parties.

6. Who's to blame when you are told Monday morning that you had a telephone call on Sunday but couldn't receive it?

7. What do you feel like doing when you wake up starving hungry at 7.36?

8. What expression does your face assume when you are nonchalantly walking off with a new pencil you just picked up and its owner discovers you?

9. What attitude do you take when coming back at nine o'clock Monday morning from a week-end and you have four straight classes?

10. What do you feel like doing in February when you think of graduation in June?

11. What do you really do on the last night?

12. What happens to your knees when you see a pink slip or a blue envelope in your box?

Frances Brown, '29.

HANG-OVER

The lake was in disguise last night—
It stole abroad in a mandarin's coat:
A silver dragon slithered
Across the emerald satin of it.
The moon was a holiday lantern
Swung between two stars—
And two cranes stood solemnly
In a clump of water-iris.
Today each wave
Has a wet white handkerchief
Tied around its head.

Norma Keller, '31.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

1. Didja Ever!

Didja ever wake up in the morning,
And find, to your surprise,
That your body was a trifle stiff
'Ceptin' your nose and eyes?

Didja ever move your arms and legs
And find them just a bit sore;
And the more you moved the worse you felt
'Cause it hurt you more and more?

Didja ever decide you just hadda get up
'Cause the minutes were flying fast;
And you groaned, and sighed, and wondered
How long the thing would last

Didja ever hobble off to school
Complaining all the way,
When some dear innocent Junior asks,
"Do you have gym today?"

Didja ever fail to answer them
In fear of what you'd say?
Now I ask you gentle Lasellites,
Didja ever feel this way?

Helen Crego, '30.

2. A Middle Westerner's Idea of Sea Food

You Easterners seem to think you know
Just all about the sea
About the fish and clams and things.
But learn this now from me.

Sardines must be of Scottish descent
They're tight as they can be
They grow in cans, and swim in oil,
And thrive abundantly.

Cape Cod is named for a funny fish
They grow on license plates
They never squirm or move about—
Such queer unfishy traits.

An oyster's characteristics
I never have understood.
He sits about in half shells
And thinks that catsup's good.

And so, you clever Easterners
Just take this word from me.
We Westerners know as much as you
About the fish and sea.

Teddy Pratt, '29.

3. Blue Ship

We went to the little tea-room.
Down on the old rotten wharves.
My friend and I.
Lured there by the spell of the misty, foggy harbor.
Water on three sides of us, water and the
Busy, bustling boats of the harbor;
Stately liners swished along with the
Air of haughty queens;
Important, noisy little tugs tooted their way
In and out among the more dignified boats;
Fishing smacks from little coast towns
Brought in their loads.
Coal barges, black sambos of the sea
Churned slowly back and forth.
And once a garbage scow, unlovely thing,
Chugged all too slowly by.

* * * * *

Our ancestors sailed the seven seas.
Brought home strange cargoes of spices,
Mahogany, Paisley shawls and carved jade fans.
But we, lovers of the sea, can never
Have the thrill of steering a clipper
Straight into the sunset,
A clipper with her sails white and crackling in the gale
No, we can only sit in a tea-room down
On the old rotten wharves—and dream.

Frances Mann, '29.

LE PARC

Au Parc la verdure a pousse
Et les fleurs y ont bourgeonne.
Au bord du lac cous arbres verts
Est gai. Le paysage couvert
La ou le jel d'eau a joue;
La ou les oiseaux ont chante.
Ah nos tristes coeurs sont a Lyons
Au parc "La Tete d'Or." Ah! allons.

Elinor Packard.



EDITORIALS

Am I Blue?

How we love to make ourselves miserable by feeling "blue." It seems to happen logically and naturally when every little thing doesn't go quite right. We almost enjoy it because of the bit of consolation it affords us.

But it seems rather foolish to spend much time in mere self-pity—for isn't that really usually the basis for our "blues?" We feel sorry for ourselves because we're penned up in such merciless confinement. We're even tempted to begrudge others their frequent week-ends because we aren't blessed with such luck.

Then too, it seems to be a natural characteristic of human nature to be discontented. We never fail to want just that thing which we can't have. And so we never stop to appreciate what we do have. I was greatly impressed lately by a letter received from a friend of mine at home in which she said: "I've about come to the conclusion that everyone should stay out of college one year, at least, so that he can really appreciate it when he goes." We often hear such things quoted, but the significance seems to be much deeper when it comes from a personal friend. It makes me wonder if, after all, it isn't rather foolish to waste time feeling blue. These years at school are but a few fleeting ones out of a life of many; and if what our elders and worthy alumnæ say is true, they will some time become our dearest memories. When we're gone, we'll want to be back, you know. So instead of singing, "Am I Blue," we might keep these few lines in mind:

"Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

THE RESTLESS GHOST

It was the cold dark hour of two o'clock. The wind blew in fitful gusts about the corners of the old house, and sighed in the massive chimneys. The rain beat steadily upon the window panes as if trying to find more expanse for its fury.

I sat staring into the fire with a book on my knee. I could not read because of the moan and rush of the storm. In the big hall just outside the door, the storm echoed its weird chant. Countless shadows began to dance as the fire died. I arose. I must get more fuel, if I were to keep the room warm and cheerful. As I stepped into the hall, something seemed to echo up the broad staircase. I moved half way across the hall. The uncanny noise continued. Suddenly, during a lull in the storm, a creak and a groan sounded from a side passage. Startled, I retreated to the safety zone of the lighted room. For fully five minutes I stood there waiting for the noise to come again—but all was silent.

Once more I moved towards the kitchen to get my wood. A narrow streak of light fell behind me from the candles in the room which I had just vacated. The glow cast queer, flickering shadows all over the great hall. One of them moved! It seemed then as if all the shadows crowded down upon me. One great black one moved malignantly closer. Somehow I forced my shaking legs to carry me back to the light again. I flung myself into the sheltering arms of a wing chair, and after the fire had burned out, my tense nerves relaxed and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was broad daylight and bright patches of sunlight shone everywhere. I investigated the side passage from whence

the series of disturbances had arisen a few hours before. It was all so absurd—an old door, swinging back and forth at the mercy of the storm. But what of the shadow? Had it been a distorted dream of my terror-stricken mind, or the real image of some living thing?

A few days later while visiting an old friend in Toronto, I recounted my silly experience and waited for him to laugh heartily at me. To my amazement he didn't even smile. Instead he said, "It *was* a ghost you saw—the most powerful ghost in the world. It follows man from the time he is born to the time he dies. It is always hovering in the background, waiting for a chance to pounce. It follows the criminal to the gibbet, and the innocent child up the dark stairs. It follows the sailor on high seas and the soldier in the teeth of battle. It perches on the bed of the dying. It is first cousin to sin and is the instigator of all crime. Fight it always, or it will conquer you and haunt you forever. Do you know what this restless ghost's name is? It is FEAR—the everlasting shadow." *Wanda Watson,* '31.

THE MOB

Academically a boarding school is no use at all. For a lesson "how to get on in the world" it is. The types found in a school of this nature are typical of the types found along the "Broad Highway" and it is a game of Give and Take. What good will Latin and Algebra be ten years from now? Or is it more important to know how to get on with human beings—to uncover vital sparks that, gathered together make a life brighter, more alive and better lived. Who will remember all the rules of English grammar? Or will there be remembered a noble personality or a glimpse of ideals set high? At a school of any kind why should people keep their noses in a book when around them there are chances to see into a real and living world; to dig down into the hearts and souls that lie so close at hand. "You can never tell a book by its cover"—aren't people books? There is as much in some people as there is in some books. Wastebaskets full of *self* can be thrown away but what a difficult job to gather up all the profits of experience. Let us learn then that there are, in a place of this kind, more advantages than merely that of academic learning.

NEW GIRLS

October 16, 1929.

Dear New Girls:

I should like to welcome each one of you with a warm handshake but as that is not possible, I want you to know through this letter how splendid it is to have so many of you here with us.

We who have been here before, love our Alma Mater, its traditions, its wonderful spirit of friendliness and protection, its teachers and directors who are always ready to help us and through whom we have come to know its ideals.

Lasell has meant this to me and each day seems to make it closer. I know you have felt it too, so make of the friendships, experiences and learning which Lasell gives you, something deep and worthy of remembrance so that when you look back upon these days they will flash across your memory like a fleck of dust in the slanting rays of the sun. Next year you will carry on the "torch." I know you will hold it high.

Sincerely,
Mary V. Moss, '30.

WELCOME

What a fine start we have towards making this Lasell's finest year. Our new girls are of the highest type and we old girls certainly welcome you to be one of us. We are going to work with all that is in us, to make Lasell, our parents and friends proud of us, are we not?

Our first step this year is the new chapel regulations. So far, the plan is most successful and we of the student council who have to back it thank you for your genuine cooperation. It is vastly important that the student body

work hand in hand with the student council. We are representatives of you girls and therefore we want to get your ideas, new plans, objections, and see if we can help you in your difficulties. But we cannot work for your benefit if you do not go by our school regulations, *except* that we may correct and start you right again. You girls must visualize the significance of our positions and help us all you can. We will do likewise.

We have many new ideas for our school year and we hope that gradually, one by one, some of these ideas will materialize.

Again we welcome our new girls and hope that your first year at Lasell will prove to be a happy and most beneficial one. The student council is at everyone's service and we will of course make it a point to meet you half way, as we expect you to meet us.

Helen Roberts, '30.



Under has begun another year, with his first attempt at maintaining a long-established standard. Though he found himself a bit stiff and lazy after his past few months of idleness, he is already scurrying around, getting warmed up for real action.

The first contributions of the new staff members predict that Under will have able cooperation throughout the year. We are pleased with the glimpse of "old China" which Blanche Ainsworth has given us—and we find ourselves interested in the rather pathetic figure of Lu Chii. We are glad to see that Dorothy Herring has returned with another bit of merrie England in the days of knights and chivalry. Teresa Kovner has commendably done a supposedly impossible thing—pictured the beauty of an autumn sunset. And Norma Keller has introduced some fascinating bits of verse—as have several others also proven their talents in the realm of poetry.

Altogether we feel very well satisfied, though we regret the absence in this issue of a really thrilling love story. Which reminds us that we wish to impress upon you all the fact that we are willing and eager to receive any contributions which you might have for the LEAVES, and hope that, when the spirit moves you, you will immediately "take up your pen and write."

Under now bids you adieu, hoping to please you in every way. *M. H.,* '30.

ATHLETICS

Our year for athletics has started with great vigor and we want to keep it up! Hockey and soccer teams are going strong, although more girls are *always* welcome. Every Tuesday and Thursday there is hockey practice for all that are interested.

The A. A. is working hard to put over the new plan for the blue and white teams. Eventually the whole student body will be divided into one team or the other. Little skull caps and megaphones will be given to everyone, and we're hoping this will create a spirit unequaled by any other year. The blue and whites will have their own hockey, soccer, basket-ball and swimming teams, including all other sports. The teams will play for points and the winning team will be awarded—what? Just wait and see! Out of each team will be chosen eleven players and from these we will have our *Varsity.*

This is one of the finest ideas for sports in a school of our type and size. Please, girls, take advantage of it, and help us *all* you can. If you can't *possibly* make a go at *playing* the games, come out and help those who can by giving them some *hearty cheers.*



September 24: Arrival of new girls. It did not take them long to get accustomed to Lasell, and by evening, many friendships had been formed.

September 25: The return of the old girls was celebrated with an orchestra during dinner, and an informal dance in the chapel after dinner where the Seniors had a chance to meet their "new girls."

September 26: Dr. Winslow welcomed both the old and new girls at the first chapel service. Classes began and the regular routine for the year had commenced.

September 28: Stunt night, which was in charge of the Seniors was thoroughly enjoyed by all. There were many new and different sketches, while the Highwayman Came Riding as he has done before.

September 29: The new girls went to the Senior houses after vespers to learn the Lasell songs. Light refreshments were served.

Rev. Boynton Merrill spoke at vespers on the subject of "The Open Door." We were all very pleased to see and hear him again.

October 6: Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt spoke at vespers. He analyzed and gave us his interpretation of the twenty-third psalm.

October 8: Many girls went on the Plymouth trip, going in four buses. They passed through many places of interest from Auburndale to Plymouth and then went to Duxbury where they enjoyed a clambake given at Mr. Amesbury's summer home. After the bake, games were played and everyone had a wonderful time. They returned to Lasell about 7.30. Senior elections were held in Gardner after study hour. The results were announced later to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and to the three Junior houses.

President, Mary Moss
Vice-President, Kay Fitch
Secretary, Janice Whittaker
Treasurer, Dorothy Kaull
Song Leader, Elinor Taylor
Cheer Leader, Helen Crego

October 12: First formal dance of the year was held at Woodland Park. It was the Old Girl-New Girl dance. There was a very good orchestra and everyone enjoyed herself greatly.

October 13: At vespers Rev. Douglas Horton spoke of "Ideals and Morals." It was a very interesting talk.

EXCHANGES

Unusual, and to our liking is the May 28th cover of the Ward-Belmont *Hyphen.* Originality generally gains favor and always attracts. We are looking forward to the 1929-1930 *Hyphen* under the new direction of Betty Lane as Editor-in-Chief.

"The Centennial" is a cleverly and smoothly-worded poem which appears in the Centennial number of the Abbot *Courant.*

Much enjoyment can be obtained from reading the highly imaginative (yet quite possible) story "Abbot in 2029." We compliment the Centennial on being one of the best numbers published by the *Courant.*

From the Bradford Academy *Quill* a vivid picture is painted for us in the description of "Quaint old St. George's." So well done is it that one can feel the mellowness of this little town. We believe that the personal snaps found in the *Quill* add much to the personality of this magazine. A fine idea are they.

The *Chand Bagh Chronicle,* one of our finest exchanges, sends in a July copy. Such a number we find rather unusual since most college magazines claim June as their closing month.

We wish to thank all of our other exchanges for their contributions, but lack of space prohibits us from commenting.



The past summer and early fall have been especially happy seasons for a favored few of our Lasell girls. The following announcements will explain the cause for their special rejoicings.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Emmert Hitt announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Rowland, '27, to Mr. Ralph Coatsworth Perkins on Wednesday, June 19, at Chicago.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Lucile Robson, 1923-1924, to Mr. Bonne Ellison Beneyfield. Mr. and Mrs. Beneyfield are now at home at 6424 Woodcrest Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Saturday, July 6, Mary Mitchell McAvey, '28, became the bride of Mr. Paul LeRoy Miller at Bangor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murchison have announced the marriage of their daughter, Catherine, '21, to Mr. Charles Milton Purviance on July 27.

On August 3, Frances Dorothea Finney, '25, was married to Mr. Charles Huntington Clark at Malone, New York.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Virginia Wood, '26, to Mr. Victor E. McKay, Jr., on May 16, 1929.

Mrs. Marion Simonds Morton announces the marriage of her daughter, Uula, 1926-1928, to Mr. Isaac Dolphus Short, Second. Mr. and Mrs. Short are now at home to their friends at 610 Salem Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stanley Miller have announced the marriage of their daughter, Josephine Dean, '25, to Mr. Hays Augustien Berry on Saturday, July 20. Mr. and Mrs. Berry's new address is 6 Washington Court, Stamford, Ct.

On June 22, Rosenda Cabrera, '19, became the bride of Mr. Leland Matheis in New York City.

On Wednesday, August 14, Miss Ellen Hemmeon, and Rev. Robert Miller were married at Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Miss Hemmeon was for several years a member of the faculty of Lasell Seminary.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Mildred Annette Knight, '21, to Mr. Leslie Everett Norwood, on Saturday, June 29, at South Portland, Maine.

Mr. Amos M. Landis announces the mar-

riage of his daughter, Esther Mae, '18, to Mr. Daniel Carter Frost on Saturday, October 13, 1929, at Lancaster, Pa.

On Tuesday, June 18, Marjorie Sewall Taylor, '28, became the bride of Mr. Amos William Flemings.

Bernice Ina Cunningham, 1923-1924, and Mr. Eldridge Smith were married at Longmeadow, Mass., on April 20. Mr. and Mrs. Smith's new address is 230 Fort Pleasant Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Waddell Clokey (Cleora Brooks, '01) announce the marriage of their daughter, Carolyn Elson, to Mr. William Mixer Houghton on August 31.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Straight have announced the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, '17, to Mr. Harold Jackson Mock on Wednesday, August 28. Mr. and Mrs. Mock are now at home at Cregier Manor, 7010 Cregier Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

On Saturday, September 7, the marriage of Olive Marble French, '29, and Mr. Alexander King Whitehead was solemnized at Willimantic, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead's new home is at 803 Broadway, Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. William Webster Willson have announced the marriage of their daughter, Helena Elizabeth, '29, to Mr. Henry Lloyd Hanson on Thursday, September 12, at Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Kirby announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Elizabeth, 1922-1925, to Mr. Donald Wilber Ogilvie on Saturday, September 7.

Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Sidney Copeland announce the marriage of their daughter, Brenda Martin, '24, to Mr. Edward Anderson Marshall on Saturday, October 12, at Rochester, N. H.

On August 24 at Canton, Ohio, Christine Van Fossen Oby, '27, became the bride of Mr. Edgar Wagstaff Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are now living at 114 Holden Green, Cambridge, Mass.

On Tuesday, August 27, Martha Grace Carl, '26, was married to Mr. Harold Jasper Chase at Schenectady, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon Wells announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Whiting, '29, to Mr. Henry Thompson Furneaux on Saturday, September 7, at Haverhill, Mass.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Laurestein Lavinia Foster, 1921-1922, and Mr. Frank Perkins Knight, Jr., Saturday, October 19, at Norway, Maine.

An invitation has also been received to the wedding of Mary Freeman, '26, and Mr. William Bell Wisdom on Wednesday evening, October 30, at New Orleans, La.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Prather Thomas announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, '29, to Mr. Thomas Donald Neal on Saturday, October 12, at Paris, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Neal will be at home after November 1 at 420 West Chestnut Street, Paris, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reimers announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Alene to Mr. Donald Coleman Griffin on Saturday, June 15, at Grand Island, Nebraska.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Elizabeth Barker Almy, '27, and Mr. Carl Kimball Lincoln on Saturday, November 2, at Tiverton, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clark Stultz announce the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Catherine, 1923-1924, to Mr. Paul Bogart Schatt on Saturday, October 12 at Clinton, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Schatt are now at home to their friends at 4910 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

The following engagements have been announced: Elizabeth Barker Almy, '27, to Mr. Carl Kimball Lincoln; Minnie Joy Remick, '27, to Mr. Basil Gray Dandison; Helen Hawes, '28, to Mr. Perley Loomis; Elizabeth H. Hunter, 1928-1929, to Mr. Alexander H. Walsh, Jr.; Helen M. B. Black, '25, to Mr. George Edward Sprague.

The latest, most authentic and gratifying news of our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon,

comes to us by way of our Miss Ransom, Mrs. Bragdon's sister. She declares: "Tell the girls that letters received this week from Mrs. Bragdon and Belle report Dr. Bragdon is doing splendidly." It sounds as though he must be wholly over his recent illness and is as keenly interested as usual in Lasell's old girls and new. His address at present is Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood, California. If he could speak, we feel sure his timely word would be "subscribe for the LEAVES," and the Personal Editor ventures to add, "Old girls, extend to Dr. Bragdon a loving line of congratulation over his recovery."

In August last our National Treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing '73, was again a resident Lasell girl. For three happy weeks (for us) she was Dr. Winslow's guest at Bragdon Hall. Almost every moment of her time was devoted to the interests of our Alumnae Association and between times she delighted us with reminiscences of the old days and ways at Lasell. We venture to prophesy some valuable and lasting good will result from this, her latest labor of love in our midst.

Our Alma Mater's song might ever be "mine own shall come again to me." From the very ends of the earth as well as nearby stations they come, dear, loyal Lasell graduates and old girls. Among the latest delegation was a trio of Doris Brown Ranlett, '21, Louise Jackson Davol, '22, and Ana Clark Keith, '22. Doris is the mother of a precious future Lasell girl (1943, we hope), and Louise in ye olden times vernacular has not aged a bit. Costa Rica must have its own fountain of youth and Ana has drank thereof, for this mother of two little ones looked just as young and beautiful as our Ana of 1922. It was a joy to welcome them home.

A day or two following Doris Lougee Dow, '24, and Alice Ury Anthony, '24, had a surprise luncheon at Lasell with their classmate, Frances Badger, '24, now at the head of Lasell's Physical Education unit. It did our hearts good to hear Doris refer with pride to her little son.

The official residence of Elizabeth Oppel Morris, '26, is New York, but she spends much of her time at her old home in Connecticut. She is a model home maker and also like her mother before her is given up largely to philanthropic works. She painted a charming picture of Christine Lalley Sullivan, '23, and her little family, and also brought good news of Mr. Lalley who long ago was made an honorary member of the Lasell family.

At every turn we miss our dear Miss Witherbee and are only reconciled when we learn of her present happy life as the home maker for her brother who, like herself, has just retired from active service. Mr. Witherbee was connected for many years with one of the Delaware railroads. Both are enjoying to the full the freedom of their own home. Miss Witherbee's address is Seaford, Delaware.

AN APPRECIATION

October brings the autumnal mood. And inevitably, the autumnal mood brings what the French have called "la tristesse" which "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain." There is a feeling of familiar horizons left far behind, of beloved faces fading, and accustomed voices receding. Changes. Departures.

This October brings a fresh pang to that recurring period of faint nostalgia. There is a gap in the ranks unbridgeable and it reaches not only the girls of 1930 Lasell, but the alumnae of North and South, East and West, who are saying to themselves in plaintive bewilderment, "Lasell without Miss Witherbee?" It is difficult for us to realize it; it deepens our homesickness to know that, even were we to climb Bragdon's carpeted stair, there would be no dignified white head bending over the evening's reading, no swift quizzical smile lifted to greet us in the little room on "Second."

No, the girls of thirty years and more, prefer rather to remember Lasell charged with that strict yet gracious presence,—to go on believing that the voice that could command and later, caress, the eyes that twinkled even over a scolding, the touch that steadied many

a quivering Junior, are still part and parcel of a community infinitely and permanently dear to us.

It would be impossible to disassociate Mary P. Witherbee and Lasell. Physical separation is powerless to sever the deep spiritual tie that exists. There will always be, on Bragdon Hill, a sense of her nearness.

The truest appreciation, and the simplest (which simplicity she herself would ardently desire) of Miss Witherbee would be a repetition of the Dedication of the *Lamp* of '26, which said of her: "A fine and splendid spirit that has found consecration in work, and loveliness in duty, one who truly deserves the titles, Woman, Scholar, Friend."

If but one thing you gave
From richness of your store
'Twould be the words, "Look high,"
And God requires no more.

Mariesta Dodge Howland, '26.

The latest line from Maurine Moore Allen, 1919-1920, contains a snapshot of the "sweetest boy on earth" and who could or would dare to gainsay this loving mother's estimate of her Berry William.

Marjorie Maxfield, '27, ran across the border into Canada this summer and sent a charming picture of Niagara from the Canadian viewpoint. Incidentally told of her delightful visit with Mary Smeeman Dolley, 1926-1927.

In mid-summer Gladys Stults, 1909-1910, sent this salutation to us from Alaska: "This is a strange, wonderful land of totem poles, glaciers, midnight sun, gold mines, dog trains and snow-capped mountains." From the same, far-away countrie, Miss Grace Austin also sent greetings and later a charming detailed account of her eventful vacation in the far North.

Old girls are constantly asking, "How is Mrs. Martin and what is she doing?" This excerpt from the Leland Powers School paper answers in a very delightful way their question.

"Blanche C. Martin, for many years head of the department of Expression at Lasell Seminary, is this fall to join the Faculty of Leland Powers. Her mission is to impart to the students her own love of poetry and its relation to life. Mrs. Martin believes, with the school, that life itself if lived nobly can be the most beautiful of all poems. The school feels that it is indeed fortunate in having secured Mrs. Martin."

Lasell adds its hearty congratulations to Mrs. Martin and Leland Powers School and wishes the former head of our Expression Department continued success.

We recently received from our Edith Hussey, '28, this novel announcement: "Miss Edith Hussey announces the opening of her "Speak-O-Phone Studio for the recording of personal phonograph records on September sixteenth, 171 Newbury Street, Boston. Hours 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Telephone Commonwealth 1724." All success to Edith in this, her new and most interesting venture.

There are six Vermont students attending our school this year, eleven native Vermonters in our official circle and as if that were not enough, to satisfy graduates and old girls from the Green Mountain State are frequently proving their loyalty by appearing in our midst. Doris Cleasby, '27, brought her younger sister with her and made us a real visit. Eleanor Dorman, 1926-1928, Louise Adams, 1926-1928, and Barbara Lawson, '28, each in turn gladdened our hearts by reporting at the school. Eleanor and Louise have positions in their native state and Barbara is "holding down" a fine position in the sanitarium at Attleboro, Mass.

The following little new recruits have recently come to gladden the hearts and homes of Lasell "old girls."

Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian Herbert Frey (Fannie Gates, '17,) announce the arrival of Daniel Gates Frey on August 12.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Whitman (Louise Hegeman '25,) announce the birth of a little daughter, Jean, on June 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Rogers, Jr. (Louise Denison '26,) are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, Marilyn, on September 27.

On October 4, little Nancy Estelle Keeler came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Keeler (Ruby Holabird, '25).

On June 18 a little daughter, Marcia, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Norman McKinney (Lavinia Fera '16).

On June 12, a little daughter, Dorothy Jean, was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bailey (Vera Studley, '28).

Some one has reported that Nadine Strong James, '26, has a little daughter. We wish this radiantly happy mother would take time to tell us the baby's name and date of arrival.

Eleanor Steele, '25, another Vermonter, writes from Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia: "Our Principal, Miss Reed, has the intention within a short time of introducing a course in shorthand and typewriting and I have been invited to take charge of this department. I appreciate the compliment as I was chosen for the position from the ten secretaries on the campus. Have also been raised to the private secretaryship of the President and am grateful for these signs of appreciation from my superiors."

Sally Mackay Roblin, '26, in writing to Dr. Winslow acknowledges courtesies received from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and adds intensely interesting news about her life in the Philippines: "January being our vacation month, we went to Angkor. It is all utterly beyond imagination. What a people the Khmers must have been to have conceived of such a work of art! It seems impossible that such a people could entirely disappear as they seem to have done. We found Angkor-Vat, the temple, more impressive than the Thom, the city. In its glory there were over a million inhabitants! Six hundred public buildings have been discovered! They are still working in the Thom to recover it from the jungle. The Vat, which was built after the Thom, is the better preserved—the jungle did not enfold it as it did the Thom. The carvings are wonderful:—battle scenes, methods of tortures, cock fights—more or less their daily life. They say photographs have been taken of many of the carvings to be used as lace patterns. If I could find adequate words I could go on forever, almost, but words fail to describe the wonders of Angkor."

Sally includes in her cordial greetings "just everyone" and also was thoughtful enough to send a money order for her endowment pledge.

It was indeed tantalizing to run across Frances Royce, '24, and Kay, '27, as we left the seminary, but they tarried long enough to announce the important news that Kay is entering the Waltham Hospital this fall and spent the past year in Nassau. We hope these dear sisters will come again soon. We would like to hear the full story of their doings.

Helen McNab, '25, dropped in just for a moment long enough to let us see that she was, as unusual, well and certainly happy. Reports a beautiful summer and that Martha Fish, '25, is busier than ever in her work in the Nurses' Hospital. Wish we could induce Martha to come home once in a while.

Christina Finlayson, '28, and Betty Smith, '28, were over one evening and enthusiastic as ever in their chosen professions. Christina is a full-fledged instructor of music and Betty Smith is enjoying her secretarial work immensely.

Jean Taggert, 1922-1923, was the guest recently of Miss Perley. We were glad even to catch a glimpse of her and she had an intensely interesting item concerning Miss Ruth Nice. We are not at liberty to give the whole story. That must be reported later.

Our Dean had a most delightful letter from Jane Gray, '29, during the summer. She and her family were touring Ohio and also had had a lovely visit at Atlantic City.

Annie Crowe Collum, '09, was kind enough to tarry for several days after the Trustees' meeting as the guest of Mrs. McDonald. One evening, to our great delight, she dined at Bragdon Hall and in the company was Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05. We regretted that an engagement took them away immediately after the meal, but later we had an interview with

Annie Crowe in which she told us that Katherine Wheeler, '09, is having great success in the musical world, being one of the teachers in the public schools of St. Paul.

Miss Potter was made unusually happy recently by a visit from Louise Fischer, '29, and Dorothy England, '29. Louise is a full-fledged student at M. I. T. at present and Dorothy will take up her art studies at Boston University at Christmas time. Our best wishes for their success.

Lasell is honored by having several sisters and daughters of "old girls" enrolled this year. They are: Lillian Carl, sister of Martha and Charlessa Carl; Virginia Cleasby, sister of Doris Cleasby; Harriet Cole, sister of Helen Cole; Irene Ginzberg, sister of Florence Ginzberg; Lenna Lyon, daughter of Ida Mallory Lyon; Martha Louise Roberts, sister of Marie Roberts Parent; Jane Victoria Spear, daughter of Ray Spitz Spear; Virginia Hinshaw, sister of Helen Hinshaw, and Mary Augusta Tucker, sister of Joyce.

Following is the latest word from Edith Thorpe, '27:

"I presume Lasell is now in the full swing of opening activities. From Senora Orozco's report when she attended our New Haven Lasell Club's annual luncheon last spring, I judge that Lasell is living up to her ever progressive quality of successful expansion. Senora's enthusiasm was as engaging as ever and the affair turned out to be the occasion of much merriment and good camaraderie in the true Lasell spirit. In her account of school she revealed the growing need of the Lasell Endowment Fund and it is sincerely hoped that with the fortunate addition of this year's graduates (five in number) to our membership, the club will respond to that need with renewed interest and at the next annual luncheon be in a position to present a gift.

"This Wednesday we held an extremely inspiring first meeting. Ruth Beckley, 1927-1928, was elected president, Helen Kowalewski, '28, vice-president, and Juliette Beach Barker, '13, secretary, for the year. Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell, '14, remained for a year longer as treasurer. We were very glad to have two such recent Lasell girls elected officers. All but one of the five new members above mentioned were present, which, I believe, adds considerably to an optimistic outlook for the year. In case you would like to know their names: Charlotte Brooks, '29, Dorothy Bishop, 1927-1928, Betty Ellenberger, '29, and Maude Williams, '29.

"This Saturday I am sailing with my parents on the S. S. Pennsylvania for California, via the Panama Canal. Our sojourn there will be rather indefinite as to time. I have a three months' leave of absence from my position at Yale University, but I may ask to have it extended. On my return will stop in Denver to visit Bernice Decker Nordmark, 1925-1927, and also in Omaha to see Ruth Willard, 1926-1927. Lillian Grant, '20, of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, has kindly offered to introduce me to the Southern California Valley Lasell Club by correspondence. It will be splendid to meet Lasell girls in this far western corner of the United States. If we like the Pacific Coast well enough, there is the possibility that we might locate there. At all events I hope nothing will keep me from returning in 1932 for my fifth reunion.

"I find Maude Williams, '29, extremely well located in one of New Haven's finest private banking firms, the Edward Bradley and Company. And confidentially—I have heard that the head of the firm stated that she is the finest stenographer without previous experience that he has ever had the pleasure of meeting. He thinks if she is a sample of Lasell training that the school deserves high recommendation.

"My best regards to you and Mrs. Winslow and Marjorie. I met a New Haven Tufts girl this summer, Rhoda Thatcher, who knows Marjorie and told me of her progress at college. Also please remember me to Miss Potter, Miss Blackstock, and Mademoiselle. I

often think of Miss True and hope that I'll have the opportunity of seeing her again when I return to Auburndale."

At a recent meeting of the students, Jeanette Gessner, '30, was elected President of the Christian Endeavor Society and Charlotte Ridley, '30, was elected President of Missionary Society. Clare Hightower, '30, was elected President of the Dance Club.

Everybody's happy and no one surprised that Margaret Wethern, '29, has made a hit in the business world. She very properly began the year by coming from Wisconsin to New England for a vacation and making a detour in favor of Lasell. Secretary Margaret has a desirable position with the Gillette Rubber Company of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. She occasionally sidesteps to her financial advantage. Let her tell the incident in her own racy fashion in her latest letter to Helen Beede, '21. She writes: "Well, for once my pen did a little for me—a very little it is true, but a welcome gift just at present. They had a contest—to write definitions for 'Eau Claire-itis,' a slogan they had for Eau Claire day at the Northern State fair. I thought I might as well have first prize as anyone, so I sat down and wrote off a definition and won it—ten dollars. So now I guess I'll get a contest streak and see if I can get some more luck, naming things and constructing Colliergraphs, etc!" This little expert has Lasell's best wishes.

In her personal note to our Registrar's private secretary, Catherine Whiley, '29, writes: "I'm entered here at Ohio Wesleyan as a Junior with all my hours from Lasell accredited and my marks worth the same as they were at Lasell. Speaks pretty good for the old stamping ground, doesn't it? June Pankhurst, '29, is here too—lives just across the street from me and each morning we go forth at the ungodly hour of seven o'clock to class. Yesterday morning we were both pledged to Delta, Delta, Delta Sorority so you see how Lasell hangs together even way out here in Ohio. I'm famished for Lasell news and would certainly appreciate getting it first hand from you." We are justly proud of our Lasell unit now at Ohio Wesleyan.

It seemed quite in order to see Jane Ayr, '29, in our midst. We could not draw her aside from her devoted friends long enough to find out her present occupation, but apparently she is happy in it.

Thank you, Gertrude Stone, for that lovely picture of Camp Moy Mo Da Yo at Cornish, Maine. It is easy to believe you had a "wonderful time" during your vacation at this ideal spot.

During the late summer our Assistant Dean, Mrs. McDonald, accompanied Miss Hayden on a delightful motor trip up to the Katherine Ridgeway Camp in Jefferson, Maine. They reached there in time to join Gwendolyn in celebrating her birthday.

Through the thoughtfulness of her son, Arthur L. Wallace, we received recently the sad tidings that Mrs. Frances Maynard Wallace, '74, had passed away. Mrs. Luella Dadmun Brooks, '74, also sent word of the death of her classmate after a short illness. With unusual sorrow we learn of the passing of one of our oldest and most beloved graduates. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and friends.

Dorothy Hayward is now a full-fledged Sophomore in Brown University. She visited Lasell recently and told us of the wonderful celebration at Brown at the time of the inauguration of their new President. Dorothy had the honor of serving at the tea and the special honor of having Secretary Hughes as one of her patrons. She is enthusiastic over Brown but none the less loyal and devoted to Lasell.

FACULTY NEWCOMERS

Miss Muriel McLellan of Newton Centre has come to the Physical Education Department in place of Miss Rickard, who left to continue her studies at Boston University.

Miss McLellan has attended Oberlin University, the Boston School of Physical Education, and graduated from Boston University in 1929.

Miss Annette MacNeil of Cleveland, Ohio, graduate of the Cleveland School of Art, is conducting an interesting course in Crafts, the Hawthorne kitchen being the laboratory for her classes. Miss MacNeil takes Mrs. Palmateer's place, Mrs. Palmateer taking a long deserved rest from her arduous labors.

Miss Ruth Pitcher of Keene, N. H., and a graduate of the University of New Hampshire, has joined our Home Economics Department. Miss Pitcher knows all the Lasell girls who have made the school at Durham, N. H., a veritable post-graduate department of Lasell. She takes Miss Jerome's place, the latter teaching this year in a High School nearer home.

Miss Florence Roberts of Braintree, graduate of the Chandler School in Boston, has come to the Department of Secretarial Science. This part of our school had such a large enrollment that an additional teacher was required. We are glad that it necessitated the coming of Miss Roberts, who has taught two years in the Malden High School and one year in Vermont Academy in Saxon's River, Vermont.

Miss Norma Washburn of East Bridgewater, also a graduate of the Chandler School in Boston, has taken Miss Cobb's place, Miss Cobb having joined the matrimonial ranks. Miss Washburn has taught two years in the Chelsea Williams School, the largest Junior High School in New England, and in the Milton High School before coming to Lasell.

Miss Mary Williams of Waterville, N. Y., comes to take Mrs. Briggs' place, after having taught for 14 years in Smith College. Miss Williams will have charge of the Glee Club this year.

SCHOOL ROSTER

Martha Jane Adams, Toledo, Ohio
Rosamond Crosby Adams, Longmeadow, Mass.
Dorothy Estelle Aftel, Toledo, Ohio
Blanche Mary Ainsworth, Rockville, Conn.
Doris Mae Alley, West Hartford, Conn.
Beatrice Stetson Alderman, Springfield, Mass.
Irene Rae Alperin, Syracuse, N. Y.
Anne Elizabeth Baker, Manchester, N. H.
Ethel Vivian Baker, Arlington, Mass.
Doris Serena Baldwin, Kensington, Conn.
Florence Anna Ball, Vergennes, Vermont
Kathryn Louise Ball, Middletown, N. Y.
Priscilla Barber, West Newton, Mass.
Elizabeth Leanna Bear, Evanston, Ill.
Natalie Beaumont, Washington, D. C.
Ansonette Jordan Beckwith, Boston, Mass.
Ruth Louise Bee, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Barbara Belcher, Westwood, N. J.
Mildred Elizabeth Bell, Brookline, Mass.
Vivien Constance Bennis, New York, N. Y.
Natalie Glover Best, Allston, Mass.
Lucienne Blanchard, Madison, Maine
Louise Blumgardt, New York, N. Y.
Jean Bogardus, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Alice Freda Bohn, Princeton, N. J.
Marguerite Boyd, Gloversville, N. Y.
Zelma Eleanor Briggs, Haverhill, Mass.
Esther Simcox Brodeur, Worcester, Mass.
Dorothy Grace Brown, Lexington, Mass.
Evelyn May Brownell, Taunton, Mass.
Charlotte Woodhouse Buck, Wethersfield, Conn.
Bertha Hattie Burnham, Freedom, N. H.
Dorothy Natalee Camin, Detroit, Mich.
Agatha Sexton Canfield, Canaan, Conn.
Lilian Esther Carl, Schenectady, N. Y.
Julia Chaffee Case, Hartford, Conn.
Lois Case, West Hartford, Conn.
Kathryn Chamberlain, Wollaston, Mass.
Roxanne Josselyn Christopher, Auburndale Mass,
Lorraine Clark, Millis, Mass.
Sarah Wendell Clark, Washington, D. C.
Virginia Atwood Cleasby, Orleans, Vt.
Helen Ann Coffey, Brockton, Mass.
Harriet Christine Cole, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joan Ruth Collier, Melrose, Mass.
Kathleen Comstock, Richmond, Ind.
Alyce Etta Conary, Ellsworth, Maine
Betty Condit, Beardstown, Ill.
Natalie Converse, Indian Orchard, Mass.
Corinne Cowdrey, Needham, Mass.
Nancy Ann Cowgill, Wabash, Ind.
Marion Louise Craig, Oak Park, Ill.
Helen Elizabeth Crego, Harrisburg, Pa.
Katherine Creighton, Thomaston, Maine
Marion Elizabeth Crosby, Brighton, Mass.
Ruth Crowell, Watertown, Mass.
Ruth Esther Cruickshank, Norwich, Conn.
Dorothy Curtis, Berlin, N. H.
Elizabeth Stevenson Daun, Cohasset, Mass.

Anne Watson Davidson, Auburndale, Mass.
Betty Jane Davis, Toledo, Ohio
Evelyn Naomi Davis, Needham, Mass.
Mamie Isabella Davis, Detroit, Mich.
Elizabeth Chase Day, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Betty Taylor Dean, Indianapolis, Ind.
Clara Louise Dietz, Newton Centre, Mass.
Ruth Doherty, Flushing, N. Y.
Dorothy Virginia Douglass, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Kathryn, Manning Dow, West Hartford, Conn.
Honoria Ruskin Drew, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Helen Elizabeth Drysdale, Newark, N. J.
Marjorie Ethel Du Bois, Concord, N. H.
Juanita Marie Dudley, Old Saybrook, Conn.
Dorothy Louise Dunham, East Hartford, Conn.
Pollyanna Fetterman Dunlavy, Ashtabula, Ohio
Elinor Martha Ebbels, Summit, N. J.
Barbara Edmands, Auburndale, Mass.
Naomi Marguerite Ekdahl, Durham, N. H.
Karin Ingeborg Eliason, Ellsworth, Maine
Ruth Carolyn Ericson, Longmeadow, Mass.
Ruth Katharine Fackler, Harrisburg, Pa.
Margaret Ferguson, Bisbee, Arizona
Jane Filstrup, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Mildred Elizabeth Fischer, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Katherine Moore Fitch, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Sarah Bozeman Fletchall, Northampton, Mass.
Beulah Caroline Fletcher, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Barbara Coolidge Forbes, Arlington, Mass.
Jean Fosdick, Lewiston, Maine
Elizabeth Miriam Foster, Lowell, Mass.
Nancy Crary Fowler, Newton Highlands, Mass.
Janet Edna Fox, Chicago, Ill.
Betty Ann Frank, Ligonier, Pa.
Edith Newcomb Fulton, Indianapolis, Ind.
Alma Elizabeth Gale, Binghampton, N. Y.
Ruth Lola Galusha, Caldwell, N. J.
Elizabeth Gay, Lawrence, Mass.
Ruth Walcott Gerry, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Jeanette Elizabeth Gessner, New Haven, Conn.
Ella Estelle Geyer, South Berwick, Maine
Clara Marie Giarla, Winthrop, Mass.
Irene Ginzberg, Brookline, Mass.
Polly Godfrey, Auburndale, Mass.
Sylvia H. Goldenson, Scottdale, Pa.
Helen Katherine Gorham, Houlton, Maine
Rosslyn Gorney, Boston, Mass.
Priscilla Gould, Hyde Park, Mass.
Vivian Phyllis Gould, Lawrence, Mass.
Mary E. Granahan, Quincy, Mass.
Mildred Josie Guyette, Hilton, N. Y.
Mary Elizabeth Hacker, Fort Fairfield, Maine
Christine Northrop Hadsell, Pass Christian, Miss.
Dorothy Davis Hall, Lawrence, Mass.
Alice Bell Hamlin, Buffalo, N. Y.
Eileen Maud Hancock, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Eleanor Elizabeth Hankey, Petoskey, Mich.
Elizabeth Hanmer, Wethersfield, Conn
Catharyn Tenney Hare, Waltham, Mass.
Evelyn Elizabeth Hart, Unionville, Conn.
Doris Colatia Hatch, Winthrop, Mass.
Ruth Violet Hehner, Bogota, N. J.
Dorothy Cochlin Herring, Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Rhea Herrup, West Hartford, Conn.
Libbey Ina Hershon, Cambridge, Mass.
Marjorie Hewitt, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Sarah Elizabeth Heyer, Madison, N. J.
Clare Douglass Hightower, New Orleans, La.
Marjorie Taggert Hilliard, Framingham, Mass.
Virginia Irene Hinshaw, Kansas City, Mo.
Gertrude Loveland Hooper, Portland, Maine
Louise Ann Houlihan, Berlin, N. H.
Marjorie Elizabeth Hubler, Ashland, Ohio
Esther Theresa Hugo, Stratford, Conn.
Mary Gilbert Hunter, East Corinth, Vt.
Jane Elizabeth Hupman, Toledo, Ohio
Eleanor Idler, Wilmette, Ill.
Dorothy Elizabeth Inett, Worcester, Mass.
Marion Leonora Inglis, Bridgeport, Conn.
Enid Freeman Jackson, East Orange, N. J.
Caroline Jameson, Cadillac, Mich.
Marion Estelle Jarbeau, Brookline, Mass.
Phyllis Russell Jensen, Auburndale, Mass.
Marion Elizabeth Johnson, Pearl River, N. Y.
Olga Maria Johnson, New Bedford, Mass.
Virginia Lee Johnson, Clarks Summit, Pa.
Helen Crane Johnston, Brookline, Mass.
Helane Lenwood Jones, Watertown, Mass.
Ruth Elizabeth Jones, Evanston, Ill.
Natalie Jeannette Jones, Pelham, N. H.
Helen Jordan, Scarsdale, N. Y.
Audrey Mildred Kaiser, Buffalo, N. Y.
Dorothy Jeanette Kaull, Newport, R. I.
Frances Kearby, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mary Louise Keating, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Constance Gladys Keene, Mansfield, Ohio
Elizabeth Pendred Keller, Trucksville, Pa.
Marjorie Stewart Keller, Buffalo, N. Y.
Norma Elizabeth Keller, Oneida, N. Y.
Helen Louise Kenyon, West Hartford, Conn.
Harriet Virginia Kimberly, New Haven, Conn.
Frances S. Knight, Derby, Maine
Jean Watson Knight, Manati, P. R.
Teresa Barbara Kovner, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Katherine H. Layton, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Elizabeth Leach, Brockton, Mass.
Doris Lecky, New York, N. Y.
Ruth Mary Lenahan, Bellows Falls, Vt.
Florence Lerner, Elkhart, Ind.
Ruth Libby, Plymouth, Mass.
Caroline Taft Lincoln, East Greenwich, R. I.
Inez Chapman Locke, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Lorraine Hanson Lombard, Old Orchard, Maine
Frances Louise Long, East Orange, N. J.
Lenna Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Alma Mae Mackinnon, Attleboro, Mass.
Katherine MacLeon, Indianapolis, Ind.
Marjorie Frances Magune, Worcester, Mass.
Mary Emma Marble, Worcester, Mass.
Alice Lona Martin, Summit, N. J.
Marjorie Armistead Martin, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dorothy Meeker, West Orange, N. J.
Helen Constance Meeker, Newton, Mass.
Marion Arlene Melvin, Arlington, Mass.
Marjorie Ruth Middleton, Edgewood, R. I.
Jessie Martha Minnes, Buffalo, N. Y.
Elsie Moore, Waltham, Mass.
Helen Elizabeth Morgan, Highland Park, Mich.
Mary A. Morgan, Meriden, Conn.
Sylvia Taylor Morgan, Auburndale, Mass.
Arvilla Harriette Morse, Lawrence, Mass.
Nathalie Clark Mosher, Waltham, Mass.
Mary Virginia Moss, Buffalo, N. Y.
Virginia Louise Moulton, Melrose, Mass.
Emily E. Mulford, Fryeburg, Maine
Ida Violet Murphy, Ensenada, P. R.
Dorothy Mary McCusker, East Braintree, Mass.
Eleanor McKenney, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Mary Jane McMillen, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Helen Elizabeth Neilson, West Branch, Mich.
Margaret Alice Newton, Fort Worth, Texas
Ruth Ann Nicolette, Potsdam, N. Y.
Mary Ann Norton, Attica, N. Y.
Mary Eileen O'Connell, Corinth, N. Y.
Ruth Frances Oppenheimer, New York, N. Y.
Dorothy Florence Osgood, Newtonville, Mass.
Elinor Wing Packard, Brockton, Mass.
Yvette E. Pariseau, Manchester, N. H.
Aline Louise Paull, Buffalo, N. Y.
Dorothy Roberts Peabody, Fort Washington, Pa.
Barbara Lowe Pearce, Edgewood, R. I.
Nancy Peffer, White Plains, N. Y.
Alice Lorraine Penny, Wyomissing, Pa.
Jane Jenkinson Porter, Summit, N. J.
Louise Pringle, Red Oak, Iowa
Eleanor Viola Raymond, Stamford, Conn.
Betty de Beauvais Richards, Washington, D. C.
Eleanor Spencer Richards, Watertown, Conn.
Marjorie Lorraine Richards, West Haven, Conn.
Charlotte Florilla Ridley, Holyoke, Mass.
Virginia Allen Riley, Attleboro, Mass.
Helen Kitfield Roberts, Manchester, Mass.
Martha Louise Roberts, Detroit, Mich.
Rosalind Marie Roberts, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Elizabeth Hildreth Rogers, Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.
Ruth L. Rohe, Winthrop, Mass.
Charlene Carsley Rollins, Dexter, Maine
Bertha Bulkeley Root, Winthrop, Mass.
Anna Emily Savage, Bingham, Maine
Helen Margaret Schaack, Englewood, N. J.
Helen Martin Sears, North Attleboro, Mass.
Mary Elizabeth Senft, York, Pa.
Phyllis Frances Shankman, Trenton, N. J.
Lillian Edlow Sheehan, West Newton, Mass.
Olivia Margaret Shepard, New York, N. Y.
Charlotte Carter Sherman, Newport, R. I.
Phyllis I. Sherwell, Burke, N. Y.
Ethel D. Shutzer, Brookline, Mass.
Alta Lee Smith, Caribou, Maine
Anna Louise Smith, Detroit, Mich.
Catherine Anne Smith, Winnetka, Ill.
Frances Smith, North Andover, Mass.
Renee Smith, Santa Monica, Calif.
Jane Victoria Spear, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Eunice Monica Stack, New Rochelle, N. Y.
S. Wilma Steuer, Bethlehem, Pa.
Charlotte Stiff, West Roxbury, Mass.
Gerrtude Stone, West Roxbury, Mass.
Christine Edith Duthie Strachan, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Barbara Camp Strong, Boston, Mass.
Teresa M. Sweeney, Boston, Mass.
Virginia Helen Sweitzer, Grosse Pointe Village, Mich.
Ruth Libby Tarlow, Brockton, Mass.
Elinor Ruth Taylor, Malone, N. Y.
Florence Helen Taylor, New Haven, Conn.
Barbara Wetsell Thompson, Middleboro, Mass.
Emily Sarah Thompson, Detroit, Mich.
Emma Josephine Thompson, Norwich, Conn.
Pearl Estelle Thompson, Bangor, Maine
Ruth Mary Tilley, Holyoke, Mass.
Marjorie Vivian Tillotson, Lenox Dale, Mass.
Dorothy Trask, Bar Mills, Maine
Joyce Bissell Tucker, Toledo, Ohio
Mary Augusta Tucker, Toledo, Ohio
Mary Ripley Van Dusen, Toledo, Ohio
Kathryn Haring Van Valen, Hackensack, N. J.
Gladys Alice Vuilleumier, Bristol, Conn.
Elizabeth Walther, Dayton, Ohio
Dotha Elizabeth Warner, West Hartford, Conn.
Wanda Winthrop Watson, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Elizabeth Martha Way, Jackson, Mich.
Frances Eleanor Wheeler, Antrim, N. H.
Virginia Luthara Whitman, Manchester, N. H.
Natalie Whitaker, Newton Hlds., Mass.
Janice May Whittaker, Winchester, Mass.
Blair Whittier, Brookline, Mass.
Helen Sawyer Whittle, Rochester, N. Y.
Dorothy Isabel Wickham, Middletown, N. Y.
Alice Mary Williams, Groton, Mass.
Clara Camille Williams, East Stroudsburg, Pa.
Shirley Williams, Auburndale, Mass.
Dorothy Anabelle Williamson, Murray Hill, N. J.

Ruth Stevens Winslow, Killingly, Conn.
Constance Miriam Witham, Guilford, Maine
Jeanette Woodruff, South Yarmouth, Mass.
Mary Frances Wynkoop, Saginaw, Mich.
Dorothy June Young, Auburndale, Mass.
Marguerite Young, Elmira, N. Y.

WOODLAND PARK

Gertrude R. Barber, West Newton, Mass.
Lea Nora Bayes, New York, N. Y.
Amelia Bridgeman, Weston, Mass.
Isabelle Prescott Cragin, Brookline, Mass.
Virginia Frances Crane, Newton, Mass.
Edith Cummings, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.
Olga Angelica Currier, Newton, Mass.
Olive Drew Dunham, Braintree, Mass.
Emilie Farnsworth, Ashland, Mass.
Elinor Harris, Auburndale, Mass.
Barbara Heath, Auburndale, Mass.
Winifred Kelley, Auburndale, Mass.
Marie Faith Kent, Lancaster, N. H.
Barbara Elise Martin, Auburndale, Mass.
Rae Martin, Auburndale, Mass.
Helen Keller Parker, Cambridge, Mass.
Martha Dickerson Parsons, York Beach, Maine
Sarah Julia Peck, New York, N. Y.
Hilda Leila Raphael, Conimicut, R. I.
Dorothy Louise Rosenfeld, Waban, Mass.
Ruth Angie Scott, Providence, R. I.
Dorothy Quincy Stevens, Newtonville, Mass.
Lorrine D. Tunstall, Providence, R. I.
Mary Edmondston Upham, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Barbara Warland, West Newton, Mass.
Priscilla Winslow, Auburndale, Mass.

ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB

The fourth annual meeting of the Lasell Club of St. Johnsbury was held at the Maple Grove Tea Room, St. Johnsbury, Vt., June 19, 1929 with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow as guests from Lasell.. During the luncheon Louise Adams, 1926-1928, led the Club in several school songs.

Following the luncheon a brief business meeting was held. Vera Willis Warfield, '16, vice-president, presided, as our president, Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23, was unable to be present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved and the treasurer's report accepted. A nominating committee, consisting of Doris Cleasby, '27, Evelyn Ladd, '28, and Eleanor Dorman, 1926-1928, was elected to appoint officers for the ensuing two years. Dr. Winslow was then presented and brought to us much of interest about Lasell. He mentioned the death of Henry Dunham who laid out the Academic Music Course for Lasell in 1892. He also said Miss Witherbee had resigned and was leaving Lasell. He spoke of some of the more recent changes such as tea dances and the splendid Golf Course, also the addition of the Blaisdell House that is used for practice work in the Economic Course. Most encouraging reports were given concerning the endowment fund and the forest in Bethel, Vermont. Dr. Winslow urged each one to continue to send her friends to Lasell. He brought many pictures taken at Commencement time and these were of much interest to all.

The meeting was adjourned.

The following members were present:

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow
Louise Adams, 1926-1928
Hazel Baird, '26
Mildred Ordway Brahana, '16
Doris Cleasby, '27
Anna Conant, '09
Eleanor Dorman, 1926-1928
Katherine Fitch, 1930
Helen Foster, '16
Geraldine Garvey, 1927-1928
Evelyn Ladd, '28
Helen Libby, '22
Maude Wetherbee Wakefield, '15
Vera Willis Warfield, '16
Theia Powers Watson, 1908-1909

THE PORTLAND, MAINE, LASELL

The sixth annual luncheon and business meeting of the Portland, Maine Lasell Club was held September 6 at the Columbia Hotel. After an informal social hour, we were led to the dining room by our President, Mildred Knight Norwood, '21, escorting Miss Potter, our guest of honor from Lasell. The tables were tastefully decorated and as usual the luncheon served by the Columbia was delicious. We were like one big happy family. Reminiscences and school jokes were exchanged and later we returned to the reception room where Miss Potter told us just what we wanted to hear about dear old Lasell. Her report was

most encouraging. We regretted the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. A night letter was sent to Dr. Bragdon. A report was read by the retiring secretary. The newly elected officers are:

President, Louise May Harmon, 1900-1901
1st Vice President, Cassie Lindsay Williams, 1919-1920
2nd Vice President, Barbara Turner, 1927-1928
Treasurer, Marcia Pinkham, '27
Secretary, Marjorie Maxfield, '27

Those present at the luncheon were:

Lillie R. Potter, '80
Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20
Mildred Knight Norwood, '21
Florence Merritt Baker, '24
Lizzie Pennell Robinson, 1877-1879
Cassie Lindsay Williams, 1919-1920
Louise May Harmon, 1900-1901
Gertrude Hooper, '28
Dorothy McIlroy, '27
Marion Simpson, '29
Marjorie Maxfield, '27
Barbara Turner, 1927-1928
Mary Faulkenham, 1927-1929
Marcia Pinkham, '27
Helen Head, '28

THE EASTERN MAINE LASELL CLUB

The Eastern Maine Lasell Club held its annual luncheon and business meeting Tuesday afternoon, September 10, at the Tarratine Club building, Bangor, Maine.

The flower decorations were lovely and the lively hum of voices during the luncheon hour indicated a typical Lasell get together gathering.

Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Dean of residence at Lasell Seminary, was the guest of honor and gave a very interesting talk, telling us of improvements to the buildings, additions and losses to the faculty.

At the business meeting the following officers were chosen:

President, Florence Rogers Hilton, 1905-1908; Secretary, Mary McAvey Miller, '28; Treasurer, Constance C. Chalmers, '29.

The retiring offiecers were:

President, Lydia Adams, '18; Secretary, Faustina Curtis, 1888-1888; Treasurer, Florence Wyman, 1891-1892.

Great credit is due the retiring officers and a hearty Godspeed extended to the incoming officials.

Of the thirty-four present Miss Charlene Rollins of Dexter, Maine and Miss Karin Eliason of Ellsworth, Maine are new to Lasell this fall.

Those present were:

Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80
Rose O'Neil, 1928-1929
Barbara Hamlin, '28
Margaret Houser Hamlin, '19
Helen Abbott Bucknam, '98
Isabel Coombs, 1924-1927
Clarice Liscomb, '29
Madeline Lymburner, '28
Phyllis Dunning, 1927-1929
Marion Gray Rollins, 1911-
Florence Rogers Hilton, 1905-1908
Mary Hathaway Farnham, '88
Esther Norcross Daugherty, '18
Helen Gray Porter, 1902-1905
Louise Weymouth Thompson, '22
Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10
Vera Studley Bailey, '28
Katherine Creighton, 1929-
Gertrude Smith, 1924-1925
Jeannette Smith, '29
Constance Chalmers, '29
Mary McAvey Miller, '28
Lydia Adams, '18
Florence Wyman, 1891-1892
Faustina Curtis, 1888-1888
Nellie Kidder Cutter, '84
Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99
Dorothy Bowler, 1925-1926
Gladys Thorpe Thorndike,
Josephine West, 1891-93

It was moved and seconded that the secretary send a telegram to Dr. Bragdon!

THE PASSING OF PROFESSOR JOSEPH A. HILLS

A gentleman of the old school, we loved to call him and yet always young at heart was our Professor Hills. Not many years since at one of our informal Alumnæ gatherings, opportunity was given for each to express the thought uppermost in his or her mind, and one of our most beloved teachers who had been

associated with him through the years wrote of Professor Hills, then past his seventieth milestone, "If anyone in this world has drunk of the fountain of youth, that one is Professor Hills." He loved his art and was most generous in sharing his gift with others. For fifty years, lacking one, he was a member of our Lasell faculty and from the beginning to the end was a most enthusiastic and able teacher.

Those of us who were privileged to catch a glimpse of him in his home life recall his gracious devotion to the invalid wife and how justly proud he was of his gifted son.

Dear Professor Hills, a life as radiant and kindly as yours has not ended but we love to believe that you are "just beginning through God's great universe to make your way, with soul alert you have passed into the day unhemmed by night."

Rachel Houston, '17, Mrs. John Quinn, was also one of the "old" girls whose call the Personals Editor was sorry to miss.

We are indebted to Ruth Hopkins, '23, for sending to us the good news that Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23, has a dear little daughter born about Commencement time. Ruth gives a most minute description of this baby whom the doctors declare to be a perfect little one. Ruth closes her note by asking our Principal if he knows how many little '23 babies there are and declares that Mercedes has already made up her mind that this little daughter is to be a Lasell girl.

Maria Riker Hume, '09, her husband and daughter, Charlotte Ryder, '08, and Ruth Jenks, 1919-1920, found their way back to Lasell during the summer to the delight of those who were here to welcome them.

Katherine Forgie Holman, '20, also paid a visit to her school home in July. The Personals Editor missed these dear girls' call, much to her regret.

Bernice Cunningham Smith, 1923-1924, did not forget Lasell even during the excitement of her wedding preparations and wrote: "My memories of the school are always very pleasant to me and I think of you all constantly. So many of the girls are married now that used to be my classmates—Reba Foster, '26, Dorothea Brown, '25, and Evelyn Speed, '21-'24."

How did Sarah Crane, '22, ever dodge the Personals Editor! We find in the file that she was at Lasell October 2. So sorry to miss your visit, Sarah. Come again soon, please.

Among the callers whom we greatly appreciated this summer were Mr. and Mrs. Charles French of Evanston, Illinois. Mrs. French is the daughter of Gertrude Gleason Shepard, 1891-1892.

It is never too late to correct a mistake. dear Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, has a son, not a little daughter. For some reason a mistake was made. This dear boy is named, Cornelia tells us, after both his grandmothers' maiden names. He must be a very precious child. His fond mother declares that she and her husband just "love him to pieces." Thank you, Cornelia, for setting us right.

Clarice Liscomb, '29, and Betty Creelman, '29, called a few days before the opening of school and on the same day Betty Smith, '28, made her appearance. The girls were enthusiastic over the dear old school home and we certainly were delighted to welcome them.

Hester Shaw, '28, delighted us during the summer vacation by sending repeatedly fine photographs of her overseas journey and then promptly reported in person at the seminary after her return, bringing with her Betty Owings, '27, and Martha Silliman, '27. Hester returns to college work at Tufts and Martha Silliman to her congenial secretaryship. We do not recall that Betty Owings is pledged to any special work but we know she is making good wherever her lines have fallen.

Carolyn Duncan, '27, is now an assistant dietitian at the Homeopathic Hospital. We rejoice in her successful appointment. Edith Stone, '27, accompanied Carolyn. It was a great pleasure to welcome these two fine graduates.

A letter received recently by Marjorie Magune, 1930, contains this worth while news item. Her friend writes: "At the fair in Worcester the Gas Company's cooking demonstration booth was in charge of a graduate from Lasell in 1927. It chanced to be Anna Rodier of Norwich, Connecticut. She has a fine position here." We are delighted to get this good word about our Anna.

Louise Funkhouser Colegrove, '09, sailed with her husband, Professor Kenneth Colegrove, Head of the Political Science Department at Northwestern University, and their five-year-old daughter, Marion-Louise, on June 4 from Montreal and is now living in Paris where they expect to stay for at least a year. Dr. Colegrove received a very fine offer to edit the *European Political and Economic Survey,* a monthly journal published by the American Library in Paris. Their address is 10, Rue de l'Elyséa, Paris.

Haru Tokito, '28, has extended her year of study at University College, London University, and expects to be in England until the first of the new year. She hopes to receive a certificate for Proficiency in teaching English and expects to return to Japan to put into practice what she has learned. She has had not only a happy year but one filled with rich experiences and has made many staunch friends. She has kept up her music and has had the privilege of attending concerts of all sorts and descriptions at the Queen's Hall, the largest of its kind in the city of London. This summer she had the delightful experiences of a motor trip to the Lake District with one of her English friends and also a fortnight in France, attending an International Students Conference. She expects to return to Japan via Palestine, India and China.

Kitty Clemens, ex-'03, visited Isabel Blackstock Beardsley, '03, at the latter's summer cottage at Wellfleet, Mass. She came on to Boston and of course ran out to Lasell to call on Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and make a round over the buildings which knew her and her pranks so well. She was to go on from here to visit Katherine Jenckes Knox, '04, at Newport, R. I., before going back to Ambler, Pa., where Kitty and her sister, Isabella, '01, live with their mother.

It was just like her and a gracious thing to do—Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, '78, was hostess at a Lasell tea given in honor of dear Ruth Rowbotham, '29, and Julia Clausen, '29. The Atlanta, Georgia, papers give a most interesting account of this social function with pictures of these three leading Lasellites. Deserved credit was paid Mrs. Van Harlingen for having introduced many of the social movements which have brought together and held together Lasell girls from many localities. Mrs. Van Harlingen, the hostess, was graduated from Lasell fifty years ago this past June.

Other Lasell girls present at this charming tea were: Ruth Dunlop Conger, 1917-1919, Sue Davidson, '20, Lavinia Greenblatt, 1928-1929, Mabel Stilson Perkerson, 1899-1900, Ruth Rowbotham, '29, Dorothy Darrow Swasey, 1912-1914, Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, '78, Helen Kirkpatrick Welch, '20, Julia Clausen, '29, Amie Kelly Adams, 1875-1875, and Alice McFarland Dunlop, 1917-1918.

Dear Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, that was a fine and friendly thing to do—the sending of these news items concerning your California Lasell Associates. The secretary of each Lasell Club would do well to follow the example of this Southern California secretary and pass on to the "old home" like valuable reports.

"Frances Vail, 1924-1925, became the bride of Edward John Pollack in April, 1929, at South Pasadena, California. They are now living at 588 South Mentor Street, Pasadena. Mrs. Daniel Gage, Junior (Margaret Anderson, '26) was one of the wedding party.

"Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gage, Jr., have moved from Alhambra to Eugene, Oregon, where Mr. Gage has accepted a professorship in the College of Business Administration at the University of Oregon.

"Mrs. Gordon Fleming (Florence Gifford, '23) of Los Angeles, has had as her house guest Dorothy Pearson, '24, of Evanston.

"Mrs. Everett Kelloway (Dorothy Shove, '21) spent May and June in the Middle West, but was called back to her old home in Marshalltown, Iowa, by the death of her father. Her old Lasell friends extend sympathy to Dorothy and her mother in their recent loss.

"Sarah Pauline Wind, 1919-1920, who has been working in Los Angeles the past year, spent her vacation in Chicago and Sycamore, Illinois, her old home, and hoped to go farther East before returning to the West.

"Mary Elizabeth Hubbard, '20, visited in Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas City this summer. She met Dorothy Shove Kelloway in Marshalltown and she and her mother accompanied Mary to Des Moines. Mary says she met all sorts of weather from snow in the mountains in New Mexico to heat of 112° on the desert of Arizona. There was only one blowout on the 5,530 mile trip, but *several* punctures."

Mildred also enclosed a notice from the Hollywood Daily *Citizen*:" 'Ann Martin' will conduct the Citizen Cooking School in the Otto K. Oleson Model Electric Kitchen every Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock." "Ann Martin" is the official title for demonstrators of the home service division of the Bureau of Power and Light, and she is a capable instructor. Her unofficial name is Ethel Vance Morse. She began her domestic science training in the high school at Crookston, Minnesota; from there went to Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, graduated in 1914 after a course in the practice kitchen and attended the University of Minnesota, where she took her degree.

"Lasell was the first school in the United States to incorporate a domestic science department in its curriculum. In 1893, this was accomplished. Mrs. Morse gained valuable scientific and practical training from her studies there and in the university."

Lasell is proud of this graduate and grateful to the Hollywood Daily *Citizen* for their generous and just reference to our school as the first pioneer in the department of domestic science.

Students and faculty who were associated with Mary Augusta Mullikin when she was the successful head of our Art Department, have followed with interest and pride her successful and often most interesting and unusual experiences in far away China. Following is our latest word from her. Miss Mullikin recently attended a meeting of Chinese artists in which Chinese girls interested in painting gathered. The meeting started at eleven o'clock in the morning, and tables were arranged with all the equipment required by an artist. Anyone having an inspiration would sit down and begin a picture.

After a while Miss Mullikin was called upon to do something and she decided to try some pencil sketches of people there. At the conclusion, she was rewarded for her sketches by receiving paintings in return. Some of the pictures were exhibited; one was that of a Chinese artist 75 years of age, and it was drawn with a continuous stroke, starting from the head. Another was of a bird in a cage, and everything originated from the beak.

While Miss Mullikin was drawing her sketches, she heard titters. She did not pay much attention to them, but after she had finished she found the reason, for a Mr. Wang drew a picture of her at work.

While at work in a place called Erh-hur, she and another artist had occasion to rest in an open front temple, and the next morning a crowd of curious people waited at the courtyard to see what would happen when the sleepers awoke. When the latter did arise, they dashed behind some coffins to make themselves presentable for the day.

At another village there happened to be a second party of foreigners and the military governor gave a banquet in their honor.

When toasts were proposed, the glasses were filled with beer, but when Miss Mullikin failed to empty the glass she was given orangeade

instead. There were twenty courses, and the last one was evidently in honor of the guests for the course was ham and eggs. The party was concluded with the taking of a group photograph.

Miss Mullikin spent much time in a monastery in the Western hills and on one occasion a party of five hundred well-to-do pilgrims visited the monastery on their yearly visits to bring offerings. The pilgrims spent the first night in gambling and in the middle of play a quarrel started, making sleep impossible for the artists. Next morning, however, they apologized for their conduct and in the night they started to sing hymns. One of the hymns meant: "We are all good men; we do not smoke, drink or gamble."

Lois Bryant, '25, and her family toured out to the Pacific coast during the early summer. In California she had a happy meeting with Eva-May Mortimer, '25, just returned from her around the world trip. Eva-May took moving pictures of the places visited and was busy getting them in order. She was also doing clinic work. The girls are both anticipating returning to Lasell in June for their fifth reunion. Lasell puts in an early and earnest plea for a big delegation from this Class of 1925.

Leave it to our Senora Orozco to do the unexpected and delightful thing. We imagined her settled for the summer with her dear ones on Long Island when lo! a fascinating picture postal told us of her surprise visit to her beloved birthplace. Her itinerary included the Canal Zone, but her real Mecca was Mexico City.

Mary Faulkenham, 1927-1929, is down on Cape Cod devoting herself to her art. She is fortunate in having as her instructor Bainbridge Crist. Lasell's very best wishes to you, dear Mary.

Since her graduation, Jessie Watters, '23, has continued her violin lessons with Miss Eichhorn. Mrs. Lothian is still her instructor in piano.

There came into the hands of the Personals Editor recently an unusually fine program. On the title page we read, "Piano and violin recital by the pupils of Jessie Watters." Hearty congratulations to Jessie and her pupils as well.

Viola Kafka Jeydel, '13, finds herself sufficiently at leisure to enter school life again, this time as a teacher. Viola has two dear little sons, but this ambitious mother is eager to serve a larger circle than the home one. Our best wishes are with her.

A charming letter has been received from Mae Chisholm Brown, 1903-1904. We hope to give it space in our next number.

Jessie Shepherd, '17, is back from Europe and ready to receive friends and patrons in her Mayflower Antique Shop, 799 Park Avenue, New York City. Her description of this art center is fascinating. Those who can ought to see her "pets" as she calls her choice articles. We wish her all success.

Esther Blackstock, 1904-1906, sends to Lasell from Morababad, India, cordial greetings. She has 153 girls in her care and happily her sister, Anna Blackstock, '06, is stationed with her. Esther's kind wishes for a successful year at Lasell are warmly reciprocated by her friends here.

Nora Burroughs Dillingham, '97, sent to us the biggest fish story of the season. It is so charming we must share it with her host of friends and friends of Carrie Johnson Miller, '94, who was Nora's hostess. Nora Dillingham writes: "Have just returned from a three weeks' salmon fishing cruise with Carrie Johnson Miller. Carrie caught the big fish—twenty-eight pounds—and I came second with a twenty-four pound one. We cruised through the inland passage to Alaska; as far as Alert, British Columbia. Carrie is a perfect hostess and a fine type of Lasell girl."

Leora Adams, '29, is carrying out her intended program in dead earnest. She is at present in Boston attending the Perry Kindergarten School. She slipped out to Lasell one day and saw many friends, but some of us

missed her. Come again, "Tiny," soon and in the meantime be assured you have Lasell's best wishes in your new vocation.

The latest word from Mary Thielens Peeples, 1904-1905, is that she has been made west side chairman of the American Opera Society of Chicago. She also has a prominent place on the Parent-Teacher Association program. Few of our Lasell girls seem to be accomplishing more than does this energetic, interesting and interested Chicago Lasell girl.

Priscilla Oby, '29, and Betty Ellenberger, '29, passed through Lasell recently, for truly their visit was so short and their moments so staccato that none of us had a satisfactory glimpse. However, they did leave word—Priscilla, that she was enjoying her school and Betty that she was completely charmed with the business world and making good in her rather exacting position as secretary in one of the prominent business corporations of her city.

We just missed Iverna Birdsall Biggin, '22, when she dropped in during one of the opening days of school. We were sorry and hope she will return soon.

It is twenty-five years since Nellie Krause Rich, 1902-1904, left Lasell. She and her husband and some close friends were recent visitors at our school to the delight of Miss Goodrich and Miss Potter, who remembered Nellie so well and so pleasantly. To borrow Dr. Bragdon's expression it seemed unthinkable that this dainty little (we were about to say school girl), is the mother of a nineteen-year-old son and also a younger son. It was a privilege to welcome her home and to see how happy she was to be again at old Bragdon.

During her vacation days our Dean was again a guest in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Didrick C. Trondsen of Schuylerville, New York. It was a joy to find the dear daughter, Alfhild, 1922-1923, well and never happier than when driving over the foothills of the Adirondacks or on into lovely Vermont. That visit was crowded with such fair days that each one, as Wordsworth would say, "was worth a month of common days." During her leisure hours, Alfhild has been finding time to write. Several fascinating articles of hers have found their way into the columns of the Mentor Magazine. Alfhild's own photographs were used in illustrating. Her description of her visits to the homes of Grieg and Ole Bull were charming.

Miss Potter later, in company with her brother, Dr. Potter, revisited her birthplace, Charleston, South Carolina. Had a unique and delightful experiences as they visited their birth city. During these Charleston days their friends showed them the charming homes of Martha Laurens Patterson, '07, and Eleanor Laurens McCrady, '10, and also Helen Robson, '24, and Lucile Robson Beneyfield, 1923-1924. The families, however, were away for the summer.

Lillian Mansfield Packard, '83, was thirty-one years at Lasell and only one day on the "sick list." Just now she is having a hospital experience. We dropped in the other day to take to her a bit of cheer but actually carried away with us far more than we took. Her room resembled a conservatory, so many friends had remembered this most friendly of women. We have just learned that she is again at her sister Mary's home. Our very best wishes and love are hers. Miss Packard's latest devotional book is now being read by thousands of devoted women.

Another Lasell girl has just published a new book. This time Clementina Butler, 1878-1880, has given to us and to the Mission world at large a delightful biography of her distinguished mother, Mrs. William Butler. We bespeak for this new book, "Two Empires and the Kingdom" literally a world wide circulation.

How the years slip by! It seems but yesterday since Edna Sawyer McGill, '03, was graduated from our school. And now the sad news comes to us of her passing away recently in her California home. Her beautiful portrait paintings attracted more than local attention

and she was the writer of a Fantasy which was enjoyed and used all along the Pacific coast. Besides her dear mother and devoted husband, Edna leaves two daughters, one of college age and a younger sister. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to these bereaved friends.

Miss Martha Ransom, 1877-1881, has returned from her visit to Williamsport, Pa. Elizabeth Hazelett Weis, 1913-1914, and her dear little daughter, Sally, accompanied their aunt back to Auburndale and are now guests at the Wagner home.

We no longer wonder at Hattie Clark Van Doren's, 1876-1877, just pride in her sons for they have made an unusually fine record. Both graduates of Williams College, almost every honor the college could give has been carried off by these brothers. Durand won the Willis prize of $500 by his book on Workmen's Compensation and Insurance. Later, at Columbia he received the law school's highest honor, and was elected to the *Law Review*. Harold, his younger brother, was graduated from Williams *cum laude* with the Phi Beta Kappa key. He is now the assistant to the director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. When in Paris he was one of the few lecturers who was paid by the French government to give lectures in the Louvre and Luxemburg museums. Lasell's congratulations to these sons and their parents.

We are indebted to Annie M. Gwinnell, '88, for sending to us the notice of the passing away of Anne Burr Day, 1888-1890 (Mrs. Walter B. Day), of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. Miss Gwinnell's estimate of her is indeed true. She was a charming woman and quietly capable; always loyal to and actively interested in Lasell. Our Dean remembers her generous hospitality extended to the Lasell delegates at the time of one of New York's reunion. Mrs. Day was active in civic affairs, and was chairman of the House Committee of the Mountainside Hospital, Montclair. Mrs. Day leaves her husband, two daughters and her brother, George Burr, as survivors. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to this bereaved family.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, and Miss Edith Johnson have returned from their summer abroad refreshed and enthused over their journey and are beginning already to share with the school the inspiration which was theirs. Miss Lewis also is another transatlantic traveller, enthusiastic over her experience. Mrs. Stevens is putting to use the lessons which she learned in her course in Dramatics which she took while in London.

A unique experience of Marjorie Winslow, '28, this past summer was serving as a councilor in one of the Cape Cod camps for girls.

Vivian Johnson, '28, and Joan Johnson, '28, sent greetings from Switzerland and so did Florence Jones Allen, '12, and Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, 1904-1906. They all enthused over this wonderland of Europe. We appreciated these courtesies on the part of our "old" girls.

During the past summer Lasell has lost two of its most beloved graduates. In July Mrs. Hills Leeds, '61, suddenly passed away, and in August Jessie Joy Macmillan, '82, after a lingering illness, left us. Both had been unusually loyal to their Alma Mater. Until recently Miss Macmillan had been actively interested in our Alumnae Association. We shall sorely miss her friendly and wise counsel in our meetings. When able Mrs. Leeds was always with us at Commencement time. Her gracious presence will be missed during the coming years.

Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives and friends.

A double sorrow has come to our dear Luz Calero, 1928-1929, during the past summer in the loss of her father and her older brother. Of her distinguished father the editor of the Boston *Transcript* wrote: "Manuel Calero, ambassador to Washington in 1912, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of Mexico. He served as under-secretary of agriculture, minister of justice and foreign minister in various cabinets, was president of the Chamber of Deputies in 1910 and a senator in 1911.

Senor Calero was credited with originating the democratic movement in Mexico and prior to Madero's nomination the Mexican presidency was offered him but he declined." / Our hearts are turning tenderly to our former schoolmate in this hour of her great sorrow.

The annual meeting of the Lasell Board of Trustees and Corporation brings together often a number of our former graduates. This year Annie Crowe Collum, '09, came all the way from Winnipeg; Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, Anna Kendig Peirce, '80, Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, Olive Bates Dumas, '10, and Miss Potter, '80, represented the Alumnae Association, while Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. E. J. Winslow, Mr. Amesbury and Mr. Wagner represented Lasell. We are almost inclined to add Mrs. Etta Austin McDonald's name to our Alumnæ representatives as we have long since adopted her as an honorary member. All who attended the meeting were delighted with the optimistic report.

During the opening weeks of school Mrs. C. E. Ordway was the guest of her sisters, Mrs. G. M. Winslow and Mrs. E. J. Winslow. Lasell was happy to welcome her but we missed her daughter Ruth, '21, who usually accompanies her. Ruth at this time was engaged in decorating a new ward in the Orthopedic Hospital of New York.

Helen Cole, '28, and Evelyn Douglass, '28, have again reported at the Leland Powers School for another year of intensive work. We are glad that Helen's charming little sister is at Lasell. We trust this will give her an excuse for coming home to us often and that dear "Doug" will always accompany her.

Unfortunately for her friends still at Lasell, Miss Dolley's visit came after the close of school. Nevertheless, those of us who were here to welcome her rejoiced to find her enjoying apparently perfect health and looking forward even then with gladness to the plans for the coming year. With her were her dear sister, Mrs. Nevins and Mrs. Nevins' fine young son, Ethan Nevins, Jr. Miss Dolley told us of her new home this coming winter in Cleveland. Her interests were as varied and her enthusiasms as keen as ever and we were again greatly impressed with her efficiency in many lines. From her we gathered that Margaret Rand will doubtless spend the winter in Boston with her mother. We take this opportunity of assurring our former beloved teacher that Lasell's latch string is out for her and we certainly hope to catch many glimpses of Dean Rand.

We are happy to say Marion Roberts, '29, has found a situation which seems quite satisfactory to her and certainly is to those of us at Lasell, for she is this very day and hour a member of our own office corps.

Lucile Hopson, '28, who was connected with our dietetics department this summer has stayed on and is another Lasell girl proving good in her own school home.

In addition to the royal entertainment received from her hostess, Lydia Adams, '18, at the Bangor meeting, Miss Potter had a surprise privilege in calling on Emily Genn in her own home. The house is beautifully located on the banks of the Penobscot River. Emma sent loving greetings to all. This seems an opportune time to give them.

A EUROPEAN MECCA
OBERAMMERGAU, 1930

Three hundred years ago a plague struck the little village of Oberammergau, tucked away in the Bavarian Alps, and a simple village priest made a pact with the Almighty. It was this: Every twenty years the peasants would enact the passion of Jesus if God would remove the plague from their midst. The pestilence came to an end and the peasants have kept their word. The play since 1900 has been given every ten years. Next year all tourist lines will converge in Oberammergau. Miss Constance Blackstock is organizing and conducting a party which will sail about the middle of June and, besides attending the Passion Play, will visit the chief glories of

France, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, England and other cities in Germany. Miss Blackstock has twice been to Oberammergau herself and can testify to the fact that a visit to this small Bavarian village is one of the most refreshing experiences in a busy European tour. Anyone interested may get details as to itinerary and cost by writing Miss Constance Blackstock, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

HIGH DAYS IN HOLIDAYS

I suppose in the lives of us all there are certain high days—the unforgettable kind—the sort that have such a permanent place in one's life that one looks back on them as sources of refreshment—the days of enrichment so that one feels the need of them with growing intensity, the days that act as the inspiration of "the common round" to those of us who sometimes feel the weight of routine, day in and day out. We could not go on if it were not for these high days in our lives. I am going to attempt to share some of them with you and I have never before so longed for the Wordsworthian gift of sharing lofty emotions as I do right now. I have called them adventures in fellowship, for I suppose these are the moments, no matter how short the duration of them, which are the most enriching in human experience. For the last few years I, like so many others, was trying to get rid of prejudices that the war had built up. Reason had asserted itself but my feelings did not seem to be very much less inimical. When I crossed the border from Czecho-Slovakia into Germany two years ago I was at once struck by the kindliness and courtesy of the German people. I stayed at Madchenheims and travelled third class and as I came to know the people and their ideals I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for ever having for one moment entertained such prejudices. I came away from Germany with two impressions, first, that the people as a whole, and youth in particular, are in deadly earnest about peace. They don't simply talk about it but they are trying to build up a very constructive programme for it. Many of you have heard of the Exhibition of Creative Art & Industry held in Berlin in the summer of 1927, showing the work of German youth. Not only here but everywhere one went one ran into music festivals, dramatic festivals and industrial exhibits. And when one realized that these were but a revival of what had gone on before the war one again felt respect and admiration for the honest and sincere German culture. Again, everywhere one went one ran into groups of children being conducted by older persons around the art galleries. Upon questioning, we found that the Government had ordered, that all children in state institutions between the ages of twelve and sixteen should for two weeks of the summer be taken on expeditions in order that they might see the great art treasures that the museums and galleries have to offer. A people so deadly in earnest on taking into their soul artistic beauty have a great contribution to make to western culture.

But my great objective in Germany was Oberammergau. Rightly or wrongly I personally have always felt that the greatest moment of the life of Jesus was the day of the Crucifixion because only after it could come the Resurrection. For many years I have wanted to see the little village of Oberammergau because I have felt that a community which could give such a large place to the Passion of Christ must be an unusual one and one from which the ordinary wayfarer of life had much to gain.

So naturally two years ago Germany, and particularly Munich, really meant Oberammergau to me. I stayed in the Madchenheim in Munich and I remember the astonishment with which my announcement of a visit to Oberammergau was greeted. However, early one morning I started on the Innsbruck train, changing at Murnau for the little mountain railway which puffs its way laboriously up the steep hillsides. The only other occupants of my third class carriage were the simple Bavarian peasants of Oberammergau. I had seen

Anton Lang and his associates in Boston four years previously and these people had the same kindlines and serenity of face that they had had. As we journeyed up the mountainside I did not wonder that it was so. Not since I had left my beloved Himalayas had I seen such beauty of landscape. In the distance one caught glimpses of snow-capped peaks on blue mountains and the most beautiful flowers seemed strewn on the hillside. As we neared our destination, far in the distance, on the highest of peaks one saw distinctly silhouetted against the sky, the dark arms of the cross, to me a beautiful symbol. I was glad I was alone for I could not have borne at that moment any intrusion of another's mind. Finally, the train stopped and its few passengers hurried off to their various activities.

I haven't words to describe the beauty of the peace and quiet of that little village. One can only experience it to realize it. I walked up the main street, passed the simple houses, the walls of each decorated according to the taste of the dweller, some with a simple conventional design, others more elaborately with figures of the Virgin Mary and her babe painted over the doorway. And the flowers! They ran riot. I wandered into the little church and could not forego the opportunity of worship even though at that moment I was the only one there. Presently the church bell began to ring, clear and strong, in the stillness of the noon-tide, in its way reminding people of the act of worship just as the Moslem muezzin of Santa Sophia called his people to prayer, sounding his clear voice over the din and noise of Constantinople traffic.

I wandered on past a little brook and then up a winding hillside until I came to a stone cross overlooking the valley and from which one gazed down on the village, literally nestling below. After a few minutes of rest I went back again, and this time went straight away to the theatre. But the best moment was to come when I wandered into Anton Lang's pottery shop. Of course I had hoped I would see him but felt it would be presumptuous to ask especially to do so. I was served by his charming daughter who speaks beautiful English and who with her mother manages the business. Thanks to an American tourist who called for the master of the house he soon appeared—just as simple—just as gentle —with just as radiant a face as we had discovered in Boston. But perhaps more so as he was in his own natural surroundings. He wore a blue tie which matched his lovely blue eyes and most of the pottery he makes. It being a favourite colour of mine I was making my purchases in blue. His daughter remarked on it. The tourists had left. He heard the remark and turned to us with that gloriously joyous expression, one that is real and not a mask, and said that blue was his favourite color too and that's why he did so much of his work in it. And then for ten or fifteen minutes we chatted. He told me of merry Peter, just as merry as ever and therefore so very much beloved, of the dreamy young woodcarver, one of the singers whom I had remembered because of his speaking voice, so low, rich and musical. Anton Lang asked me if I belonged to the Roman arm of the church and I answered, "No." He marvelled that I should come on this pilgrimage during a time when the play was not on, but I told him that Protestants too could get its significance. I remember and shall always remember his parting words, "Isn't it a shame that there is so much friction between Protestant and Catholic when we are all following the same ideal? Would that we could drop it and work together." I had brought my bag along, thinking I might want to spend the night. But for this first time I could bear no more. The last thing I saw in Oberammergau was Anton Lang's radiant smile as he stood on the little platform, hat uplifted, calling "Auf wiedersehn" to some priests of the Roman church with whom he had come down to the station. In the pettiness that comes in the daily routine

of life I look back to this high day at Oberammergau and my spirit is refreshed.

The other one I want to write about was an afternoon spent on the shores of Lake Geneva at Gland, Switzerland. An American lady whom I met in Geneva asked me if I should like to see a little international school conducted by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. She warned me of its informality, of the utter lack of conventional dress but as she told me of its spirit I knew this was going to be another high day in my life. One walks through a beautiful Swiss countryside about a mile and a half from the railway station of Gland and finally comes upon a group of buildings which look like a summer camp in the United States. But everywhere are vegetables, fruit and flowers. One learns later the necessity of these. As we wandered in, the first group we met were two young teachers, the one an Austrian and the other French, the children with them were Austrian, American and Indian. We went into the large sunny dining room where Miss Thomas, an English friend and the head of the school, was getting the evening supper ready. This consisted of eggs, bread and butter, tea for the grown-ups and cocoa for the youngsters. The diet is vegetarian, very simple but plentiful. All the work is done by members of the school community, each day a teacher and her little aides are in charge of getting the meals. I understand that the aides are never asked to help. The spirit is so predominantly one of fellowship that they seem to just naturally want to help. No one is afraid of doing too much or that some one else will do to little. The school is divided into family groups, who sit together at the tables. Each one has a "moto" and "pita," Sanskrit for mother and father. These latter are either teachers or older students who seem to direct the younger ones. The tuitional work of the school is conducted according to progressive ideals in education, the keynote being freedom for the individual child to develop according to its own lines. There is much of the real sort of social life but freedom from all the restrictions. Each child takes whatever work he is adapted to and there are no extra charges for anything. If a child loves music he studies that. Both French and German are taught besides English, the teaching staff having exceptionally keen minds; people who have been able to catch the idea, for it is a great one and too great a one for most people to grasp. The secretary was a tall, burly Englishman, who loved to go barefooted. Here he could as did several others.

To me it was the most constructive bit of real peace work that was being done in any part of the world where I had been. The beauty of it is that these people are not concerned with rapid growth in numbers but they do want as many people as can to catch their vision. The lady who took me, told me that her small girl of eight had simply been transformed there in the few months she had been in attendance. Why? Not because she had been told to do this, that, or the other, but because of the atmosphere created in which any child will live its best. I came away from Gland, coveting for every child at least a short experience there, but realizing that like any great idea its progress must be slow but that eventually it might leaven a large section of our Western World.

And so I have shared with you two of my high days. I wish I might have had the gift to have made you feel their deep and real meaning. May I leave with you that beautiful quatrain of Edwin Markham's,

> "He drew a circle that shut me out—
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
> But Love and I had the wit to win;
> We drew a circle that took him in."

And the words of Jesus when he said,

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Constance E. Blackstock, '09.

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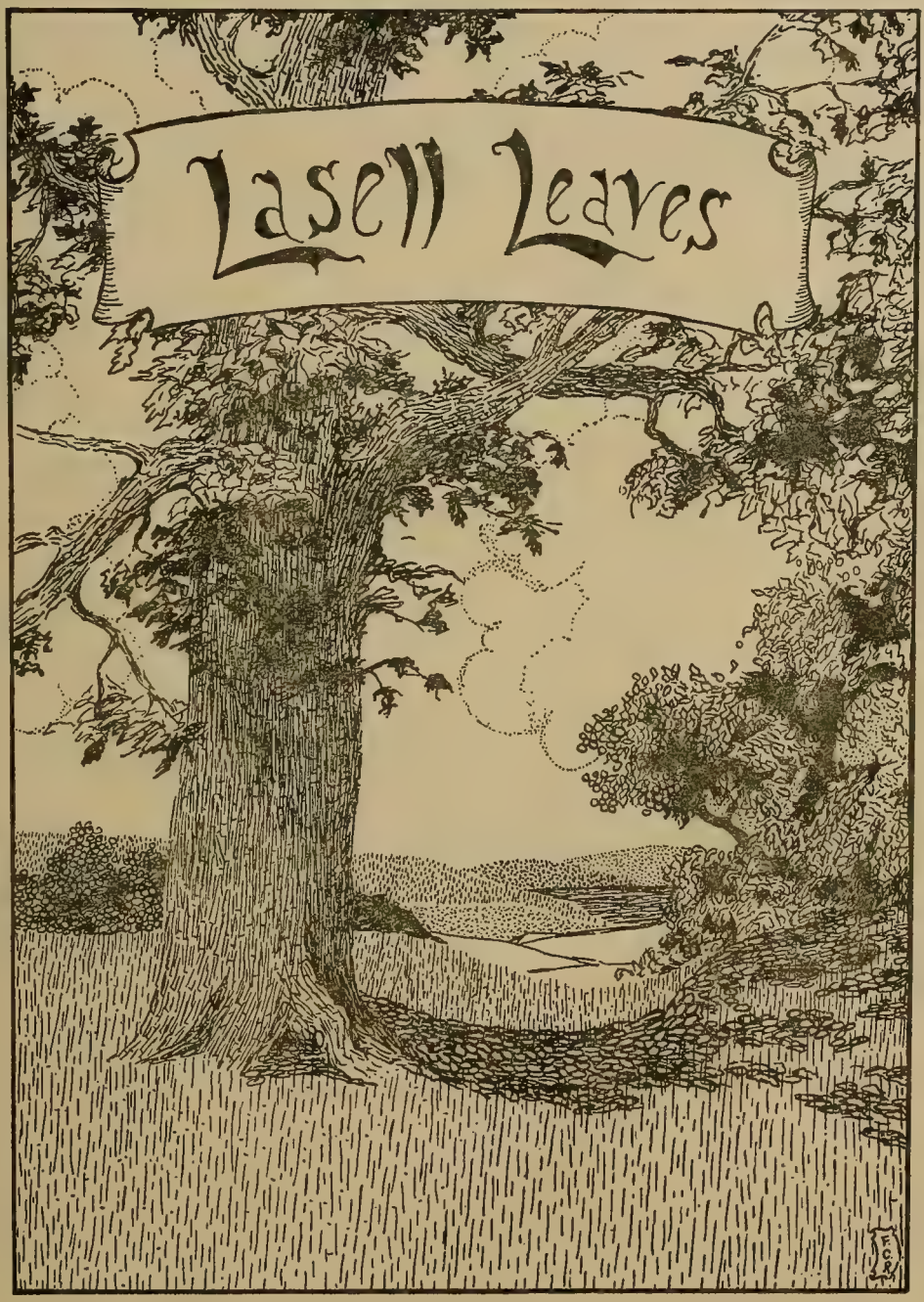
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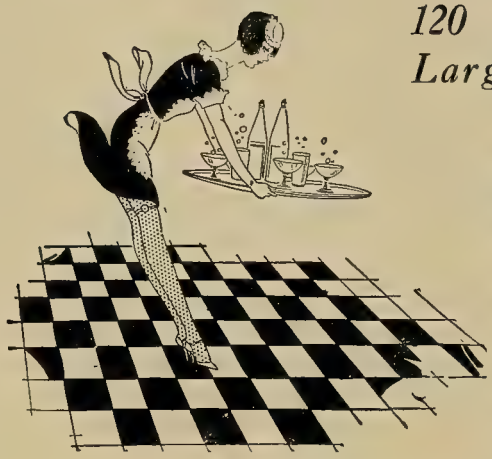
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LITERARY

FOOL'S LUCK

A flash of yellow—a touch of red—and two crouched figures were all that the curious observer could possibly have seen. The long yellow roadster with its gleaming green wire wheels whizzed along the Connecticut state highway. Within the car were Patricia Lane and Bill Lovell. One couldn't have called her pretty, neither was she beautiful but she *was* darned attractive, as the boys put it. Her neat little figure was well groomed and her face was generally atwinkle with dimples and smiles. Moody? Cross? Disagreeable? Not Patricia—she was a lovable, happy-go-lucky little thing of twenty-one. Indeed she looked perfectly contented as she sat snuggled in the roadster, her left arm drawn through Bill's right one and her face against his very broad shoulder. Bill's smile had won a lot of hearts, and why not? Wasn't it enough to give any girl a sudden impetuous thrill? And then too, Bill had a way of looking at you. A certain way of wrinkling his forehead and peering down at you with his deep blue eyes, as if to say that you were the only one in the world worth knowing. Oh yes, Bill knew the game! And at present he was very much concerned with another who knew it, Patricia. They were both clever in that they knew just what to do and say exactly at the time when it should be said and done. Quite an art—born, not acquired.

"Aren't we 'most there, Bill?"

"Yes, honey, only a couple of miles now to the stadium."

"D'ya think there's *any* chance of the other side winning?" Patricia asked as she looked up at Bill.

"No, not a chance. After all, what does it matter when I have you—honey?" He smiled.

"Gee, Bill, it looks like rain. What'll we do if it pours? It's such a darn, long ride back and we couldn't possibly make home before 2.30 tomorrow morning. And you know how the family *love* such hours!"

"Pat, dear, how about going on to New York—if it rains?" Bill shot a questioning look at her.

"What would the family say? You mean—?"

"Mhm. It would be wonderful and we could telegraph your family that we were now Mr. and Mrs. William Wentworth Lovell, Oh, Pat!" his voice broke and for once his eyes were serious as they looked adoringly at her.

"Well, Bill, I *do* love you and we are engaged—'most—so if it rains and it's too late to go home—"

"Pat, darling. Please God may it pour!" the last was said in a happy undertone.

It was the last quarter of the game. Yale was 7—Harvard 0. But there were two among the excited crowd who kept forgetting the game in their interest to watch the sky. Very often their anxious eyes wandered upward. Heavy, black, treacherous-looking clouds were fast gathering. The sky looked like a bed of smoke. The wind had become almost furious in its force.

A sudden cry rose from the crowd.

"What happened?" Patricia asked suddenly eyeing the game.

"Darned if I know. Guess Harvard crashed through with a touchdown. Say honey, do you think there's any chance of its raining? Looks like it now," Bill answered.

Settled again in the low-swung roadster, Patricia buried her face in the arm of Bill's fur coat.

"Darling! It's raining—are you game,

honey? Of course you are. The next stop will be at the home of a justice of the peace. Your family will understand. Gosh, Pat, we've been going together steady for the past five months. Don't you love me?"

"Yes, Bill," and then "All right. The family would make a terrible fuss if we started home now 'cause with the wet pavements we wouldn't get there until very late so we might as well do what we want. We'll get blamed either way. Love me?"

"Do I? You know I do. Gee, honey, in just a few hours now we'll be married. It's a lucky break for us that I got that raise the other day. That will just carry us through. Ve and Ben only pay fifty a month for their apartment and it's darned attractive.

"Bill, please don't drive so fast. This street is awfully slippery and you were going fifty-five miles a few minutes ago. What if anything should—" her remark was drowned by a sudden terrifying jamming of brakes, a scraping of tires, and a horrible skidding sound. A girl's scream muffled by a man's quick oath pierced the air.

"God, Pat, look at me. Are you hurt, Pat? Speak to me darling."

Bill Lovell bent anxiously over the white figure that had been so suddenly thrown from the roadster onto the banking. A dark stream of blood trickled down Patricia's cheek and her eyes were closed as she lay there deathly still. An ugly gash had been torn along Bill's right hand, but it mattered not when his Patricia's life was at stake.

That night a pathetically white-faced young man paced the corridor floor of the hospital. His blue eyes were large and starey as if stunned from a sudden shock. He kept pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand, gritting his teeth while praying aloud, "Please, God, save her. God, please, please. This once save her. She *cannot* die—she *must not*. Oh, God, hear me." Bill's voice broke.

"Say, Miss Allan, let me see her just once. I'll not say a word," Bill pleaded as the nurse came out of the room.

"No, she is very dangerously hurt. No one can go near her. The doctor has just left with these orders."

After the nurse had gone, Bill, tempted beyond control, cautiously crept towards her door and very, very carefully and quietly turned the handle and peered into the room. Patricia lay in a death-like stillness upon the bed. She stirred. Moving her head slightly towards the door her eyes caught Bill's Very faintly she smiled and with a weak gesture motioned for him to come in. With a sudden run towards her, Bill fell on his knees beside the bed. Carefully he took Patricia's pale hand in his.

"Bill, it wasn't your fault, dear. It—it was just an accident," she sighed as Bill gently kissed her hand. "Bill, I'm not—going to get well, I know. But remember—always—that I love you." A sudden shudder ran through her body and her hand fell loosely from Bill's. The warmth slowly left her and her hand was —cold.

Tears and heart-breaking sobs shook the large frame of Bill Lovell as he closed the door to the room.

"Why *couldn't* you have spared her, God?" he cried with fierceness and then "She's all that I had. Oh what is life anyway, God. Where is she?" The last was almost screeched and sounded insane with sadness. Daring not to look again, Bill wandered down the corridor and out of the door—into the rain.

Janice Whittaker, '30.

---

little i

i'm lonesome today
there's no one to talk to here—
so i'll just sit
and think wise thoughts.

tomorrow
i'll be with lots of folks—
they'll have to listen
while i say wise things.

e fulton

AUTUMN TINGES

When Autumn time just comes around
And with her brings the Fall,
You hear the turkey gobbler's sound
Above stillness of it all.

You see the great huge mounds of pumpkins,
And the high, high stacks of corn—
Each awaiting for their bins
At the break of golden morn.

The air that stings, so cold and crisp,
Makes us tip-toe around here,
The sunset beauties, ancient—old,
Which seem, after all, more dear.

So when the Autumn comes a-tumbling
With her pumpkins and corn,
And her trinkets o'er us stumbling,
Aren't you glad that you were born?

Helen Roberts, '30.

FATE IS LIKE THAT

"But it's impossible. I've never seen you before." As the words came forth, the speaker turned about and strode away. To imagine that she had been imposed upon to the extent of having a perfect stranger stop to talk with her.

Marion hailed a red cap, and with baggage carefully attended to, she proceeded to make her exit. One was more conscious of her attractiveness, or was it unusualness, at close range. Her height was accentuated by the litheness of her body. The gracefulness of a cat was marked in each of her movements. Slender in outline, nevertheless it was not a mark of immaturity, rather that of perfect trimness. But her unusualness lie in her face. Hair of no determinable color was but a background for her beauty—a beauty which spoke from her eyes. Two inky pools reflected the soul of this young woman. Every feature became minor in the light of her eyes.

The doors swung back, and all that was left of Marion was a swirl of dust, and a very astonished man looking after her with eyes wide in amazement. Was that a purposeful cut, or had she forgotten? Did two perfect weeks of constant attention at Lake George mean absolutely nothing to her? Ty walked out of the station, slowly, his step in time with his thoughts.

As Marion walked into her room, she wondered if she had acted correctly. After all, it wasn't right to believe all gossip. And even if it were true that he was divorced, wasn't she unfair to hold it against him? But he had told her nothing of it, that was the disparity of it. There was no use to rehash it. She had made her decision weeks ago, and stick by it she must.

She started unpacking her bags, and thoughts of the coming week-end occupied her mind. Her aunt would probably have very interesting people, she was known for it, and those she had met on her arrival seemed of the usual type. She felt young and alone, unable to bear the onrush of so many new faces. She soon pulled herself together, dressed for dinner and started below.

Marion paused a moment at the head of the stairs. Whether she intended to affect an entrance or to gaze at the gathering was unknown; nevertheless she made a charming picture.

As her eyes roved from face to face, nodding and smiling to acquaintances, suddenly her eyes rested upon one figure more familiar than the rest. A tall, young man of fine proportions, undistinguishable from the rest in his dinner clothes except for a certain poise and dignity, a certain tilt to his head which stirred the memories in Marion's inner consciousness. It was Ty. That carriage, that blondness of hair, even with a far view, it was no mistake. A flush mounted to her face, and she slowly decended the stairs. Her aunt, Mrs. Martin, came forward, and soon a small gathering formed about her. Mrs. Martin drew her aside, and said,

"There is someone I should like you to meet.

A young man, new to my circles of whom I have heard only high praise. His mother and I were schoolmates and this is my first opportunity to meet her son. Do be nice to him, especially as he has had a hard time of it. You see, his wife eloped last year with one of his best friends, and as to be expected, he has turned cynical. Please try to get him out of his rut for his mother's sake. If anyone can do it, it will be you, dear."

"I'll have a go of it, auntie. He can't do any more than shoo me away." Marion answered with a soft, low laugh.

"Well, then, let's get it over. We'll take the beauty to the sacrifice," said Mrs. Martin as she walked away, leaving Marion in the company of two young serious-looking men.

After a period of five minutes, Marion's aunt returned accompanied by Ty Fuller. As Marion saw them approach, she understood. She realized now that her aunt's story had sounded somewhat familiar. And so, he was to be entertained, and by Marion. One of Fate's little jokes.

"Marion, may I present Mr. Fuller? This is my niece, Miss Doniger." Said her aunt with a beam of approval upon her face.

"Thank you, auntie, I've had the pleasure," answered Marion, with a look of icy coldness, which belied the meaning of her words.

"Then I'll leave you two together to renew your friendship," she replied, walking toward a young couple that had just arrived.

"Marion, dear, please—what is it? Don't you want to speak with me?" As he said this, dinner was announced, and all she could reply was, "After dinner."

The guests filed out of the dining room. The dinner had been a pleasant one, and bridge tables were being arranged. Plans for early horseback rides in the morning were being discussed, gossip exchanged, and a general air of content grew upon the guests. They were settling down to an interesting and enjoyable week-end. However, there was one face which did not express perfect content. That was Ty's. His eyes searched the guests until they fell upon one in particular. Marion came up to him in response to his beckoning glance, following him into the garden. She didn't know whether she was right or not, but it was better to let him know the truth, than to have him believe her a common little flirt, ready to lead him on for whatever material gains possible.

The cool air was welcomed after the stuffiness of the indoor rooms. And what a wealth of beauty. Lanes of tall pine trees shadowing white marble walks. A crescent moon tucked away into one little corner of the royal blue sky. Stars playing peek-a-boo, blinking in their brilliance. It was unfair, he had all the advantage, beside the most important and primary one, her love for him. But her will was strong, and her sense of fair play had been outraged. He broke in upon her thoughts with,

"Now, young lady, do you think you can give me any explanation of your actions? Do you realize that every letter I've sent you has been returned unopened, and that you deliberately cut me this afternoon? And that I would never have spoken to you, if I didn't know you, and know that some strong influence has caused this? Oh Marion, please tell me. I would rather you tell me there was someone else, than live in the constant fear of the unknown."

"No, Ty," she replied with quiet dignity, "there is no one I love more than you. But then, I have decided that your love is not what I want. I'm afraid subterfuges and untruths have no place in my love. Why wasn't I told about your first marriage?"

"Because our marriage would have been my first one. Because the sorrow and pain caused by Betty was one chapter of my life that was forever closed. This is the first time I have mentioned her name in a year. I did not want to have any association of that unhappiness known to you, for *you* were my first happiness. Don't you realize, Marion, that my love for you is so great that any placing of you in her category would hurt me?"

"I'm sorry, Ty, I didn't realize, but I do now. Fate is like that, or should we say it is the moon, the stars, the cool softness of Indian summer?"

Terry Kovner, '31.

WINTER SLEEP

When the earth reluctantly unclasps
From 'round her throat
The necklace of green jade she wore,
And warms her hands
Deep in the pockets of
Her plain brown coat,
Is it not a strange thing
That men plant tulips for the Spring?

Norma Keller, '31.

THE MUSEUM SQUIRREL

Some gardens call for a romance, some shores for a shipwreck. Now, my friend, do not grow bored; I am not going to break out into a musical comedy song entitled "Some one calls for You." I was merely going to say that some people just naturally call for an artist or a story.

To my class belongs the squirrel-like little man who checks coats at the Boston Art Museum. I am sure that the Art Museum people appreciate his squirrel-like tendencies, for they dress him in a neat, respectable little grey suit and a tight skull cap, which sits on the top of his head like the last tuft of black hair left on our rapidly greying squirrel. His face might be dull and commonplace—but it isn't—for, you see, behind picture frame glasses, he has a pair of bright green eyes which are always hunting—hunting, not for nuts as they should, but for stray coats. When he spies one he gurgles forth in broad cockney "Check your coa-at, ma'am," and the owner of the garment is so startled that she drops the coat in sheer amazement that this greyish person can talk. Indeed, that's the best thing he does! For, in making our profound study of him, we grew sociable one afternoon, and learned more about women's suffrage in England than even Lady Astor could tell.

If ever in a moment of rashness, I had thought that checking coats was not a vital matter, after watching our little man—now, before witnesses, I take back the statement. It is an intricate process, I assure you. With quick, jerky movements, he bustles over to the guest, assists him in removing the garment, fusses around with checks, folds and refolds the treasure and finally with loving hands places it on its destined resting place. Should two coats come together, the confusion would make a Lasell dining hall seem like a setting for Grey's elegy!

I imagine he must enjoy his position in the museum, for, when the checking business grows dull he wanders into the Japanese room, and sits dreaming on a high stool before some lovely print. Then, truly, with his tiny hands clasped in front of his mouth, his grey back hunched, and his knees drawn up, he looks like one of his squirrel ancestors drowsily nibbling a nut. But perhaps he is hatching a new place for rising to a top notch of efficiency in checking coats. Who knows?

Sylvia Goldenson, '30.

MY DREAM

Brown as the chestnut in bloom,
Flowing and heavy,
Halo for pale-cheeked oval—
Was her hair.

Pools of inky blackness,
Reflections of depth and thought,
Her soul's one visible medium of expression
Were her eyes.

Translucent with tip-tilted
Nostrils wide and dilated,
Sensitive with carriage and dignity
Was her nose.

Rose-tinted petals of dawning,
Dewy and warmed by the sun,
Soft as the breast of a bird—
Were her lips.

Haunting vision of beauty,
Lit by an innermost glow,
Shone with light so holy—
That was her face.

Terry Kovner, '31.

ON HEARING KREISLER

Splendor falls from Kreisler's bow
Into the heart of me
Luring tones that seem to call
A host of scenes to me.

Kings within their banquet-halls
Proud captains on the seas
Bishops robed in stately cloaks
That trail with muffled ease
Marching by, the men of yore
Evermore and more.

Lilting, fragile, blithesome, now
It brings another trance
See, the couples gayly start
To whirl into a dance.
Farther on they seem to pour
Evermore and more.

I stand upon a shore
Evermore and more
Tragic, mighty, rending, now
I hear the ocean's roar.
Then I feel my littleness
But nature's might and stress.

Those notes, they flicker, faint and fade
The bells no longer toll
O may these splendors live with me,
And vibrate in my soul.

Elinor Packard, '31.

BIG RIVER BLUES

The music gathered itself in a final wave of sound that swelled to an almost overwhelming volume, then muted to incredible softness; and a lone saxophone cried out in the silence like a lost child. The conductor swept his baton down with a decisive stroke, and the heavy curtains glided together with a whisper that was audible in the hush that gripped the audience. A low murmuring sigh swept the theatre, and changed to a thunder of applause that beat against the curtains with such insistence, that they drew apart again and again.

And, so it came about that the jazz symphony, Big River Blues, was a success, as successes go in this world; and the younger generation swayed and clapped hands to its rhythm; good, bad, and indifferent orchestras blared Big River Blues to the world. . . . . And those who were in the habit of wondering about things wondered at the sob that tried to hide in the pulsating rhythm of Big River Blues. The symphony must have been composed in some appropriately bare and cold garret by a long-haired neurotic who had translated his soul into rhythm to keep the wolf and the landlady from the door. Ah yes, that was the solution. And now that the wolf and landlady menace was removed, they would hear no more from the composer of Big River Blues. Geniuses are a selfish lot—they keep so much within themselves.

But people never knew just how correct and just how incorrect their calculations had been, and Charles Gerthal was not the person to tell them. They were right: the composer of Big River Blues would never give anything else to the world. But as for cold attics and adamant landladies, the Blues had never known them; the symphony had had its beginning in Allen's second best parlor, and it grew under the strong glare of Uncle Ezra Allen's portrait that hung over the upright piano. It grew there under Charlie Gerthal's fingers—aggressive fingers that explored minor chords, pounded out rhythms, scribbled feverishly with a chewed pencil and pushed impatiently at the lock of hair that spilled over his forehead. And it grew there under Sunnie Allen's hands—slim, nervous hands that picked elusive melodies from the upper register, and smoothed back the offending lock of hair. Quite often the aggressive fingers and the slim, nervous hands would flutter together for a moment, and then, there would be a noticeable improvement in the minor chords.

To look at Charlie one would never know that he was a genius . . . . there was nothing pale nor neurotic about his firm mouth and nice eyes that smiled at the outer corners; and Sunnie would never have fulfilled the popular conception of the girl that would inspire budding geniuses. Her mouth was a bit too wide for beauty, and her Autumn-like coloring would have seemed out of place in the niche that is reserved for the gorgeous ivory-skinned,

golden-haired creatures who supposedly spur men on to write their poems and sing their songs. However lacking in those attributes writers are wont to bestow upon their heroines, we shall see how Sunnie Allen influenced the writing of the jazz symphony that thumbed its nose at critics.

The usual high school crowd congregated in the gymnasium one afternoon when classes were done; and dragged out the ancient wheezy portable piano that had always played a prominent part in the cheering section orchestra. As a matter of course, Charlie was elected to wrest music from the battered instrument—the high school crowd accepted his ability as a matter of course, as high school crowds are apt to do.

"Play us something hot . . . . something hot and blue" they would always ask and Charlie would play something "hot and blue."

"Play it again—that's good."

"Can't remember it, I just made it up as I went along" and then he would play something else. And this time was just like all the others.

The group broke up slowly and straggled out in pairs into the slush-covered streets; the door of the gym slammed after the last departing group, and the staccato echo floated off into silence. A shaft of late winter sunshine, laden with particles of drifting gold, crept slowly across the floor and crept back outdoors again before Sunnie broke the silence.

"Charlie—you are wasting your time on this bunch of silly asses—you play something and it is forgotten as soon as you take your hands from the keys—with all the ability you have, you are just gypping the public if you don't do something big with it."

Charlie pushed back the unruly lock of hair with great deliberation. "And what is the difference between this particular bunch of silly asses and the larger one known as the public?"

Sunnie wanted to laugh and ruffle up his hair . . . so she walked slowly away from him; then she turned suddenly. "Very well then, I'll put it this way—please try it for me."

Charlie drew a long breath . . . . "I'll do anything for you"—and his voice was husky and low—so low that he had to go over to Sunnie so that she could hear it. The sun drew a long finger across the floor and left a smudge of amber.

"But, Sunnie—what shall I write? Inspiration don't jump at a man like that!"

The girl whose mouth was a bit too wide for beauty regarded the battered piano intently. "Charlie, the stuff you play has a rhythm that sweeps along like a big river . . . . . write a symphony about the" . . .

"Oh, I get the idea—all the gurgling little mountain streams leaping gaily from rock to rock until they reach the river—I suppose you realize the number of composers that have harped on that theme."

"No, Charlie. I mean a jazz-symphony; call it Big River Blues or something like that. Make it tell the story of America—the slow barbaric rhythm of the Indians; then the pioneers, prairie schooners creaking along the banks heading for the West and the hot dusty deserts—"

"Like this," Charlie said softly, and wove a melody with his fingers that throbbed with the sound of war-drums; that laughed with the crowd packed 'round a faro table, and cried with the night wind that swept through the sagebrush. "Like that," Sunnie whispered—"But write it."

So Big River Blues grew; sometimes slowly, sometimes in bursts; but always it kept to its jazz rhythm—not once did that earnest pair bungle their theme. Side-wheel riverboats swept slowly along in the current—soft-voiced ladies with hoop-skirts and tiny parasols, gamblers with white hands and windsor ties aboard. Negro stevedores loading bales of cotton—the hum and industry of the wharves. And New Orleans, with slumberous-eyed creatures leaning over balcony rails with flowers held in their teeth. Yes, Big River Blues was growing and growing fast.

It happened that Sunnie's mother asserted

her right to have her own living-room for a bridge party one afternoon, so there would be a brief interruption in the writing of the music. Sunnie was speeding toward the shopping district in the family car; she had gone to get her mother's bridge prizes, but her mind was far from bridge prizes, and incidentally from traffic signals, for she rushed past the red light. The driver of the car that was coming from the cross-street must have had great faith in the effectiveness of traffic lights for he too rushed for the street intersection. There was a sickening crash.

Sunnie became conscious of a small, whimpering cry near her, it was like that of a small animal that had been stoned, and was crying its life away. By the pungent, antiseptic odor, she knew she was in a hospital. It was her father who was crying—somone else was sobbing—great, tearing sobs—that was her mother. Sunnie felt of her bandaged face. Then she knew——she was blind—God!—other people went blind, but how could she? She became panicky and wanted to cry. Then the thought struck her—how could she cry without any eyes? And she laughed hysterically. After a moment she became calm. Charlie must be there some place—she groped around with her slim, nervous hand, and clutched the unruly lock of hair.

"I'm blind, Charlie! Do you hear? I'm blind—but we'll keep on with Big River Blues—just the same—skyscrapers—trains thundering across bridges— . . . You don't care if I'm blind, do you Charlie? She did not hear the nurses put a white screen around her bed.

So Charles Gerthal finished Big River Blues. And people could never know just how right they were when they said that the composer of Big River Blues would never give anything else to the world. *Norma Keller,* '31.

"JUST THE SAME, IT'S LOVE"

"Say, listen, kid, whatdaya think this is—your birthday? Get busy or I'll let ya down like an elevator!"

Joe Smith, manager of the street-floor—and newly promoted to that position, by the way—in Rosen, Rosen and Rosen's Department store was addressing a slender blonde girl in a tight-fitting black dress—very revealing with a dashingly low neck, a skirt that had never meant to cover knees like those Mary Brown possessed.

"Oh, izzat so, Big Boy? You can't take me out one night, bring me in at the breaka dawn and talk to me like you was my father next day, see?"

Mary was trying so hard to be like the thousands of shop girls she worked with daily. She had achieved the matter of their correct attire and now she was practising their slangy dialect, and it worked very well, but she hated to talk like this to Joe. She would like to be her own self in front of him, but it was apparent that he liked the girls about him so she would be one of them.

These were Mary's thoughts as she walked down the middle aisle of the store with a slight sway of slender hips (another result of her new role) directly in front of Joe's not unadmiring stare.

"Hey, dearie, with the earrings, try and take the load off your dainty little footsies," Joe's voice drawled away in the noise of the store as Gertie reached her own department, that of cosmetics and cheap perfumes.

Her thoughts went back to the previous evening. Joe had asked her yesterday afternoon to go to a party at a friend's apartment. He had come after her in a yellow roadster about eight o'clock with another couple and the four of them had driven to the place where the party was held. It had been wonderful. Joe was so marvelous. They had danced, eaten and she had felt he might like her, but today—"Whatsa matter, hon? Headache?" asked the girl who worked with Mary.

"Aw, shut up, willya? Can't ya let a poor girl think?"

The day dragged by. Joe had been so impersonal. At five o'clock Mary pulled on a small black hat, (more unrealness) wrapped a satin coat tight around her, two blue eyes

searching the crowd for Joe and his yellow car. It was not hard to find. Mary's face lighted up. Maybe he would drop his business attitude and drive her home, but at this crucial point, Joe opened the door for the girl with the "dainty little footsies" to enter. Mary glanced away quickly as Joe's eyes met hers. With a roar and backfire they were gone.

"Goin' my way?" spoke a masculine voice beside her.

Mary jumped, startled from her thoughts. She recognized one of the floorwalkers.

"No, nor anybody else's way, see?" said Mary a bit angrily.

She started down the street slowly. It did not matter where she went. Mary did not even care.

A car drove up to the curb, a yellow one. Mary's heart pounded. Maybe Joe had come back, but no, it was just another car of the same color. The lone occupant offered her a lift. Mary shivered and looked away. How repulsive this pretense was! But why should she not accept the invitation offered so liberally. She would another time, and show Joe he was not the only man!

Another day opened at Rosen, Rosen, and Rosen's Department store. Mary was five minutes late. She tried to sneak in behind her counter but too late—

"Yeah, and now who's keepin' the little blond out till the breaka dawn? How many times do you think you can get away with this kinda stuff, anyway?"

Joe did not even carry it further and Mary was disappointed. "He didn't care at all, then." Two tears fell on the glass case in front of her. Hastily she wiped them away, angered at the display of emotion. She would show him!

And so five o'clock crawled around. Mary was the first one out of the store and down to the sidewalk. Her lips were carefully rouged, her eyes filled with that "come-hither" look that caused the blue car passing with its solitary occupant to draw up to the curb and offer a ride.

Mary was careful to find out if Joe were looking before she accepted. There he was, and he had seen her. With a rare expanse of silken leg, Mary stepped into the car wondering at the look that had crossed Joe's face.

"Where will it be, Baby," queried Mary's companion.

For the first time since she had settled herself in the car, Mary looked at him. Good-looking enough, a man of perhaps twenty-five, dark-haired, blue-eyed. Mary drew in a sharp little breath. Why was she here?

"I don't care where we go," Mary's answer came finally, and she didn't.

"Say, you're some swell little kid, didya know it, honey?" He was talking again. Mary sighed. She did not feel like a slangy line. She was dreadfully unhappy. Why had Joe looked so angry, so disappointed in her?

They drove through the heavy five o'clock traffic, a slow process, but finally they swung off to the left and on a less frequented road. After a few minutes they drew up in front of a low, rambling building from which issued pleasant sounds of a good orchestra. Mary's spirits were returning. Maybe the evening would be interesting after all.

"Would it be all right if I wanted to know your name," asked Mary.

"Sure thing, kid, it's just Bill."

"All right, Bill. Let's go. That music is hot."

They entered the smoky room and Bill engaged a small table in a secluded corner. They ate, danced, enjoyed each other for an hour or so when a shout for Bill came from the doorway. A crowd of girls and several men was approaching their table.

"Mary, meet the gang—Sam, Phyllis, Pat an Tom"—Bill's voice named one after another.

Another table was drawn up to theirs and from that time on, the crowd grew hilarious. Mary was quite forgotten. Bill was up and around the table with whispered greetings to Phyllis and Pat. She took up her coat and started to leave the room before Bill should notice her absence.

"Hey, sister, where ya goin'?" Bill had seen her.

"Now, don't get excited. Can't I even powder my nose in private? Back in a minute.

Mary hurried out the door and into the cool air. She could not remember where Bill had parked the car. There it was—the blue one. Mary opened the door to get in. She would be alone for a moment and maybe she would feel better.

"You go rather a pretty distance to powder your nose, cutey. What's the idea? Crabbing a good party?"

Bill crawled in beside her. He had been drinking.

"Or maybe your idea ain't so bad. We'll take a little trip up the road and be by ourselves."

He drove out of the yard recklessly. The wheels grated on the cinder path. Mary huddled in one corner. "Why had she come?" she asked herself again and again.

Bill slammed on the brakes suddenly. Mary was thrown forward in the seat. She looked up and saw that they had stopped in front of a small house. Mary could see water and trees.

"Come on, kid, and see a cute little love-nest."

Bill picked her up in his arms and carried her in. He switched on lights and dumped Mary on a couch.

"Now be a good little girl while Bill takes a look around for nourishment."

It did not take Mary a second to grasp her one opportunity. She fled to the door and outside. Fortunately, she would not be pursued for a few moments. If only Bill had not heard her escape! She stumbled along the road. A car was approaching. Mary jumped off to the side and in doing so fell. She tried to get up but a sharp pain shot through her ankle. Another attempt to get out of sight of the on-coming car and then Mary fainted.

When she opened her eyes again, it seemed that she could see a yellow roadster. Someone was holding her in a very strong arms—Joe.

"You silly little fool," he said to her.

"Oh, Joe, you knew him? Is that why you came?"

"Yeah, that's one reason but there's another better one."

"Tell me, Joe."

"I love you, Mary."

"Oh, Joe."

Joe bent to kiss Mary. Joe's hard business exterior was gone. Mary felt that she could forget all she had learned of shop girls. The kiss was a very tender promise. No matter the circumstances, the time, it's love just the same. *Elinor Taylor,* '30.

"EGO"

Why do I laugh?
Why do I weep?
Why do I sigh?
Why can't I sleep?
What am I losing?
What can I give?
I want to die:
I **must** live.
Why can't I have friends?
I have no foe.
Oh! isn't there anyone
Who cares to know?

Deep down inside—very low,
I hear a little voice saying "Ego."

Virginia Riley, '31.

PURPLE!

Clouds at sunset in the glow;
Asters down the flower row;
Kingly robe and royal stone;
Shadows in the deepest tone;
Love is just the Tyrian shade
In life's mottled pattern laid.

Wanda W. Watson, '31.

I AM THE CAT WHO WALKS BY MYSELF

One day I was forcibly reminded of Kipling's story of the cat that walked by himself. An errand took me late one stormy afternoon to the house of one of my mother's friends.

The lady of the house wasn't in, but I was requested to wait. I was shown into the gloomy old library, unlighted except for an open fire on the hearth. I sank down into one of the wing chairs which faced each other either side of the fireplace. Suddenly I was startled by a movement in the opposite chair. As my eyes became accustomed to the dusky light, I perceived something dark uncurling itself. I confess at first I was a little frightened. The old house had gotten on my nerves. And then from the shadows of the wing chair appeared an immense Persian cat. He yawned and stretched and then jumped gracefully to the floor.

Without exception he was the largest cat that I had ever seen. He must have weighed at least twenty pounds. As he turned in the firelight his big eyes glowed like full moons, and I saw that he was coal black from tip to tail.

He squatted directly in front of me and glared, a little belligerently, I thought; but soon I seemed to catch a hint of well bred, decorous curiosity. Somehow his polite dignity and air of silent inquiry demanded an introduction. I knew that it was far below any cat to speak first. To reach over and pat him never occured to me. I had had experience with Persians before. It sounded a little foolish to say "how do you do" to a cat, but his cool, unaltering gaze made me most uncomfortable.

"Sorry to have disturbed you, old fellow," I finally said.

I couldn't have chosen a better tone of voice or sentence with which to begin the acquaintance, for the cat, without further ceremony, immediately stood up and approached me.

I extended my hand and he duly sniffed of it. Thereupon, all introductions over, he jumped up in my lap. This was very unusual, for a Persian cat makes friends slowly, and rarely condescends to sit on the lap of even his nearest and dearest.

His deep purr rumbled forth as he settled himself on my knee. I ventured to stroke him. Like a flash he was on the floor, his tail switching and his round eyes glaring. I apologized profusely. He accepted the apology gracefully, but he made *no* effort to return to my lap. Instead he hopped into his chair again, grinning satanically at having put me off. He curled up in a fluffy mass, yet kept his eyes upon me. It was evident that he did not altogether trust me.

Several minutes passed in stony silence. Now and then the plumy tail swished, or I wagged my foot which was going to sleep. The slam of the front door broke the silence. His majesty flew out of the chair, with a loud chirrup and went out of the room at a swift trot.

The lady of the house soon appeared with my self-made enemy in her arms. She smiled when she saw me and introduced his Satanic majesty as Satan himself. It seemed as though he were the devil incarnate, tempting me to evil, for I cheerfully lied and said that I had never met him. All the while Satan's puckish grin held me spell-bound.

When I left for home, I ran across him in the hall, this time his face as solemn as a judge's. I bent over him to say good-bye, but with a tilt of his aristocratic nose, he swung around and marched majestically out of the room, measuring each footstep carefully. It was as though he had read the dark thoughts I was harboring against him. I left feeling rebuffed and thinking, "I am the cat who walks by myself and all places are alike to me."

Satan's complex personality is not much different from the personality of most cats. They are mysterious, changeable, selfish creatures. Some people like them, seeing their mysteriousness as a pleasant characteristic; allowing for their changeableness as they would in persons, by calling it temperament; and overlooking their selfishness, as we try to in the case of men. Other people dislike cats, seeing only their apparent latent evil and slyness. Those people are quick to see like qualities in human nature. But cats are not really

evil. To be sure, a hidden devil in all of them prompts them to do many sly things, but it is their vanity and ironic sense of humor, which make them the strange creatures they are.

Persian cats possess more refinement than the ordinary cat. This is probably the result of the court life of the Persian for centuries back. The one vulgar thing in a Persian is his morbid curiosity about everything. Otherwise he is the perfect example of nobility. He is conceited. He takes a childish delight in showing off his fine points. When there are strangers in the house he is the first one to greet them. He loses his dignity only when catnip is offered. Even them he licks himself off in a rather shame-faced manner.

The ordinary cat is much like the Persian. He cannot live the leisurely life that the Persian does, simply because he is born to investigate. He haunts the neighboring alleys night and day, always in search of something not to be found. He is not as curious as the Persian, for he is willing to let the world go by without questioning its progress. He wants only to be free. Yes, freedom is his eternal goal. He would rather be free than fed.

Where the ordinary cat's integrity amounts only to a racial distinction, the Persian's superiority, in his worst moods, rises to snobbishness. He high-hats his friends one moment and fawns on them the next.

Like Satan in my story, all cats have a diabolical sense of humor. In their earliest kittenhood their freakish pranks originate only from an inordinate sense of fun. They are brimming over with good spirits. It is hard to trace a cat's life back and find just where the cynical streak first comes. It just seems to grow upon a cat as he grows older, and takes a firmer root each day.

He reads our very thoughts and laughs at us. Laughs because he knows, not fancies, that we hide certain things from the world. He laughs because he knows our misdeeds as many people think they do. He is the original mind-reader.

He is always mocking and grinning like the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland. He seems to have a satirical outlook on life.

Some cats appear to have gentle, comfortable personalities—Pussy who sits by the fire; Pussy who plays and accompanies you all day long. Is this the same Pussy who slinks through the alleys at night or serenades the neighborhood? Yes, it is. Pussy's real nature comes forth then. His sense of humor, bound up all day in trivial matters, is set free when at night he seeks the solitude of the back yard or the companionship of his neighborhood cronies.

Think back. Did you ever watch a cat watch you? Don't his eyes glint when you appear to be less observant, and widen in fawning innocence when your full attention is focused upon him?

His selfishness is beyond measure. The softest place must go to him. If he is deprived, he leaves either in petulant indignation or majestic wrath. He simply won't be disturbed. He makes an enemy out of you if you violate his seclusiveness. Makes an enemy of you, and yet laughs at you, not in a good-natured, fun-poking way, but because he feels you are something to be laughed at.

Yes, the cat is a cynic but he has a few pleasant characteristics. He is never dumb. He is essentially intellectual. Did you ever have a cat stare blankly at you? No, never. He understands everything you say, and what's more, he understands what is back in your mind when you don't say anything.

A cat at times is a very cuddly creature. He loves to be petted and fondled. He will let you play with him for an hour and really enjoy it. Then like a flash his mood changes and you have a bored, disinterested personality on your hands.

It is hard to say just why it is that one likes a cat. He possesses very few pleasant qualities. He is not a good sport. He cannot take a joke on himself, nor can he stop sneering at the world; but there is an everlasting sense of mystery and charm that draws you to him like a magnet. His personality is

never prosy. It is dynamic. It draws you against your will. His strength of character in making his own decisions and in other matters may not impress you as admirable, but if you ever thought about it hard, I know you'd have a sneaking admiration for a cat's "pigheadedness." Often I wonder when I notice this "pigheadedness" of friend cat, and a lot of other very human characteristics that they have, if there's isn't something after all in this old idea of reincarnation.

In China even today in the noble families, "Wash the Cats Day" is most religiously recognized. They believe that the souls of the deceased of their clans go into the forms of cats. So each year the cats are carefully washed and combed. No other duty or pleasure can interfere with the one day on which the deceased souls are purified. These cats, in return for services thus rendered, are thought to ward off evil spirits from the estate.

No, the cat has never been doomed to slavery. On the contrary he has been placed in the highest idolatry. Back in the ages before Moses led the people of Israel to a new freedom, the Egyptians sanctified and worshiped the cat. He was one of their holiest gods. Today, little images of cats have been dug out of ancient Egyptian tombs and placed in museums. Who knows but that the answer to the eternal riddle of the Sphinx is hidden in every cat's soul. Perhaps that is why he is so mysterious, so magnetic and so superior. Perhaps that is why he always laughs.

Wanda Watson, '31.

RECANT

I strode all in anger
Across the fields
And hated hard;
But I saw a great summer moon
Rise behind a gnarled apple tree
And hang in the sky
Like a Chinese gong
Of hammered brass.
All the slow way back
Across the fields
I hoped my feet had left no marks.

Norma Keller, '31.

JUST WISHING

Oh! if I were a little bird
Then I could fly away,
I wouldn't have to study,
And write out French all day.

And History, too I'd lay aside
With my Geometry,
Triangles and squares and roots,
Always bothered me.

But if I were a little bird,
I couldn't be with my friends.
So guess I'll take back all my books,
Until this fall term ends!

Alice Conary, '32.



Thanks to Week Ends!

Supposin' the week began on Monday and ended Friday? Just think — no week ends! Nothing to look forward to except prunes for breakfast, May breakfast and finals. Gosh, isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to work hard all week and then have someone ask you what you intend to do over the week-end, so you can answer nonchalantly, "I think I'll go to the Harvard-Army game"—or "I guess I'll be going home with my roomie."

It's one huge thrill to know you have something to do on a Saturday night 'cept take a bath or play solitaire. Just realize what a week-end means!! No bells to wake you up Sunday morning—no church (well maybe)—and perhaps if the hostess is a bit unconventional she will forgive that unpardonable gesture of—elbows on the table. Saturday night it may be dancing at the grill or seeing Greta Garbo—it may be just a quiet evening at home —but it's part of a week-end. Sunday morning you can sleep—yes sleep till your con-

science hurts and you decide to drag yourself forth from that comfortable abode lest your hostess should contemplate calling a doctor for sleeping sickness. Sunday afternoon—a ride in the country to enjoy Nature—or? Then Sunday night a return to dear old Lasell to work hard so the next week-end you can go to the Harvard-Yale or the Dartmouth-Yale game.

Helen Crego, '30.

Concentration?

She comes into the library, takes a book and sits down. She reads a page, yawns, and looks out of the window. A few leaves turned, an idle glance at the pictures—and now there is time out for adjusting her tie. Two minutes later a bar of chocolate consumes her attention. Ah! We knew this was due—the inevitable compact comes to the fore. She dreams a while, reverts for a moment to the book, then puts it aside to greet a friend. "Don't study too hard," warns the newcomer. "Oh," sighs our student, "How can a person concentrate with all the noise in this library!"

S. G., '30.

Reflections

I looked into the gleaming mirror and wondered. How long it must have hung there! Many faces probably looked into it—sad faces and happy ones. Thin girls and fat girls, tall girls and short girls may have looked at it and wished for almost anything. What stories it could whisper of some little junior in despair over a theme for English 108, in tears at not receiving that letter, or in ecstasy over a phone call. Is it not strange that so many pictures thrown on this screen leave no impression, no hint of a story? I wonder how many other girls have laughed into my mirror? Just then the maid came in. "Oh," said she, "I suppose you are noticing that new mirror we put up this week-end!"

S. G., '30.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ballad for Your Ashcan

Some fisher's shacks on a scowling cliff,
Some scraggly trees that frown
Across the bay where the waves grow white,
And that is Gloster town.

Martha lived in Gloster town,
A sailor's wife was she.
She watched the ships that staggered past,
For her heart was on the sea.

On stormy nights when the wind screeched by
She shuddered on the crag;
When the termagant waves spat at the cliff,
She would stand by the driftwood snag.

Then her sailor came back from his white-sailed ship,
And then he quoth—quoth he,
"Martha, my dear, I'm growing old,
So I'll stay away from the sea."

But the waves rolled their grey-green eyes at him,
And beckon'd with arms of foam;
And their cry was to him a siren's call
And they lured him away from his home.

So back went he to his white-sailed ship,
To the gulls and the whipping breeze.
"Now Martha dear, don't fret," said he,
"'Tis the last time that I'll sail the seas."

Five days from shore the storm arose . . .
The cruel waves seemed to gloat
As they whirled over the bow and into the hold . . .
. . . . Just another sunken boat . . . .

Does Martha wait in Gloster Town?
Oh no, indeed—not she!
She's collected his life insurance, my dear,
And runs "Ye Tea Shoppe by the Sea."

Norma Keller, '31.

The Eternal Question

Wonder why elephants carry a trunk
'Cause 'ey don't wear any clo'es.
'N how can a little crocus smell
When God didn't give it a nose?
Sometimes I fink I would like to make
A alligator wif wings,
'N a caterpillar wif purple eyes
'N all sorts of funny fings.
'N sometimes I wonder, just for fun,
Why God made muvver, 'n me, 'n the sun.

M. M. '30.

EDITORIALS

"Give peace in our time, O Lord."

It is peculiarly significant that Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day are observed in the same month, for what better event can we be thankful for than that not only are we not in a state of war, but that each year the nations of the world are coming closer to the idea of peace? This year we feel that we have taken a great step in advance in this direction and so perhaps these festival days may mean even more to us than ever before.

It seems quite incredible that the most popular fiction, the most popular drama, the most popular political leaders today are those who speak for peace and against war. No more rapid change has taken place in the history of Western European civilization, and it really seems quite impossible that there could be a war West of the Danube, for how can one immerse one's self in literature against it and then deliberately go out and fight? It has been said that if one reads "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Farewell to Arms" and sees the play, "Journey's End" that one could not possibly tolerate another war. This is a possible accomplishment for each of us even though we may have to buy one of the books across the river in Cambridge. Fifteen years ago we were war-conscious. Today we are peace-conscious.

Again we rejoice that there is a real personality leading the British people—a man who has been despised and rejected of men, of men who called themselves friends, a man who suffered loneliness and ostracism and persecution, both political and social, and yet who is today spoken of as the greatest statesman in the world. Is it possible that James Ramsay MacDonald, who lost his seat in Parliament in 1918 and only regained it in 1922, can be Prime Minister of that same body of people? And yet it is so. Is it true that on the whole, Conservative and Liberal alike, the people of England are turning to him to lead their country out of the wilderness? It is surprisingly so. Is it possible that a man, who could not obtain a passport from his own country at one time, has been recently sent as goodwill ambassador to another great country from a people, suffering from disillusionment and yet knowing the inevitability of having to go on living, and bearing with him a farewell greeting from his king? Yes, it is incredibly so.

And what is the significance of it all? Just this. If a man can stand persecution and scoffing because he keeps his head during a crisis, he can be trusted. Is it not better to give our support to those who will risk peace than to those whose only method of unsettling things is by domineering force? The idea of peace has so caught the imagination of the English nation that the public only regrets that Mr. Macdonald's Government did not insist on having the troops parade past the Cenotaph near Whitehall on Armistice Day unarmed. Not only the English nation but the whole world regrets that Labor didn't seize the opportunity of such a dramatic demonstration. What could have been more significant of the earnestness of a nation's desire for peace? However, that is not Macdonald's way. He moves more slowly. Instead of this dramatic observance of Armistice Day, the compromise is to be in the shape of more civilian and less military show. Perhaps by next year, or the year after, or the year after that—it does not really matter—but soon we believe that such a thing will happen. The public needs shocks. With great solemnity we

place our wreaths but again we blithely go our way and think no more until the next time.

And so, we too are glad that Ramsay Macdonald came over to America. We too rejoice in his conversations with Mr. Hoover. We too applaud his tireless efforts in the cause of peace. For two nations, whose language is the same, whose traditions are for the most part alike, and whose ways of life are similar, to get together and determine that they will stand for peace is a great gain. It is in no sense of superiority that we say that the peace of the world depends on their leadership. For the moment, it is too obvious a fact. We therefore lift up our hearts in the refrain, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," for we are confident that we can pass on the torch to those who will come after us if we can hold it high ourselves.

OUR NEIGHBORS

There is no doubt that we have neighbors wherever we are, but the ones I am concerned with just now are those which we have here in Auburndale, on and about our campus. Do we ever stop to consider them or their feelings when we go shouting through the streets? Truly, you may say that as we go by only at respectable hours, our neighbors should not mind how much noise we make. But some girls make a lot of unnecessary noise and it is this uncalled-for boisterousness that would annoy the townspeople more than anything.

What should we like the residents of Auburndale to think of us. That we are a group of nicely behaved young ladies, or a bunch of school children? Are they glad or sorry when a school year begins? To them does it mean nine months of misery after a quiet summer?

Sundays on their way to church, the poor people have to step off the sidewalk in order to pass a group of girls. This really should not be necessary and is probably due to thoughtlessness on the part of the Lasell girls, rather than deliberate discourtesy.

At the depot I have noticed the girls rush to get into a car first. This is natural as all Lasell students like to sit together. Should the regular commuters be allowed any prior claim or should we be governed by the same thoughtlessness that governs our many other small acts in this community?

The question now arises: How quiet should we be while going along the sidewalks of the village and how much courtesy should we show to the residents? That is a matter that is entirely up to the individual. Every girl should decide for herself how much noise she would like to hear and how much courtesy she would like to have shown her if she were a neighbor of a school such as this is, and then she should conduct herself accordingly.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN BRIDGE

Silence! The clock ticked merrily on utterly indifferent to the stifled groans and muffled sighs of the wounded. They had fought, perhaps courageously at the beginning of the battle, but toward the end when victory seemed trampled their hopes had fluttered down like an autumn leaf. Now they were doomed to die in their shame. The enemy was posted in the four corners of the field; their orders were to shoot to kill any who attempted to resist. The names of those who disregarded the order were dealt with accordingly, and daily the black list was increasing. The poor lost troop!! If only the defeated battalion could muster its forces and have one more chance! If the enemy could be checked, repulsed for a moment, they might win. They would win!

It was midnight; the enemy fires were glowing a short distance away; a whisper in the prisoners' camp was blown from ear to ear; "We will attack the enemy just before dawn. I, a common soldier among you, have solemnly sworn before God that we will be the victors! Each man is honor bound to fight."

At sunrise the enemy had vanished like a puff of smoke and again all was quiet on the western bridge!

WE AIM TO PLEASE

"Heavens, let's prepare for the worst if she's going to sing. I hear her practice every night and she's never hit the right note yet."

"Why—oh why do they put a person on the program with a voice like that? She can't need the experience, for she'll never have a chance to use it. And heaven knows she's not entertaining us."

Rather than take the chance of being referred to in terms like unto those preceding, most anyone would favor abolishing the usual tri-annual recital, or limiting the participants to those really capable of entertaining their audience. Doubtless each and every girl who has taken part in a school recital has put forth every effort to be pleasing, but the fact remains that many have either not had sufficient training to be capable of appearing publicly, or just haven't the natural talent required to be a public success.

Of course, one may say that she's just beginning. It's her first appearance before an audience and without experience she can never get anywhere. All of which is true, but perfection surely need not be reached at the expense of the pride of the victim herself, which can't help but receive a huge jolt at the open evidence of misery and agitation of most of those present.

It is an honor and an accomplishment for a school to provide a program which is pleasing and enjoyable to its guests, and is a matter of pride and anticipation, rather than embarrassment and shame, to its students. Why not, then, restrict the program to make it conform with these requirements? In a word, we favor "shorter and better recitals."

IT AIN'T RIGHT

There is much to be said for and against the new system of having the "Informers" stand along the walls in chapel and vespers, pencil and pad in hand to take our names if we should so much as open our mouths, or in any other way disturb order.

The Student Council evidently argues that we deserve it—that other methods have been tried and have failed. That this certainly is more effective and less offensive than the famous "shushing" to which we submitted last year, there is no doubt. But are we children that we cannot keep ourselves from indulging in conversation in that brief service without having someone stand over us to make us behave? I do not believe that we are. On the contrary, I think now that we realize that order must prevail in Chapel we will have enough self-respect and honor to observe it without being forced into it.

Think for a minute of the impression which an outsider will receive when he walks into chapel or vespers, and sees people standing around obviously to keep order. The very idea that Lasell claims to be a Junior College, and yet its students are not even capable of maintaining order in an assembly, should be sufficient to spur everyone of us to make an effort to rid ourselves of this system. But we can do nothing by simply growling or complaining to our friends. Why not talk it over with our Student Council representative? If enough of us do, and if we make it plain that we are willing to abide by our side of the agreement, there is no reason why we should not be treated as persons of our age should be and be given a chance to show that we can be trusted without abusing the privilege. I am convinced that now that we have had a taste of how it feels to be treated as infants, we will not run the risk of undergoing it again, and that we will do anything in our power to be again recognized as honorable citizens of Lasell.

METAMORPHOSIS

A little girl believed in God. Her God was an old man with a white beard and kind eyes which always understood. Each night she prayed to Him and made wishes which he heard. She felt Him watching her and smiling when she practiced those two interminable hours, when she said she would mind Aunt Mary's baby, or when she gave her small allowance to the Near East relief. Her

God was a person, interested in her joy, in her trouble. He never failed her. Then came a day when the little girl went away to college. Here they taught her evolution, the origin of the world. A God wasn't necessary to that world. She read philosophers who told her this life was but a long walk through which we helped each other—and then—an endless sleep—alone—without one of those dearly loved comrades of the walk. That happy hereafter became a childish dream. In this place of planets, of vast distances, measured accurately in meaningless millions of miles, there was no kingdom, no golden Heaven where her God could live. Her God became a theory in which she was interested, but which had no interest in her—as an individual. She knew she was looking at the truth, she knew she mustn't close her eyes. Science gave her facts —but oh!—how she loved fancies!

ON GROWING UP

I'm growing up. I'm getting old. I'm seventeen. You who have lived in this dull old world years and years will laugh indulgingly and say—"Growing up, getting old?"—Why you are only on the threshold of life—life just opening up for you with all the rainbow colors of its beauty—a new radiant life—like that of a butterfly emerging from a caterpillar. But it's quite true; I'm growing up to a life where for convention's sake I must change my wild ways and adopt a quiet demeanor, and be staid, and oh, so good. I must not run or climb trees like a tom-boy. No more hide-and-go-seek, run-and-tumble frolics after supper as of yore—but my books instead, and I sigh, "Anything for an education." Ah, the life of existence of the "grown-ups."

How well I remember the eve of my seventeenth birthday—how I envied Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up—but—we cannot all be Peter Pans, and the world moves on—we with it.

Then shall I grow mentally as well as physically—shall I expand? Are there any more of our modern youth troubled with that same question? The right kind of books—friends—schools—that's what we need during this process of growing up.

But oh, you who suppose that we are having such fun at seventeen, eighteen and nineteen, and wag your grey locks at something you never did, just be tolerant and say, "They are only growing up!"



The result of our plea for short stories has been most gratifying, and surprisingly enough, tragedy seems to claim high favor. The first of this type is "Fool's Luck", a fascinating story, seeming to promise in the beginning a simple and refreshing romance, but surprising everyone with its abrupt and dramatic ending. "Big River Blues", with a similarly tragic conclusion, excites the keen interest of the reader because of its rather unusual theme and its skillful development. We are brought back again to the lighter and more romantic aspect of life in "Just the Same, It's Love." It is a cleverly presented story, in which the author has handled the "slangy line" with commendable accuracy.

There are more delightful bits of poetry this month, one of which is "Winter Sleep", charming for its simplicity and sincerity. "Ego", too, has an irresistible appeal, perhaps due to its frank honesty, and its truth, upon application to ourselves.

The chapel problem, an object of much discussion and varied criticism, has been humorously and cleverly treated in "All quiet on the Western Bridge"; while still another attitude has been taken in "It Ain't Right". "Our Neighbors" has brought an important matter

to our attention. May we give it our careful consideration, and profit by its suggestions for our immediate improvement and reform.

As we are so prone to forget that this is a season of Thanksgiving, we especially welcome the editorial, "Give Peace in our Time, O Lord", as a reminder that peace is one of the greatest of our countless blessings for which we should be supremely grateful.

M. H., '30

EXCHANGES

From the Boston University *News* we are interested in the article called "Getting Along" which was given in an address by Dr. S. Lindsay. Dr. Lindsay spoke of the value of friendships and outlined three ways in which to make good friends. He said: "First, understand your friends, and idealize the attractive, the attractive qualities in them. Second, cultivate a sense of humor, for it changes one's whole perspective on life. Third, practice the golden rule, and never take out of life any more than you put into it."

Connecticut College *News* affords us some amusement by printing the following. "After exhaustive research we have decided that the college girl's vocabulary is made up of: 'simply darling,—how good-looking,—perfectly knock-out,—and cute,' (with varied inflection.) These adjectives apply to anything from the latest style in hats to a painting by Rembrandt. How stunning!" We smile, but isn't it the truth.

Interesting bits of universal knowledge are printed under the title "World Over" in the Ward-Belmont *Hyphen.*

In the Talhousie *Gazette* one is not at all disappointed in the novellette which bears the amusing title—"Georgie Learns the Ropes." It is all that we hoped for in the way of humor.

ATHLETICS

Three cheers, girls, for our new Captains, Assistants, and Cheer Leaders for the Whites and Blues, which were elected November 6.

Now that the teams are well organized what excellent school spirit we are showing throughout Lasell, especially in our sports! Our teams need every single one of us to help out in winning points so—*don't forget* that if you can't play the games well enough to make the teams, you can come out to *cheer.* Help win points by cheering and giving new and original ideas to your leaders.

The remaining weeks for Fall sports are to be spent in inter-team games, and finally, choosing the best eleven in each. From those will come our Varsity. Let us follow up the games and see who *we* think would make the best Varsity eleven!

The Athletic Association has the largest membership it has ever had in Lasell history and this great spirit which has been newly created through the entire student body is due to the conscientious work of our leaders. We are indebted to them.



October 18: Chapel was given over to the Leaves Staff. Marjorie Hubler, Editor-in-chief of the Leaves, told us what the magazine contained, and Dorothy Brown explained the business end of the Leaves.

October 20: We were very pleased to have Dr. Brewer Eddy talk to us this evening at Vespers. His topic was "World Peace," and we certainly were all much interested in hearing him talk on this subject.

October 21: Today the Presidents for the Missionary and Christian societies were elected. Jeanette Gessner was elected President of the Christian Endeavor, and Charlotte Ridley, President of the Missionary Society. We are all very pleased with these new officers.

October 25: Christian Endeavor was led tonight by our new President, Jeanette Gessner, and she presented as our evening speaker, Miss Evelyn Douglass, '28, better known as "Doug". She gave us a very interesting talk on "Life". We all enjoyed having "Doug" with us.

October 27: Today we had our annual Vespers at the Old North Church in Boston. It was interesting and we enjoyed it very much.

October 29: We were thrilled and pleased to hear the announcement of the Junior officers. They are: President, Dorothy Brown; Vice-president, Harriet Cole; Secretary, Virginia Whitman; Treasurer, Olivia Shepard; Song Leader, Constance Witham; Cheer Leader, Marjorie Keller.

October 30: The Athletic Department had charge of chapel this morning. Miss Badger and Priscilla Barber told us about the new idea of having the school divided up into Blue and White teams. They also told us about the Athletic Association. We are all very enthusiastic over these new plans.

November 1: Christian Endeavor was led by Mary Moss, President of the Senior Class. She gave us a very interesting and impressing talk on "What Religion Means to Me."

November 2: "Down the stairs through the Ghost Walk" was yelled at us Saturday on our way to the Hallowe'en party. What fun and excitement we had all evening and everybody heartily welcomed the doughnuts and apples that were served.

November 3. We were very pleased to have Dr. Arthur M. Ellis talk to us in Vespers tonight. He gave us a most impressive talk on "Courage."



Lillian Grant, '20, Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, is one of the busiest women we know. In addition to her official duties in the State Library and her outside dramatic work, she repeatedly finds time to send to Lasell important news concerning our graduates and former students. Through her latest courtesy the LEAVES Editor received the following interesting excerpts taken from the Hartford *Sunday Courant*.

"An interesting group of paintings by Alice Conklin Bevin (Mrs. G. J. Leewitz) 1913-1914, formerly of East Hampton and now of France, is being exhibited at Wiley's Art Gallery on Church Street. The exhibition includes portrait studies, still lifes and landscapes.

"For the past four years Miss Bevin has been making her home in France, which has given her an opportunity to study the French peasants, principally the fishermen and their wives in Brittany. A versatile artist, Miss Bevin's flower pictures and landscapes hold an equal place along with her portrait work.

"Her exhibition in New York last year brought her before the art world as one of the younger painters with a promising future especially gifted in doing character studies.

"The critic in *Spur* writes of the artist, "None but a serious student and hard worker could have attained the quality in her landscapes, still lifes and genres remarkable in so young a painter. She is a capable draftswoman and an inherent colorist. Her art denotes freshness and enthusiasm and the manner in which she reveals the spirit of her subjects is an accomplishment worthy of her talents.

"Despite her four years in Paris where she has been surrounded on all sides by modernists she still adheres to the conventions practiced by the world's greatest masters, and the fact that in the midst of the latest fads and fashions in art she has repulsed all influence to sway her from her ideals, shows a determined spirit that should prove an asset in her future success.

"In her present exhibition the best known of her works is 'Le Petit Dejeuner' seen last season on the cover of the *Literary Digest*.

" 'The Old Sea Captain' is another painting of note, the background being worthy of attention in its subdued coloring. One fact which makes these pictures of interest and of increasing value is that in years to come the generation of old seafaring men will be gone, the modern generation lacking the picturesqueness of the old. As these remote corners of France become more modernized these types will pass."

Lasell is proud of Alice Bevin Leewitz's artistic achievements and grateful to Lillian Grant for sharing with the LEAVES this fine word of appreciation.

Julia DeWitt Read, '10, Mildren Goodall Campbell, '10, and Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907, furnished us with a pleasant surprise by calling at the school. They would have made us happier by remaining for a real visit. They had just been guests at Charlotte Ryder's, '08, delightful home in Bangor and found their classmate fully recovered from her recent serious illness. Lela Goodall, '08, is now quite well and happy and had just left with her father for their winter home in California.

Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18, and her classmate, Barbara McLellan, '18, came together and gladdened us not alone with good news of themselves and their school friends, but recalled some racy bits of Lasell happenings belonging to their own day.

The November LEAVES offers opportunity to share with our readers another of Madge Shepard Peterson's, 1916-1918, charming letters. She writes from Shanghai, China to her

former roommate, Dorothy Wason Morrison, 1916-1918:

"Dearest Dot:

"I was so happy to get your letter which was forwarded to me at Hongkong. It has been a long time since I've stayed "put" long enough to sit down and write but now that we are back in Shanghai again I'll be able to correspond more regularly—this is a good start anyway! I've tried to fill in the gaps with *plenty* of postcards, and I hope you received them.

"We've been away for over two and one half months during which time we have poked our noses into almost every nook and corner of the whole of China—I might say I know the smell of every single village, town and city over here! It has been a wonderfully interesting experience, one that I'll never forget, and I have loved every minute of it. I think Peking is by far the most fascinating city in China, historically, but to me Hongkong was heavenly and I simply adored it—we were there three weeks. So you see we've experienced everything from biting Gobi Desert sandstorms in the North, to sweltering heat and brilliant flowers and unbelievably gorgeous nights of the Tropics, and I must say I prefer the Tropics! Traveling in China is really very comfortable but you want to do it all by boat. Chinese trains are just horrible and after being on one for days and days during our trip through the interior, we said 'never again', and made the rest of our journeys thereafter by water. On a boat, the only thing you have to fear is pirates, but there are always guards and soldiers on board and I was really quite disappointed we didn't encounter any. That would have been something to write home about!

"Shanghai at present is summery and lovely and it is good to be back again—a bit warm the last few days. Eighty-five yesterday and at least 92 today, but they tell me the *real* heat doesn't begin till June—I wonder what *that* is like! We plan being here until Fall anyway, and perhaps much longer. Petey says he doesn't ever want to go back! We both love China, especially Shanghai. I wouldn't want to stay more than three years because it is too far away from the family! Sis and Phil are abroad too, so it leaves mother absolutely alone except for her two grandsons.

"We have made many friends even in this short time—all nationalities, but mostly Americans and English—life is so different here than in the States, and far more interesting—I suppose it is the 'lure of the East.' I imagine it soon spoils one for any other kind of life—not much to occupy one's mind, no duties and nothing to keep you busy, too much leisure and too many servants. You just drift along from day to day, but there is something doing every minute of the time as far as enjoying yourself is concerned! Golf, tennis, teas, bridge or riding during the day and dinner parties and whatever you like at night—a million things to do! We haven't done much riding since our return, but for the first time in my life I've taken up bowling—there are tournaments going on at the Country Club almost every day and it is heaps of fun. I would urge you to come out if it weren't for little Madge! There are a lot of American girls here who, have come out for secretarial or Y. W. C. A. jobs—four or five get an apartment together with one or two servants and it costs them next to nothing to live—rents and food are so cheap here, and of course the girls are well paid.

"I can't realize that Madge is seven! She must be a big girl now, and I wish you would send me a snap of her so I can see for myself if you've really counted correctly—I still have visions of her in long clothes and bootees.

"I had to laugh at your question as to whether there was 'tipping' in China! The biggest graft on earth here—they call it 'cumsha', and the natives not only ask you for it, they *demand* it! When we went to the Summer Palace outside of Peking, there were guardians at every gate and entrance to whom you'd have to pay

cumsha before they would let you in. After an hour's tour of the place in which we had succeeded in dispensing with ten dollars in this manner, we decided to quit and even had to pay to get out! It was an expensive outing!

"Is there anything in the way of Lasell news? I was interested in hearing about Al Phillips—I always liked her and how she could play the piano. Are you doing anything in art? I enjoy my lovely bag on state occasions and it has been muchly admired always—so different from anything you see out here. Do write soon old dear, and give my best to little Madge and your Mother—I hope you are all keeping well. There seems to have been a frightful epidemic of 'flu' this year in the States and I hope you escaped it. I'll write again soon.

"Ever your loving roomie,—Madge."

Mrs. Louis J. Shepard, Madge's dear mother, was one of our recent and most welcome callers.

Just here we are moved to mention the fact that Madge's cousin, Olivia Margaret Shepard, is one of our new girls and was recently chosen as treasurer of the Junior Class.

Emily Crump, president of the Class of 1929, spent one altogether too short a day at Lasell but in the midst of her "seeings and sayings" we captured her for a few moments and seated at the librarian's desk, she dashed off these most valuable bits of news concerning her classmates.

"Janie Gray is studying music in Philadelphia.

Kay Edwards is also in Philadelphia taking a business course. June Pankhurst and Katie Whiley are according to June "creating childish whoopee" at Ohio Wesleyan University.

Julia Clausen is at Wisconsin University.

Ruth Rowbotham is keeping up with an endless round of parties and social events which go with making a debut in New Orleans.

Katie Kimble is living in Chicago at the "Three Arts Club" and enjoying it very much.

Phyllis Beck finds Lockport too slow and commutes daily between there and Buffalo.

Peggy Contrell ran a hotel during the summer and found her P. K. experience very useful.

Sally McKee is studying voice in New York.

Ruth Ford has a job and a Chrysler roadster, therefore no *time* at all!

Helen Henry is keeping house for a while in Denver.

"Conkie" Chalmers and "Kay" Bedard are both Juniors at Simmons.

Teddy Pratt is studying art at the Country School of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

Sally Starkweather is at Parson's Art School in New York.

All this is respectfully submitted by one who is revisiting her Alma Mater and misses those who last year were constantly in her thoughts and will always occupy a large place in her heart. Sorry I cannot recall at this moment *all* I've heard about the twenty-niners."

We are indebted to the Rockland *Press Bulletin,* for this interesting item:

"Eleanor W. Rice, '28, of Rockland, now a Junior at Jackson College, the department for women at Tufts College, has recently been pledged to membership in the Alpha Xi Delta fraternity. The pledging of the Freshmen and new students ended the four weeks rushing season of the four Greek letter societies. The initiation occurs after the mid-year examinations.

"Alpha Xi Delta is the oldest of the women's fraternities, having been founded in 1907. This year they pledged but eight students."

Margaret Heath, '29, Marion Simpson, '29, Frances Mann, '29, Ruth Richards, '29, Dorothy Finken, 1927-1928, and Marjorie Billings, '29, were a group of the old girls who paid their respects to our Senior Class at their "Open House" reception.

Leora Adams, '29, declares she was never as busy and happy as she is just now. She is a student at the Perry Kindergarten School in Boston. She looked radiantly happy as she told us the good news of her successful career. The best of luck to you, Tiny.

Rose O'Neil, 1928-1929, dined at Lasell recently as Mrs. Saunders' guest. She is enjoying her year at the Lesley School, Cambridge. She is specializing in Domestic Science and spoke with enthusiasm of the class of little Italian children she is training at one of the Boston settlement centers.

We are grieved to learn of the recent death of the father of Bess Robinson Breed (Mrs. F. S.), 1906-1907. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to this dear Lasell girl and her family.

Figuratively speaking we sent Vera Studley Bailey, '28, back home to get the picture of her little daughter who, by the way, is the class baby of 1928. We do not wonder at the enthusiasm of this fond mother for a daintier photograph never came into our hands. You are right, Vera, she is a banner baby. The picture was taken, Vera said, when the little one was fifteen weeks old, but really she seems much older because of her lively posture. Apparently she intends not to allow anything to escape those "big-brown eyes." She was named for Dorothy (Dixie) Plummer, '28, and Jeannette (Jean) Smith, '29. Vera, at the close of her note, asks: "Do you remember Louise Dean, 1924-1925?" We do very distinctly. She writes: "She also has a baby boy born last May." What a fine climax to her pleasant letter! Vera closes with these words: "I think of you and Lasell often and hope some day to send my little Dottie Jean to my Alma Mater."

Dear Helen Hinshaw Toohey, '23, writes from Kansas City: "These autumn school days never come along without bringing thoughts of my own happy school days at Lasell. They are precious memories. More than ever are they bubbling over in me this year for I have a dear little sister (she might feel a little resentment at being called that) going back to the school. I am so thrilled that she chose Lasell for her junior college work. It is next best to being there myself. Those years back there in Boston have enriched me more than any other outside influence, I am sure. I can never be grateful enough for them. My heart is filled with love and best wishes for a happy year at Lasell. Do give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and to all. I wish I could make these new girls know how very lucky they are to be at Lasell."

The following announcements record the happy marriages of two of our Lasell girls.

Mr. Harry L. Miles announces the marriage of his daughter, Marian Ella, '25, to Dr. Edwin Crafts Remick on Friday, October the twenty-fifth, at Wolfeboro, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. George Francis Tyler announce the marriage of their daughter, Florence Muriel, '25, to Mr. William Edward Taylor on Saturday, October 26, at Hadley, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are now at home at 61 Sanford Avenue, Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

On September 18, Virginia Weston Bass, '23, became the bride of Mr. Murray Lucas McIntosh.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Maurie Rae Stewart, 1928-1929, and Mr. Lawrence C. McAlister, Jr., on Monday, November 4, at Cherryfield, Maine.

We promised to give our readers a word or two from the letter of Mae Chisholm Brown, 1903-1904, and here it is. First of all she writes: "I want you to give to the Lasell Missionary girls my thanks for the contribution sent through Miss Packard. I want them to have the privilege of sharing in the joy my husband and I have in helping to send two beautiful girls to a summer institute. It will be the very first opportunity these two girls have ever had in preparation for life service. We are in the midst of Daily Vocational Bible School work in our church. Some mighty fine boys and girls. I don't see how I could be happier even in China. My lad, Chisholm, is a junior in high school, is six feet tall and the living image of his mother, poor chap. Our Miriam is almost eleven and is in the sixth grade. How I wish for her a year or two at Lasell some day." It was at Mae Chisholm's home that Miss Packard, '83, stayed for a bit during her California experience and Mae adds: "I cannot tell you what a joy it was to have dear Miss Packard in our home." This reference to our

former Registrar reminds us that during the great missionary conference in Columbus now on, one of the most interesting programs given was a pageant written by our Miss Packard.

We have just learned of the good fortune which has come to the home of Betty Gilbert Forsyth. On July 3 a little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth. Already we are beginning to have loving designs on little Patricia.

We have just learned that Marta Aspegren, '27, is in Boston specializing in some branch of business administration. We do not yet know her exact whereabouts but she knows ours and Lasell will be happy indeed when she finds her way out to the old school home.

Nettie May Tracy, 1927-1928, is now enrolled at Wheaton College. A happy and succesful year to you, Nettie May.

Few teachers keep more in friendly touch with their former pupils than does our Mrs. Hunt. One of the latest letters from Mary-Alice Timmins, '28, runs on in this interesting vein: "Nine weeks of the past summer were spent at the home of Helen Head, '28. We were in the ocean or on the shore much of the time. Dr. and Mrs. Head were wonderful hosts. While at Hampton we saw Julia Larrabee, '28. In June Helen and I took a four-day motor trip all by ourselves, attending Marjorie Taylor Flemings', '28, wedding where six Lasell girls served as bridesmaids. The bridal reception in the garden was lovely. A day later we were guests at Marjorie Blair Perkins', '28, wedding in Boston. Teddy was a most attractive bride. Later we drove to Swampscott to see Betty Gilbert Forsyth, '29. By the way several of her poems have been published lately in the *Boston Herald*. Muggins Ferris, 1926-1928, is home this winter but goes to Chicago each week to take a music lesson. I am keeping up my typewriting at night school and am still appreciating your demand for neatness and exactness. Last week I helped in a Y. W. C. A. drive and next week will assist in raising funds for a Community Chest.

Our Mrs. Mabel Stanaway Briggs is now at home in California. If anyone belongs by nature to the land of perpetual sunshine it is our dear Mrs. Briggs. We are missing her constantly at Lasell but feel a bit reconciled when she writes: "From our home we enjoy lovely views of valley and mountain and have a garden of roses. In the midst of our rose garden is a bird bath and the air is filled daily with the songs of these little visitors. I have planted sweet peas and snapdragon and hope to have them blooming by Christmas. It is a great privilege—these hours of peace and quiet. Early in the month we drove over to Reno and had a three-day visit with Mother. I am grateful for the privilege of being again in her neighborhood. Mr. Briggs' business takes him away during the day but I am never lonely for every hour is filled with reverent rejoicings. Give my love to all my Lasell friends. It would take a page to write down their names but I am certainly thinking of each of my former associates. It is evening. The mountains are beautiful with the moonlight upon them, and off over the valley the lights of San Jose are sparkling like diamonds. It gives one a real thrill.

M. S. B."

In imagination we would annihilate distances and each in turn pay our respects in person to this beloved teacher and friend.

Louise Brolin, '26, returned after a four-year furlough. She is at present a business woman but was off on her annual vacation and brought with her a charming young friend from Rockford, Illinois. Is looking forward with pleasure to a reunion of some of her former Lasell friends in Boston. It was a delight to welcome her again to the old school home.

In a recent letter Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, writes: "Since leaving Lasell I have had interesting calls upon two dear Lasell girls, Hannah Harding Flint, '61, who will be ninety April 19, 1930, bright as a dollar and with lovely, soft, silvery curls about her dear face and so interested in everything regarding Lasell. Last Saturday we drove to Lexington and had a short call on Frances Robinson. She

will be ninety-four February 26, 1930. She and her sister live together in a very attractive old fashioned home and until recently she has been in very comfortable health but had a fall and has not fully recovered from the shock. She recalled distinctly her Lasell friends, Jeannie Whitin Lasell, '54, and Flora Drew Sampson, '57. She herself attended our school off and on for several years. I now plan on leaving Boston at 4:30 P. M. November 17 from the South Station. Am expecting my classmate, Emma George Newhall, '73, will be there to bid me Godspeed." Dear Mrs. Cushman, we appreciate this latest and most important Lasell news from your pen.

We are all familiar with this title of distinction "The Ancients and Honorables", but the Personals Editor is launching a new one, "The Moderns and Reliables" and at the head of that list we place the name of Elizabeth Van Cleve, '26. Not once since her graduation has she failed to send to Lasell voluntarily a gracious note of Godspeed, accompanying the same with a check for her full subscription to the LEAVES and a generous gift to the Lasell Missionary Society of which she was once the efficient President. In her friendly message just received, she writes: "The other day a group of friends and I were discusing at what age or time we would like to stop the clock if we could. One of my friends said she thought from twenty-two to twenty-six were the most delightful years to live over. I was not as technical in my answer for I just said I would like to stop the clock during my days at Lasell. Last week I returned from a motor trip as far West as St. Louis. While there I took the opportunity to go up to Chicago to see my roommate. We had a great week-end together and seemed to run into a group of Lasellites. Among the number were Jessie Matteson, '25, Mary Mann, '27, Babs Ingwerson, 1924-1925, and Peggy Hitt Perkins, '27. No doubt you know that Kay and I were in Schenectady this past August in the role of bridesmaids at our roomie's, Martha Carl's, wedding. You see the famous trio formed at Lasell still hold together. Am looking forward to the luncheon of the New York Lasell Club where I will hear about school in general and everyone in particular. With best wishes for a successful year and with kind regards to all, I am

Affectionately,

Betty."

Blessing on you, Betty Van Cleve! May your tribe increase!

We are especially proud but not at all surprised to find that our Marjorie Winslow, '28, is leading in the athletic field at Tufts College. The following notice accompanied by an attractive picture of our young champion recently appeared in one of the Boston papers: "One of the most likely aspirants for the Fall tennis championships now in progress on the Jackson College courts at Medford is Miss Marjorie Winslow of Auburndale who has been elected captain on the tennis team for next Spring. Miss Winslow is a member of the junior class and is a versatile athlete, for she is a member of the varsity hockey and basketball teams as well as the tennis team."

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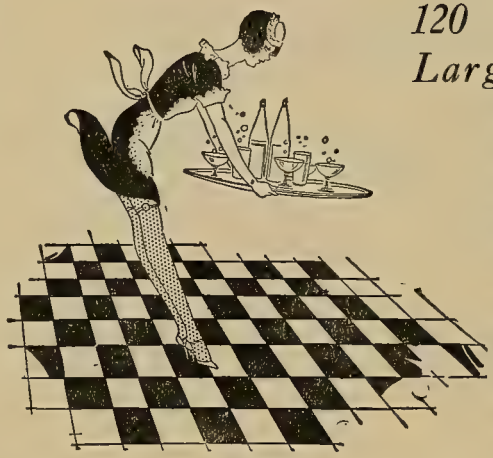
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LITERARY

CHRISTMAS EVE

The world is lovely
On a clear cold
Christmas eve—
A soft light snow is falling—
The bare boughs of the willows
Are weeping frosty tears—
A small house is nestling
In the folds of the white blanket
And a light is shining from its window
Out in the sparkling night.
Far away over the snow-capped hills
A star—brighter than the others—
Is still telling its age old story
Of wise men, shepherds with their flocks,
Who followed an angel
To a manger where a small child lay
In a mother's arms.
The world that night was calm and still
Serene and quiet as tonight—
Christmas spirit stole over the hills
"Peace on earth, good will towards men."

Elinor R. Taylor, '30.

A PRESENT FOR AN OLD MAN

The snow fell thickly and in unhurried deliberateness. It was like a vast curtain of white dotted stuff that descended slowly and fell in folds that piled up and piled up and covered everything. The street lamps made feeble blurs of light and the store windows were bleary-eyed with steam for all the Christmas foibles they so alluringly displayed.

An old man stood with his nose pressed up against a store window. He must have been standing there a long time, for there was a thick frosting of snow on his hat and rounded shoulders. Inside the window an electric train whirled on an unceasing journey in and out of tunnels painted gaily in orange and green; the train went around and around, and each time the tired old eyes went around and around with it.

The babbling, bustling Christmas Eve throng that surged along the sidewalk had no part in his consciousness, and he just stood and watched the train go around and around, and wriggled his parchment-colored fingers inside his mittens; and thought. It seemed to old Mr. Robbins that he had always been on the outside looking in—even when he was a little boy. It would seem almost incredible that one so old could remember when he was a little boy, but to Grandpa Robbins the time was as plain as yesterday, when he had stood shivering, wriggling his red fingers inside his mittens, with his nose pressed against the cold glass of the church window to see the Christmas Eve doings. Families would drive up in cutters all jolly with sleigh-bells, and push back their warm buffalo robes. The children would prance, laughing and chattering for all they were worth, up the path, with the snow squeaking under their feet; and their mothers, with warm fur muffs and mysterious packages would sweep grandly up the path to the church, their skirts flicking the snow intriguingly. And then the fathers would come hugging bushel baskets full of shiny red Northern Spies—as red as their woolen mufflers. And then the little boy would wriggle his numb fingers inside his mittens and press his nose harder against the glass to see the mysterious packages unwrapped. He never felt any anger or resentment, but rather a vast sense of loneliness. Yes—to old Mr. Robbins, it seemed that he had always been on the outside—looking in. There was his daughter, Ada. He lived with her and her family, but he was not one of them. They had built an intangible barrier of warm clothes and cigars and handkerchiefs between him and them. At Christmas they gave each other foolish little things so alluringly frivolous, and to him they

gave warm socks, fat cigars, shirts, and the inevitable handkerchiefs, and set him as a creature apart. And he would have bartered his soul for a box of purple writing paper.

Inside the stores it smelled of cheap incense and ribbon-candy and damp coats; and late shoppers jostled each other and crowded to the counters of paper-made Santa Clauses and draggled Christmas wreaths. Barbara would never have gone shopping on Christmas Eve if she had not had a reputation for impracticability. As it was, she found it a bit troublesome to maintain that reputation, especially when some oaf insisted upon prodding her with a holly wreath, and she could not think of anything to get for Aunt Effie. Aunt Effie usually gave Barbara felt bed-room slippers.

The oaf with the holly wreath gave an especially vigorous prod, and in sheer desperation, Barbara clutched at a bottle of cheap jasmine perfume and thrust it at the clerk. Perhaps there was a small chance that Aunt Effie might give her something nice, and Barbara thrust a black and gold perfume atomizer under the clerk's nose.

"Here, wrap this with the perfume, please."

"Seventy-five; ten's eighty-five and fifteen's a dollar—thank you."

The cool air was so good. The streets were crowded but not like it had been in that store. She would have to hurry to get home in time to help decorate the tree. Now what in the world was her grandfather doing with his nose pressed against that window full of toys, for all the world like a great child. He did the queerest things, anyhow. Every Christmas Eve when they gave their presents, he would leave his untouched, and watch everyone else undoing packages, and smile his toothless grin. He wouldn't appreciate the pipe and tin of tobacco she had bought for him any more than Aunt Effie would the jasmine perfume and atomizer. At any rate, she couldn't wait for him. He would go in unhurried, deliberating like the snow, and she still had those packages to wrap.

* * *

The front room smelled so nice with the spicy musk of balsam that it brought tears to old Mr. Robbins' eyes; he blew his nose carefully so that no one would ever suspect that he had had tears in his eyes, and for lack of anything else to do to disguise his disgrace, he watched Barbara lick a red and green sticker and put it on an intriguingly bumpy little package and put it under the Christmas tree.

Barbara's father screwed the last little electric light in place and turned on the switch, and the tree blazed with a dozen colored lamps. Barbara's little brothers were awakened, and came bounding down the stairs to revel in fire engines and velocipedes as they never saw before. The older people caught in the contagion of the childrens' enthusiasm, unwrapped and exclaimed over packages. Old Mr. Robbins sat; no one was watching him, so he edged over the intriguingly bumpy little package. "To Grandpa from Barbara" was written on the red and green sticker. With a pounding heart he crept back to his chair and undid the tinsel string with fumbling fingers.

Barbara looked up from a pair of felt bedroom slippers. A slow smile spread over her face. What a good joke on Aunt Effie—she would be raging.

Old Mr. Robbins sat and blew his nose most carefully and clutched a black and gold atomizer and a bottle of cheap jasmine perfume tightly to him. *Norma Keller,* '31.

I'M SPORTING YOU KNOW

Mary paused a moment, looked around her, and smiled. She lifted a very small hand to push the curls back from her damp forehead. Oh, how hot it was! And how hard she had worked! But Ted would be here in a minute—yes, here he was now. Ted, a sturdy young man of perhaps ten or eleven years, walked into the — well, one might call it a room. Mary ran up to him, puckered her lips into an enticing rosebud, and waited. But nothing happened. The girl looked crestfallen.

"But, Ted, aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Aw, go on, Mary. A fellow doesn't want to kiss his own sister."

"Well, well . . . but—I thuoght we were pretending," insisted the child.

"Maybe we were. But, Mary, I can't be bothered with kissing now."

"Why not? Ted, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Got anything to eat?" Mary's face lighted up—

"Um, just you wait." The little girl disappeared for a moment and when she returned she was carrying two plates—on one was half a roast chicken and on the other all kinds of pastry.

Ted's eyes grew larger.

For the love-a-mike, Mary, where'd—"

"Sssh! I stole 'em. Liza went out for the afternoon. I sneaked into the kitchen, grabbed some stuff and beat it. And, Ted, that darned old Sam almost caught me, too!"

Ted, paying little attention to this account of his sister's, had picked up a drumstick and started to eat. A frown wrinkled his usually smooth brow.

"What's the matter, Ted?" asked Mary.

"I'm worried,—awful worried."

"About what?"

"Aunt Patricia."

"Aunt Patricia. She hasn't done anything."

"No," grumbled Ted, "she hasn't. I wish she would."

"Well, just what would you have her do?"

Ted leaned confidentially towards Mary, lowered his voice and said, "Get married."

"For heaven's sake, why?" gasped the girl.

"Well, because—you see, Mary, Mr. Tom Long is in love with her and she just won't love him."

"Why—what—I mean how do you know he's in love with her?"

"I heard him say so. He was talking to Dad this morning. They talked for ages and finally Dad said to Mr. Tom, 'Well, Tom, you know it is no use. Pat will never marry. Never! She has given her life up to welfare work and you may as well try to move a mountain. She's my sister, so I know. Just forget it all, please, Tom'."

Ted paused, and looked intently at his young sister.

"But, Ted," Mary looked puzzled, "why won't she ever marry anyone?"

"That is just what I'm going to find out. Come on, let's find Mother and get her to tell us." Ted and Mary, excited beyond control, left their treasured rendezvous and hurried to rout out their mother. After having found her, they inveigled her into telling them what they called "Aunt Patricia's Story."

"The morning was crisp, cool and tawny. The way led through a fringe of woods and out into the open. The chestnut, Major, galloped easily and strongly. This life was worth living! This was contentment! The cup full and brimming over.

"As she thundered along, Patricia Van Guilder glanced to the side. Yes, Billy was almost even with her. She leaned forward and whispered in Major's ear, 'Come on, old boy, fight, run, jump as you never have before. Hurry Major, we can't let Bill Longworth beat us now—we can't. Come on, old boy.' Patricia put the hunter to an ugly stone wall which he skimmed with graceful ease. Faster they went, through brush and over fences. It was rough going, but the exhilaration tingling within her spurred her on. Oh, if she could only beat Billy Longworth! Perhaps then he would not look at her so aloofly—with such cool disdain in his eyes. Suddenly ahead, the stables loomed up. Major left the field and struck out on the dirt road—the home stretch! He seemed to sense his mistress' excitement—he too wanted to win. Faster and faster he went; nearer and nearer he came to the stable. Patricia glanced to the right and back. Yes, she was ahead of Billy. 'Come on, Major, do your stuff! Faster, faster, old boy! Step on it! Do your — Boy, you've done it,' sighed Pat as the hunter slowed up and came to a stop before the stable and a full twenty-five yards ahead of Billy.

"Patricia dismounted before Billy stopped and stood by Major patting his head. The man sauntered up to Pat, offered his hand and his congratulations. He was tall, dark and extremely good looking. His blue eyes were almost black now—with anger or with excitement, Pat could not tell.

" 'May I drive you home, Patricia.'

" 'No thanks, Billy, I have my own car. But I'll see you tonight, won't I?'

" 'Yes, certainly. Until tonight, then.'

"As Pat drove home she thought of Billy Longworth. Darn that man! Why did she care so much for him when he was so cussedly indifferent to her? She'd show him yet and this afternoon was one more point in her favor.

"That evening Pat came downstairs and entered the reception room, where a young man sat waiting for her.

" 'Good evening, Don.' Patricia made a charming picture as she stood quietly in the doorway.

"Don gradually untangled his length of legs and arms from the deep chair in which he had been reclining. He stood up, tall, straight and handsome. As Patricia looked at him, his light, wavy hair, his deep brown eyes and firm jaw she wondered. Don—Billy—which one? Billy, of course.

"Don, too, was thinking. Standing there he decided she was very sweet and very lovely with her small imperative head and its bronze hair drawn back in gentle coils from delicate, ivory-pink ears, her long, oval eyes and her soft, romantic mouth. How he loved her! Would she ever care for him? He wondered.

"Later that evening, Pat and Don were sitting out the supper dance. The terrace was drenched in moonlight—Pat shivered slightly, although the night was warm.

" 'Pat, will you marry me? Will you, dear?'

"The girl shook her bronze head. 'I'd never marry a man who couldn't—or wouldn't, I should say—ride a horse. I'm sporting, you know. Mad about thoroughbreds. All the Van Guilders are—and were. It's in my blood. I sort of look down on people who don't ride to the hounds, talk horse and know stable lore.'

" 'Horses,' said Don Blain, 'are a thing of the past. Why sit in a saddle when there are automobiles to drive? Seems like a waste of time.'

" 'It would seem that way to you,' Pat remarked coolly. 'Go get a riding master to give you a few lessons. Even if you do nothing better than canter around Central Park, my respect for you might increase.'

" 'No chance,' he replied shortly.

" 'Meaning,' Patricia observed, astonished, 'you'd rather lose me than take the trouble to ride.'

" 'Not exactly,' Don stood up, took a few steps away, then returned to stand in front of Pat. He looked down at her quizzically. " 'I'll marry you in spite of it. Patricia, honey, you're my fate—the star I've followed. Some day—'

"Applesauce. Let's dance.'

"As they entered the ballroom Pat saw Billy Longworth standing in the far end of the room, looking enjoyably bored. He spied her, meandered over to her and cut in.

" 'Well, how's my girl tonight?'

" 'Patricia's fine—but she's not your girl.'

" 'No?' " he raised his eyebrows at this. 'I hoped she was. We'll have to see what we can do to remedy that.'

"Pat's heart jumped. Perhaps he really did care for her after all. Oh, if he only would. Why didn't he love her as Don did? Then things would be perfect.

"Next day Billy and Pat rode together and the next and the next. The summer wore on and fall came in all its glory. Pat was seeing more and more of Billy—less and less of Don. She missed him, too. Hard as she tried, she could not get away from the fact that she liked Don, liked him more than she cared to admit. Why didn't he phone her or come to see her any more. Perhaps—oh well, she had Billy. Did she? Of course.

"Early that fall Patricia went south for three weeks. When she returned she phoned Billy.

" 'I'm in town for the week-end, Billy. Come for me at eleven and cart me off to one of your night clubs. I want to learn,' she informed him naively, 'if you still fascinate and attract me. You will be here at eleven? I can rely on that?'

"Billy told her that she could and a thoughtful Patricia set about the intricate business of dressing. She wore the green evening frock with smart, moulded lines, amber ball earrings and twinkling slippers. She concluded

that she looked decidedly charming. Don Blain had a tentative date with her, but she broke it, telling him she was going out with Billy.

"At 10.45 Patricia descended the stairs, entered the reception room to greet—not Billy but Don.

" 'Don,' exclaimed Patricia, astonished.

" 'Yes, Pat, it is I. Sorry to disappoint you. But, Pat darling, I can't stand it any longer. I adore you and you treat me as the dirt under your horse's hoofs. Don't you care at all? Oh, Pat, say that you do, honey girl.'

" 'Don, you know what I told you once? That still stands. I feel that you don't really care for me or you'd do the one thing I want. You risk your neck at everything else—but you won't ride—you're plain stubborn.'

" 'All right, Pat. Have it your own way. But I'll win out yet. Just wait. I love you, sweetheart, and I think you do care for me.' So saying, Don Blain turned and walked out of the house, meeting Billy on the veranda.

"Patricia did not enjoy her evening. Billy took her to a well-known night club, entertained her exquisitely, but she was not happy.

" 'Patricia,' Billy said abruptly, 'will you marry me? I've always wanted you.'

"He said it simply—not at all like Billy Longworth. Patricia was touched and being angry at Don she accepted him.'

" 'When, Pat, when?'

" 'Any time, Billy.'

" 'Tonight.'

" 'No. But—well, soon.' And so on the next afternoon Patricia Van Guilder started out with Billy to become his wife.

" 'I'm not as happy as I should be,' Pat reasoned with herself. 'I don't feel as a bride should. I know I don't. What is the matter with me?'

"As they drove on, Pat became more and more uncomfortable. Billy was a dear, but things were not right.

"They stopped for dinner at a lonely inn. Soft lights, enchanting music, perfect food—everything right but Pat.

" 'Honey child, what is troubling you? Just think—in an hour we'll be married. You love me, don't you, Pat?'

" 'Yes, Billy. But I'm afraid. Take me back. Please, oh please, Billy, take me home,' begged the girl.

" 'But Pat, you can't back out now. No dear, child, it's too late.'

" 'Oh, Billy, I can't go through with it. I have to go home. Something has gone wrong. I don't know what it is, but some one at home needs me.'

" 'But, Pat—' protested the man. Patricia did not hear him. She rose quickly, gathering up her coat, and almost flew from the room and out into the dusky shadows. She ran to the car, jumped in, and drove off, leaving a very puzzled man in a cloud of dust.

"Patricia drove fast, faster. Someone at home needed her. She felt it. Don? Yes, it was Don. But why should he need her?

" 'Don, Don,' the girl cried out to him, 'I do love you. I'm coming. Oh, Don!'

"Faster, faster she drove. Sixty, sixty-five, seventy! For an hour Pat drove as she'd never driven before. Thank God for automobiles! Finally after what seemed ages, the lights of the city came into view. She slowed down as she came within the city limits. Going directly to the Blain home, she stopped the car with a jerk, and ran into the house. Don's mother met her in the hall, her face very sober. 'Patricia! You!'

" 'Yes,' said Pat abruptly, and not waiting for more started up the stairs, two at a time.

"The girl paused in the doorway of Don's room. The man lay white and still—his head bandaged and one arm in a sling. Pat crossed the room quickly and knelt by the bed.

" 'Don, look at me. Don, darling, it is Pat. Oh, sweetheart, I love you. Look at me. Say you still love me. Don—please.'

"The man turned his head and slowly opened his eyes.

" 'Pat! Pat, honey! Oh, precious girl, I thought you were gone!'

" 'No, Don, I'm here—here, with you, for always. Don, what happened?'

" 'My plane, Pat,—it crashed. Dearest, it's all up with me.'

" 'No, Don, no! You're going to live for me. I adore you, honey. You—not Billy or anyone else—just you. Don, you've got to live for me. I need you!'

" 'I can't Pat—but darling girl, I love you, worship you. Oh, Pat, why did this have to happen now? Pat!' The cry was filled with anguish and pain.

"The girl slipped her arms around Don's neck, bent over and kissed him—gently, but with a fiery passion.

" 'Pat, Pat, darling. I'm leaving you, sweetheart, and adoring you'."

Betty Heyer, '30.

A PANE OF GLASS

A night in late summer.
Throughout the day
Clouds, gray and dark, had been rushing
Across the sky—
Leaves, like flakes of crimson-gold,
Had been falling, falling down—
As afternoon drew to a close,
Silver drops of rain loosed themselves
From the dark curve of heaven—
The world had grown black and dreary.
Encircled by a wrap of warmth and happiness,
I looked out of my window—
Great sheets of water drove against the glass
And trickled slowly down in rivers
Angry and disappointed at their defeat—
Flickering lights played in a wet street—
A man in a heavy coat,
A hat pulled far down over his eyes
Walked with damp footsteps.
It was a lonely night without—
And yet, a pane of glass, a mere thing,
Separated me from the rain
And I felt happy within.

Elinor R. Taylor, '30.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

Hand in hand they trudged slowly along—a pathetic but irresistible sight—Molly with straight black locks falling to her shoulders, dark eyes wide and shadowed, Peter with brown curls framing a thin, sensitive face.

It was a crisp, cold night. There was a promise of snow in the air, and people went about with coat collars turned up. But Molly and Peter wore only thin-soled shoes and shabby coats.

"Oh, Molly, look," and Peter's tiny finger emerged from his too-long sleeve to point to a figure in bright red, standing beside an iron kettle on the street corner.

"Molly, is that him? Is that Santa Claus?" whispered Peter excitedly, for he was 'most too tiny to speak above a whisper.

Molly's fingers closed more tightly over Peter's clinging hand. "I don't know, Peter. Do you suppose it could be?"

They walked on a little nearer.

"It said he had a long white beard and wore a red suit. Why—he does look like the picture, doesn't he?" came Molly's low-voiced answer, full of both doubt and wonder.

"Santa Claus," breathed the little boy in an awed voice. "Ma said we'd never find him, said he didn't like us as other children. Is it true, Molly? Won't he remember us tonight, too?"

"I don't know, Peter" Molly answered a little sadly. "I don't know—but I wish he would."

They had been coming nearer to the red-coated figure until now they stood just across the street, watching.

"There's a man, Molly. See? Let's ask him about Santa Claus," and Peter pointed to a stooped figure, an object of forlorn dejection, leaning against the side of a dark doorway. His face was partly hidden in the shadow, but his mouth wore a stern, hard expression, and his eyes seemed to reflect bitterness and rebellion from within. He stood as though transfixed, staring at apparently nothing.

Suddenly he felt a gentle tugging at his coat. He jerked about, ready to utter a sharp exclamation, but the words never came for he was surprised to see little Molly and Peter, looking at him questioningly, their innocent eyes fastening their gaze upon him.

"Please, will you tell us, is that Santa Claus?" timidly pointing across the street.

The man stared at them for a long moment without an answer. His first impulse was to turn away with a harsh laugh. Santa Claus, indeed? Of all foolish questions. But, somehow, he couldn't. Their intent gaze would not let him look away, and he found himself answering, though bitterly, to be sure.

"Santa Claus? What makes you think that's Santa Claus? And what would you do if it were?"

Molly looked at Peter, Peter at Molly. And then as though by mutual agreement, they told the stranger of the book they had found in a trash barrel, which had told of stories of wonderful things—things that came from a person called Santa Claus—and on Christmas Eve. They had learned that this was the night, and now they were in search of him.

"But hadn't you heard of him before?" The man's expression had softened as he listened to the pathetic tale.

"Never," the children solemnly agreed—"Until we asked Ma, and she said we'd never find him, for he'd not remember *us*."

The man's face hardened once again. True enough. And how many there were who would look for him in vain. But he knew that he could not say such a thing to Molly and Peter for they wanted him to reassure them, to tell them that Santa Claus was just across the street, that he *would* remember them. What could he say or do? He hadn't the heart to crush their hopes and dreams outright—*he* whom he had but a moment before believed to have been without a heart—or soul, and whose dreams and hopes had seemed like dull echoes of the past.

His hand went to his pocked, and he felt a bill—one—the *last* one. He pulled it out—it was $2.00! He smiled faintly to think of being without a cent on Christmas Day.

"Here," his words were kind. "Your Santa Claus has sent you this—through me. You see, he has not forgotten you."

So saying, he turned and walked rapidly down the street, his shoulders squared, his step brisk, his face set, not with sorrow and defeat, but with resolution and purpose.

Molly looked from the bill to Peter, doubtfully, then contentedly.

"Santa Claus remembered us," came her words, low and happy.

The stranger had fulfilled their hopes and dreams, while they had unconsciously reawakened his.

M. Hubler, '30.

TO A FLOWER

Oh starry flow'r of meadowland,
How white your petals gleam!
As white as purest snowflakes
That fall on hill and stream.
Oh chastest "Star of Bethlehem,"
Why dost thou close thine eye?
Thy radiant beauty seems to catch
The splendor of the sky.
Oh flawless flow'rs of Bethlehem,
Why do ye hide from me?
Such treasures ne'er should stay concealed
In grass or briar lea.

Elinor Packard.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS

Joan had been gazing raptuously out of the window for hours, watching the towering cities, the sleepy towns and villages, the sparkling rivers, and blue hills dwindle into miles and miles of level plain covered with wheat so yellow—it reflected in the sky. Being so preoccupied she had hardly noticed her traveling companions, and she was glad to rest her head back and quietly watch them.

Joan always played a peculiar game when she was traveling alone—on boats, standing on a street corner, or in a crowd. She would pick out someone who looked interesting and make up the story of his or her life.

Sometimes she was nearly right, but one day much to her mortification, an old, dignified gentleman, whom Joan had guessed to be no less than a distinguished doctor, or even a professor—with many letters behind him—shattered all her expectations by speaking in the conventional manner of the Bowery.

She was disappointed to see as she looked around that there was no material for a story here. In the corner in the rear of the car a pretty young girl was looking up shyly into the eyes of a young man. He was extremely nervous, and was twisting the sparkling rings on her fingers. It was the old, old story. A clergyman, a college boy, evidently returning

home for the holidays—a tall, uninteresting looking man, a short, dumpy little woman whose clothes were too scant and whose hair was too tightly frizzled—composed the rest of the party.

Tired of watching them she returned to the window and hoped she would soon be back home.

Miles and miles from the speeding train, in the State Asylum there was a great confusion. "Killer Joe" had escaped. Shudders—fear for anyone out after dark, for "Joe" was the most dangerous inmate. Once a famed preacher, now—his mind a shell empty but for a fierce craving to kill. To humor him the warden had allowed him to wear his robes, and the warning was radioed from north to south—from east to west, but the train went on—on into the night.

They saw each other first on the train, and as they were both young and going the same way, they quickly became acquainted. Near the end of the journey they confessed it must be "love at first sight." The train stopped at an obscure siding and a young man jumped hastily off. A wistful face was pressed close to the window. A lover's quarrel! Ah, but the sparkling rings were gone. Then Fate steps in—as the train drew away from the station the traveler saw the clergyman jump off and hurry after the boy, and as he looked back the clergyman grabbed the boy roughly by the arm—but the train went on—on into the night—the sparks from its funnel lighting the sky in a terrible warning.

She had been born plain Sophie Green, but Ivy Greene was the name that had been featured in bright lights. A talented actress—a clever woman-wife and mother, but all these things had been tempered with many hardships, and as a relief she had taken to drugs. Nights of horror—days of agony, until finally she was all alone. Ivy Greene was down and out, but Sophie Green was not a quitter, and she was going home—a tired, old woman, her beauty gone, and her figure once so fine, already one of the stylish stout. Going home to start over again. And the train went on—on into the night.

The conductor calling Joan's station aroused her, and she quickly got her things together, looking around for the last time. The dumpy little woman, the college boy, and the uninteresting man were all there, but she was startled to see that the young girl's eyes were red from weeping. She quickly forgot them all when she saw the smiling faces of her friends.

The train rolled noisely out of the station—on—on—nothing hindering it—there was no material for a story there. Just an unfinished story!

Virginia Allen Riley.

MARIE

Marie drowsily pushed aside the silken coverlets, and half opened her eyes to look at the maid standing beside her bed.

"Mrs. Van Horn is calling, Miss, and is anxious for you to attend her dinner and dance this evening."

So it had been all her life. Her many friends were invited weeks in advance, but Marie always received her invitation at the last minute, to accompany some perennial bachelor, or help to entertain the invited yet unwanted guests.

That evening, Marie dressed with the utmost care. Her black hair, red lips, snappy black eyes, and glistening teeth, combined with the beauty and simpleness of her white gown, made her a sight not the least unpleasant to the eye.

Marie found herself seated at the right of an elderly gentleman who, although long past sixty, forgot that he was not in the prime of life and thought himself to be most attractive to the opposite sex. On her left was a musician, who, although comparatively unknown, thought himself to be the master of all harmony, and constantly tried to impress that fact upon all who would listen to his idle chatter.

When these two boresome creatures were not occupying her, she gazed around at her dinner companions. They were so uninteresting! That is, everyone except Mr. Hemingway. He had been so charming when her hostess had introduced him. Marie had seen him and admired him so many times, yet this was the first time they had met.

But, he could not help her to escape from these tiresome people, for he was busily talking with his attractive and vivacious dinner companion. Oh, why couldn't *she* hold his attention! Why must she always be the quiet Miss Spencer, when she felt so elated? She wanted so much to express her feelings. Everyone said of her: "She is so quiet and refined," yet all the men passed her by as uninteresting.

The dance started, and Marie submitted herself to the ever-talking musician. How she cringed under the weight of her partner's feet! I am afraid her face must have betrayed her misery, for pity led Douglas Hemingway to cut in with his, "Miss Spencer, will you finish this dance with me?"

How divinely he danced! Their bodies moved in perfect unison. She completely forgot her self-consciousness, and talked with perfect ease, finding herself to be really alive.

After several dances together, Doug led her out into the moonlit garden. Instead of rebelling, Marie found herself really anxious to go. They wandered to the further end of the garden without realizing it. Not a word was spoken between them. This was such a wonderful moment to be interrupted by the harsh voice of Mae La Vern, Mr. Hemingway's dinner companion.

"Oh, pardon me, please . . . . ."

Doug made the necessary introductions, and the shrillness of Mae's voice changed to a cooing . . . "How do you do, Miss Spencer. I didn't realize that you and my fiance were such good friends."

After a few moments of stilted conversation, Marie excused herself, and went in the direction of the house—to dance, Doug thought.

However, some twenty minutes later, when the two returned to the party, separately, and everyone realized that something had happened, Marie was gone.

Two days slowly passed. Marie had received two gorgeous bouquets, but had been unable to find any card or hints as to the donnor. In her heart, she felt it was Doug—for in her heart he could never be Mr. Hemingway. Why was it that she kept hearing his charming voice? Why did she re-live that wonderful dance again and again? But most of all, why couldn't she visualize his face, instead of constantly seeing the grinning self-satisfied face of Mae? But he must care a little!

* * *

Marie thought herself the happiest girl in the world, for it had been three short weeks since she and Douglas Hemingway had announced their engagement. Party had followed party, and Marie was in the clouds.

Today was the luncheon bridge at Mrs. Knox's. She dressed carefully, and took great pains to pin Doug's orchids against the purple shoulder of her gown.

Her hostess greeted her affectionately, and she went upstairs to repair her make-up, before meeting her many friends. She found only one person in the room—Mae La Vern.

Mae rose when Marie entered, and rather cynically she sneered, "I have been waiting for you. I wanted to see you alone."

"Of course, Miss La Vern. I am very sorry to keep you waiting, but I cannot imagine what you might have to say to me."

"It is just this. I love Douglas Hemingway. He has been mine too long for me ever to forget. You cannot care for him the way I do. For me, there is but Douglas Hemingway, or—death. You shall *not* have him, I tell you."

Reasoning was impossible. There was no choice for Marie. With a choking voice, and a breaking heart, she offered to sacrifice her lover, for fear, pity, and misunderstanding forced her.

By some act of Providence, Marie was able to keep a cheerful appearance during the luncheon, but on her return home, she could not hide her feelings.

She loved Doug as she had never loved anyone before, or could ever love again. Yet, she wrote a very decisive note—ending everything. Then, she enclosed her shining diamond that had meant so much, and sent the communication to the man who was the world to her.

It was with bewilderment and dismay that Doug read that heart-breaking note. There was nothing he could do. She had said, "It is impossible. I do not love you." There was no choice for him—he would go away.

Since writing the note, Marie had been in a dazed state, and she scarcely moved when Hilda brought her the morning paper. Some minutes later, when her visual consciousness grasped the meaning of the headlines, she read: "Well Known Debutante Killed in Automobile Accident. Miss Mae Le Vern was killed . . . . " Marie read no more for she had fainted.

She regained consciousness to find Hilda standing beside her.

"A gentleman just arrived, Miss, and he says he must see you at once. He's so handsome and . . . "

"Never mind, Hilda. Tell him that I am busy, and do not wish to see him."

Hilda, somewhat surprised and disappointed, delivered the message.

Douglas Hemingway's face wore a somewhat stern yet tender expression when, pressing a bill into Hilda's hand, he directed, "Get Miss Spencer's coat, and pack her suitcase immediately." Then he entered the living room to find Marie curled up in one corner of the davenport.

All Marie could say was, "Mae . . . "

"I know," said Doug. "I had a note from her last night. There was nothing I could do, for when the note reached me,—it was too late."

Everything was explained and forgiven. This moment was theirs—no one could spoil it. Hilda noiselessly entered the room and placed the coat and suitcase near them. Doug helped Marie into her coat, and without saying a word, led her out of the house, and into his Packard roadster. He settled himself back of the wheel, and they started off into the darkness.

After an hour's ride, Doug stopped the car in front of the sign: *John P. Stimpson, Justice of the Peace.* Doug opened the door, and picking Marie up in his arms, he entered the house.

Some twenty minutes later, they sped away into the future, together. Although they had not known each other long, and they had said little, they knew the truth. They loved each other.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

SANS AMOUR

A little house
  A little child,
A little garden—
  All undefiled.

A great love
  A great strife,
A great joy—
  A happy life.

A grand mansion,
  Parties wild,
Money, luxury—
  But all defiled.

A small love,
  A small strife,
A small joy—
  Oh, what a life!

Betty Heyer, '30.

THE FIVE-THIRTY

Five-thirty! The subway train was crowded to overflowing with its last-minute shoppers, its tired business men, its trim-looking but weary stenographers, all going in the same direction —home. Here they hoped to find rest and warmth. At each station everyone seemed to rush out, pushing, shoving and plunging headlong in their anxiety to get outside and yet just as many seemed to be left behind as more would come in and regardless of anyone's feet

or arms, endeavor to get at least a strap to hang onto. At last Broad Street! Beverly Matthews shoved her way through the crowd to the door, struggled a few moments with her few bundles and newspaper which would insist on slipping from her arms and stepped out onto the platform.

The wind whistled down the subway stairs, rustling the bill board advertisements on the wall, making a weird singing noise. Beverly pulled her coat more tightly about her and kicked the snow from under her feet as she hurried along. However, you just can't think of bills at Christmas time for money isn't to be wasted on such questionable trifles when presents must be bought. "It certainly is cold," she said to herself, "why couldn't Mr. Wallace have let me out a little earlier when he knew I had so many last-minute things to do. However, such is life when one has to work for a living. That green compact for Dolly and the chiffon kerchief for Mae will make a great hit. I'm sure that Mrs. Daley, poor dear, will love her silver pin. She sure has a hard job mothering so many of us. Why couldn't her daughter be more decent to her—"

Beverly's thoughts were broken by happy laughter as three girls ran out from one of the brightly lighted houses on the avenue. They were rushing out to a waiting car. Beverly caught snatches of "Why, do you know that Bob Wallace has asked me to the Pi Sigma formal and Jack said if I didn't go with him he'd call off our engagement — now I ask you—"

"My dear, not really—I'd be so-o thrilled if Bob had a date with me and I'm sure any steady would understand if he'd a grain of sense."

The snow came down thicker and faster as it swirled and twisted Beverly's coat about her, making her clutch more tightly to it and wonder at the same time why everyone was so happy. "Those girls little know how lucky they are," thought Beverly. They seemed like typical college girls in their expensive furs, gay scarves flying and tiny spike-heeled shoes showing on their feet. "All they ever worry about is how to get to all their teas and luncheons and dinners and dances," sighed Beverly. At this she suddenly became conscious of almost slipping and in her attempt to keep from it, found her bundles flying in every direction.

"I beg pardon," said a masculine voice as he stooped to pick her many parcels, for he felt that perhaps in avoiding a collision with him she had met with her accident with the parcels. "Dashed pretty girl," thought Bob Wallace, for it was none other than he, "those eyes of hers simply get you. Wonder where she lives and who she is. She looks a bit like Bill. She might be his sister. But no, Bill had said his sister was a blonde."

"May I help you further, Miss—"

"Matthews," said Beverly. After all he had picked up her hundles and she'd never see him again so it was all right to speak her name. It was such a common one that it could make no difference anyway. "No, thank you," said Beverly, "I live right here and can manage nicely myself now."

The rest of the way Beverly kept thinking, "Well, he *was* good looking. She didn't blame girls for making dates with such as he." With a happy heart she entered her boarding house as she felt a Christmas glow.

"Hello, Mother Daley," she called, "I guess I'm the last one in. I thought I'd never get home tonight as a man nearly knocked me down."

"A man!" Dolly rushed out and threw her arms around Beverly's neck. "You darling, please don't tell me that your royal highness looked at a mere man. Why what would—"

"Yes, Dolly. He was frightfully good-looking, too."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Of course not—at least not more than was necessary—you know one never knows what may happen and sometimes the better looking the worse they are."

Mother Daley stood looking at the girls with tears in her eyes. She *did* try to make it homey for them but it must be hard at Christmas time not to be in homes of their own. She wished something extra fine would happen

to change the monotony of life for them. They deserved it for they kept themselves so straight and were happy doing it. "Come Beverly, child," said she, "take off your wet things. *What!* going out with those *thin slippers.* What on earth are you thinking of?"

"Now, mother, just be calm. It's Christmas and who cares about shoes? That's the least of my worries." Beverly ran lightly up the stairs and picked up the letters lying on her desk. They were mostly advertisements trying to induce the business girl to read more, to study in a correspondence school and one as to what kind of clothes to wear. Imagine getting stuff like that at Christmas. The last one she wasn't even going to open but thought she might as well. This is what it said:

"We are pleased to inform you that you have won first prize in the little contest for our special brand of cheese. We enclose a cheque for $1,000 and trust that it will be of use to you."

Beverly couldn't quite grasp the fact and her face turned pale. Was it a dream from which she would soon have a rude awakening? She looked the cheque over and over wondering if it could be real or one of the kind they send out at Christmas time drawn on the Bank of Good Wishes. But no! It was one on the First National Bank.

At this moment Dolly rushed in and seeing her friend in serious mood exclaimed, "Why, Bev, what's up?" Beverly handed her the letter to read. "Why, Bev, isn't it wonderful? Ain't it just grand! Oh, Bev, you can get that fur coat and loads of other things, can't you? Why, Bev, wake up! What's the matter? If I'd a cheque for a cool thousand I'd not moon over it. I'd know just where it would go." As Dolly began to enumerate the purchases, Beverly Matthews saw a brightly lighted street, laughing college girls, a handsome young man. How far would the money go towards college? She mustn't say anything until she was sure she could swing it. The desire had always been there but now it was consuming her.

"Guess I'll let it draw interest in the bank awhile, Dolly. The fur coat can wait. I'll not get another such surprise in a hurry again."

The household rejoiced and everyone spent Beverly's cheque many times over. One thing she was sure of and that was that the family must share it. "A show for everyone Christmas night," was Beverly's first thought. "Something nice for their stockings Christmas morning, too."

In the meantime Dolly had opened the evening paper to find Beverly's picture and the announcement of the prize. "Why, Bev, how did they get your picture without your knowing it?"

"Oh, I remember now. We had to send photographs along with our answers. I thought it was a funny thing to do but since I tried I was asking no questions."

"It's a good picture, Bev. Won't the girls at the office be green with envy!"

The next morning Beverly Matthews went as usual to the office and was greeted as though she were at least an aviatrix. Congratulations poured in from all sides and of course were always followed with the question of how she was going to spend it. But Beverly kept her own counsel. She put them all off. Suddenly her buzzer rang so, armed with note-book and pencil she went to Mr. Wallace's office.

"Good morning, Miss Matthews, how does it feel to win a prize? Congratulations! I suppose the money has been spent long ago." And Mr. Wallace laughed. Beverly wondered if she should take him into her secret. No, she must be sure that she could swing it.

After a short half-hour of dictation as she was about to leave the president's private office in walked young Bob. "Well," he exclaimed, "I didn't know what a clever person I came near finishing off last night. Congratulations, Miss Matthews." Bob explained to his father what he meant. "I say, Miss Matthews," he continued, "what about coming to a dance Christmas Eve? Won't the others be raging when they know whom I have for *my* dancing partner."

"Thank you, Mr. Wallace, but I'm to be out with friends that night." How could she go in his set? It was all right to take a bit of the money for a treat for the crowd, but there'd be none left if she began going out with men such as Bob Wallace.

"Well, make it some other night, Miss Matthews. We must celebrate, you know. Think of the advertising this firm's got." Bob Wallace knew, however, that he wasn't going to have an easy time persuading this young lady. In his own set he could get anyone he wanted but not so with Beverly Matthews.

"Thanks, Mr. Wallace. It's very kind of you but my plans are quite uncertain for a few days. I've other—"

"Ah, yes, I'm sure you're the popular young lady but do let me cut in before I go back to the greasy grind." For this young man studied at a certain famous New Jersey college known as Princeton.

"Perhaps I can, Mr. Wallace. I'll let you know later. I'm sorry but I must go now." She hurriedly left the room.

"Not the easy kind, Son, is she? Perhaps we can have her over to dinner at the house before you go and have a little dance or go to the theatre or something like that. She's a proud little thing and we've got to be careful with that kind. They're terribly afraid of being patronized."

Christmas morning brought a huge box of gorgeous red roses from Mr. Wallace, senior, and a shoulder bouquet of orchids from the younger male member of the Wallace family. A large box of fruit and nuts and candy from Mrs. Wallace. Were the whole family rushing her? For what? Never mind, she decided to take things as they came and it certanly meant a great treat to her whole household.

The day after Christmas everyone was buying dollar chances on a lovely fur coat. "Oh, Bev," they exclaimed, "take a chance, you may be lucky again. This time you'll know sooner. A dress goes with it, too. It seems some firm has conceived this idea of advertising." Beverly didn't know that the cards were stacked. At the Wallace home there had been grand discussions as to how best a present of these two garments could be made. They had devised this scheme and of course Beverly would hold the lucky number. But what compensation to the others? Mr. Wallace announced that the unlucky ones would be invited to a dinner and the theatre by him, he planning to give favors at the banquet that would more than make up their dollars. The name of the firm was quite fictitious. The coat and dress were to be according to measurements recorded on each number.

Once more Beverly was lucky and more than pleased because she could now accept Bobs' invitation, provided, of course, he asked her again. She rather thought he would. With the dress and coat was a small envelope containing a note and cheque from Mr. Wallace requesting Miss Matthews to please buy stockings and shoes to match the dress. She truly felt like Cinderella.

* * *

August came and Beverly's vacation. At last she must tell Mr. Wallace that she had made all arrangements to enter Vassar College. She had been to see their representative in Worcester and had worked hard studying for her examinations. She was to take them by special permit during her holidays, for if she didn't pass she would have to decide differently. Mrs. Campbell, the Vassar alumna, with whom she had talked, had become very much interested in her. If she passed she had finally got Beverly to consent to accept a loan from her to see her through college, making a mental reservation of giving it to her as a graduation present.

Beverly's luck still continued. She passed with so high an average that she won a scholarship which would pay her tuition. She could easily manage the rest with her savings, and what she could earn the following summer and her thousand dollars she could see herself through a second year. Now, she truly felt like a modern Cinderella. It seemed as though her fairy god-mother must soon stop waving her wand. She wired Dolly, so

excited was she. Dolly had been the only one let into her secret for not only had Dolly studied right along with her but she now hoped to get Dolly her own job. She felt sure Mr. Wallace would take her.

Beverly returned to Worcester and appeared at the office early the morning after her vacation had ended. How was she to break the news to Mr. Wallace? That individual had admired the way she had handled his young son, not seeing too much of him. Little did he know that she had had to burn the midnight oil every night preparing for her entrance examination. But it had been worth it. She timidly approached the president's office.

"Well, Miss Matthews, you're looking a bit tired to have just come back from a vacation. What have you been doing with yourself?"

So Beverly told him the whole story and was surprised that he wasn't more enthusiastic. "Why, Beverly, child, why didn't you tell me of your ambitions before? I'd love to have given you a college education. You always seemed like a proud little minx and I knew we had to step carefully. You will accept a small bonus from the firm, won't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Wallace, you are too kind to me. Will you think me awful if I ask you to send a friend of mine to college. She's a fine girl but like myself without parents. She's awfully bright and we've studied together only she didn't take the exams for she couldn't go. But perhaps—oh, Mr. Wallace, it seems so nervy—but perhaps you could use some influence to get her in."

"My dear child, the bonus is yours just the same. Of course your friend shall go to college with you. We'll try and crash the gates to get her in."

"And here, all I thought I could do for Dolly was to get her my job, Mr. Wallace. I was going to ask you for that. She'll be too excited to believe it true. Oh, Mr. Wallace, how can I ever thank you."

"My child, it isn't necessary."

* * *

It is two days before Christmas again and the 5.30 subway train is packed once again with last-minute shoppers, tired business men and trim but weary stenographers. Broad Street is called and the crowd moves out. Two happy girls leave the train and walk gaily up the stairs, down which the wind is whistling. They wrap their fur coats more closely around them. "Taxi, Miss."

"I just can't, Dolly. I must walk this bit again. To think that a year ago I was going home sad and dejected, little dreaming that one of the letters on my desk was to be the turning point in my life. Isn't it fine, Dolly, that Mother Daley can have us stay with her? I feel as though I simply must spend this one in the same old stamping ground again."

"Why, Beverly Matthews — what are you two doing here? Why, in heaven's name are you walking? Can I give you a lift?"

"No, thanks, Sally, we preferred to walk. We're staying just around the corner."

Beverly Matthews and Dolly Stewart walked along to Mother Daley's and were received in her open arms as though they had never left them—with this difference. This year they were so heavily dated for a gay round of festivities that they had barely managed to save a few evenings for her. Christmas morning dawned bright and fair, with gorgeous red roses from Mr. Wallace, senior, a shoulder bouquet of orchids from Mr. Wallace, junior, and a box of fruit and nuts and candy from Mrs. Wallace, all addressed to Miss Beverly Matthews. Was it a merry Christmas? A very merry one with richer ones to follow.

Marjorie Magune, '30.

THANKS

Somehow or other when day is done
I raise my eyes to a setting sun.
My soul cries out—as if to say
I thank my God—I've lived today.

Kitty Comstock, '31.

TIME!

The golden sun on the sun-dial
The tide going out to sea
Men measure time by such things
But I—by the hours from thee.

Wanda Watson, '31.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas is coming and with it joy
For each tiny girl and each tiny boy.
Can't you just see them the night before,
Wishing and wondering more and more.
Hoping that Santa will surely come
Before the long night is over and done.
Listening carefully at each little sound,
Wondering if that is his sleigh on the ground.
Plainly they hear the sound of hoofs,
Galloping over the neighboring roofs.
A silence falls and then they know
That Santa is here, all covered wth snow.
How they wish that they could peek and see
Fat old Santa coming down the chimney.
So listening for another sound
They hear his sleigh upon the ground.
Then with a deep, deep sigh and yawn
They fall sound asleep until the dawn,
Dreaming of Santa so fat and so dear
Who comes to see them once every year.

Doris Hatch, '30.

HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN

A critic has a destructive mind. He is continually tearing down the work of others. He is a middle man, a go-between, who gives us the good from the bad. Such a one is indispensable in this age of varied and innumerable pursuits. Henry Louis Mencken is such a man, who tells of anything and everything within his vision, usually in a critical manner. His knowledge is wide though rather superficial, and his scope takes him from sex pedagogy to the movies; from Socialism to Bach. Strange to say he seems to uphold the unpraised and denounce the glorified. He is straightforward and unafraid and he has a subtle sense of humor.

Mencken has a superiority complex of the highest order; his writing shows this attitude continually. He is really a crusader for himself, and not for causes.

Mencken is a radical of the new school. The "American Mercury" is the organ through which Mencken expresses his viewpoints, because no other periodical or monthly magazine would print such unconventional ideas. Innumerable people write for this magazine—Jim Tully and George Jean Nathan being two of the more famed. Nathan shares honors with Mencken as one of the two bad boys of American contemporary literature.

This writer never wastes time in definitions. His work would be more authentic and awe-inspiring if he did, but not half so forceful. He is a realist and as such believes in stating the facts baldly, prominently, and hastily. Unfortunately he is, also, an aristocrat, and therefore he does not realize that the thing he hates is the direct result of the thing he most admires. To be more explicit, the society he loves, because of their aristocratic ideas, have caused the majority to reach the lower, more sordid scale in their struggle for the "survival of the fittest."

In his short volume, "In Defense of Women", he is at his best. Glorifying and exalting the sex to the skies he is still sending unforgivable, detestable, caustic jabs womanward. He has the art of sarcasm, if it may be called by so fair a name, down to the finest degree.

The style of this man is unique, revivifying, and to me, wholly delightful. Although my knowledge of literature is small, I have never found another type of writing exactly resembling Mencken's. He ridicules everything and everybody, not forgetting senators, American cooking, college professors, and the various denominations of our land. But as ones studies the broad forehead, and wide lips of the rather long mouth, of this man, one concludes that he is not being satirical for the joy of it, if there is a possible joy in it, but rather to awaken, to teach, and to stimulate. He sticks almost exclusively to American subjects because he is more familiar with them, and, as he writes he attempts to show us that we do not live in a modern Utopia, but everything needs some slight improvement. H. L. has an exceedingly large vocabularly and a rather unusual one. It has been noted, however, that Mencken does not delve very deeply into his subjects. There are probably many reasons for this, the foremost being that he wishes only to start the

train of thought and allow his reader to carry it on. This stimulates the mind and the reader may perhaps reach an even better conclusion, or a greater variety of conclusions, than the author. Another possible reason is that he wishes to cover a great deal of ground. Fear, as a possible explanation, could never be laid at his doorstep.

Mencken valiantly defends George Jean Nathan and George Bernard Shaw, hoping, I believe, to be classed with the latter. And upon studying the works of both, one does find a resemblance in purpose and viewpoints. Mencken, also, has often been compared to Santayana, though as types they are extremely different. Yet one feels that this man does not necessarily seek applause or fame, but rather that, being independent, he knows he may more completely impress his beliefs on others. His writing flows easily, and though he sometimes becomes rowdy, he is never obscene.

Sometimes he contradicts himself on small points, but one's notice of this only proves that his critical germ has been inculcated in one. Throughout his books he is stabbing right and left with sharp pointed needles. In other words, he is attempting to wake us from our lethargy. He is searching for improvement, for knowledge, for an overthrowing of provincialism and a finding of cosmopolitanism. Mencken, is to be exact, going about a reformation in a new and unusual way. Whether he will be successful it is yet too early to ascertain. It is even too soon to tell whether he, a comparatively young man, will continue along his present line of attack, and whether the following generations will accept him. We, of the present, cannot judge, but we can testify to the belief that this writer should live and should succeed. All honor to this man; to the modern critic! We may be injured by his remarks, we may denounce his views, we may dislike his type of writing; yet he is a splendid, a vigorous, an unusual reformer, and so we say "Viva bon homme!" *Dorothy Camin,* '30.

ISRAEL

To a friend

I looked into your eyes once
And saw that grief profound,
Which Israel held within her breast
When Egypt held her bound.

I saw the knowledge unprofessed
And a pain unknown to you;
Not long ago you felt a pang,
But why—you never knew.

Wanda W. Watson, '31.



BELLS

Tennyson has written about bells. Would that this poet could hear the famous 6.45 bell in our beloved senior house—Gardner. An inspiration he'd gain—or a loss of temper. I appeal to you victims who have heard it. I ask you is it not glorious? Appealing? Your first impression is to scream—on second thought—and after counting ten, you climb out of bed. At Woodland Park, the mellow strains of a cow bell come to our ears and in the future they may use a saxophone or a peanut whistle. Perhaps the time may even come when we will be allowed to cut breakfast. I hope that if I still have sufficient vision (doubtlessly dulled by age), I shall be notified of this success.

I suppose we just must have these bells, but I am afraid that I will become so accustomed to working on scheduled time, regulated by bells, that in the future my existence will be governed by the ringing of a bell. Only Dempsey could sympathize with me now, and he alone might appreciate my attitude.

At Christmas, I fear, I will insist upon father either re-wiring the house with the various bell arrangements, or buying a cow bell.

The cow bell idea would not appeal so much to him as it might prove strenuous.

Then, too, picture father frantically facing the hall in his nightshirt ringing a cow bell! No! I guess the re-wiring plan would prove to be the better suggestion.

Here's hopin' that every junior has a quiet, peaceful disposition, for if she plans to be a senior at Gardner, she will need all the patience she can possibly get into one individual. In closing may I add—that some wicked girls disregard these noble bells and have been known to cut breakfast. Is it possible? I wonder! *Helen Crego, '30.*

"REMINISCENCES"

Such a host of bright colors—such a display of holiday festivity! Toys of every description were gaily decorated in accordance with the joyous season at hand. There were dolls —some in be-ruffled dresses, with stiff hair ribbons; others in short pants and soft blouses, with caps pulled over one eye; all with shining faces, dimpled chins, and mischievous eyes. What more could one ask to set some childish heart a-flutter? But there was much more. Soft, fuzzy dogs, woolly lambs, pale blue tea sets, tiny beds, red automobiles, shining horns, speeding trains. Nothing was lacking—the picture was complete.

As I stood amidst the jostling crowd, gazing upon the scene before me, it seemed to fade and I saw instead the twinkling lights and the sparkling tinsel of a Christmas tree. A star crowned its fiery peak while bright balls of many colors clung to its outstretched branches. Beneath it lay gifts—boxes wrapped in white and tied with silky red—a doll, a train, a dog, a bed. The stockings hanging over the glowing fireplace bulged with candy, nuts, and oranges. To each was fastened a tiny note—"Patty"—"Freddy"—"from Santa Claus." What joy there was on that bright morrow—such dancing eyes, twinkling feet, shouts of delight.

But that picture, too, faded all too soon, and it was with a sigh that I realized how dear are those memories of yesterday. 'Tis a privilege and a joy to claim the blessings of maturity, but oh, to be a child at Christmas time!

M. Hubler, '30.



Every morning at eight-fifteen the group begins to gather.
Today, some are hopeful, some actually confident.
They have waited long enough.
The time has come for an answer.
At eight-thirty, after fifteen minutes of silent prayer,
They turn away discouraged.
What! No mail today? *Dorothy Kaull, '30.*

THE THWARTED GOLD DIGGER

The night was dark and very wet
When a robber came to rob him,
She picked the lock, she came to get
His money, his jewels, and his gin.

In all her life she'd always got
Just all that she wished from men;
They were alike, the whole darned lot,
You got what you wanted from them.

She looked this man over, and thought,
"You poor fool, you're the same as the rest,"
So she played, and her beauty bought
For her, jewels and clothes of the best.

The game was a long and hard one,
She was playing for more than loot;
For she wanted before she was done
His affection, his love to boot.

But this man was ready for such a thief,
So played a small game of his own,
To this one he wished the greatest of grief
When her love for him was full blown.

So instead of winning his love
To her, she lost her own to him,
While he blessed the very stars above
That his heart was safe within.

Betty Heyer, '30.

EDITORIALS

"GOOD WILL TO MEN"

A score of years ago we sent navies around the world to show our strength, today we send aviators around with all sorts of messages of good will from the head of one government to the head of a neighboring one. And truly the aeroplane should be a symbol of aspiration towards higher and better things. The cynical may say that it is in the interests of good business, but we feel that underlying good business is the real desire to be in the vanguard of "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

It is a significant fact that even though ministries in France may come and they may go, M. Briand goes on forever in being the guardian of French foreign affairs. M. Briand wants peace and even though France seems armed to the teeth at present, the nations of the world feel secure as long as M. Briand is in office. Across the channel, Labor may have trouble in dealing with unemployment, but the English are determined that the party which stands openly for peace must stay in power. In the United States all sorts of factors entered into the election of Mr. Hoover as president, and yet his outstanding accomplishment may not lie in the field of engineering endeavor, but rather in the promotion of goodwill not only towards Europe but towards the American Indian in our midst. The man who can create good will is the man of the hour in international and national affairs.

If this be true in the large spheres of life, may it not also be practiced between individuals? Perhaps this is essential before it can be done on any large scale. Certainly that has been the drift in industry. In fact, so much so has it been a fact in industrial society that we are wondering if trade unions have not perhaps finished their greatest work. At any rate, we decidedly feel that they should change much of their former policy even though we are quite conscious of the fact that we cannot yet manage without them. But the tendency is towards cooperation, and wise is the man who is willing to share his profits with those who produce them.

In politics and in industry we have a growing good will but what of our social life? Are we afraid to let down the bars so that others may come in? It is hard to say. Social contacts are so much a matter of emotional and intellectual congeniality that we feel a certain independence in the distribution of goodwill. And yet—great is the glow within the heart of that one who is determined that the creation of good will is the basis of good living. He is willing to suffer the opprobrious title of hypocrite because he believes firmly in creating good will through friendly contacts. Great is the joy of him who suddenly discovers a rich mine of friendship where he least expects to find it. In the long run, to create goodwill is to feel the tingle and warmth of life itself.

Whether it be in international affairs, whether it be in industry, or whether it be in our personal social life, we must feel the urgent need of good will to our fellowmen. We must break down barriers of race, religion and class in order to accomplish it. We must be willing to meet each human being as an individual. With Sherwood Anderson, let us feel, "Don't you see we are all a part of something, here in the West? We're trying to break through. I'm a song myself, the broken end of a song myself. We have to sing, you see, here in the darkness. All men have to sing—

poor, broken things. We have to sing here in the darkness in the roaring flood. We have to find each other. Have you courage tonight for a song? Lift your voices. Come."

ON ANTICIPATIONS

To live only in the world around us would be a drab existence, for we should miss so much of the loveliness in the fairy world of anticipation. I find almost more pleasure in concocting pictures of momentous events to come then I do in the festivities themselves. Weeks before, my friends look queerly at me when in a serious moment they suddenly see little smiles playing tag around the corners of my mouth. At such moments—if only they knew it—far from books and study, I am in an ephemeral world where I reign—a figure of super-joy. There is a delicious sense of freedom which comes about three weeks before vacation—unequalled as a messenger of happiness. Long ago, I felt the same liberty when on the night before my birthday, my mother told me I wouldn't have to practice the next day. Just to think of nineteen days in which I may read, play, shop and waste valuable time at will makes m ecapable of facing anything with glee. Then the nineteen days come, fly by, and are gone—nineteen days filled to the brim with dentists, dressmakers, luncheons and calls of duty. How much more ideal, how much more true to my idea of a vacation had been the anticipation.

There is another kind of anticipation which makes things loom up like gigantic monsters, awaiting to gobble one up. Work, left for "some future time," is very fond of taking on terrifying forms. Examinations frequent the same ghostly company. For these anticipations, I know of only one remedy and that is—"to get at it." The only trouble is that, in spite of many times "getting at it," some frightful things like examinations still keep their awful proportions. However, like Elbert Hubbard, I keep my equilibrium sufficiently to say, "Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip." To anticipate is all very well, but use a little judgment, my friend, anticipate the right thing.

THAT ELUSIVE "SOMETHING"

"It is important to know people, but it is more important to be worth knowing," says Edward Martin in an essay of advice to his freshman son. This, to me, was looking down upon the valley from an entirely different hill—the particular valley being that exciting pastime of knowing "celebrities." Why is there always that little sensation of self pride when we say loftily, "Oh, yes, I know this great professor or that actor renowned the world over." After all it's a very dim sort of reflected glory and its only advantage should be that by coming in contact with a great personality, we may absorb some small spark of light, perhaps. A glow in ourselves. These people are doing something worth while, are giving something to the world—that is why we are proud to boast of even a slight acquaintance with them.

Now, while all of us do not aspire to be great professors or actors in order to make friends and to be worthy of the friends we have already made, we may ourselves try to be worth knowing. That is a very pretty phrase, running off quite glibly—the question is how to begin. Of course, some people have natural gifts and can make miraculous glass flowers, or enchant the world with music. This is splendid but, although we may admire their work, it does not necessarily follow that we consider them worth knowing. They must have an added something which we may call personality before we class them in that enviable group of people. Granted the importance of this "elusive something" let us try to find out some of the rules so that we may play the game.

First rule — to tell the truth. People who tell the truth are worth knowing — you can depend upon them. A truthful girl doesn't let her eyes wander during an exam, doesn't "forget" that fifty cents she owes—she has a standard of truth and she "sticks to it," whether on the jury stand or in her best friend's room. A popular slang expression says, "Be yourself." You can't pretend to be

what you are not and get on our favored list. Don't talk about yourself. Someone once said, "Get out and do something—work, sweat—starve yourself if need be, but dig on and deliver. Then talk if you want to, but the chances are you won't feel so much like it."

Second rule—read and read! You will get standards and stories—food for thought and laughter. You may even get a glimpse into the hearts of men. I believe there is nothing in the world that arouses zeal for more things, suggests more roads of interest than good books. A well read person is almost always worth knowing—you can talk to him, learn from him, and enjoy with him! One of my dearest friends is an old lady who lives near by. She never fails to suggest a new book to me when I visit her, to discuss in her charming, biting way the old books—and the new people. Read and make friends—with books and with men.

Third rule—be happy. When the outlook is not good, try the uplook. Happy people are worth knowing. We all have heard the "spread a little sunshine" sentiment ever since we first began to hear at all. I always labelled it as "gush" until one day as an experiment, I actually tried being cheerful when I didn't want to and saw how really worth while it was. When everything seems particularly topsy-turvy, I like to think of a little verse of Emerson's—

"But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings."

If only we can make our three rules sing a little more loudly, perhaps some day when some one is making out a list of people worth knowing, although like Abou Ben Adam our name may not head the list, will be proud if it's only the very last name—so long as it's there.

THE HYPOCRISY OF SOME MANNERS

At boarding school, one is afforded an opportunity to study and know his neighbor, yet there is not always a feeling of harmony between them.

Have you ever had a visitor whom you particularly disliked? This is often the case, when a caller comes to your room and gushes for the course of ten minutes. She flatters you, and insists that you simply *must* go to her home some week end. The average girl, or hostess I should say, knows that the visitor is merely talking. Too, you have finished your English theme, and the visitor is a member of your class. What could be more clear? Of course, your politeness commands you to give her the theme, that she may criticise and use it.

After a visitor of this kind has left, for she invariably leaves as soon as she has succeeded in obtaining her errand, you feel at odds with everyone. Your roommate has to listen to your ravings. Yet, what is to blame? Is it hypocrisy or manners?

If you are fortunate enough to live within a few miles of the school, you may trust that your room will be a popular meeting place on Sunday evenings, for there is always a chance that food has been brought home on that day. Girls that rarely see you during the week are the first arrivals immediately after vespers. But you smile sweetly at nine-thirty and say, "Please come in soon. Don't forget." All the time, you are sure of being without them until the following Sunday evening.

Perhaps the worst time for an occasion of this kind to occur, is in the morning. It has taken you some minutes to pick up the room. The spread is clean, the floor has been swept, and everything has been put in its place. It is always at just that time that some sweet little thing rushes into the room, throws herself on the bed, and calmly plants her feet on the clean covering. Invariably, you smile, and ask about what she is excited. Doubtless, she hasn't the faintest idea.

Following this outburst, she demands a book or magazine to read. She is told they are on the table. After some inspection, and much talk, she decides not to read, she has promised Mary that she would meet her. The visitor makes her exit.

Need I tell you that the appearance of the

room has changed? It is then that the spirit of revenge is most prevalent.

However, with all the faults of your friends, you would not have them changed a great deal. We are told that no one is perfect, and certainly this is true. I am a believer in perfect frankness, but I leave the decision to you. Would you call this courtesy a symptom of hypocrisy, or the result of manners that have been impressed on us from childhood?

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER

The "tired business man" has the reputation of only caring for that type of play which will amuse him but which will not cause him to think. This opinion on the part of the public as well as theatrical managers has been wholly revised, and today we find that the "tired business man" is perfectly willing to have his mental interests aroused if he can also have entertainment and amusement, so that a good play *can* become popular. We feel that the "tired business man" is quite justified in his opinion and once more we find that dramatic art and the public are coming closer together. So we may draw the analogy between the "tired business man" and the tired (?) student whose parents feel that she has earned a holiday.

The average student feels that when she goes to Europe she is going to see things as they have been presented on the screen and in novels. She goes and sometimes is disappointed. At this moment if she has included in her "grand tour" those sight-seeing objects which will arouse her aesthetic and intellectual interest, the ephemeral will be destroyed and the real will take its place permanently. Added to this if she has by her side someone who "has been before," someone who has made certain interesting discoveries here and there, she can make the adjustments more easily and things will be placed in their right proportions. She will find that there are the "Folies Bergere" and Avenue de Clichy in Paris but that there is a greater value in the beauty of Notre Dame silhouetted against the setting sun as one comes up the river, or in the picturesqueness of the bookshops along the left bank, or interest in watching fashionable Paris either in the Bois or in one of the innumerable Boulevarde cafes, or gazing for the first time on the treasures of the Louvre or the glory of the stained glass in Sainte Chapelle. Therefore, she will find that intelligent travelling may also be recreative.

Again, curiosity regarding certain things must be satisfied. She will go to Nice and Monte Carlo, she may even place a few francs on the Casino table but she will be surprised to find herself more thrilled at the beauties of the Corniche Drive along the Mediterranean. She may forget the one but she will always remember the other.

In Florence she will be fascinated by the shops on the Ponte Vecchio, she will want to spend all she has and more, and yet properly guided, she will react with enthusiasm to the greatness of Savonarola and Dante and the Medicis, the great spirits of a great age, representing the highest and the lowest in the Renaissance. She cannot help but be moved at the unceasing quantities of art held within the walls of a few houses in that charming and historic city. Everywhere she goes in Florence she will be struck with the artistic quality of the place, losing herself in the permanent things. Here purchases from the Ponte Vecchio will only serve to remind her of them.

And so we might go on through all the cities and places of Europe to which the average tourist goes. The gist of the matter is that if one goes to Europe at all is it not possible to have an intelligent interest? Is it not possible to combine pleasure and even gaiety with an intellectual interest and thus have a sum total of intelligence? For, the intelligent traveller acts as the greatest ambassador of his country. Only the officials of a foreign nation have access to members of an American diplomatic corps, but the man in the street forms his opinion from the average tourist. Thousands of American tourists go each year to Europe. Do they ever wonder what sort of an impression they leave with the people of the country? If he be an intelligent traveller not a multitude of lies in a very venal press can hurt the nation he represents. But alas! the tourist feels that to travel intelligently

is to miss having a good time. If he thought it through he would find that to travel intelligently means having the best time, the superlative of good. What a joy it is to have our hostess invite us back to her home, is it too much to wish the same for the American tourist in Europe?



Another joyous Christmas season has rolled around with its bells and carolers such as are represented on our cover page for this month. We owe our sincere thanks and appreciation for this excellent achievement to Doris Hatch, who has spent a generous portion of her time and effort in so making this number a success.

We are interested this month in the quaint little old man in Norma Keller's "A Present for an Old Man," and in his recollections of the old-fashioned Christmases with cutters and sleigh-bells. It rather makes us wish to return to the "good old days" once again. Betty Heyer has given us a true example of woman's supposed fickleness in her story, "I'm Sporting You Know." Our sympathies are rather with poor Billy, left waiting at the altar, as it were. "Marie," introduced to us by Dot Inett, proves that there must be such a thing as love at first sight—and is presented in a very pleasing manner. We are also much interested this month in Dorothy Camin's presentation of "Henry Louis Mencken." We are given a very adequate discussion of the famous critic, which is written in commendable style.

There is the usual abundance of poetry this month. Doris Hatch has delightfully pictured the typical Christmas Eve with Santa and his reindeer; while of quite a different nature is Betty Heyer's "Sans Amour," a little poem of charming simplicity. "Israel," by Wanda Watson, leaves us with a rather vague impression as to the underlying thought, though its vagueness may but add to its appeal.

And now may "Under" close with a final greeting to all, in words well-worn, but ever sincere: "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

M. H., '30.



Because of the snow and cold weather our athletics came to somewhat of a standstill for a week or so. However, the Blues and the Whites played their game of soccer and the score was 0-0. It was a nice, fast little game and the girls played very well.

A game of hockey between the Junior and Senior teams was played Tuesday afternoon at 3.30. The score was 2-1 in favor of the Juniors. A wet, muddy field made the playing most difficult, but this did not affect the players, for they worked beautifully and made the game one of the most exciting for this season.

This is the time of year to be thinking of the trip to the White Mountains. Anyone who has been will tell you that to miss it will be one of your greatest regrets. Sports of all kinds are planned for you and every minute is a live one. The joys of trailing, snow-shoeing and skiing can only be experienced. No one can convey her feeling about them.

EXCHANGES

The Brambler from Sweet Briar College has a very fine "Book Shelf." We were especially interested in the review of "A Farewell to Arms," and commend it highly. We compliment "The Book Shelf" on being an outstanding feature of this magazine.

"Midnight Spreads" appeal to us all and we are delighted with the realness of the one which appears in *The Sullins Silhouette.*

"A pedestrian is a man who has a wife, a daughter—and *one* car." *Sullins Silhouette*—(we couldn't resist that one.)

Connecticut College News has a column entitled "Free Speech" in which problems and topics of college interest are openly discussed. We consider this both interesting and valuable to the students.

In the November eighth issue of *The Dalhousie Gazette* there are several interesting opinions on the much discussed subject—co-education.

The Lost Fleet

Winds sweep over the barren sea,
  Dipping gulls wing low;
The darkened clouds jerk lightning free,
  Thunder rumbles, slow.

Black prows deep the water wear,
  Foamy waves sweep high,
And winter winds fiercely tear
  Sails against the sky.

The sun slips into brine
  Over mast-heads tall;
The pale moon dies and no stars shine.
  Darkness covers all.

MARJORIE MILLER.
The Brambler—Sweet Briar.

Clever is the section in the Ward-Belmont *Hyphen* entitled "Impressions." By the consistent use of several vividly impressive words, one feels as if one knows each girl who is described.

Since the editorial pleading for a quiet atmosphere in the library borders on "home territory," we cry—"More power to you, Ward-Belmont, and may *your* library be silenced!"



November 7: At the Levi Warren Junior High School, Commander Donald MacMillan gave an illustrated lecture on his Arctic explorations. He had several reels of motion pictures and a number of excellent colored slides.

November 8: The Christian Endeavor meeting was at Woodland Park. It was led by the President, Jeanette Gessner.

November 10: Rev. Timothy Sullivan of Trinity Church, Newtonville, was the speaker at Vespers. He told us about Livingston and

Stanley, African explorers, and their faith in God.

November 11: At the Armistice Day exercises in Nye Park, the Senior and Junior classes placed a wreath on the Memorial. Mayor Childs of Newton gave a short address.

November 13: Mrs. Etta Austin McDonald read poetry in chapel. She gave us selections from Dickinson, Riley, Drummond, Fielding and others.

November 15: Charlotte Ridley, President of the Missionary Society, led Christian Endeavor. She sang "This is My Task."

November 17: At Vespers, Dr. Frank Palmer Speare, President of Northeastern University, spoke to us on the "High Cost of Ignorance."

November 22: The Senior class took their caps and gowns at six o'clock in the morning.

November 24: The first Missionary Campfire meeting was in charge of the officers of the Missionary Society. The speaker was Miss Priscilla Holton, who has been a missionary in China. She told us stories of the Chinese girls and particularly of her friend, Janet.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

There are holiday lights in the city stores,
And pictures of Santa Claus near all the doors.
There are people abroad, by the hundreds it seems
Who still remember their childhood dreams.

The toys all thrill our fathers and mothers
Far more than our little sisters and brothers.
And the secret is, though it mustn't be known
They never enjoy them until they are grown.

Kitty Comstock, '31.



Dr. and Mrs. Winslow attended recently the American Association of Junior Colleges held at Atlantic City. A meeting of the New England Junior College Council, of which Dr. Winslow is Secretary and Treasurer was held on Monday evening preceding the convention. As is his custom, our Principal will doubtless share with us later some of the valuable information and inspiration which he enjoyed in conference with other educational leaders.

Ruth Mayes, '25 of Charlotte, North Carolina, never fails to report by letter sometime during each year. We acknowledge our selfish satisfaction in her opening expression: "Every now and then I get awfully lonesome for Lasell," and we are especially happy at her next announcement: "I am surely coming back for Commencement next year." Then follows the news of the marriage of three of her Lasell chums, but the LEAVES had already announced these happy events. Her good wishes for the old school and greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Senora we accept with thanks.

Isabella C. Clemens', '01, letter to Miss Blackstock is so chatty and spontaneous we are venturing to share one or two of its informal passages with the girls of her day. Her initial sentence sets a good example for other readers of the LEAVES who may not as yet have "gotten 'round" to subscribe. She writes: "Enclosed is a check for $2.00 for a subscription for the LEAVES. I have intended doing this for some time but simply neglected it. Won't you please put a short notice in the LEAVES asking what has become of the "Naughty Ones" (Ol's)? Our class letter stopped long ago. I miss it so much I am inclined to start it up again. Kitty (1899-1902) had a perfect time with you and Isabel, and again with you at Lasell. I hope you won't leave Lasell before I manage to get back." She closes with greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Mademoiselle.

Charlotte Brooks, '29, is very happy in her work. She is secretary to the Vice President of the Second National Bank of New Haven, Connecticut.

Marjorie Knowles, '29, and Constance Chase, '29, also have responsible positions. Harriet Hewins, '29, is with the Babson Institute. All are making good. Lasell's hearty

congratulations to this successful group of recent graduates.

A note from Virginia Nailling, 1927-1928, of Tennessee, declares she plans to enter the University of Tennessee next quarter. She was unable to enter this fall as she had been in the hospital since the first of May. We congratulate her on her recovery and Lasell's best wishes for Virginia as she takes up her college work.

The new address of Josephine Laughton, '28, is Union Hospital, Terre Haute, Indiana, and her new position we are proud to add is that of hospital dietitian. Let us give you one or two sentences from her last letter. "Can you imagine me so far from Vermont? It is hard for me to realize it. I am keen about the work. It is so interesting only I don't feel quite at ease teaching, but presume I will get over that soon. I can't quite picture Lasell without Miss Witherbee. Remember me to everyone who remembers me, particularly Mademoiselle. I had an experience this summer which made me thank my lucky stars for the little French I had acquired. It was at a Clinic at Philadelphia where I was working diabetes diets. One patient came and immediately began to jabber unintelligibly to me. I looked around in dismay asking if some one could act as interpreter. Finally a Russian woman came to my rescue. She could not speak English herself but she understood Polish and French. With my attempts at explaining calories and 5% vegetables in French and her explanation to the Polish woman, we got the diet worked. I wish Mademoiselle could have heard it. Oh, no doubt she would have called my French worse than the Spanish cows. I was so sorry to miss the Lasell Club meeting in St. Johnsbury. I only hope Joan Johnson, '28, will remember to have my name put on the Indianapolis Club list. I am anxious to see Joan and Miss Lidikay, I mean Mrs. Boyd, and hear some Lasell news. Until I find an opportunity I will have to be contented with my LEAVES and although it is late, I am enclosing a check for my subscription."

Dorothy Hagadorn, '25, was back in November and registered the interesting fact that she is now one of the official corps in the Rix-Cole General Electric Refrigerator Company.

Virginia Woodruff Wild, 1926-1927, has a little son born this past summer. Virginia is now living in the state of Washington. Her husband is a successful manager of a fox farm.

The Class of 1925 was represented by two fine delegates recently who called at Bragdon and remained to tea. They were Estelle Jenney, '25, and Helen Wahlquist. Helen reported a wonderful eventful summer spent in traveling in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Sweden. Estelle is still living in Waban near enough to be neighborly. We will give her another chance, and hope she will avail herself of it. We were delighted to welcome these classmates.

The very same day, November 10, another member of 1925 looked in upon us, Martha Wilcox. Please come again soon and make us a real visit.

The latest word from Mariesta Howland, '26, is that she has recently sold one of her poems to *Good Housekeeping*. We are proud of you, Mariesta. Will keep on the lookout for this particular verse of yours.

Girls of the past few years have repeatedly enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of Mrs. Gore of Auburndale. Mrs. Gore has just returned from a visit at the home of dear Mayno Seltzer Richmond, '22, of Shelby, Ohio. The visitor sent some charming notes concerning her visit to Ohio *and* Mayno. We are moved to repeat her account. She writes: "Just a few facts about little Mayno Seltzer Richmond. Such a happy, competent little mother is she! Her baby, six months old, is adorable, and good as gold all the time. In this she reminds us of her happy mother. Mayno takes all care of her daughter. She also does the marketing and all the cooking

and has seventeen music pupils. She is busy every moment—a very capable little lady. Her home is most attractive and she has hosts of friends who adore her as we did at Lasell. I also saw Helen (Pep) Schroer, '24, in her beautiful new home in Mansfield, Ohio. She has a large class of piano pupils and is studying besides. She has the same amount of pep as of old and I assure you things move when she appears. She has also quite an artistic turn and showed us book prints she had adapted from designs furnished by the LEAVES. "Sis" Loomis Stuebing, '22, is now in Chicago, after having lived in Shelby a number of years. She has a very attractive son. Thelma, I did not see, but learned that she has two dear children. I had a glorious visit and of course it was happiness enough for me to be with dear Mayno." We are grateful to Mrs. Gore for giving us this up-to-date glimpse of our former schoolmate.

The following notice taken from the *Boston Transcript* of November 22, must have furnished Dr. and Mrs. Winslow special cause for Thanksgiving. "Award of academic honors at Tufts took place at noon today in Goddard Chapel before the student and faculty body of Tufts and Jackson. Dr. John A. Cousens, president, made the presentations, prefacing the awards with a short introduction.

"The Commencement part for the School of Liberal Arts, awarded for sound scholarship and fine character, was given to Richard A. Winslow, '30, Auburndale. He also won the double distinction of receiving the Greenwood Prize Scholarship in Oratory and of being elected to Phi Beta Kappa."

Lasell's heartiest congratulations to Richard Winslow, and to our Principal and his family.

Kay Rice Broock, '20, Vice President of the Detroit Lasell Club, came East with her husband as far as New York and then alone made a detour in favor of Lasell. A bit taller and, do we dare to add, prettier than in her school days with all the initiative so characteristic of the President of the Class of '20. She came to see Lasell, to be sure, but her principal objective was to make tentative arrangements for her class reunion in June. From her we learned of her sister, Carol's '16, new vocation. She is now in training as a physician. What she does is always well done and we predict for her a signally successful career in the field of medicine. Kay still keeps up her active interest in her Sabbath School work and was deliberately planning to be back in Detroit with her thirty-two little scholars on the following Sabbath.

Marian E. Miles, '25, is now Mrs. Edwin C. Remick and her new address is Tamworth, New Hampshire. Lasell had temporarily lost sight of this graduate and was glad to get a card from her containing the news that her husband was recently graduated from Tufts Medical College and has taken his bride to Tamworth, New Hampshire. He is sharing his father's practice. Dr. Remick, Sr., has been the beloved country physician in this region for the past thirty-seven years.

Charlessa Carl, '28, and her dear mother were among the November callers at Lasell. Their stay was brief as they hastened back to their Schenectady home, taking with them the youngest daughter, Lillian, who is now a member of the Junior class at Lasell.

Bada Waltz, '27, will be graduated from the New England Conservatory this coming June. This year she is taking the normal course and is teaching some bright little children and is most enthusiastic over her work. This graduate brought with her some choice bits of news concerning old girls. Madalyn Patten, '27, now at Johns Hopkins, was one of fifteen girls elected from schools and colleges all over the country. Bravo Madalyn! This is just what we expected of you. Frances Boothby, 1927-1928, who is specializing in music at the New England Conservatory and is living at the Alpha Chi Omega apartment, is doing fine work. June Newbold, '27, is now at home in Detroit, and is holding a position in one of the leading department stores quite in line with her specialty, interior decoration.

Adeline Trafton, 1925-1927, is regularly enrolled in the Nurses' Training Department in the Children's Hospital, Boston. Just picture little Mary Mann, '27, now a Senior at the University of Wisconsin. Kay Tufts, '27, is still in Europe. Claire Haines, '27, is studying in one of the Cambridge schools. Bee Hawkins, '27, has her own studio in Buffalo and just now is busy painting furniture for one of the leading furniture shops in her city. Bee Senter, '27, is still looking for just the right business position. She was in Boston last week. We wish her success in her search.

Jessie Shepherd, '17, came on for the Harvard-Yale game. Had just time to call us up on the telephone and report all well with her. She declared that recently she found herself seated by the side of Fraulien Heinrich in a New York concert hall and during the intermission there was some lively Lasell talk between teacher and scholar.

Mrs. Ellen Clark Gill, '70, was in Auburndale and the guest of Miss Mabel Eager, 1880-1889, for a few days in November. She kindly paid her respects to the Seminary. We found her as keenly interested as ever in world problems and especially eager to learn of the good news concerning Lasell.

One of the chapel services at Thanksgiving time was a musical one with Professor Harold Schawb at the organ. A unique feature was the singing of a new national hymn by the school, the music having been composed by Mr. Schwab.

Alice Conried, 1928-1929, is now attending Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg, Virginia. Even that distance away did not prevent her from attending the Harvard-Yale game and she was kind enough to report at Lasell on the day of the big game.

What a dear trio of visitors was Constance Chalmers, '29, Hester Shaw, '28, and Jean Smith, '29. They came together, remained to dinner and incidentally we guess were here to help speed up the Seniors in their taking of Caps and Gowns. Quite a bunch of "Old girls" appeared on that frosty morning,—Hester Shaw, '28, Phyllis Dunning, 1927-1929, Priscilla Oby, '29, and Helen Cole, '28.

Ray Spitz Spear, 1901-1903, mother of our present pupil, Jane Spear, was on for the big football game, her older daughter accompanying her. Out they came to Lasell. Ray is as enthusiastic as ever over her old school.

Miss Nelson, private secretary to Mr. Edward Filene, President of the Filene Company, was recently a dinner guest of Miss Peterson.

Betty Day, '26, is always one of the most welcome guests in our school home. She is at present devoting herself to dramatics. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, the best wishes of Lasell will always follow her.

Maria Orozco Cobb, 1917-1918, and her dear little son, Johnny, gave us a pleasant surprise recently, and furnished our Senora Orozco and Lasell in general with no end of joy. This dear child of two and a half years of age won our hearts and we only wish he were permanently a member of our school family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Holmes (Pearle Lynch) have rejoiced their Lasell friends by being neighborly. We are selfishly happy that their place of residence has been changed from New York to Massachusetts.

After a nineteen years' absence, Eleanor Laurens McCrady, '10, revisited her Alma Mater. A few of Eleanor's former teachers were here to welcome her and were especially glad to meet her dear little daughter, Charlotte. Eleanor is no longer a resident of Charleston, South Carolina, but for some time has been living in Montreal, Canada. It is amazing how these old girls remember every nook and corner of Lasell of their day and seem well satisfield to find comparatively few changes in historic Bragdon. Eleanor tells us that her sister, Martha Laurens Patterson, '07, is still residing in Charleston and as devoted as ever to her music. Has the honor of being the organist at St. Michael's Church, so famous in the local history of this southern city. We have been told that the Laurens family are

the seventh generation to occupy the same pew in old St. Michael's. Now that Eleanor has found her way back to Lasell, we trust she will return again and again to her school home.

Miss Wright kindly shared with the Personals Editor a recent letter from Ruth Rowbotham, '29. Since Ruth made her debut, she has been constantly in the social whirl; nevertheless, has found time to help in a drive for the Atlanta Crippled Children's Home and this keen little promoter observes: "It is almost as hard getting money from men in business as it was at times getting money from girls at school." She is anticipating soon a trip to New Orleans and another joyous time with her friends there. And yet, with her cup of happiness full to overflowing, she confesses: "I can't tell you how much I miss Lasell and Gardner. Not a day passes but I think of you all. Even when facing this round of pleasure I put in my application for a teacher's position in the department of Domestic Science, but the application was registered too late. However, I mean to try again." We hope Ruth will receive her appointment later and have no doubt concerning her ability to fill it satisfactorily.

The newly chosen officers of the Missionary Society are:

President	Charlotte Ridley
Vice-President	Ruth Tilley
Secretary	Audrey Kaiser
Treasurer	Karin Eliason

Advisory Board

Beatrice Alderman — Olivia M. Shepard

Dorothy Brown

Their opening camp fire was delightful and the generous giving at Thanksgiving time exceeded the donations of any previous year.

Mrs. A. A. Holbrook, mother of our Senior, Camille Williams, spent Thanksgiving with her daughter. We only trust she enjoyed Lasell as much as we enjoyed meeting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Bradford Austin announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Bailey, 1920-1922, to Mr. Carl Fredrick Hakewessell on Saturday, November 16, at West Hartford, Conn.

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was indeed honored to be invited to be guests of Mrs. Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901, at her beautiful home in Talcottville, Connecticut, on the occasion of its twenty-third annual meeting, October 5, 1929.

An informal reception was held at 12:45 at which Mrs. Britton received, assisted by her former classmate, Mary Gurley Betts, 1899-1900, of Troy, New York, Freda Griffin Leining, '20, President, Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20, Secretary-Treasurer, Carolyn Colton Avery, '23, and Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03.

Following the reception a most delicious luncheon was served by Besse, caterer from Hartford, after which those present took advantage of the opportunity to stroll about Mrs. Britton's garden so picturesque and beautiful.

Mrs. Britton opened the meeting with a few words of welcome, then followed the singing of Lasell songs, report of the secretary and treasurer, and of the Honor Roll Committee, who reported the following deaths during the year:

Ruth Turner Gildersleeve (Mrs. Arthur L.) 1908-1909, who died in February, 1929.

Lillian Terhune, 1920-1920, who was killed by an automobile March 8, 1929.

Anne Burr Day (Mrs. Waters B.) 1888-1890, who died from pneumonia June 23, 1929. Mrs. Burr was a member of the New York Lasell Club.

Evelyn Bates who died in May, 1929.

The following officers were elected:

President—Mabelle Hamlin Barby, 1915-1916; vice-president—Edna Strickland Olson, '07; secretary-treasurer—Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20; executive committee—Laura Hale Gorton, '16, chairman, Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901, Helen M. Wahlquist, '25; nominating committee—Carolyn Colton Avery, '23,

chairman, Sarah Dyer Darling, 1900-1901, Marion Griffin Wolcott, '16.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow with their personal messages and greetings from Lasell created a true Lasell atmosphere, while our national president, Susan Tiffany, '15, spoke a few words of greeting in behalf of the Alumnae Association and also brought a cheerio from the Western Massachusetts Club. Our members were further delighted by greetings from Miss Gladys Stults, 1909-1910, president of the New York Lasell Club, and greetings by air mail from the Southern Lasell Club through its president, Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Britton the club was able to set aside all luncheon fees collected and a check for $80.00 covering such fees was sent to the endowment fund.

The club secretary is anxious to receive information concerning Mrs. Charles C. Wilson, (Beatrice N. Seymour, 1915-1917), and Mrs. Charles Roberts, Jessica Haviland, 1902-1903), and Miss Elizabeth Lake Palmer, 1927-1928, from all of whom mail has been returned. Any information concerning these Lasell girls should be directed to Lillian Gertrude Grant, 22 Cambridge Street, Manchester, Conn.

Helen Saunders, '17, was appointed by the president for chairman of the club's midwinter meeting.

A list of those present follows:—

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow
Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901
Mary Gurley Betts, 1899-1900
Freda Griffin Leining, '20
Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20
Marion Griffin Wolcott, '16
Harriette Case Bidwell, '22
Clara McLean Rowley, '02
Laura Hale Gorton, '16
Grace Conklin Bevin, 1884-1885
Alice Bevin Leewitz, 1913-1914
Bertha Hayden King, '03
Jessie W. Hayden, 1882-1885
Bertha W. Russell, 1882-1884
Elsie L. Bolles, '04
Helen M. Wahlquist, '25
Eva C. Robertson, 1903-1904
Mary B. Korper, '29
Jean B. Ayr, '29
Betty Barker, '29
Grace Holmes Stiles, 1892-1893
Phyllis Merrill Park, 1908-1909
Sarah Dyer Darling, 1900-1901
Laura R. Comstock, 1891-1892
Bessie L. Comstock, 1891-1893
Mabel Deming, 1903-1904
Mrs. Alice Hilliard Smith Corbin, Instructor 1912-1922
Lucy Miller Robotham, 1903-1904
Mabelle Hamlin Barby, 1915-1916
Susan E. Tiffany, '15
Fanny L. MacKenzie, 1903-1904
Helen M. B. Black, '25
Lelia Walker Saunders, '01
Louise Hegeman Whitman, '25
Lois Bryant, '25
Maude A. Wilcox, '24
Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03
Edna Strickland Olson, '07
Madeline Sheldon Herfurth, '16
Helen M. Saunders, '17
Gertrude P. Reynolds, 1888-1890
Elsie Reynolds, '00
Madeline Loomis Caldwell, 1916-1918
Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18
Emily Bissell Swindells, '99
Sarah M. Hammond, '16
Marjorie Watkins Lucey, 1908-1910
Emma White Welles, 1890-1893
Alice G. White, 1890-1892
Gladys Stults, 1909-1910
Carolyn Colton Avery, '23
Dorothy Merwin Brown, '23
Ruth E. Merriam, '98
Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22

EUROPEAN HIGH SPOTS— LASELL 1930

Chartres: One has heard of this glory of France for many years. One cranes one's neck out of the train window as one nears the town, and suddenly one's eye rests with wonder on the famous Cathedral, as we see it from the back, its two towers rising far into the sky, and this great mass of stone, appears very massive in its greyness above the rest of the town roofs, some red, some grey, some green. This view makes the Cathedral appear almost ghostlike for it seems to come right out of the midst of the town, as it is built on higher ground. As one approaches

it, one does not realize this fact and the effect is quite the opposite. This time it squats—one cannot use any other term—with great solidity, defying time and glorying in the simplicity of its beauty. Henry Adams has rightly said that it reminds one of a beautiful "doll's house" built for the Virgin. So much beauty both inside and out seems to give one that distinct impression. It makes it unreal and yet real at the same time. To miss Chartres is to miss one of the wonder spots in Europe, as a noted French architect says: *"Les autres sont les cathédrals mais Chartres est la Cathédral."*

San Gimignano, Fiesole and Sienna: While in Florence one gets decidedly the air of antiquity. One is only surprised not to meet Dante and Savanarola on the streets. Everywhere one walks one is struck by this old grandeur packed into this very small city of Florence. As one walks along the street one sees a Della Robbia satute of the Virgin, now glassed and screened, but still giving us the atmosphere of that glorious Renaissance period. If Florence gives that air of antiquity, what about Fiesole and Sienna? There one goes right back into Roman times and with the addition of San Gimignano, not only does one have the experience of an ancient city but of ancient village life. One is quite conscious that there has been little change in that way of living. The blueness of Italian painting takes on a new meaning as we drive through the Italian countryside.

Oberammergau: To approach this quiet but active village from the Austrian Tyrol is an event in itself. The contrast between fashionable Innsbruck and Oberammergau is very striking, which makes the latter place still more interesting. Next year the streets will be crowded which will seem strange to some of us who have known and loved the town in its quieter moments, but even the curious, we are told, go away impressed and inspired after witnessing the Passion Play.

Nuremberg: So quaint and fascinating is this old German city that it is hard to realize that one is not watching a performance of grand opera. We hate to leave its narrow winding streets that are forever leading us back to the same place we started out from. We love the quaint and picturesque houses, its odd as well as fine monuments, and the old Church of St. Laurens which faces on the Hauptmarket and on whose clock appear the seven kings of Southern Germany making obeisance to the Emperor Charles every day at noon. Here, too, we are reminded of Albrecht Dürer, the great artist, to some of us the greatest, to others too melancholy to be so. Nuremberg teems with interest and we hate to move on.

Isle of Marken: They are draining the Zuyder Zee and they tell us that soon this picturesque Dutch island will lose its distinctive character as the people come in closer contact with city life. For 700 years the fisherfolk have toiled at their nets and today one sees the same primitive life. Some who have seen Eva La Gallienne play "The Good Hope" will recall the tragedy of the lives of those who go to sea.

Shakespeare Country: When we have forgotten all else in England we shall long remember the charming English countryside. And, of course, the best way to see it is either on foot or by motor. Since we no longer walk we must perforce drive. Even though Stratford has become somewhat commercialized yet we cannot help but feel the charm of its quiet beauty—the lovely gardens, the winding river with Trinity Church at one end. English mist only enhances the scene and fortunate is he who sees it both in sunlight and in cloud.

The Trossachs: Who has not as a child in school imagined herself Ellen, and who has not also had in her mind's eye Roderick Dhu and Michael Graeme as rivals for her love? The Trossachs means "The Lady of the Lake" to us and we feel that coming at the end of our tour will add to the precious memories of a summer well spent in viewing not only a variety of man's handiwork but also of God's. The sound of the clear call of the coach horn through the Scottish hillside will long remain with us, and will be a pleasant farewell to the high spots of our summer trip to Europe.

Constance E. Blackstock.

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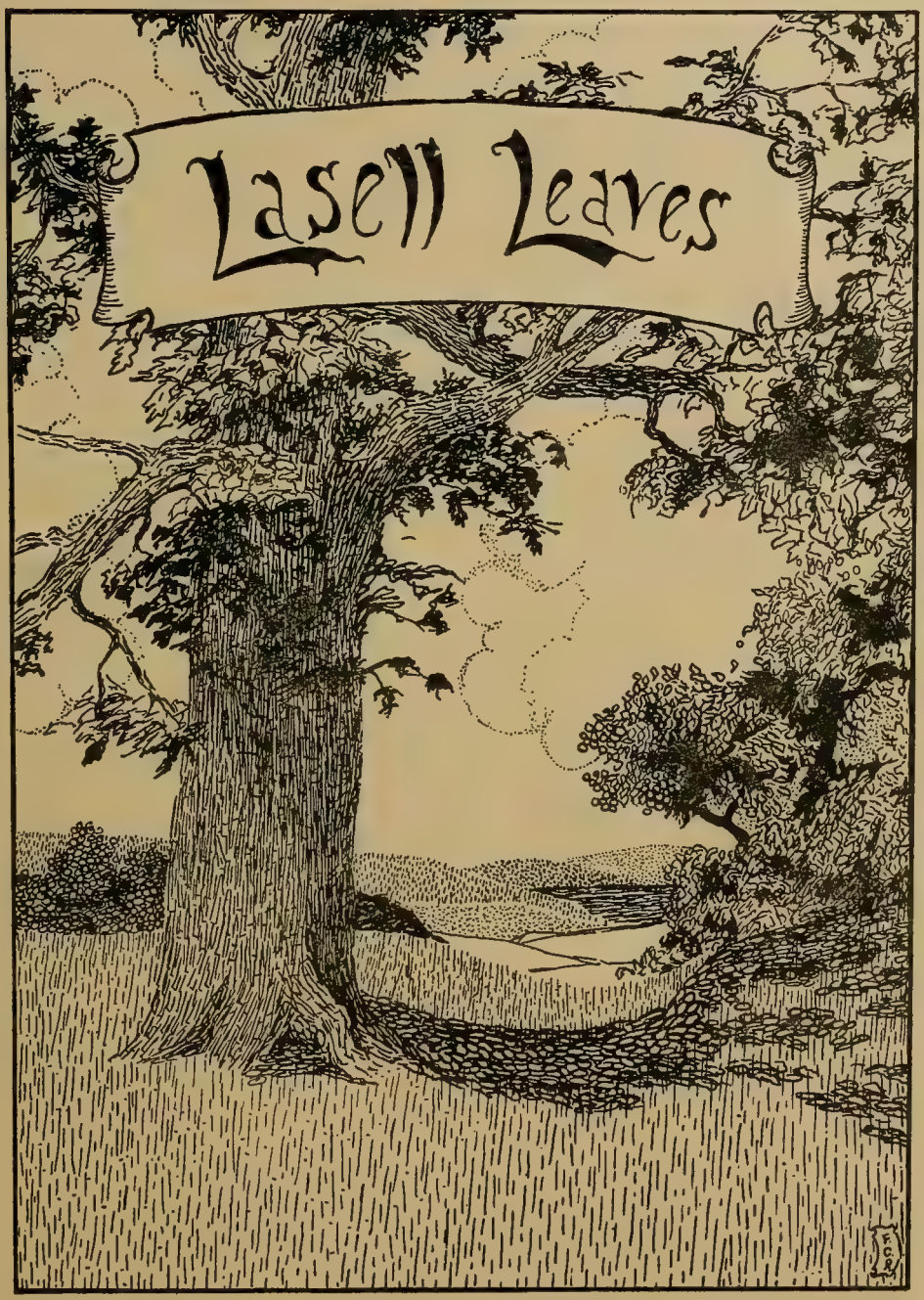
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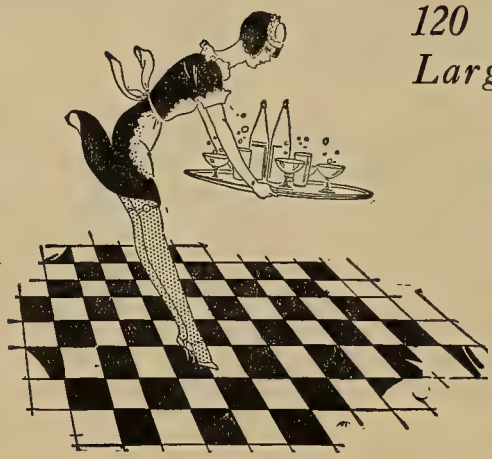
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LITERARY

A WINTER'S TALE

Trees stretch on their tall, naked branches;
Freeze and shiver in the wind;
Await the warmth of her winter coat—
The sparkling stars from out the sky.

They send up a petition to Jack Frost
Signed by the elm, oak and pine.
He finally heeds their fervent pleadings—
Brings forth the soft, white starlets.

He jumps upon a heavy cloud,
Sprinkles slowly, faster, faster;
Warms the beating heart below
With the furry, silky softness.

Trees with uplifted arms in pleasure,
Praise and love upon their lips,
Enfold the comfort closer, closer,
Protected till the spring's arrival.

T. Kovner, '31.

A ROMANCE OF LAC LEMAN

Sewing—mending, always working. Francois raised his head and looked out over the deep sunshiny blue of Lac Leman—so calm, so sparkling in the late afternoon sunlight. He sighed, as he picked up another fishing net and bent his twisted back to the monotonous task. He wasn't like other boys—life to him in all his twenty-three years had been a rather strange affair. He had been like his playmates until that unfortunate day when he was only ten years old, and running down the old hayrick slipped and—*mais oui*—he could still remember. The months on his back,—doctors—nurses, white gowned, white capped, always hovering near, and then crutches, and now hunchbacked, always to be only a mender, a mere mender of nets. Jean-Pierre was so lucky. He was so tall, and dark—and Marguerite—*comme elle l'aime*—and Francois sighed, this time ever so softly as he saw Marguerite as if in answer to his reminiscences come down the path—black-haired, rosy-cheeked Marguerite—singing—*toujours* singing—

"*Bon jour, mon ami,*" she called—and danced to his side. "What a glorious day—I've come down to watch the fishing boats come in—Jean-Pierre's is leading."

"It will be lovely to watch them, Marguerite—especially full-sailed as they round the bend, and you should be so happy — when Jean-Pierre comes."

The sun was going down in a huge ball of fire—defiant almost in its reluctance to have the little village of St. Greyere—and the sand-covered purple mountains—but darkness commanded and the sun obeyed, leaving only an orange glow in the west—and the slim figure of a girl waiting on the seashore for her lover.

The boats came around the cove, and Jean-Pierre was first—singing—singing. "It was a good day's catch, *vraiement,*" thought Marguerite. The other boats came in sight—their homespun sails flapping softly in the cool twilight breeze—but no one saw Jean-Pierre beach his boat and turn eagerly to Marguerite—no one saw him take her close, passionately in his arms and kiss her—kiss her with a sobbing cry—"*Je t'adore,* I love you so!"—no one, save perhaps the little lamp in Francois' window, guiding the lovers home.

* * * *

The next day, heavy—sullen with storm clouds—and a wind. The lake was choppy, restless. Francois was still mending, and thinking—thinking of life and of Marguerite—the girl who by the unchangeable will of a relentless god was lost to him—completely—and he wanted her so! He looked up to see Jean-Pierre standing by his side.

"Quel jour, Francois—il fait mauvais temps —but have you finished my net—I'm off alone to get that run of fish near St. Luther's Shoal."

"Mon Dieu—Jean-Pierre, you're not going on a day like this, are you? Look at the lake, she'll be raising an awful gale before nightfall."

"Oui, oui, but I have my little boat, sturdy and trustworthy as ever—and—well, those fish —it's a shame to let them go! And when I get to the shoals I'll be safe."

It was with something like fear that Francois saw Jean-Pierre go into the wind, and launch his little sailing craft. It was with fear he saw Jean-Pierre wave to Marguerite standing and bidding him *"bon jour"* on the shore.

The day wore on and the storm increased in violence. An old fisherman had been to the little cabin of Francois during the day and he shook his head gravely at the fury of the winds.

Darkness descended early, and no welcoming song came above the rushing water to herald the approach of the lone fisherman. Francois looked out of his cabin door toward the lake. Why, oh why didn't Jean-Pierre come. Marguerite would be so worried. He went in and lit his little lamp and put it in the window. Perhaps its dim rays would light him home. The other fishermen had long since returned, before the storm had increased and already the good wives were preparing them a *bon souper* and he sat down to his own simple fare. The wind did make a funny noise—so—but was it the wind? It sounded like a shriek—eerie almost. He listened—and again it came. He hobbled to the door, opened it, the force of the gale nearly knocked him over. Peering into the darkness he spied Marguerite standing by the little wharf. *Mon Dieu!*

"Marguerite, Marguerite, what are you doing?"

"Francois, Francois, come here—come—come! Jean-Pierre! I hear his voice—out here."

Yes, it was a faint cry from out there in the inky blackness. He limped down the cobblestone path—crying to Marguerite.

"Vas-t'en, ma chère — go to the village quickly for help—I'll stay and see if I can do something."

Marguerite sped swiftly up the path toward the cluster of fishing huts in the village, and Francois turned his attention to the little dinghy moored to the wharf, bobbing up and down impatiently. With faltering hands he untied it, and fell in with a quick exclamation—it did hurt his back so. With difficulty he took up the heavy oars, and pushed the dinghy away—Francois gone. Into the night —for a friend.

* * * *

The next morning was bright — sunshine after storm. Jean-Pierre stood in a little attic room and looked at Francois,—for it was he, so wan and white under the covers—scarcely breathing.

"Mais oui, Francois, I will tell you what happened last night. I had arrived back from the shoals safely, and two hundred yards from shore my boat grounded on a half-hidden rock. I cried for help—and you came. I saw you in the open dinghy—you looked so helpless—so was I. Finally a huge wave rolled in, and pushed the boat, by a miracle it seemed, off the ledge—and I found you senseless just as a wave capsized your boat, and threw you into the water. Do you feel better, Francois?"

The doctor came in at that moment—"He'll never live, Jean-Pierre, it was too much of a shock to his nervous system."

It was night when the end came. Marguerite and Jean-Pierre were there—Francois Francois opened his eyes, and smiled—what did he see? Who knows—perhaps the vision of a black-haired, rosy cheeked girl, for he said so quietly—no one heard, "What Fate does, let Fate answer for. Fate gives all—Fate takes away all."

Blanche Ainsworth, '32.

HOW COULD YOU

A majestic mountain,
A bubbling fountain,
A humming bee,
A leafy tree
An atheist?

M. V. Moss, '30.

WITHOUT LOVE

"You shall live without love," the words rank out weirdly in the quiet room, sounding as a knell to the white-faced girl sitting across the table from the clairvoyant. She rose slowly, while a shudder passed over her body.

"But why, why?" she cried.

The clairvoyant had risen now, and was watching the girl closely. At her words he shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not know, Madame, I say only what I see."

"But why should it be me of all people?" There was almost a sob in her voice.

"Perhaps you are the type to whom love means nothing," he suggested.

"Oh, no," the words were wrung from her, "love is life to me."

"Then maybe it is because you are cold and aloof and afraid of love, afraid to show your emotions," he was interested now.

"Oh no, it can't be that, I know it," she spoke with conviction.

"Perhaps you love in vain," he was unprepared for the effect of his words.

Tears came with startling swiftness and she turned her face away to hide the anguish that showed in her eyes and the awful certainty that he spoke the truth trembling on her lips. She swayed uncertainly and leaned tensely against the table. Her voice came huskily and her eyes were closed.

"I should have known before, it's true but oh how it hurts." With these words she turned and made her way blindly to the door and opening it went out.

It was cold and sleeting, and the lamps gleamed mistily in the falling snow. The streets were slushy and slippery and her feet were soon soaked through. She struggled on, regardless, not knowing where she was going —only on—to get away from the drum-beat in her brain, "you will live without love"—it was insistent, "without love, without love" —over and over again.

She staggered to the curb, waiting for a break in the traffic. She glanced down at the slush in the gutter—how nice to be lying there —no cares, no worries, only peace, a great truck came lumbering down the street; she watched it, fascinated—how easily it could crush her, end all her miseries. She took a hesitant step forward, then plunged back into the crowd. Afraid—a coward!

She wandered on, blindly, aimlessly—blocks and blocks—unconscious of the strange faces which turned to stare, unconscious that her face held a wild sort of beauty, wet with rain and that her hair was escaping in tiny wet curls, clinging closely to her forehead.

On and on, head bent against the wind and storm, thinking always—"without love." Suddenly a tall building loomed before her, automatically she turned into the doorway and into the softly lighted hall. The elevator boy spoke to her respectfully and led the way into his car. Silently he took it to the floor which he knew she wanted, hiding his surprise and amazement as best he could. Still as in a daze she pushed open the door of an apartment and entering closed it behind her. As though a shot had pierced her, she became aware of her surroundings.

She leaned limply against the door, blinking in bewilderment. She gave a soft cry, and at the sound a tall figure leaped from his chair by the fire and stared across the room at her.

"You," his voice was fierce.

"Yes, I've come back," her voice was quiet.

"Why have you come?"

"Why? Can't you guess?"

"No," he fairly shouted the word.

"Because I must live—without love," there was a curious monotony in her words. "And I thought as he won't have me and you're my husband, this might be the best place for me." Her lips formed a twisted smile.

"I thought I was through with you," he spoke constrainedly.

"You hate me terribly, don't you?"

"Hate you? God! if I only did."

"What do you mean?" her voice trembled —low—she knew what he meant.

"Living with you, loving you—and knowing all the time that you are in misery, hating me and everyone, because you love someone who—"

"Who doesn't love me," she finished, bitterly.

He stood looking down at her, his eyes full of misery, but still proud.

"I'm sorry, Michael," she spoke gently. "I can't help it, I'm made that way. I have made a mess of things, haven't I?"

"Oh, I suppose some of it is my fault, I'm not fine enough to hold your love." Resentment rang in his voice. "I thought we were to be so happy," he sank into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

She dropped to her knees by his side, saying pathetically, "Not fine enough! Oh, Michael, that hurts. You're much too fine, and I'm killing it all in you." Suddenly—passionately, "I hate myself, Michael, do you hear? Hate myself—I'm not good enough to live, I'm just a plain rotter." The words rang clear in the dusky room.

"I'm going away—forever."

It seemed to penetrate his numbed brain, and he reached out and caught her shoulder.

"Stop—Lorelei, stop I say—you can stay with me—always."

"No, Michael, I can't do that. You wouldn't like it, and I—couldn't bear it," then in a soft whisper, "I shall live without love."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Quietly she told him the story and when she finished there was a strained silence. Then, "It's all true, isn't it? I don't love you and Morris doesn't love me."

"But dear, he's wrong, your clairvoyant. I love you, remember that," he was pleading fiercely for his life.

"No, it can't be—it's the wrong love—can't you see?"

He winced but replied bravely.

"Yes, but oh Lorelei!—what difference is it?"

"Lots, Michael. Your love doesn't satisfy me. I've always been like this—wanting something I couldn't have and having something I didn't want. Please understand." There was desperation in that plea.

"I do understand, but I want to help. What will you do — where will you go? I'll get Morris for you—force him back!"

"No, no! Never. I'm through with him. I've ruined his life—your life and mine and everyone hates me—" sadly, "I don't blame them." She stood up and crossed to the window—looking down.

"Not even courage enough to throw myself from here and save you all. God in heaven, what am I?" She sank to her knees, huddled up against the window, crying pathetically.

Michael jumped to his feet, at her side in an instant, his voice vibrant with emotion.

"Lorelei—please—oh, Lord, don't cry—I want you—do you hear me? Lorelei!"

Savagely she turned on him. "Stop, Michael, you're driving me crazy—I can't stand any more. Go away and leave me alone!" It was a command—to be obeyed.

Slowly he rose to his feet and without a backward glance left the room. For a long while she lay—clinging to the wall—thinking. At last she rose and going to the desk, she drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote rapidly—never pausing.

"I'm sorry, Michael, I guess I wasn't cut out for faithful love," the letter ran, "so because I'm worthless and a coward and human I think I'll defeat the gods. I simply won't live. I've paid and I'm ready to quit—and my game hasn't been awfully square either. But you, oh Michael—be happy!"

She never finished that letter for there was a heavy blow at the door. When she went to open it she saw outside a stretcher borne by two men. She did not look again. And the words of the sergeant came as from a distance—faintly—phrases stuck in her head. "Run over — accident probably — slippery night."

She saw herself a few hours before—standing on the curb, watching the wheels of traffice grind over the streets—and there was a lump in her throat. Then she was aware of being alone—alone with—Michael. Steadily she walked to the couch on which he lay—and raised the cover. His face was serene and beautiful.

"Oh, Michael," she whispered, "you beat me to it. You've shown me up again. My clairvoyant was right, I guess, but I like to think he was wrong—that you will be here always, loving me."

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

A DAY WITH THE SEA

A mystic sun one early morn
Rose from the jade-green sea,
Softly—softly—came the dawn—
Night crept away from me.

The drifting mist hung in the sky—
Silence,—the sea gulls call.
Far in the distance ships sailed by
Ghostly,—graceful,—and tall.

The rushing tide came tumbling in
On the yellow sands of the beach,
Where the kiss of the spray broke the din,
And the surf was out of reach.

Out by the sky was the fishing fleet
Which held the sons of the sea.
The salt, salt spray of the briny deep
Brought this picture back to me.

The ships leapt to the door of the wind—
Their canvas stretched to its will.
The fishing fleet sailed with its "fins"
Arched where the sun shone still.

The sunset colors soon came by
While the ships sailed over the sea.
The crimson met the mist in the sky—
And the waves seemed to croon their glee.

The sound of the surf became less and less;
Slowly,—the sun drooped deep.
The sea put on its mystic dress—
And the ships,—like swans asleep.

Helen Roberts, '30.

"MRS. GOD SHAKES HER FEATHER-BED"

You just couldn't help loving Daddy so much even if he did have to push himself around the shabby little apartment in his wheel chair, thought Dickie. Daddy could make funny little kites that would really fly even on a windy day; he could most always find a peppermint stick or a shiny red sucker with gum drop eyes in the mysterious black depths of his bulgy pockets which were just made for little boys to get excited about; he would let you climb up in his lap and tumble his wiry black hair till it stood on its crinkly ends; and best of all—if it was snowing and you wanted to, you could whisper in his ear that Mrs. God was shaking out her feather bed again, without getting scolded. You couldn't tell mother things like that. She'd scold you for saying such "disrespectful" things and then with tears in your eyes you would have to go and let Daddy cuddle you and stroke your hair with his kindly hand and hear him say, "Well, Dickie boy, don't make a mountain out of a mole hill." Besides, soldiers don't cry. Daddy didn't cry when his legs got hurt by the big guns. Then away popped the clouds and all was sunshine again.

Dickie's mother resented his love for his father. Hadn't she suffered to bring little Dick into the world? Hadn't she walked the floor with him when he had the colic? Hadn't she spent weary, heartsick, anxious, lonely hours beside his crib fighting against death while his daddy was fighting across the sea? And now wasn't she trying to glean a poor, meagre existence from the world for him, and of course, his father?

True, Richard did contribute to the family fund by means of his sketching, but the bulk of the burden rested on her shoulders. She was so very tired—so very discouraged—so very nervous lately. Tilda shook herself. What on earth was the matter with her? She never used to be jealous of her poor Richard or cross at her darling little Dickie. There were times when she loved them both and then she would see her small son run to his father with his little boy troubles—she could not stifle her jealousy.

It was one day when she was feeling too tired and cross to speak that Dickie burned his finger on the kitchen stove. Instead of telling his mother and letting her kiss it and bandage it, the little rascal ran to his daddy. Something seemed to snap in Tilda's head. She felt dizzy; she couldn't see very well; she didn't realize that she was screaming awful things to Richard—those awful things which had been in her mind of late. Suddenly she knew nothing.

Hours — days — months — years later, it seemed, Tilda opened her eyes. Was she dead —was she dreaming—or did she really see Richard with Dick beside him kneeling by her bed? Dickie answered the unuttered question in his mother's misty eyes. "Mommy," he said, jumping up and down and clapping his hands in childish glee, "Mommy, Daddy can walk! Daddy can walk!"

"Tilda," soothed Richard, "you poor child, you have worn yourself out for Dickie and me, but now all you have to do is to get well."

"Mommy," interrupted Dick unable to keep still any longer, "when you hollered at Daddy and fell down he got so 'cited he just got right out of his old wheel chair and picked you up, and Mommy he can walk."

When Dickie finished, his Daddy picked him up and laughingly deposited him on the bed. As he did so, he banged Dick's knee against the edge. With a brave baby smile at his Dad, he turned to his mother and said with a sheepish grin, "Kiss it so the bump will go away, Mommy." And as she did so she murmured, "Look through the window, Dickie Mrs. God is shaking her feather bed again."

Mary Moss, '30.

AN ESCAPADE

The moon had veiled her lovely face
With a gauzy cloud of shimmery lace,
And with her evening wrap held tight
She tiptoed into the cool clear night.

As she stole across the milky way
Some blinking stars begged her to play;
But tonight she had promised the little boy
That she would bring him a pretty toy.

From the sky she dropped a glistening beam
And slid down into the land of dreams,
Where the little boy saw her and ran to her side
And saw the present she tried to hide.

"Guess what I've brought you," whispered the man.
"A spun-sugar cloud? A silver spoon?"
"None of these have I from the skies,
But a mischievous star-twinkle for your eyes."

"Tomorrow night I'll bring you more
From the silvery blue ethereal shore."
Saying this she kissed him good night,
Gathered her midnight—vanished from sight.

M. Moss, '30.

TOLD IN PICCADILLY

This story was told me, strangely, by an old flower woman on the corner of Haymarket and Piccadilly. As I was waiting to be served, I noticed the tall young man on whom she was waiting—his face was hard—his eyes narrow slits of steel. He was well dressed, sophisticated, poised—but unhappy, no friends. I felt no sorrow for him. I knew somehow that it was his own fault.

As he left I turned to the old woman and was amazed at the anger in her eyes—bright flames—and how strange they seemed in her red, withered face. She looked up at me—and I smiled, instantly her anger vanished and she offered me her wares.

I couldn't resist the question, "Who is the young man?" I was surprised to see her face suffused with anger again.

"That is Sir George Bickering, son of—well—you wouldn't know his father—due to him—but you should have—he could have been famous, if he had lived."

"Tell me about him," I urged. "Why could he have been famous?"

"He could play the piano, sir. He loved it. It was the only thing he could do at all. He was useless away from one." She was stopped by a customer but went on afterwards.

"It was about twenty years ago that Sir George's mother died leaving him, a helpless mite, to the care of a drunkard father, a rotten man to take care of a boy. He was drunk always and could not make a living at all. But he could play the piano—played better when he was drunk than sober, but it didn't help him. He couldn't get a position naturally bein' so drunk. But he wanted his son to be famous and wealthy. That idea stuck in his mind so he told the child that he was born to the purple, and was living in poverty temporarily. I'm sure I don't know how he had sense enough to make up a story like that.

"So the boy grew up as conceited a man as I've ever seen—wouldn't own his own mother's grave. Then he began to want his money and what trouble he caused. Well, the father, he was worried, so he came to me—a lot of people did that, and I told him the only thing, of

course, for him to do was to stay sober and get a job, but I didn't see that that would help much.

"For weeks he was wandering around—mostly drunk, and finally one night he came to me for help—said the boy was demanding his rights and he didn't dare tell him the truth.

"I was wardrobe mistress at the St. James Theatre then and seemed like that was the luckiest thing for him.

" 'Cause just then the manager came in and went tearing around because one of the girls had left—a concert singer. I told him about the old man—how well he could play and all, but it took me ages to convince him. Finally after I got a promise of a large payment if he was successful, we showed the poor bewildered thing onto the stage.

"There was a severe back drop of black, and the piano stood between two tall candles. The tears came to my eyes and a lump in my throat as I saw him limp unsteadily across the stage. His white hair gleamed mistily and his bent figure was outlined by the soft light—a pathetic figure, too. I could tell he hardly knew where he was—simply that there was a piano.

"His fingers caressed the keys softly—and then he played. What did he play? I don't know—I don't think anyone knew—some improvised thing—but I felt—and I think most everyone felt the same—that he was telling us his life history—first his gay youth,—happy random — then slower — marriage and then harsh jangling—then very softly—death perhaps—then crazy wild harsh notes ending in a long drawn sigh—a sob of disillusionment —lost love, youth and life.

"The curtain dropped. Scattered over the house I heard sobs, hysterical laughter, then loud applause — acclaiming him the greatest musician of the day. He had scored!

"But as we went back, we discovered that he had not heard—we found him fallen over the piano—dead—but with a smile—gratitude perhaps—on his lips—he had died, as he had lived, for his worthless son—who didn't realize. He had fulfilled his vow and I like to think he knows that—but not the thing his son was." Her voice broke and I was surprised to find tears in my eyes.

"Unknown in life and famous in death," I reasoned. "And that was his son I saw?"

"Yes, made wealthy through that famous performance, accepted and made much of in society because of that, but he will not realize —will not understand. He is supreme now but—"

"But not happy," I finished for her.

"No, not happy," she answered me softly, but I saw a glint of malicious enjoyment in her eyes as she said it.

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

ON WINGS OF THE STORM

Whenever the wind is moaning low
Though I am safe and warm,
I feel the sting of the whirlwind's taunt
As she rides on wings of the storm.

A great white charger far above
Stamps and foams at the mouth,
While a million snowflakes whirling about
Are driven along towards the South.

The white North Wind is champing his bit
As he gallops through the snowy space,
And the whirlwind rides on his icy back
With a cloud around her face.

Below them shimmers a snowy dress
With forests as rich dark fur
Above them, peeping through frosty mist,
The stars are but a blur.

And never on a cold, dark night
Have I been snug and warm;
For I am out on the North Wind's back
Riding on wings of the storm.

Wanda Watson, '31.

THE PERFUME SHOP

On a corner between two main thoroughfares of our city stands a little perfume shop which is owned by an old Frenchman who is bent and lined of face, but who always wears a cheery smile and has a bright word for everyone. He has many strange and beautiful scents for sale here, but one peculiar Oriental perfume is very well known and he is celebrated for it especially. Into his shop wander the richest and poorest; I have often seen rags and mink coats side by side leaning over the counter.

I have spent many a happy moment here, sniffing at first one bottle and then another. But I always come back to that strange, haunting Oriental scent which takes me far away into the Japan of my imagination.

One drowsy, hot afternoon I asked the Frenchman to tell me the story of that perfume. His back straightened at once, and his eyes hardened; I was sure that I had offended him and began to apologize profusely.

"No, no!" he cried, "It had to be so—I shall brood upon it no longer! Listen, and I will tell you."

And this is the story he told me.

He was born just outside of Paris of peasant parents, and Jacques la Fontaine was the name given him. His youth was spent in happy loafing and as he was given all he wanted to eat and wear, he had no particular interests. On the death of his father, however, he was left to care for his mother and after much searching, found a position in one of the large perfume houses of Paris. It was here that he realized that he did have an interest and a vital one,—perfume. He climbed to the top of his profession in time, and was sent to Japan to study the blending of new Oriental extracts.

A most pleasant and handsome young man was Jacques, and quite the popular one on board ship. He had acquired an ease and an air of culture which came with his money, and he was extremely animated at the prospect of the trip into the Japan he had always yearned to see.

Upon his arrival at Yokahama, he was at once impressed by the beauty of the Orient, and as he looked at the sea and sky he felt that he could blend an odor here which would make him famous. And yet, there was something lacking—if only he could discover what it was. And so he wandered, all over the beautiful country, sleeping out under the starry skies by night and dreaming under the blue skies by day.

It happened that one day in his roamings, he entered into the private garden of a lovely estate. He was struck by the beauty of the spot, and searched further, until he came to a large pool which reflected the blue of the sky so perfectly that he could see his image as well as if he had been looking into a mirror. And suddenly, beside his own, appeared the image of a beautiful young Japanese girl. He remained still, for fear she would vanish.

It was in this way that he met the only girl who had ever appealed to him—the girl who made such a change in his life. She was from a wealthy Japanese family, and was betrothed to a lad whom she had never seen. But she fell in love with the young Frenchman at once, and although she could not understand a word he said, she felt joy in being with him. And he realized that here was beauty—a different kind of beauty than he had ever known, and surely that which he would never forget.

The hours which they spent together were beautiful ones, under sunny skies on the beach, or in the shade of her own garden. They were together whenever she could slip away and when she breathlesly tried to tell him one day that her father was very angry and did not wish to see him any more, the world became black, so black that even the twitter of the birds seemed to fade away before their unhappiness.

"But we shall meet, and I shall be more careful," she explained to him with gestures and much lip movement," and then one day soon we shall go away together. Is it not so?"

Their meetings became fewer, more hurried but none the less fervent, for they tried to cram into a few moments the happiness they had basked in for hours before. Such precious moments they were, keeping both of them tingling until the next meeting which would be soon, or far away, as fate would have it.

One day they were again seen together, and the girl's father went into a terrible rage and put the girl behind locked doors. She went about in a daze for a few days and then realizing the immensity of the affair, refused to eat, would speak to no one, and finally became desperately ill with a broken heart. It was only on her deathbed that he was allowed to

see her, and when she died something went out of his life. He was never the same again.

He decided to leave his beautiful Japan forever, he could not remain there and be forever haunted by that memory. But before he left he blended a perfume which had in it all the happiness of their love, the beauty of Japanese days and nights, and his terrible pain and sorrow at her death. He went out into the world to sell this scent which was the best part of his life, and not being able to go back to France, came to America and found his way to our city.

I turned away to hide a tear just as the door opened to admit a very beautifully dressed young girl.

"May I have another bottle of that Oriental perfume, please," she said. "It is really exquisite. It seems that I spend my happiest moments when I am wearing it, and still it haunts me; makes me feel sadness mixed with the gladness."

And the old man hastened to measure out her ounce, his face beaming at the thought of his perfume once again bringing happiness.

Anna Louise Smith, '31.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

Alone in the tower at midnight
I witnessed the stars and the moon.
The clouds rolling by,
The stars, beckoning, calling,
The moon, alluring, glowing,
Seeming so happy and free!
The clouds, tossing, dancing,
What beauty for man to see!
I wanted to get to that heaven,
To rid of this world and its care.
Then, I sensed my selfish craving,
For this was no less than Heaven
That God was showing me there.

Dorothy E. Inett, '30.

CIRCUMSTANCES

"Yes," said old Judge White, "I believe I will tell you why I let that man free on lack of evidence when there seemed to be enough circumstantial evidence to hang him, the dead body at his feet, and a smoking gun in his hand. I don't know why I should be telling you, who are just a chance acquaintance, this story that I have never told anyone, not even my best friend. I am old now though, and I don't suppose I shall ever see you again so the temptation to tell my secret is very great."

I leaned forward, my interest aroused, for the judge was known to be a man of mystery in the little western town which he had served so faithfully. He had arrived one night, thirty-five years before, and had never mentioned his past to anyone. He was greatly liked and respected, however, and people learned to take him for what he seemed to be and forgot to wonder about his past. He had the reputation of being the fairest judge for miles around and was loved for his kind deeds.

I was aroused from my thoughts by the sound of the judge's voice. I looked at him and saw that his blue eyes, usually so twinkling and kind, were dark with some thought of the past. He rubbed his hand through his silver hair and began his story.

"Thirty-six years ago I had everything in the world before me. I had graduated from law school in Boston, and, with the fine name that my family had, was doing wonderfully well for a young lawyer just starting out. Everything in the world was ahead of me. I was so happy!

"Both I and my friend, one whom I had known all my life, were in love with the same beautiful girl. Of course there was very strong rivalry between us and instead of showing one of us any favor, she treated us the same.

"One night I went out with Jim, my friend, and we tried to drown our troubles and worries by drinking as much of the liquor in Boston that we could possibly drink. We quarreled violently together as the evening wore on and parted in front of a crowd of people, the bitterest of enemies.

"The next night I took all my courage in my hands and decided to ask Margaret to be my wife. When I arrived there and saw her face I knew that something was wrong. She told me as gently as she could that she and Jim were going to be married in a few months.

"I left her home, stunned and heartbroken

by my sorrow and after drinking steadily all evening vowed to get even with the man who had once been my friend. As I walked unsteadily homeward, I heard, in a dark alley that I happened to be passing, shouts, a shot, running feet, and a groan. I ran to see what was happening. There was a dark form lying on the ground with a gun beside him. I picked the gun up and leaning over the man, found that it was Jim. He had been robbed and shot. My first idea was to try to catch the robber. I ran down the alley, the gun still in my hand. I heard a police whistle and felt a rough hand laid on my shoulder and heard a voice say, 'You are under arrest.'

"Then came the trial. There was no hope from the first because everything was against me. Everyone remembered our quarrels and believed me guilty. Of course my family did all in their power for me but I was convicted to life imprisonment. They said that I was lucky to get off as lightly as that. Lucky! My God!

"Handcuffed to a detective, I got on the train headed for prison. You can imagine my thoughts—I who such a short time before had everything in the world to live for, considered one of the most brilliant and promising young lawyers of that time, and now nothing!

"It was night and such a cold, icy night it was. A heavy snowstorm was falling. It was impossible to see more than a few inches out into the darkness.

"All of a sudden there was a screaming of brakes, a crash, horrible lurch of the car that we were in and then falling, falling, falling into blackness. I fainted.

"When I came to I was conscious of groans and screams all around me. Smoke and flames were creeping towards me. I looked at the detective who I was still handcuffed to and saw that he was dead, mutilated beyond recognition. I was desperate. He was caught between two seats and I knew that I could never get him out. I reached into his pocket and unlocked the handcuffs with some keys that I found there, transferred my few papers to his pocket, and made my way out of the burning car.

"Well, to make my story short, I found my way to this little town, I don't know how, walking the rails and begging my food. I read my name in the paper in the list of dead.

"You know the rest of it, how I worked my way up to the position I hold under the name of John White.

"Now you can see, can't you, why my verdict was 'not guilty'."

Betty Dean, '31.

WIND SWEPT, RAIN SWEPT

(To a Friend)

Deep night, midnight,
The rush of the wind and rain;
The Seller of Dreams is following you,
With oblivion in his train.

Wind swept, rain swept
A dream or two for sale,
To soothe a sick and weary soul
When hope and courage fail.

Wind swept, rain swept,
His wares are clean and new
A fresh love and a fresh hope
For something quite worn through.

Wanda Watson, '31.

FATE!

"Jerry—it's courage you need in this great game of life—the courage to live, and to believe in yourself."

"God, Diane! Courage! Do you think I can let you go over there alone—to live in London, and perhaps never come back; my dear—you can't love me, if you want to leave me. You must know that I can't let you go—that when you come back—if ever you do—that I'll be gone—gone to join Dad in India—and I guess—oh, well, why—why shall our love end like that?"

There was a sudden silence—only the inconsistent crackling of the fire sending out a warm, friendly glow from its ruddy hearth, into a room, dim—luxurious—yet throwing into bold relief the two figures—one lying carelessly, yet gracefully on a couch, and the other staring into glowing embers before him.

Such was life. Out of all the world, two people, thrown together by the caprice of a

whimsical Fate; then their realization of love, perfect happiness for a while, then again Fate laughs, and moves on—but the spell is broken, and love—perhaps it lingers, perhaps Fate takes it and moves it over the checkerboard of its desires, and everything is lost in the chaos. Fate! Jerry might have seen his "castles" crumbling in the smoldering fire before him, because after a little while he continued:

"Diane, it's only five short months since I've known you, and loved you—but my dear, when I lose you—oh, I'm silly perhaps to say it, but I've an 'inner feeling' it's good-bye."

"Jerry, listen—you are such an idealist. Some day you're going to realize that life is more than a visionary, ethereal substance of 'inner feelings' but a tangible thing, to be felt, and oh, it draws one, as it's drawing me—though I guess I'm just a practical old maid, after all, and I can't let this chance go by, working on London's greatest newspaper, experience I've wanted for years — meeting all all sorts of people. That's the excitement of life! Living—not existing! Now, dearest, it's late, and I must get some rest, but you'll be down tomorrow noon to see me off?"—and Diane stood up, stretching her slimness to its full height.

Jerry rose slowly—overtowering her, but looking down at her searchingly for a moment —then huskily, "Beloved, do you think I'll say goodbye to you on the dock with crowds of people around? Diane, I'm going to kiss you once and go. I love you, love you so. Remember that always, and some day—some day—"

"Jerry, I love you, too. Good night, Dark Boy o' mine!"—A kiss, a boy's cry—it was the end, and Fate laughed.

Blanche Ainsworth, '32.

IN APPRECIATION

Understanding of nature,
Distinct in speech.
Strong of stature,
Patient to teach.
With smiling eyes and jovial wit.
Think hard—C. B.?—that's it.

D. I., '30.

SPHINX

I invoked the powers of Circe;
I learned at the Sybles knee;
Then I stood and stared for an hour at you
But you never glanced at me.

I lived in books of learning;
I pondered day and night;
And I even disputed with Themistocles,
But I trembled at your slight.

Mona Lisa was a book
Common in every place;
But I paused to think and to wonder
At the smile upon your face.

I traveled through the old world;
I had Greece and Rome at call;
But when I began to address you
I felt so weak and small.

Must I live forever a scorned man,
And grovel at your knee?
Or first must I go to Egypt
And make the Sphinx talk to me?

What more can I learn, oh wise Sphinx?
What knowledge would you suggest?
Must I first unroot your secret
From the heart of a woman's breast?

Wanda Watson, '31.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

A SHOE-CHEWER

I've got a dog—he's just a pup—
But say—he's cute as he can be—
And all the shoes that he's torn up
Don't mean a single thing to me.

Why he was only having fun
Like any other pup would do—
A ball or stick he'll always shun
If only he can find a shoe.

Perhaps I *would* think he were bad,
And punish him accordingly,
If *my* shoes were the ones he had—
But they were someone's else, you see!

Kay Forgey, '28.

S'FUNNY

Gee—I wish't I was Mary Jones,
'Cause she wears the beau'fullest clo'es;
But then, I guess I'd rather not
'Cause she has a freckled pug nose.

Guess—I'd like to be Annette,
'Cause she has a swimmin' pool;
But then I wouldn't want'a be her
'Cause she's awful dumb at school.

Maybe—I'd like to be Suzanne,
She gets in the circus free;
S'funny—but if I had to choose
I guess I'd have to be me.

M. V. Moss, '30.

ASTRAY COLUMN

One thousand thumb tacks from gym after tea dance.

One bowl of gravy for ice cream.

One ghost from under bed of raided room.

One Indian war dance tune heard on third floor of Bragdon.

One Lasell student lost on the braes of Charles River after a walk with gym teacher.

One box of chocolates donated to Miss Ra—.

One fantastic week-end because of restrictions.

One minute of good night's rest and a precious mule because of fire drill.

3.12 train to Boston by student whose last class is 3.10.

One novel on way to glee club.

—The Wise Nuts.

Glad heart + the mail = happiness.
Glad heart + shorthand = misery.

—Les Miserables.

You are my friend.
You know me
Like a many-colored picture book.
Still you never tire of the book
Though you have almost memorized its pages.

Edith Fulton.



Some day I am going into a certain old book store and stay there until evening. Then I shall come back the next day—and perhaps the next. I want to take down some of these volumes, inhale that delicious odor of new books and dream. Always before I have been oppressed with a sense of hurry, of indulging myself when I ought to be studying or paying a call. But on this mythical day I shall open an enticing book, hear a bumpy leaf crackle faintly and wander leisurely through pages of big soldierly print. I hope no other purchaser will be there so I may sit on the floor and pile stacks of books around me. Perhaps I shall see a set of Dickens bound in warm fragrant leather and made gay with a faint tracing of gold. Then I shall wave my hand majestically and say, "All of these, please!" New poets, old poets, travelers and story tellers will parade their wares before me and I shall lend a sympathetic ear to all but shall be, oh, so careful in my choice. A book—even a poor book—should be shown consideration, for perhaps some day its author will become famous and when we all turn back to point out the evidence of budding genius in this volume, it will treat us coldly and even refuse to recognize us. When this day comes, I shall go alone to the little shop for friends too often dissect a book as though it were a wriggly worm in a laboratory. I won't be alone really, however, for some of my oldest friends will be there—waiting for me to find them. When I do, I'll greet them joyously and say, perhaps a little wistfully, "You know, you really brought me here."

S. G., '30.

DYNAMO

(Eugene O'Neill)

Once again, we have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. O'Neill. In this, his latest opus, Eugene O'Neill has again departed from the beaten paths, and has ventured into the realms of religion. This is the first of a trilogy of plays on a topic that has been the object of more debate throughout the ages than any other. Although Mr. O'Neill in his superior knowledge and intellect has a right to discuss it, I still believe it will not be his, nor any of his contemporaries to solve, but it will be a question of the ages.

He has taken a clerical family living next to an atheist, and given us a part of their lives. The reverential family consists of father, mother and son. The latter has been raised into the beliefs of a religious life, he has imbibed and is imbued with the deep esthetic thoughts. He falls in love with his neighbor's daughter who is a deep-dyed atheist herself, and is betrayed by her and her family. He leaves his family, bitter, disillusioned and goes out on his own.

In his search for a religion to turn to in his despair, he studies electricity and finds balm for his hurt soul. He becomes a worshipper of dynamo, the mother of electricity. When he returns home, he tries to teach his new religion to his old sweetheart, and tries to communicate with his dead mother in an effort at conciliation. In his blind searchings, he loses himself, and kills his sweetheart hoping to satisfy his mother with that sacrifice. In the whole, his conclusion is that all worship is the same. The only difference is in the idol worshipped. In former times, they were wooden statues, then crosses and now they are inadequate for the modern social life and we will turn to the new Dynamo.

As an entity, we find it confusing. Mr. O'Neill has taken so many different characters and situations that he has been unable to bring it to a definite conclusion. It is in that very thing that he fails. He has taken a gigantic subject and has not conquered it.

T. K., '31.

THE GYPSY

(W. B. Trites)

"The Gypsy" is a morbid tale of a man's groping for belief in unutterably miserable surroundings. It seems like a sketch of the lives of three people in Spain rather than a story; it is short yet it is all entirely complete.

The character portrayals are splendidly done. Mr. Trites has created three distinct types—Arthur Mallack, the weak yet talented artist around whom the story revolves; Julia, his wife, who is a lady in the finest sense of the word; and the exotic gypsy, Dolores, who by her insidious machinations achieves the downfall of both the artist and his wife. Our author does not depend upon word pictures to describe his characters, but his manipulation of them is so fine that they all live vividly and tragically for the reader.

In atmosphere the book is above the average, too. It contains in a slight degree a mystical tone that makes it comparable to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

This book excels particularly, however, in its handling of the human mind. One is given a glimpse into the whole inner life of the artist, and one goes from despair and anguish to love and exaltation with him. No definite conclusions are drawn from this story, but one is able to see the futility of peace and serenity in death unless one has possessed them in life.

Mr. Trites has a large and well-chosen vocabulary, and "The Gypsy" is easy reading. It is a fascinating piece of work and worth the attention of all.

D. C., '30.

THE TRUE HEART

Sylvia Warner very ably portrays in a charmingly simple way the innocent beauty of a girl's soul. Suky Bond, an inmate of a girl's orphan asylum, is put to work on a farm in the marshlands of old England. The beauty of this new and different life thrills her, but she is utterly unprepared to face life and love—the orphan asylum had too carefully guarded her, and thrown on her own resources she falls in love with a boy, supposedly an idiot, living

on the farm. Their romance on the farm is one of the most beautiful features of this story —and then, suddenly it ends. The boy is taken away by his hard and unsympathetic mother, and Suky is left alone to fight an uncompromising world. She leaves the farm, and goes to London endeavoring to find Eric—her pure innocence her only shield against the temptations of the city. It is only after many hardships that she finally finds him—and the ending, like the beginning, is the portrait of "The True Heart."

Unlike most of our modern authors of today whose stories portray lively photographic action, and characters sometimes overdone, Sylvia Warner has only given us through, simple, everyday conversation, amazingly real characters. She deals subtly and with the certain delicate skill and finesse of a master each situation throughout the story, and succeeds in giving her readers a clear picture of life as it appeared to one girl in her search and discovery of it.

B. A., '32.



WE MODERNS

Who are these awful young moderns whom I have heard so much about? There was a time when I would become terribly excited when I heard of these strange creatures who, before this generation, had never been heard of. I did not know just where to look for them although, from all I had heard, they were distributed all over the world. They were, as report would have it, much more numerous in the United States, so I thought that if I were very patient, my intensive search might meet with some success. Finally I mustered up enough courage to ask timidly of an old man my question. He informed with a wrathful glint in his piercing eye that I was a perfect example of one of them.

I brooded upon this awful piece of news for some time, and at last, seeing no way out of it, philosophically decided to delve deeply into my black soul and see what put me in that class of "awful young moderns."

I was aware of the fact that everyone was condemning me and I went around with a haunted look in my sunken eye. I felt that I had to get to the bottom of the secret.

What requirements must one have to be in this class?

Can it be because we unfortunate ones who are thus condemned, smoke an occasional cigarette? Would that make us awful young moderns? No, it could not be that because mothers have confessed to their daughters in a moment of weakness, to be sure, that while they did not do it openly they very decidedly smoked.

I am sure that it could not be because we often drive around at night in cars, yes even in rumble seats where all young moderns are reputed to ride when they are busily going to the devil, and go to dance without a chaperon. For the horse and buggy was certainly a very close cousin to the automobile, and I am sure that almost the same amount of handholding and all that goes with it was known of in them forty years ago as is now in the automobile.

Could it be because we once in a while take a cocktail? I am afraid that could not be it either for certainly this is not limited to the young people of today. In every club and almost every private house there are striking examples of this. With such an example before us all of the time what more could be expected of us.

These things, as far as I have been able to find out, are the main characteristics of the condemned ones. I am terribly bewildered! Couldn't some one explain to me?

Betty Dean, '31.

News item cut from
London Gazette, Thursday, September 7, 1750

Clarissa Harlowe Dies After Long Suffering
Innocence triumphs after many trials
Leaves letters describing her torture
Exclusive interview with Terry Kovner

After years of mental torment at the hands of Robert Lovelace, esquire, little Clarissa Harlowe expired and with her last breath, blessed her enemies. For the last years, Clarissa Harlowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Harlowe, of Harlowe Hall, had been living a life of hardships. The innocent victim of the machinations of the villainous Robert Lovelace, she is now spent from her hopeless efforts to flee him, and has returned to her beloved father.

Our readers are all acquainted with Miss Harlowe, the heroine of the fire at the boarding house. Poor Clarissa was aroused from her sleep by the servants of the nefarious Lovelace, and ran out in her nightclothes, and was seen by the aforementioned. She swooned in terror, for he had seen her, and never again could she face the cold, cruel world.

Dear Clarissa, in her desire to escape from the marriage with Roger Solmes, fell into the carefully laid trap of the aforementioned Mr. Lovelace. It was but stepping from the fire into the frying pan, or as the more facetious might term it, a choice between the devil and the deep sea. Soon, however, Miss Harlowe realized her great mistake and attempted to flee from this dastardly creature. No sooner had she escaped from his villainous home, than did he pursue her and intimidate her with greater mental and physical tortures. Until finally, in her heart-broken state, she gave way and in the presence of a few friends faltered, "Bless you all—and now come blessed Lord Jesus," and died, a smile of sweetness and innocence enlightening her charming countenance. So passeth an innocent soul.

Her letters will be published in the next edition of the London *Gazette*.

The funeral will be held Friday, September 8, at the Trinity Church at twelve o'clock. All friends invited to attend.

Terry Kovner, '31.

THE ARISTOCRAT AT THE MANICURIST'S TABLE

"Pointed or oval, madam?"

"Round and short."

The perfectly hennaed manicurist looked at her stiff customer and smiled—a saccharine, too congenial, professional smile.

"Lovely day, isn't it? I adore this gorgeous spring weath-a."

"Feels like rain to me—my corns hurt."

"Well, it might rain at that — but, dearie, don't tell me you have corns on those tiny feet of yours. Why, I never seen such small ones."

"Huh," disgustedly—but with a sly glance at the small feet.

"Not many folks nowadays can boast of Cinderella steppers—you oughta be proud of 'em. Look at mine," said the earnest worker as she put forth a generous display of sheer chiffon hose.

With a decided jerk and the expression of a martyr, loyally pointing forth the right road, the woman turned her head aside.

"Ain't them stockings grand?" went on the undismayed girl. "Say, I noticed Maybelle Lovelace wore this kind in her last picture. Did you see it—'Faithful Hearts'?"

"No, I don't go to the cinema. The ventilation is decidedly poor."

"Well, then dearie—I know you'd love this story. I'll tell you all about it. Maybelle was a rich society dame who fell for the chauffeur. One day they was ridin' out in the country when who should they meet but Maybelle's pa. Now — —."

The corners of her customer's mouth turned down contemptuously but her shrewd black eyes were twinkling. Suddenly, however, she seemed to recall that she was a Lovett of Boston and snapped forth briskly,

"I'm not interested in the story."

"Oh, awrighthoney—I just thought—Gosh, you sure have a 'skin you love to touch.' I never seen such white hands. What was it that chauffeur said to Maybelle? Oh, yes—"like white violets those tiny hands are fluttering 'round my heart! Ain't that grand?"

"Hum!" We Lovett's always were known for our hands and feet. Jane and I had to have our shoes and gloves made when we were girls."

"I thought so. One can always tell them swell families by their hands."

At this Miss Lovett straightened up a bit, fussed with her collar, already perfect in its stiffly starched grandeur. Then a little thawed—

"By the way, what happened to Maybelle?"

"Oh—she and him e-loped and then the old man welcomed him like a true son and gave him half of his business. Gee, it was *grand*. Y'oughta go an' see it."

"Hum."

"I don't get much chances to go to the movies though. Woudja believe it, dearie, I only get fifteen a week—an' me having to support my poor mother. Ain't it awful? Why, I was only saying to my brother-in-law Sam yesterday—"

"Yes, yes—but do you really get only fifteen dollars a week?"

"I should say—an' believe me, honey, it's tough sleddin'—why if it weren't for the tips we get—"

"Hum—"

"Yes, but I always says—a smile is a wealth in itself so I might as well grin and keep my spirits up." This last came forth accompanied by a wink to a neighboring manicurist.

Miss Lovett seemed amazed.

"Fifteen dollars," she repeated. "I must—." She may have been thinking of this as a case for her social uplift society, but Maybelle interrupted.

"By the way, that's a mighty classy hat you got there. Some people is just nachurally born with taste I guess. Now, I hunted all over the city for a little model on that order and—."

She launched forth into exuberant admiration while Miss Lovett, although seemingly frozen as usual, turned her head ever so slightly and gazed rakishly into the mirror.

"There, dearie—now I'm finished and believe me them are hands any star 'ud be proud of. Fifty cents, please."

"Here—a dollar and keep the change," said Miss Lovett as she left, glancing coyly at her stiff figure on the way.

"Guess I talked that old lady into this four bits," said Maybelle as she yawned, puffed out a henna curl and gazed affectionately at her own swell image.

Sylvia Goldenson, '30.

THE PLEASING TORTURE OF BEING IN LOVE

Before starting this essay which rather treads on dangerous ground, I would like to explain that in my mind of thinking there is a difference between "loving a person" and "being in love with a person." "Being in love" tends to the thought of "in love with love." But, loving a person thoroughly is entirely different.

When a girl is preparing to go away to school, she invariably tucks away in her trunk pictures of "Bill," "Tom," "Dick," and "Harry." Many times these four young men are merely acquaintances. But, if they are the least bit attractive, in the trunk they go. That is why it always pays for a girl to go to school many miles from home where no one knows her and where she can display her masculine art gallery without any embarrassing questions or doubts from the onlookers. Now that our "model boarding school miss" has arrived at boarding school with her herd of "our stronger brothers" what is she going to do?

The first night all the girls gather in the room and talk about their "men" and how unhappy they are. One of the first things they do is to walk around the room gazing at the art galleries and commenting on the various faces so gently yet enthusiastically placed on the wall.

The months go on and letters begin to arrive—also, if you are fortunate and know how to work it, invitations to different games, dances and theatre parties arrive. Usually the girl prides herself on the number of boys she

writes to, and the letters she receives. Little does she stop to think that some boys are the same. They delight in giving "lines" to various girls and their joy knows no bounds if they can get more girls to swallow "hook, line and sinker," than their next door neighbor.

Anyhow, there is always a great deal of pleasure reviewing invitations and letters. But, the torture of all this is doubt. If she thinks a boy cares, and she seems to care for him a little, and several weeks go by without a letter, Heaven help the roommate and her associates. The lack of letters seems to be most disastrous in our tortures of being in love. Then a girl seems to think it never pays to let a boy know she cares for him. And, while she glories to herself that she is *sure* she loves him, she receives a letter from him saying that he is coming to a city near her and will try to come out to see her, but he is going to be very busy and hardly knows when he can find time. Then the jealous bug lets loose and runs wild. Our meek girl who was so sure of all her masculine admirers begins to imagine all things, and her life is made miserable for two days.

But, the glamour, unbound joys, and pleasures soon wear off because "being in love" *never* lasts and our little girl soon decides that she only thought she loved "Tom," "Dick," or "Harry." All in all there is a lot of pleasure in "kidding" yourself into thinking that you care for someone but the results are anything but pleasant.

One thing I'm sure. If you really love a person, you very seldom talk about it. However, there are lots of pleasing tortures of being in love!

Dorothy Brown, '31.

EXCHANGES

The LASELL LEAVES is pleased to add to its list of exchanges this year *The Hamiltonian* from Lexington, Kentucky. We compliment *The Hamiltonian* on its literary material as well as on its "Personals." We were especially interested to learn through this magazine that a former "Hamiltonian" is now here at Lasell.

Even though the Christmas season has passed we are interested in the editorial which expounds upon the use of the word "Xmas" in the place of Christmas. From the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen* we take the privilege of printing the following:

"Christmas as a word symbolizes the birth of Christ. His very name is contained within the word. It is an English word that we can be proud of—it is compact and contains its origin within it. Unfortunately, some of us are unable to group its significance although it actually stares us in the face. We lose sight of 'Christ' and think only of a holiday on which gifts are exchanged. Thus the modern trend has been to shorten the word, since the first part meant nothing in particular. The happy result of this is "Xmas." But "Xmas" in itself means nothing. That is sad but only too true. Christmas is December 25, but when is "Xmas?" If anyone can find the particular person who first committed the fearful deed (and who will admit it?) and find the exact date on which it was first used, 'Xmas' may be determined. Until then, however, repeat that Christmas may come but 'Xmas' will never come."

Since the LEAVES is commencing a Bookshelf, we are particularly interested in the two splendid reviews—"On Mediterranean Shores" by Emil Ludwig, and "Hunky" by Thames Williamson which are found in the December number of *Connecticut College News.*

Destruction

Trees with martyred limbs reach high,
Seeking comfort in the sky.
Stumps that never will be gay,
Have seen King Fire breaking way.

Aching husks of cowering pines,
Stand in ragged unkempt lines.
Bleeding hearts of birch and oak,
No more wear a verdant cloak.

Tapestries that once were green
On the earth, no more are seen.
Homeless birds in circling band
View the barren beaten land.

"The Northfield Star."

EDITORIALS

PROCRASTINATION

"To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed." Such is the opinion of a wise man concerning that wicked tendency to "put things off." It is prevalent everywhere. In many cases it does no great harm, until it becomes a habit—and therein lies the danger, for everyone knows the fatality of allowing such an attitude toward life to become habitual. All our hopes, dreams, ambitions would be but empty visions of the future—never to become our joy and pride as actual realities.

We need not look far to find an example—very real to us all—of our willingness to delay our more unpleasant tasks. The matter of the almost proverbial essay is well understood by us, who seldom think of giving it even a moment's consideration until the night before it is required. This same rule has had the misfortune to be equally as applicable to most all of our academic demands. It seems to be easier to put them off until the last moment. Then they are done, eventually, though seldom with the same degree of perfection as when done with more persistent preparation.

This undeniable tendency can be overlooked in such matters, but the habit grows—to be applied to the more serious questions of life—it takes on a far deeper significance. Our success in nearly every branch of life may be deeply hindered by our application of that rule. If we postpone our business obligations we are not recognized as dependable persons to be intrusted with positions of important responsibility. Such a practice in the realm of society is equally as ruinous. We are not considered worthy of social honor or esteem. We lack a necessary factor for success in any phase of life—promptitude.

It is interesting to consider our New Year's resolutions as examples of that trend of humans to delay. Yearly we determine to replace old and harmful tendencies with new and beneficial ones. As regularly we find our enthusiasm waning till we ere long decide to wait, that we may once again begin a new record. But the years roll by without any realization of our once fervent determinations. Our old habits but grow more deeply implanted within us, till there is little hope of our ever overcoming them. Then the mischief is done—and it is too late.

Another New Year is dawning—and with it many sincere and well-meant resolutions. Let *us,* at least, remain unshaken in making ours a part of our true selves today—remembering that "yesterday was once tomorrow."

COMPLEXES

I have discovered that the best place in the world to study the characteristics and traits of people is in a girls' boarding school. Also, I have come to the conclusion that there is no one alive on this earth who does not have some sort of a complex. It must be taken into consideration, of course, that complex is the modern name for fault, for whatever one does not do right in this day and age is passed off easily as a complex.

There are two main complexes, however, in which we are most interested, inferiority and superiority, and it is a hard question to decide which is the worst.

What can be worse than to have to associate with a person who believes herself better than those about her? She holds her head high, prances rather than walks along, and if we are gifted with a smile as she passes we are lucky. She is vain, spends hours upon herself, and she never condescends to join in with what is going on whole heartedly. She is so full of self confidence that she doesn't even

have to study, and if poor marks come her way there is always an excuse ready. Poor girl, is she not to be pitied?

And then we have the groaner, complainer, lamenter, the girl with the inferiority complex. If we are with her long enough she inspires us to groan. Nothing ever is right, she is too fat, or she is too thin, her clothes do not look well upon her, she is forgotten and no one loves her. She must be told over and over again of her good qualities, must be helped with her studies and appeased in her many worries. Someone is always talking about her, and she gets angry easily. Not an easy person to be with, I assure you.

And so life goes on, one complex after another. Are you one of these two girls? Watch yourself, for all the world loves a good sport.

OPINIONS

It is so easy to form opinions without sufficient justification. This could be said in reference to most anything at all, but at present it seems most fitting to consider it from the standpoint of our new acquaintances and friends.

Now that the first few months of the school year have passed, we are able to connect names with familiar faces, and to select our particular friends from among the many persons about us. Do we, or do we not select them upon a fair basis? By that is meant—are we not exceedingly prone to exclude from our more intimate list many whom we have been quick to judge and to criticize only upon the basis of our first impressions? Not that we should not be careful in choosing those in whom we would place our confidence and trust. That should be done with our utmost caution and consideration. However, we are not fair to many who deserve better recognition than we might give them as a result of our too-hastily formed conclusions.

Surely we are all willing to admit that we are greatly influenced in the development of our convictions by our acquaintance with those of others. If someone professes a dislike for, or even gives expression to some adverse criticism against a certain person, we find ourselves unconsciously influenced by their ideas. It has been said that "he who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and tastes of others, is a slave." Yet because of the undue influence of others, we have been led to make many a false accusation.

Think, can we not recall examples of such happenings—when we have grown to like very much one for whom we, at one time, had no respect or admiration whatsoever? We were deprived of the joy and privilege of that friendship merely because we were content to let our first impressions or the words of others be the basis for our hasty prejudices.

Not only may we take this to heart from the standpoint of the formation of our opinions of others, but also let us realize and remember to what great extent our first impressions are responsible for others' opinions of us. And, inasmuch as we are ever coming into contact with new people, it would seem that we must be making a constant effort to be strong in spirit and worthy as friends, for "men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearance; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works."



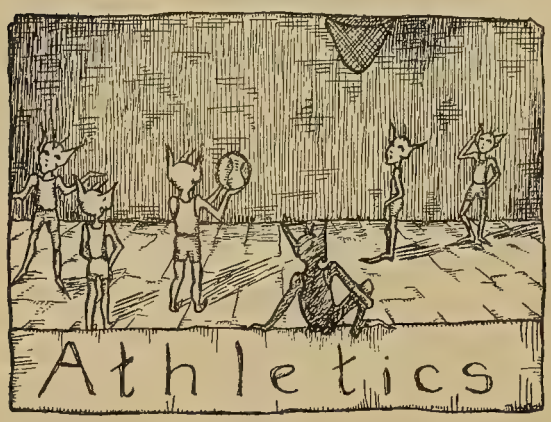
Here we are again, ready to start the New Year off right with a brand new record, which we want to make even better than the one preceding, if possible. We've begun by introducing our new column, "The Bookshelf," which we hope you will find interesting and helpful as an aid in your own selection of books.

A picturesque story of sunny France is "A Romance of Lac Leman." It is beautifully descriptive, and appealing in its simplicity.

And it's true that "we couldn't help loving daddy—or Dicky—" in "Mrs. God Shakes Her Featherbed." The story is charming and real, with a great deal of human appeal. "Without Love" is predominant in its emotional appeal. It is supremely tragic, but not improbable. "The Perfume Shop" has a quaint atmosphere of the Orient—always delightful— in its suggested tragedy of forbidden love.

The poems, "A Winter's Tale" and "On Wings of the Storm" are especially appropriate for this snowy month. One presents winter with its clear, cold beauty, while the other suggests the iciness of North Winds. Both are clear and forceful in description. "A Day with the Sea" clearly pictures the varied moods of the ocean—from morn till night. It is beautifully written, with several exceptionally inspiring passages.

M. H., '30.



Basketball has started and what a thrill it is to realize that we have started our winter schedule of sports. A wonderful group of players have been attending practice and we want as many more as can possibly plan to come out for teams. The more the merrier! Later on our White and Blue teams will be organized—also class teams—and we hope that there will be great competition. Also swimming practice will start after Christmas. We have fine material this year for some excellent teams.

Early in February comes our Winter Carnival Ball, and directly after, the Winter Carnival. The Ball is very exciting for we vote for our Queen, and do not know who it is until the curtain opens that evening. Everyone is in costume and makes it a most festive occasion. The Carnival is held out on the gym field at night and, with a huge bonfire crackling and merry lights all about, makes the evening a gay one. There are all kinds of winter sports in which to partake and all those who go have a *royal* time. This year it will be much nicer than ever, so—look forward to the WINTER CARNIVAL.

The much anticipated White Mountain Trip comes the week end of February 14-17 and girls, don't miss it! You'll have some of the greatest thrills of your lives during your visit to Intervale, the pitcuresque little spot in the mountains. The fun of skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing, skiijoring, sleighing, trailing, eating, and—oh, millions of wonderful things come into the daily life of a Lasell girl on the White Mountain Trip. Don't miss this opportunity for the greatest week end during the school year!

Thursday morning, December 19, Mr. Seikel came to visit us and how splendid it was to greet him back. The Whites and Blues made a fine showing and spirit ran high during the chapel period. Mr. Seikel gave out the hockey and soccer awards, and ended by wishing us all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THOUGHTS

Each sorrow in life is merely a dream,
And dreams never last.
Each joy simply a gust of wind
Which soon drifts past.

Edith Comstock, '31.

BLUE GRAY EYES

Blue pools of the sea in the sunlight
All tenderness and fun,
Grey expanse of wind-blown surf
When happy days are done.

Wanda Watson, '31.



December 1: Dr. Park, President of Wheaton College, was an interesting and helpful speaker, telling us "how to avoid falling into the many traps which have been set for us."

December 4: This morning in chapel, Miss Nelson, secretary to Mr. Edward Filene, talked to us on "Women in the Business World Today." She told us some very interesting and worth-while facts.

December 5: Maurice Greet, one of the Ben Greet Players, was presented in chapel this morning. He related some interesting anecdotes about Shakespeare, and gave several very clever character representations from his plays.

December 6: Ralph Davis from St. Mark's, New York, was an interesting speaker in chapel.

December 8: Tonight in vespers we all enjoyed hearing Rev. Morgan of Lynn. He spoke to us concerning "Individual Ideas about Religion." He said we all have some—and we should stick to them.

December 9: This afternoon we had the great pleasure of hearing Martha Attwood. She is a former Lasell girl who is now with the Metropolitan Opera Company. We enjoyed her splendid program very much.

December 11: Chapel was in charge of the *Lamp* Staff, headed by Helen Crego, editor-in-chief. A clever stunt was presented, stating necessary information preceding the drive for subscriptions.

In the evening we enjoyed hearing our friends and roommates take part in the recital. They all did exceedingly well.

December 13: For the first time in several years, an Open Forum was held in chapel to determine whether an Honor or Monitor System should prevail in vespers. The debate and vote resulted in victory for the Honor System.

December 14: At dinner tonight each table was brilliantly decorated appropriate for Christmas. In addition, each girl received a slam, all of which proved very clever and entertaining throughout the evening.

December 15: Tonight was our Christmas vespers, at which the Glee Club sang a number of very pretty and appropriate selections. We also had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Stafford of the Old South Church, who spoke to us on "Progression."



When it actually comes to selecting a wedding month, November seems as pleasant as June; at least so thought Gertrude Bardwell, '24, for November 28 was the date of her happy marriage to Mr. Richard Crockett Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are now at home at 38 Prospect Street, Turners Falls, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Bradford Austin announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Bailey, 1920-1922, to Mr. Carl Frederick Hakewessell on Saturday, November 16.

We learned incidentally from Mary Pryor, '28, who gave us such a pleasant surprise at the Thanksgiving vacation by returning to the school, that Helene Salzenstein had been married some time, but we had not learned of it. Helene's new name is Mrs. U. L. Hinds and her new address is 401 South Cass Street, Virginia, Ill.

Helen Elizabeth Kowalewski, '28, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Elmer Andrew Kell, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Geroe announce the marriage of their daughter, Caroline Adelaide, to Mr. John Herman Roth, Jr., on Saturday, November 16. Mr. Roth is a son of Josephine Milliken Roth, '99.

Esther Angel, '29, we were delighted to receive you and also that handsome sister of yours, Frances Angel Levenson, '22, but after all the young man who accompanied you claimed most of our attention for Sister Frances' little seven months old son was nothing less than "adorable." Come often, dear Lasell girls, but never without the little lad.

Elmere Couture, 1926-1928, is now one of the instructors at the Mercy Home School in Manchester, New Hampshire, an industrial school under the management of the W. C. T. U. We were all interested to learn that Elmere is teaching in the school where she was formerly a pupil. Her department is domestic science. It was her major subject while at Lasell and the one in which she won the highest honors. She is also training her girls in Bible History and just now has chosen for her Sunday talks the women of the Bible. It was a joy to welcome home this honor student.

Phyllis Beck, '29, we are still missing you and your classmates. Feeling quite sure that you won't mind, we are venturing to jot down a bit from your letter just received. Phyllis writes: "What a pleasure it was to receive the LEAVES today, but really it makes me frightfully homesick for dear Lasell. Oh, how I am missing it! I think of you so often and of the two years we had together. My summer was certainly a swift and happy one. Barbara Peirce, '29, visited me in July and Ruth Ford, '29, Edna Bickford, '29, and I visited Julia Tiffany, '29, at her summer home in Canada. We had quite a reunion. The first of October I started taking a course in interior decorating at the Albright Art School in Buffalo. It is so interesting. I commute every day from Lockport and although tiring it is lots of fun and I am sure will be most profitable. I had a singular experience the other day in Buffalo. Was sitting in Huyler's waiting for a friend and I overheard two women talking. One of them was telling the other how happy her granddaughter was in school,—what a fine atmosphere, lovely rooms and oh just everything. Then to my surprise she told her that she was attending Lasell Seminary in Auburndale, Massachusetts. Well, I was so thrilled I did not know what to do. Shortly after I offered her my seat and just could not resist speaking to her. We had quite a talk. Her granddaughter is Marjorie Keller, rooming at Woodland. You certainly can't get away from Lasell and who wants to? Around the first of the month Julia Tiffany

and I were at a house party at Cornell College. The first evening we attended a dance at a fraternity house and while in a dressing room, a girl entered and asked for a long mirror. We both turned around in open-mouthed wonder, for there stood Sally McKee, '29. I just wish you could have heard the chattering *et cetera* that followed. Am going to try very, very hard to come to Boston to see you some time this year. Please remember me to all that I know. With love, one of your last year's 'Little White Doves,' Phyllis."

To Miss Ross, Evelyn Ladd, '28, writes: "Last night I received my October copy of the LEAVES and believe me it made me homesick for Lasell. I just longed to get into an air ship and fly right straight to the old school. Am having a happy time keeping house. Will surely plan to stop off at Lasell on our way up North in the spring. It must seem odd at the school without Miss Witherbee. Wishing you a fine Thanksgiving and with love to you and the Lasell friends, Evelyn."

Alfhild Trondsen's, 1922-1923, last letter contains a beautiful personal tribute to Professor Hills and also reports that Natalie Albury Dowswell, 1922-23, and her husband are building a new villa in Nassau. Their lovely old home, charmingly described by Americans who visited the island recently, was almost totally destroyed by their late hurricane.

Her many friends among the old girls will be glad to enjoy a part of a recent message to Lasell from Anna Andrews Barris, 1901-1902. She writes from the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina. "After spending six wonderful months in our old home in Pennsylvania, we returned in June to our mountain community where I first saw the little children who walked five miles daily to school. We are six miles from the doctor or even a telephone, but it is beautiful. A friend who visited us lately declared she had seen the Alps, the beauty of New England, and the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, but the scenery between Bristol, Tennessee and our mountain home was the most magnificent of all. These friends, too, were charmed with the mountain people as well as the mountains. . . . One day I attended a funeral in the mountains and it was a touching experience. It was held in the open. Some two hundred gathered for the service, everyone bringing a little offering of flowers. We waited two hours for the minister and when he failed to come, a friend preached the sermon and a group from the little church sang beautifully. The man in this region is boss. On one of our tramps we passed a woman and my guide explained, 'That woman got a good switching this spring.' When I expressed my horror he said, 'Well, she deserved it and I reckon now she'll aim to do right.'" Anna is still successfully engaged in collecting books for the school children, and expresses her appreciation of contributions received from Miss Martha Haskell of Auburndale, and Marie Gibbert of New York not only sent forty of her own books but through her, a splendid set of encyclopedias were presented to these little mountaineers. Anna's contact with these mountain folk and her descriptions of places and people are always interesting and often thrilling. The people are proud and have no desire of being recipients of charity, but they are willing to receive books or any good reading matter. Mrs. Barris suggests that gifts be sent parcel post as there is no express within thirty miles of this little community. Address your parcel post packages to Mr. Walter Hampton, Blowing Rock, North Carolina. What will especially rejoice her friends is to learn that Mrs. Barris has just had two of her recently written books accepted and a call from the same publisher for a third one which she is at present writing. To this former Lasell girl we extend hearty congratulations and godspeed.

At a chapel hour in November, Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, gave a most interesting outline of her proposed European trip. Many of the girls are already feeling the lure of this delightful summer abroad.

Accompanying her annual subscription to the LEAVES, Mrs. Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, '78, declares: "The notice of my Atlanta Lasell party has attracted unexpected and

pleasant attention. One lady reported that she had sent this press notice to a friend in Montana who is a devoted Lasell girl and proved to be our Julia Martin, '04, of Bozeman, Montana. It certainly started inquiries about Lasell. I am sure it has put our school on the map in a very pleasant way." Mrs. Van Harlingen extends not only on her own behalf but in the name of all the loyal Lasell girls of Atlanta an urgent invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to "come South and see us all."

"After reading in the October LEAVES all about the latest Lasell babies, I decided," writes Carolyn Vicary Krider, '24, "that you might be interested in knowing that I too am a proud mother. Our Priscilla Louise was born May 28. In October I took her home to Canton, Ohio for a month's visit to her two grandmothers. Some day Priscilla and I will call at Lasell." From now until then Lasell will be eagerly awaiting the coming of Carolyn and her baby daughter.

A very attractive program of the N. C. R. Woman's Club School of Dayton, Ohio, was forwarded to our principal by the director, Edith McClure Patterson, '02. We glanced over the attractive and elaborate outline with a big desire to enroll in this school as one of its favored members. The opening session was a notable one. Superintendents of schools participated and Mrs. Patterson added: "Even Governor Cooper of Ohio came in and gave us his blessing." The director also refers to an evening spent in the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Walther, our Elizabeth's parents. "I was happy to tell them of my days spent with you and that my strongest life ideals were established at Lasell."

Hortense May, 1924-1925, recently elected secretary of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, is responsible for the following valuable news items. "Mrs. William Taylor, nee Florence Tyler, '25, is at home now at 61 Sanford Avenue, Flushing, L. I.

"The new address of Mrs. I. C. Bradley, Jr., Helen Graham, 1928-1928, is 10 Spruce Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

"Frances Edythe Hall, '26, is teaching music at Brown University and enjoying her work immensely.

"Sarah Senior, 1924-1925, now Mrs. Carl Lambert, is the proud mother of a little daughter, born October 11. She very naturally declares June Marilyn to be the dearest baby in all the world."

Hortense closes with "I am so glad Lasell has welcomed Mary Morgan, a girl from my home town. I have sweet memories of Lasell and shall always gratefully recall my happy days spent with you."

Lasell was glad recently to welcome Mrs. Paul Comstock who came to visit her daughter, Kathleen. Mrs. Comstock, nee Ella W. Wilson, was graduated from Lasell in 1896.

The New York *Times* of October 17 gave an interesting report of the marriage of our Julia Plunkett, 1921-1922, to Mr. H. Whitney Barham of Boston. The wedding was attended by a number of high officials of the Navy. The bride was escorted by her father, Rear Admiral Charles Peshall Plunkett, U. S. N., retired, and her only attendant, the matron of honor was Mrs. Frank W. Parsons, wife of Lieutenant Parsons, U. S. N. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Barham left for Tulsa, Oklahoma, their future home. Lasell extends felicitations to the dear bride and groom.

Ruth Straight Mock, '17, writes to the editor of the Personals: "I have just received a copy of the October LEAVES and wish to thank you for it." This gives us the opportunity to assure the old girls that it is through the thoughtfulness of their Principal, Dr. Winslow, that this courtesy is repeatedly extended to them. Ruth adds further: "It is fun to read these bits of news about some girls who were at Lasell away back in my day. After all these years of separation, my Junior, Iverna Pomeroy Cooper, '18, and I are living now in the same city, Chicago, only a few blocks apart. Recently we went together to a very lovely Lasell Club luncheon given for the new girls and their mothers. If all the girls have

the fine spirit these new girls were starting out with, I am sure the school will keep up the same dear old Lasell spirit, and yet, it can hardly be the same without Miss Witherbee. How splendid, though, that she is now enjoying this pleasant, free life."

In Miss Ransom's, 1877-1881, last letter from Lucy Curtis, '80, she writes she will remain in her own home in Rockland, Massachusetts, for the winter. She also tells of the passing away this fall of a beloved brother. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to this bereaved graduate.

One of our girls who has won deserved distinction in the musical world is Martha Atwood, 1903-1904. While she was in Boston singing in grand opera, at the invitation of Dr. Winslow she came out to Lasell and delighted the girls of today. Later she was the guest of Mrs. Winslow at an informal tea. It must have been cause for pride on the part of Miss Goodrich to witness the musical triumph of this former pupil. Our congratulations to teacher and this gifted artist.

The Boston *Herald* of December 7 contains an announcement of the marriage reecntly of Barbara Ruth Turner, 1927-1928, to Mr. Rialton Greenwood of Winthrop, Massachusetts, son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Greenwood of Halifax, England. The announcement was made at a tea given the bride by Rev. Hilda Libby Ives at her home in Portland. The bride is vice president of the Portland Lasell Club and a member of the Delta Epsilon Sorority. Lasell extends hearty congratulations to the bride and groom.

At last Ruth Buffington, '25, has been heard from. It pays to wait on hopefully when one is rewarded with such an optimistic message. From Omaha, Nebraska, Ruth writes to the Editor of the Personals: "Another little White Dove heard from. Many, many times I have thought of you and as I read the last LEAVES decided to procrastinate no longer, so refilled the old fountain pen and began to carry out my good intention. I was interested in all the bits of news gleaned from the LEAVES. In these busy days, letter writing has become quite a luxury in which I have not indulged, so do not hear from many old girls. Last week I met with the Omaha,—Council Bluffs girls. Mrs. H. I. Gannett (Mabel C. Taylor, '95) was assistant hostess. Jean Field Faires, '22, brought her darling five months old boy for just a look-in on the meeting. He was a picture in pink and white, with great blue eyes. Since leaving Lasell I have been studying interior decoration and was graduated from the Chicago Art Institute in 1927. Have now a studio in my own home. Last fall I redecorated our home, selecting all the fabrics, floor coverings, etc." Ruth enclosed an attractive folder—a catalog of paintings exhibited recently in the Art Institute of Omaha and we were delighted to find one of Ruth paintings in the exhibit. She also adds: "Did you know that Phyllis Hessin, '24, was married to John Wyman Judson and is now living in Birmingham, Alabama?" She closes with greetings to all, but especially mentions Frances Badger, '24, and our Principal.

Through the courtesy of Rosalind Winslow, 1920, we have good news from Ruth Beckley, 1927-1928, who is still enjoying her secretarial work in New Haven. With her usual enthusiasm she writes: "I still think of the nice time I had last June and of your kind hospitality which made me feel as if your home were my very own. I suppose you are still taking Spanish lessons. I do think Senora is most fascinating. Please give her my love and tell her that her 'naughty Becky' still thinks of her and the many songs we used to sing in the dear old classroom at Lasell." Ruth is now president of the New Haven Lasell Club and this dear group of girls sent a most generous gift of toys and clothing to the Caney Creek children at Christmas time.

Former pupils of Professor Henry M. Dunham and members of the school and faculty who were privileged to enjoy his friendship, will be especially interested in the following notice: *"The American Organist,* a New York magazine devoted to the organ and its interests, began with the current issue 'The Life of a

Musician,' written by Henry M. Dunham during the last two years of his life. The previous issue printed several letters from prominent musicians as an introduction. It is probable that these memoirs will later be published in book form."

E. Louisa Mueller, '27, is now a full fledged business woman, having been graduated in 1929 from the Traphagan School of Fashion and is now with Frederick Loeser and Company in Brooklyn. Old girls living in New York or nearby would do well to look her up and patronize the successful Lasell graduate. Our congratulations and best wishes to Louisa.

Grace Huntington, '89, and Maude Oliver Chipman, '89, called recently at the seminary. Dr. Winslow and the Personals Editor were fortunate enough to receive them. The unfailing loyalty of these old girls is always heartening to those who are still carrying on.

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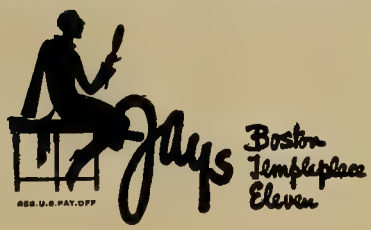
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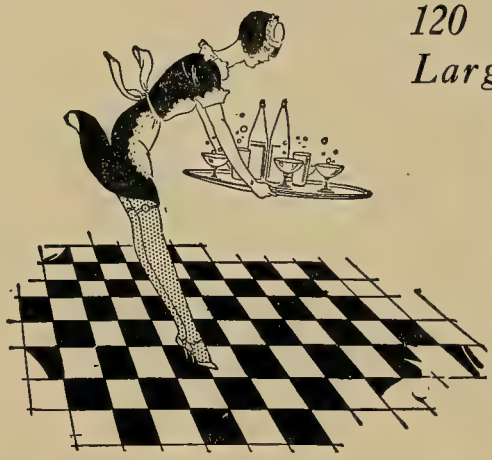
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LITERARY

A ROYAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KING'S ENGLISH AT LASELL

Some say that even as inanimate a thing as four walls will hold presences, and that actually the words that we utter are not lost but can be reclaimed when man's intelligence will have gained enough control over the ether to make this possible. If this be true then certainly Rooms 4 and 17 in Bragdon will be able to instruct all those who come to Lasell in that future as to sentence structure, sonnet forms, conflicts in short stories and marginal space in themes. For over a quarter of a century a keen-minded teacher with a merry twinkle in her eye has presided in these rooms, in Room 4 well fortified with an Unabridged Webster's and an alarm clock on the one hand while on the other rows upon rows of pigeonholes holding the callow expressions of youth, and in Room 17 behind a hot chocolate pot warming the inwards of those returning from a "late per," or, as often as not just after ordinary study hour. To those who have known her we do not have to say who she is but to newcomers we give the name, Miss Mary P. Witherbee, to whom we have the honour to dedicate this number of our magazine.

A student once said that she couldn't write a 500-word theme. Miss Witherbee told her that she could write 500 words on a postcard. To the amazement of the student not only were five hundred words written on a postcard, but what was far more important was that each word could be easily read. Is it any wonder then that many a theme was returned marked, "Illegible" and thus many a student taught that legibility of writing could be accomplished and was a mark of good manners?

Order and accuracy were Miss Witherbee's middle names. Many a Lasell girl has marvelled at the systematic correction of themes, the logical construction of sentence and paragraph and the quick eye that detected a margin a quarter of an inch out of the way. However, not only did Miss Witherbee share these things which are only mechanical but necessary, but she also discovered promise in a student of real creative writing and then shared with her the almost limitless fund of literature and inspiration that was within herself .

Ac/ or NAc/ that used to be the question, the former resulting in jubilation and great exuberance of spirits, the latter producing a dull ache which completely vanished when the contact came later with the instructor. It seemed then that the greater value lay in the NAc/ for who, that has not gone into Room 4 with a poor paper to be rewritten, has not come out with enthusiasm for English grammar? We miss the quick firm step along the corridor but we rejoice that after these long years of such devoted labour Miss Witherbee is able to enjoy living with her brother in Seaford, Delaware, and we are sure that the hot chocolate down there is as good as it was in Room 17. With very sincere appreciation and affection we wish Miss Witherbee many rich years to come and we promise her that we shall endeavor to remember her presentation of the King's English for which she fought, bled and died with us.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good
shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an
hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

CUPID HAS A BUSY DAY

The clock struck the fourteenth of February. Cupid bounded up out of bed and put on his brand new red ribbon. He ran over to a small gold chair and picked up his bow and quiver of arrows. "It's rather cold," thought Cupid as he stepped out of the door into the world, so he wrapped a gay little smile about him and slipped merrily off to his mischief.

As he ran along the street, he saw a poor, forlorn, bedraggled little dog with one ear up and the other ear down, staring wistfully up at the faces of the passers-by. Poor Scrubby —no one wanted him. He knew he wasn't very beautiful, and that he didn't have a pedigree, and that people didn't seem to care much about orphans, but he was so hungry and shivery—oh why didn't anyone take him?

Cupid heard him talking and sobbing to himself. He felt so sorry for Scrubby that he ran to him, and pulling out his brand new lace handkerchief with "Love" written in the corner, wiped away his tears. Then he hid behind Scrubby's ear, the one that was sticking up, and waited. Then Cupid saw a nice big man with a kindly face coming across the street. Z-i-n-g—a little gold arrow went straight into the man's heart and almost before Cupid could jump down from behind Scrubby's ear, he saw the joyful pup snuggling in the arms of the man with the kindly face.

"Where shall I go now?" thought Cupid. Just then a tiny boy with a tasseled red stocking cap toddled over to the mail box. He could hardly reach the top but he finally got his letter in. Cupid thought it would be great fun to see where the valentine was going, so when the tiny boy turned away he hopped into the envelope. He had a jolly ride and then all at once, he fell into the lap of a little old lady. As she pulled the fancy heart out of the envelope, Cupid sat on the top of it, and zing-ng-ng—another gold arrow had hit its mark.

"Lots of luck today" laughed Cupid as he tiptoed out the door, unknown to Tiny boy's grandmother. He romped along looking for someone else to "shoot". "Aha," he cried "there he is" and zing-ng-ng—a little gold arrow flew straight into David's heart as he looked down at the most adorable Ann Claire, in the world. Cupid jumped to the lover's lips and hopping on his words, slid right into Ann Claire's ear and down into her heart. He stuck an arrow into it, and tumbling out of her mouth on a merry laugh—skipped away to hunt more hearts.

Just as the Keeper of the Milky Way was turning on the evening lamps, Cupid trudged by with an empty quiver. He was on his way to the moon where he was going to sleep all night, but he stopped to talk to the Keeper a minute.

"The fourteenth has kept me awful busy," he said with a little yawn, "but gee, I had fun."

Mary Moss, '30

THY PICTURE

An ocean
Green-white, foamy—
Huge waves roll
Like mountains—toward white sand.

Roaring mountain waves
Grow softer as they reach
The great shore
Lying in the sand.

Sun, sparkling
Hot against white sand
Lying wrinkled
A-top the earth rock.

Ocean, Sun, the Sand,
All of these from Thee;
A blended vivid picture—
Thine!

Edith Fulton, '30.



SEEING EUROPE

I was prepared to spend a cozy evening at home one cold, blustering night last week, and had accordingly, in the biggest and ugliest chair in the room, begun to peruse the pages of some philosophical book which I did not like or understand. I only read books like that because I am told that the sign of a cultured person is knowledge and is not knowledge gained from reading? Deep down in my heart I think I was hoping for some interruption.

As I was saying, I had just made myself comfortable when a loud knock sounded at my door. Yes, I have a doorbell, but my friends never use it, they claim that my door is too intriguing to pass up. It is one of those old doors from Brittany, and consequently very much carved out. This they say gives them a chance to practice their aim by attempting to strike in the smooth spaces. I'll admit they've done very well, I notice that one spot is much lighter than the rest. It also seems that all the delivery boys have taken up the habit.

When I went a cable was thrust at me and the door banged right back in my face. The cable I found was from some friends of mine. It informed me that they had just arrived in Naples. Somehow upon reading that cable I felt very blue, and wished they hadn't sent it to remind me of all I was missing. How I had wanted to go with them.

I sank down in my chair, staring at that disturbing bit of news. I sighed. "Naples," I thought, and envied them. They'll go over to Pompeii and see all those old ruins, they'll get tired walking but they'll keep on, they won't be able to help themselves, it's so fascinating. And they'll go to Capri and into the Blue Grotto, that beautiful cave down under the Island, with that glorious color of blue, all shot with silver, casting a silver sheen on the walls; and little boys will dive down so they can see how like slim sticks of silver their bodies seem. And they'll buy coral brought up fresh from the bay by those same little boys. Why should I suddenly feel so depressed and dull? Had those three simple words affected me like that? My book of philosophy was forgotten. I sat and brooded. I wondered if my friends would appreciate all that they would see, or would they think of nothing but titled men, clothes, and merely go to art galleries and cathedrals because everyone does, never realizing what they might portray, what adoration they inspire, or of the men who conceived such splendor? Would they come home and insult me and my love for it all with silly worthless prattle of dukes and duchesses as other friends have done? That bothered me terribly, but soon that oppression left me, as I sat and

dreamed of what they would be doing. What I would do if I were there.

They would take the Amalfi Drive high above the sea, on a narrow road full of winding curves, where one might look down and see nothing but gray rocks and bright blue water, with a faint shadow that was Capri. They'll stop at the little town of Amalfi and eat tiny jam cakes and drink delicious sour wine. They will dine on Posilipo, the hill back of Naples, looking down on the city with its flickering lights, and Vesuvius looming silently in the background across the bay.

They will go on to Rome and go duly to St. Peter's and the Vatican because everyone does. But will they notice the difference between Reynolds and Raphael, or Art before and after the Renaissance, or will they put on their best chiffon gowns and simply parade the long corridors so others will notice them? Will they do any of the little things that are so different and yet so charming?

I hope they will go to Alfredo's and watch the waiter stir macaroni and hot butter and salt and grated cheese, steaming hot in a great blue bowl, while Alfredo himself shows them the golden fork and spoon given him by the king. They will go to the Coliseum at night and there will be a moon, shining through all the gates, throwing weird black shadows and golden patches around the arena. And they will go to the old café built before Christ, and ask the musicians to play the Facisti song for them; but first they will close all the doors and play America, for they are afraid of Mussolini, and when they play their song everyone will rise and give the Facisti salute, and it will all be very solemn. And perhaps if I am mistaken about them, they will go back to the Vatican to see Raphael's "Transfiguration," that immortal picture. Again I stood before it in thought. How I would have liked to have been back there, seeing all those wonderful things. Going on to Florence, crossing the Ponte Vecchio and buying old silver bracelets and great silver-headed corks there in the tiny shops on that same bridge, following it clear back into the dirt and squalor of the tiny narrow streets. Going to the Pitti Palace, standing lost in worship before Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, and then wandering down into the Loggia which surrounded the square, admiring all the old statues there, especially the great bronzed Perseus of Cellini, which always made me feel so small and useless. And then later to hunt out one of those great high limousines for hire and drive up to the top of the hill for dinner, and sit looking down on the city and eat great strawberries with orange and lemon juice squeezed on them and the next morning to go out, to the Certosian Monastery and buy small flasks of the soft burning Chartreuse liquor that the monks make so deliciously and put up in the gaily colored china bottles. On to Venice! Arriving late at night, crossing that long narrow strip of land on the swift train, watching the lights grow larger and closer, and at last to step from the station right down to the Grand canal and feel the thrill of that first gondola ride; passing others, with the dim outline of silent couples, and the bent figure of the gondolier against the moon, and hearing their faint cries in the distance as they signaled at corners, intermingled with the soft lap of the water against the dark silent buildings. Romance everywhere! And to stand entranced the next morning, before the Doge's palace on the Piazzetta, and to feed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square in the sun, and later to wander in the Loggia around that same Square buying little trinkets, and to watch the great clock strike as the iron figures come forth and strike their blows. And in the afternoon some time, go in a launch to the Lido, and spend the time on the beach, drinking tea in the little terrace and once in a while to slip into the cold blue of the Adriatic. Everything is peaceful in Venice. One feels a sort of laziness creeping up, enveloping one slowly—so we must be off.

Up to the Italian lakes, spending a few days at Lugano, living up on the hill, going back and forth in the tiny blue "funiculaire," swinging high above the little village. Then on down to Lake Como and Maggiore, spending the day in absolute quiet, gazing out over the

blue lake, overshadowed by the snow-capped mountains. Peace—serenity.

Milan! That daring cathedral with its thousands of gracefully carved figures—its gorgeous doors with the story of the Christ. To stand in wonder and admiration before the rose window.

Then Paris—no description is good enough, one can only remember. Driving into Paris on a Sunday in the midst of thousands of bicycles, seeing young French boys taking their sweethearts for rides, young fresh voices calling out, and the eternal honk of the French horns, becoming fascinating rather than annoying, they are all so much a part of Paris. To ride in the cool of the evening through the Bois, under tall green trees, spring in the air, to visit all the little but famous restaurants, eating marvellously spiced duck at one, their specialty, pancakes with sour cream and caviar at another, and of course crepe susettes, and pineapple soaked in rum, it's all—simply Paris. An event of a lifetime is to be there at the celebration of the burning of the Bastille, watch the parades, hear the shouting, and go down to Montmartre where the dancing in the street would go on all night. All—Paris. Again just to spend delightful hours in the Louvre, strolling up and down the great long halls, enthralled, and then on to Notre Dame, trying to impress every little picture, window and all the little chapels in their memory, feeling unreal under the tall, stately arches, reaching up into the cool dim of the roof. Then to come out into the bright sunshine and go down to the banks of the Seine and walk for hours, listening to the busy chatter of the French peasants, the soft musical cries of the children, the soft wash of the river against the banks, with the sun shining down, warm and bright, filling the air with spring. And just millions of other places to go and see, the Opera, Napoleon's Tomb, the Palais Justice and the Cluny Museum. And of course they must have their onion soup, warm and steaming, at the cafes on the Seine. And some fine day, out to Versailles to watch the fountains play, and wander around the beautifully kept grounds, envious of the flowers, all different kinds and colors in striking contrast to the smooth green lawns. At night, theatres, interesting French plays, and an occasional night club, but one would rather drive all night in the cool damp, than stay shut up. They must shop I suppose, along the Rue de Rivoli, with lunch at Rumplemeyers, his superb lobster salads and pastries the envy of all Europe, then starting out again, but irresistibly turn out of their way to go to the Musee Grevin to see and wonder at all the waxed figures, unbelievingly life-like.

With what regret one leaves Paris, but there is London, and what could be more fascinating, more quaint and interesting, more different than any other city in the world, with something all its own, a charm not like other places. To stroll down Piccadilly, buying flowers from old bent women on the corners, to get a bus and drive out to the Zoo, to wander through Burlington Arcade, buying all sorts of lovely gifts. To go to the matinees and have tea served on individual trays for a shilling, to go to the Cheshire Cheese, and sit where Dickens always sat, to eat the toast simply covered with thick cheese, and drink beer out of great mugs. To go to the restaurant where everyone sits at the same table, and guesses at the weight of the cheese in the center, and if you are the lucky one to carry it away with you. To go to Hyde Park and sit on Rotten Row, while all the actresses ride by on their beautiful horses. To go to Westminster and stand in awe, hardly daring to breathe, for it is only a dream, and then to the Tower, where so many famous people have been imprisoned, and where all the crown jewels are kept. Then to Buckingham Palace to watch the changing of the guards, listening with interest to the Scotch guards playing on their bagpipes. Past St. James and Whitehall Palace, hoping to catch a glimpse of royalty. Browsing down Bond Street, merely looking in the windows of all such famous stores there, with "By appointment to His Majesty the King" in large letters on nearly every one. Out to Windsor Castle, and back past Eton

College, where one sees all the young boys in their tall hats, and short Eton jackets. And if one is lucky, two or three days watching a good cricket game. Stopping every now and then to get tea or lunch. Then perhaps to drive out to Oxford and revel in the tall gray grandeur of the place.

Then maybe, a short trip through Devon, catching one's breath at every tiny farm, thatched roof and low slanting doorway. Down to the coast—Clovenly, built on the side of the hill; eating strawberries with thick Devonshire cream. Driving across the moors, with the purple heather shining in the sun, across Salisbury plain and up to Stonehenge standing tall and distinct on the barren ground. Then they'll sail from Liverpool, hating to leave it all, promising faithfully to go back, sailing past the green shores of Ireland, stopping only a short time at Queenstown, where vendors cry their wares from tiny boats below, and one is tempted to get off and never go back. Wanting to drift all over Europe, and then come back and settle down in London, with short trips off to the Continent, but so intrigued as to forget home almost. Just wanting to stay and live, never missing anything, always going, life in Europe—superb!

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SEE ON EUROPEAN SHORES?"

(With profoundest apologies to Vachel Lindsay)
The whole to be chanted

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see "gay Paree"
With its fine historic churches,
Its beautiful museums,
Its gay cafés, its wonderful shops;
That's what I'm going to see
When I cross to "gay Paree."

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see sunny Italy
With its wealth of art treasures,
Its Florentine palazzos,
Its fairyland Venice,
Its grand, imperial Rome;
That's what I'm going to see
When I go to sunny Italy.

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see magnificent Suisse
With its rushing mountain torrents,
Its snow-capp'd peaks,
Its blue street cars,
That's what I'm going to see
When I cross to Suisse.

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see fair Germany
With its Nuremberg houses,
Its grand Passion Play,
Its beautiful Rhine castles;
That's what I'm going to see
When I go to fair Germany.

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see the land of the Zuyder Zee
With its flowers and canals,
Its quaint old fisher-folk,
Its very funny language;
That's what I'm going to see
When I go to the land of the Zuyder Zee.

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see His Britannic Majesty
With his fine big palaces,
His Tower of London,
His abbeys and his churches,
His Shakespeare country;
That's what I'm going to see
In the land of His Britannic Majesty.

I'm going to cross to European shores.
What are you going to see on European shores?
I'm going to see the kilted Scottie,
Hear his bag-pipes play,
On Edinburgh streets,
See the heather and the gorse
On the hills round the lochs;
That's what I'm going to see
In the land of the kilted Scottie.

I'm coming back from European shores.
What are you bringing back from European shores?
I'm bringing back in my mind's knapsack
All the glory of cathedrals,
All the beauty of God's mountains,
All the colour in the pictures,

All the line of many sculptures,
All the gay and happy laughter,
That I heard across the water,
That's what I'm bringing back
In my mind's knapsack.

IMPORTANT NOTICE OF CHANGE

In order to give everyone a breathing space between Commencement and sailing for Europe, the Lasell European party will sail from Montreal on the S. S. "Aurania", Cunard Line, at 10 A. M. on June 20. *There will be absolutely no change in the length of the tour* but all dates will be just one week later than those listed in the printed circular sent out in December. In fact one day has been gained which we shall add to our Paris stay, making it six days instead of five. We shall have a special courier who will accompany the party from Havre to Glasgow. At the time of writing there are still a few places left, but since the number is to be limited, we should suggest your writing as soon as possible in order to avoid disappointment later on should you want to go. For:

"The ships are lying in the bay,
The gulls are swinging round their spars;
My soul as eagerly as they
Desires the margin of the stars.

"So much do I love wandering,
So much I love the sea and sky,
That it will be a piteous thing
In one small grave to lie."

For further information and particulars write to Miss Constance E. Blackstock, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

BOTH KINDS

"I'm sorry, dear, but I'll have to leave you for a few minutes. There is something I must attend to." Roger spoke these words with complete poise as he bent down and gently kissed Miriam's forehead.

Until now, it had been glorious, sitting there in deep, comfortable chairs, drawn closely together, on the veranda that was but a few feet above the lapping sides of the ocean. The night was still, broken only now and then by the wailing of a saxophone or the strumming of the guitar from within the ballroom of the hotel. Miriam Lane's dreamy blue eyes looked deep in meditation, and her brow was puckered with a hundred little wrinkles. Rather tall was her slender body, which was clothed in a flimsy green thing that looked as if it might float away with but a slight stirring of a breeze. Her hair seemed, tonight, to be kindled with golden rays as the lights from within caught and turned it into a glittering mass.

"Why can't I stop caring for Rog. He's so impractical. Good-looking, dark sophisticated, smooth dancer, good sport, and yet," Miriam realized only too well that Rog had none of the practical requirements. He wasn't interested in intellectual subjects, nor could he be contented with an ordinary routine of life. Instead, he must have parties, excitement, gaiety and when in a more serious mood, some one like Miriam who would listen to his cynicism, who could smile and sympathize with his bored state of mind, and who would then understanding—refresh him and give him courage to start all over again—a routine of good times. Tonight, though, he had seemed different. Nervous, a bit irritable and had not been so complimentary nor so adoring to her as before. Could he be tiring of her so soon? This last thought for a minute stunned Miriam's mind. She had often wondered just how long he would be contented and happy with her, and sometimes the old fear of losing him would creep in and crush, for a moment, her happiness. Roger was a typical woman's man. Nearly every girl who saw him watched him, often secretly, hoping that he might sometime catch her gaze and hold it for only a minute, perhaps, but even that would be something personal to cherish or be flattered by. Gazing off onto the rippling water Miriam could see Rog the first time they had met. She had driven up to the Country Club with Bud, then her fiancé. Suddenly her eyes had met those of Roger as he stood on the tee ready to drive off, and at the same time she had been conscious of a queer little prickling at her heart—as if she had suddenly been frightened, came quickly over her. She had

been the first to turn her eyes from his and for a few minutes afterwards she had been conscious of his broken stare. Bud hadn't noticed this small incident. It had all happened so suddenly that to any observer it would have seemed hardly noticeable, yet to the one concerned it was highly magnified. Bud couldn't have noticed anyway. He was sure of Miriam, sure she was his, so he never even thought of suspecting anything to the contrary. He had been intent upon getting started on the course before the crowd had come to spoil his game of golf. So with a quick smile he had left Miriam, with the request that she call for him two hours later. Fate might have patterned it so, but Miriam had driven back for Bud a few minutes before he had been through playing and Rog seeing her sitting alone in the car had smiled and questioned her casually about her golf game, as he walked over toward her. They had both from then on been unable to smother their mutual attraction and feeling. For a few weeks it had been recklessly intoxicating; and filled with the fever of its unrealness, Miriam had carefully seen a lot of Rog unbeknown to Bud. Then the crash came, like a sudden terrifying storm. Bud, hurt and dazed by the horrible truth, had told her that it was all over. She could have any man she wanted but him. He was through. She'd asked for too much and now she could pay the price.

Even now, after four months, Miriam still felt the blow and pain of those words. Before, she had been happy with Bud. It had been a sane happiness—so certain—so safe. Bud had worshipped her; and now, wasn't *she* the worshipper? For the millionth time she compared Roger and Bud. They couldn't be more unlike and yet—they had both won places in her heart.

"Phil," Miriam called as a young man came onto the porch.

"Miriam. Can I do something for you?"

"Yes, if you will, Phil. Where is Rog? He's been gone for over a half hour," Miriam replied.

"I'll go and find him for you," said Phil leaving her. Soft voices coming from the beach below made Miriam glance over the piazza railing in a rather interested curiosity. Suddenly she drew back, just as Phil returned with the information that Rog was not inside.

"Never mind, Phil, and—thank you," she replied hastily and drawing her shimmering wrap about her she left the piazza.

"What a fool I've been," thought Miriam more disgusted than hurt. "I might have known that it was too frivolous, too artificial to last. Poor Phil. Guess he didn't know that his darling little Sue was in Rog's arms—becoming drunk, probably, with his love and charm. Some say that such a love is a happy one. Yes—until it breaks—even so it's not happiness—it's hell. The only time it comes near being wonderful is before it has a chance to ripen into mutual affection. I don't love Rog. I was swept off my feet with a crazy conceit—felt thrilled to think that I attracted him. Oh, God. If only I had Bud here now—some one whom I'd feel so safe and so contented with just laying my head on his shoulder. Shall I? No. He said that he was—through—." Miriam pressed the starter of her brother's phaeton and hardly knowing why—turned the big car westward. In the few minutes that it took her to reach Bud's home, Miriam had planned a long explanation. She must make Bud understand. He would have to trust her this time and realize that it was he whom she really loved. Stopping the car with a quick jamming of brakes, she slammed the automobile door behind her, and with a few running steps reached the door of Bud's home.

"Miriam," Bud sternly gasped her name as she stood breathless before him—"Bud"—It must have been the way in which she said it that made none of the long planned explanation necessary for with a sweep of his arms he caught and held her—happy—both—in that sudden "reckless sanity" of their love.

Janice Whittaker, '30

INCOMPLETE

The room was filled with the music of the radio. It seemed to seek out each corner and it spread its spell upon the couple seated on the low couch near the fireplace. There is something potent in the soft medodies. The pair were hushed, subdued, unwilling to disturb the enchanting charm cast over them. Finally Jerry rose from his comfortable position, looked at his wristwatch and said,

"Ten-thirty, and the doctor said you were to be in bed by ten. Come on, sweetheart, you know that is the only way you'll get better."

Joan shrugged her shoulders. They were white, as pure and free from blemish as the face above them with a translucent skin having the blush of youth firmly imprinted on it and entirely unimpeded by any artificial coating. A pert little nose and a wide mouth, soft but not sensuous, lent an air of devil-may-care to the otherwise dignified features of Joan Darrell. A rebellious air hovered about her mien at Jerry's words. She had had enough of pamperings and petting after the pneumonia to no longer desire a continuation of it with her returning health.

"Jerry, dear, am I to be treated as an invalid for all my life long? It is four months since I've been out of bed, and after recuperating for Lord knows how long, I need something else beside bed, food and rest. I want to go out and live again—Ah, Jerry," and her voice sobbed, "sometimes I feel as though I will be shut in a prison all my life, bound to a physically incapable body. If I thought that this illness had left its mark internally and made me, in any way, unfit for the life I have led, I would kill myself." Her head, raised at her last words, now was bowed in tears. Jerry took her in his arms, unable to do more than hold her tightly, as if to shut out any evil that might dare to worm its way into her heart.

"Joan, my dearest. Let me dry these silly tears. You know you're mine, and are going to be with me for years and years, and nothing in the world is going to separate us. Just think—we'll be married in September—four months—and then, nobody will watch over my dearest one but me. And never again will she suffer—believe me."

"Yes, Jerry," she replied simply to him, trusting eyes fixed upon him in faithful love. She stared upon him, emplanting each feature in her heart. The way his hair curled back from his head. She liked to mess it and then watch his strong fingers run through the waves while they fell into place. He *was* strong. She lived in his strength. She remembered the time he sprained his ankle playing football and remained in the game until the end—stamina, guts, the boys had called it, and she loved him all the more. He was but a child, withal; memories of the nights when football hadn't gone right, marks weren't fairly distributed, and he had come to her, before any other, and she had nursed him into good humor. They had grown up together, were as one, and she knew she was going to be strong—strong as he, for was she not a part of him? She arose and said:

"I'm going right up now, honey. I promise not to complain, for I do go around, even though I am sent to bed like a naughty child. Jerry, you'll be here early tomorrow. I'm going to Lake George Wednesday, and I want a last look at our old picnic grounds before I leave."

"Silly, you'll have millions of last looks, and picnics too. You know we'll travel there with our children and when they have married and there are just the two of us, we will once again travel the old road together." He reached for his hat, and after a breathless kiss set her down on the couch and left. Slowly, wearily, Joan regained her footing, breathed a low, deep sigh and a tear rolled down the calm stilled features.

The day was chilly. The cold fog refused to be held out of doors and despite fire and closed windows insisted upon making its presence felt. It bore itself into Joan's heart, and made her last day at home unhappy, and she did so want to be peaceful. She had a strange feeling within her which seemed to warn her to remain at home for evil awaited her in the

outside world. Even the thought that Jerry would be up Friday could not console her. She felt too tired to read so she only lay upon the chaise longue, her book unopened at her side. The picnic was off. Of course she couldn't go out in this weather—her anger was too deep to be expressed in outward emotion, and her inner turmoil was displayed only in the changing lights in her eyes. Couldn't the last day at home be a happy one, but then one should not be piggish. She had home, money and a sweetheart—

The 'phone rang at her side and a voice, long familiar to Joan, spoke into it,

"Hello, Joan? Won't you allow me to come up even if we can't go? If I don't see you today, I won't see you for four whole days."

She answered, "But Jerry, it isn't that I don't want you, but doctor's orders, and you never let me disobey. Mother refuses to let me see anyone. As though the trip were to Europe instead of to Lake George. You see, dear, if you had better control of the heavens, we might have seen each other."

"Your mother is right, sweet. You must rest as much as possible. It will take at least six hours to get up there, and that'll be no sinecure for you. However, I'll see you at the station. Goodbye, darling, until tomorrow."

A slow smile spread over her features as she hung the receiver up. At least, he understood, and life wasn't so awfully bad. In four days he would be with her again, and in four months he would be with her forever.

"Lake George! Kin I help you, missy. Thare you are, anything else?" Miss Goodrich gave Joan's baggage into the keeping of the colored porter. Joan looked about her, collected her books, chocolates and gloves, and walked out. She felt very unsteady upon her feet. A feeling of lassitude pervaded her entire system. Good Lord, it wasn't a return of her sickness. Every time her mind returned to that period of torture, a shudder ran through her body.

They finally reached the hotel, but Joan was entirely unconscious of her surroundings. All she knew was that her heart was heavy and pounding. Each movement of her body resounded in her nervous system. Blindly she followed her nurse to her room, watched with unseeing eyes the process of putting down bags, removing hat and coat, hundreds of other curious little movements, but unable to make one of her own. Her arms seemed plastered to her sides.

"Can I help you, Miss Darrell? There you are, soon you'll be as fresh as a new born babe. I know the journey was trying—Oh, Miss Darrell!."

She turned upon her last words, and saw Joan lying face downward, unconscious. The journey had been trying—

"Doctor, isn't there anything we can do? My God, to think that I allowed her to come up here, and—Oh, what's the use—I know it." Jerry's harsh tones rang out stridently in the room, as he paced the floor. Eight steps and then he turned, eight steps backward and then a pause—maybe she wanted him. He listened at the door. The sound of labored breathing came to him. Why had they not let him come with her? He would have protected her. She had also believed in his strength, but now it was the strength of science that sustained her. Jerry knew it would not last long—the tuberculosis, which they had feared had done its work—and his darling was too weak to overcome it. She loved him, and she loved life, but now she wanted to die. To leave him while she went out into purple shadows. "Oh, God, tell me it's a dream." His cry shattered the silence of the living room. There they sat—mother, father and lover, none to do more than weep, pray, none to stay the devastating hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Darrell. It's all over," the doctor announced as he entered the room. A low moan issued from between Jerry's closed lips and then, "So we shall not walk the old road again!"

Terry Kovner, '31

"GLO" BRIGHT

Gloria Bright—or in other words "Glo" Bright—was the life of every party she went

to. Pep—fun—wit—and a devil or two lurking in her large brown eyes—that was why she was invited to almost every party and that was why she went.

Now "Glo" was something like her name—glossy red curls, clear pink and white skin, great brown eyes—with many flecks of gold—beneath heavy dark eyelashes.

She was just home from boarding school, peppier than ever: her one boast was that she was never in love. Maybe that was why she was so happy and free. I mean it—it makes a difference.

The greatest party of the year was on. "Glo" planned and the rest planned.

On the day of the party, "Glo" slept nearly all day—to make her look spry you know. That town would need it. That night everyone was perfectly at home. The same old gang—same old everything. Then one of the smart young men rushed the crowd and gave the signal for the lights. As they went out, from one corner came a familiar cry, and, mid cheers, a slight figure was followed by the spot light as she did one of the latest from "Happy-go-lucky Lane", her favorite haunt at school. The dance was not daring—it was clever—but one pair of eyes found it raw.

When she finished and was running off the floor the whole doorway seemed to be filled up with one of the largest young men she had ever seen. As she looked up at his face she saw only disgust and pity in his eyes. He saw a bright face suddenly gone sober—gay eyes gone sad, with a rather surprised look. The small figure passed him and a crowd rushed after, but in several minutes it returned, everyone asking for her. She had disappeared—and no one knew where.

"Glo" still went to parties—but it was a different "Glo". She still shone—but she wasn't so dazzling.

The next year, when the great ball was given, and the signal for the lights was sent up, "Glo", in a full dainty dress of layer upon layer of black tulle, stood in the light of the "spot."

Suddenly everything was quiet, and in a voice, quite different from the old tone "Glo" spoke—

"I wrote this song syself—and I hope you'll all like it."

There was no orchestra in sight now, but far up off one of the balconies came the sound of a harp—and "Glo" sang as those high strung young people had never heard anyone sing before. She sang about a look and a glance and a smile that faded by chance.

When she finished—as if feeling something quiet in the air—she called in the orchestra and told them to play their snappiest number. She disappeared and no one knew how.

She was up in one of the farthest corners of the highest balcony—one of those small French affairs that overlook the ball rooms. She had a fluffy black scarf around her shoulders and her bright hair on her bent head shone bright against the dark background. She was wondering what was the matter with her when a deep voice spoke her name—

"Glo!"

She looked up suddenly and before her was the large young man with the ugly face—so full of character that you didn't mind the ugliness.

"I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me. You only made me see that the 'life of the party' isn't always the best. I don't know your name but it seems I've known you for years."

"I feel that way, too. I was only sorry for you that night. You are so pretty."

"It's still 'life', 'Glo'—but it's different, isn't it?" *Mary Alice Morgan, '31*

WOMAN'S PERVERSITY

I know I should love you
For your wise grey eyes, and your air
Of masculine importance;
For the pale tan smoothness of your hair.

Then why do I love you
As I do, and why do I employ
With feminine imprudence
The word love? I'll tell you, my dear:
You were so small, so frightened of people
When you were a little boy.

Norma Keller, '31.

QU'EST-CE QUE L'AMOUR?

Soft lamps, comfortable, luxurious furniture, exquisite rugs, firelight! In these pleasant surroundings Ann Kent sat before a cheery fire—reading. Her eyes did not for long at a time remain on her book—they wandered around the room and eventually came to rest on the fire. Suddenly she stood up, threw her book from her and paced the floor.

"Oh, Lord! Will this storm never stop! Why did I say I'd come to this beastly place? Why above all did I let the servants go tonight? Heavens! this wind and rain!"

Just as quickly as she had gotten up she flung herself back on the davenport and glared moodily at the fire. Her blue eyes were gorgeous but a bit sullen; her nose, beautifully molded—exquisite; and her mouth—soft, full, sensuous, but now drawn into a tight, cynical smile. The firelight made a million enchanted lights dance in her golden hair, and her cheeks soft and pink.

Anne sat quietly, listening to the raging storm outside. The wind whistled, the sleet dashed against the window panes, and the whole house seemed to quiver. As the girl sat there she was thinking. She had been here less than a week, and was almost crazy. She craved excitement—something to do! Oh, why had she let them send her away off here—she could have recovered as well at home with her friends. She couldn't stand much more of this—her nerves would be in a worse condition than ever.

Anne picked up her book and started to read. Suddenly above the pelt of rain and sleet on the window, she heard a sound which made her sit up—her eyes large and frightened. Again it came, a tiny, human cry. Anne, afraid as she was, was also curious. She arose, and slowly went to the door. She opened it and as she did so a gust of wind blew it back out of her hand and a small, white bundle rolled to her feet. It was as though a hand had shoved the door back and placed this thing inside her house. She closed the door and wonderingly picked up the bundle. As she did so, the cry she had heard before, came again to her ears. Anne looked at her bundle, rushed with it to the davenport and unrolled it. Inside was a tiny baby—almost frozen. Anne did not know what to do. She hated children, and had never even touched one. She started to call her maid and remembered that she was not there. The child looked so cold, so pathetic, and so very small. After hesitating for a few seconds, Anne rushed to the 'phone and called the first doctor whose number she saw. Luckily he was in and would come at once.

A few moments later Anne went to the door to admit Dr. James Farrel. He was not at all what she had expected for he was young and exceptionally good looking. She took him into the living room and showed him the child—she had not touched it.

"Your child is in a very critical condition, Mrs.—," he paused and looked askance at her.

"Miss Kent."

He raised his eyebrows and said,

"May I ask how your child—."

"Why do you insist that it's my child," snapped Anne. "I've never even seen it before and the sooner I can get it out of here the better I'll like it." Dr. Farrel said nothing more but went to work asking Anne to help him now and then.

"Miss Kent, will you tell me just how this baby happens to be here," he said after the child had been cared for and put in a warm bed.

So Anne related to him the events of the evening and asked what she should do with the little boy.

"I'm afraid it will have to go to an orphanage."

"Oh, no." Anne had heard too much about orphanages. I'd rather keep him here."

"But, Miss Kent, I thought you hated children."

"I do. But I can't let this one go to one of those awful places. Poor thing."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, why not keep him here for a time anyway—until

he's well, at least. I'll be in to see him in the morning. Good-night, Miss Kent."

"Good-night, Dr. Farrel."

In the morning the baby had a fever and was alarmingly ill. For weeks he hovered between life and death and in those weeks the world-wise, cynical Anne, learned to love him as she'd never loved anything before. She cared for him, stayed with him even when the nurse and Dr. Farrel ordered her to rest.

When the baby, whom Anne had named Teddy, was on the road to recovery, it was well on into winter. Anne was happy as she had never been before. She did not miss the city, the night clubs, the blazing lights of Broadway. Here was excitement enough for anyone—and love too.

One day, four months after the storm had brought Teddy to Anne, Dr. Farrel came in to see him. Later he and Anne had tea before the fire and she startled him with the remark,

"Jim, I am going to legally adopt Teddy."

The man said nothing for a few moments but gazed into the fire. Slowly his eyes came up and met Anne's.

"Anne," he said, "I've been thinking for some time and I've come to the conclusion that Teddy is going to need a father. I love him, and—"

"Stop, Jim. You can't have Teddy. I love him—he's mine. I'll never give him up to anyone," her eyes blazed and her lips trembled.

Dr. Jim Farrel rose from his chair—crossed to Anne, and stood looking down at her.

"Anne, dear, why didn't you let me finish? I was not proposing that you give Ted up—I want you to marry me. Anne, I love you and I want you for my wife. Will you, Anne? Do you care at all?"

"Oh, Jim, I do care, truly I do, but not enough. No, I can't marry you."

"Anne, is there someone else?"

"Yes," slowly she said it and very low.

The man turned away, his fists clenched—

"Very well, Anne. I shall not bother you again."

"But you'll come to see Ted, won't you?"

"Ted no longer needs me."

That night a very unhappy girl ate, or tried to eat, her solitary dinner. Just as she finished the doorbell rang, and the maid ushered a man into the living room.

"Philip," gasped Anne.

"Anne, dear. How I've missed you. I couldn't stay away any longer. How are you, dear girl?"

"Oh, I'm just fine."

"Anne, let's go out somewhere. Let's dance."

"I can't, Phil. I can't leave the baby."

"The baby! For heaven's sake Anne, how long has this been going on?" the man expostulated.

Anne laughed up at him and told her story.

"But, my dear girl, you're not going to adopt it? You can't."

"Oh, yes, I am. I love Teddy as I've never loved anyone, anything in my whole life."

"More than you love me?" queired the man.

"In a different way, my dear."

"Anne, you've changed. Where's my world-wise, cynical little girl gone? I miss her."

"She's gone never to return. I've changed my mind, Phil. Let's dance."

That night started something. Anne was rushed. Her friends from the city gave her no peace—parties, all the time. And poor Ted! What of him? Anne had a competent nurse. She was swept off her feet in this whirl of gaiety and her old self seemed to come back.

One night, just as Anne was leaving for a dance, Dr. Jim Farrel came in to see Ted, who had a slight cold. He saw a very beautiful but changed Anne.

"Good evening, Jim," smiled Anne.

"Anne, I swore never to bother you again, but I hate to see you returning to this. Won't you marry me? Anne, don't make a fool of yourself—I love you."

Anne's eyes softened for an instant then hardened.

"So—I'm making a fool of myself, am I? I shouldn't think you'd care to marry a fool. Good-night, Dr. Farrel."

Late that night Anne returned home, engaged to Philip Gordon.

"But, Anne," he had argued, "we don't want that child." And Anne, the lights of Broadway dazzling her, had consented to give up Ted up to Jim.

For several weeks Anne was wretched. She loved Ted so. But as for Phil—. She had planned to meet him in his hotel at eight o'clock. Then they would drive to New York City and be married.

"No—I'm not happy as I should be," Anne finally admitted to herself. "I wonder if I really love him—after all."

At seven-thirty she went upstairs to say good-bye to Ted. As she entered his room he cried. The girl rushed to his crib and gathered him to her.

"Teddy boy, I can't leave you. I can't. Oh, how did I ever think I could? You were sent to me to save me from just what I'm going back to. But, my darling baby, I'm not going back. Teddy, you and I are going to stay here, and you are going to have a father —one who loves you—loves me—and Teddy dear, I love him, I know I do—I've known it all along, but I've been too stubborn to admit it."

Anne arose and carrying the child with her went to her room. She put Ted on the bed, sat down at her desk and wrote and sent, at once, two notes. One to Mr. Philip Gordon and the other to Dr. Jim Farrel.

Betty Heyer, '30

EVENING

Sunset—
Shadows of night cast enchanting spells over quiet water,
A yellow-tinted sphere glides from beneath heavy clouds,
Etched from between stalwart pines, it floats upward unhampered.
Houses silhouetted 'gainst radiant sky look naked, bare, alien,
Stars dot the warm, azure blanket and shine brighter—brighter—
Sky grows darker—darker—
Twilight.

Teresa Kovner, '31.

TEETH—TRUE OR FALSE

"Mark my words, Jones, we are finding something important," said my friend Smith to me.

"Ah, no doubt," I returned. Smith, as I'm sure you would like to know, is a world famous detective, and I, well I am merely his helper—or sidekick would be a better word. Smith has beautiful aim when he kicks. We were on the trail of a murderer—I could tell that by the foot prints beside us, and as Smith is never wrong, although sometimes absent minded, I knew we would soon find him. Those first words were spoken as we sped across the moors of old dear old England on a tandem bicycle.

"Yes," he repeated, "yes I'm convinced."

Loosening my foot from the spokes, I sincerely tried to speak patiently.

"And who or what might the something be?"

"Wait," Smith commanded.

Now I ask you how could I, or anyone else for that matter, wait on the rear section of a tandem bicycle and said so in no few words.

"My dear fellow,'" Smith answered, "You've no conception of the idiotic way your mind runs. Think—man—think! Everyone is supposed to be furnished with a brain, I say supposed because I rather doubt your brain—and you remember I let you help me just because of yours." Smith's favorite hobby is being philosophical. But I was hurt.

"Smith," I murmured through my tears, "I'm doing my best, but you're being dreadfully nasty to me."

Did I see a gleam of sympathy in his eyes? No, his back was toward me.

"You complain so much," he growled at me.

Which all goes to prove that we shouldn't complain.

"Well," I said, not caring for the turn the conversation had taken, "why did you tell me to wait?"

"Do you see yon castle?" he pointed with his chubby forefinger at a spot on the horizon.

"H'm, I guess so"—I answered impertinently.

"Don't be impertinent, Jones," he snapped, "Do you see it or not?"

"Yes—oh my yes—I see it," but my fingers were crossed.

We pedaled on tirelessly, presumably tirelessly—but for myself, not being a hero, I'll admit I was jolly well worn out. So on we went—and the spot didn't seem to get any larger. So I began to play a game by myself. I would close my eyes for five minutes and then pop them open again, hoping that the castle would be right in front of me—as a surprise.

Suddenly, while I had my eyes closed, I was forced back to earth rather abruptly by a rude shout from Smith.

"You blithering idiot—you're out of pedal —wake up! I can't very well go one way—with you trying to get us to go another."

To anyone who has ridden a tandem bicycle —he will instantly know that out of pedal means not pumping at the same time as the other fellow. It is, in England, a terrible faux-pas and I was mortally embarrassed. I was ready to weep again—when I was startled by Smith's jumping to the ground examining it in a very undignified and mysterious fashion. It took me some time to realize that he was smelling the earth—suddenly he pounced on something—and turning, triumphantly held up a beautiful set of false teeth. I am a collector of false teeth—so I am in a position to state that they were the finest set I had ever seen.

"The murderer's!" he cried ecstatically—"We are nearing our goal." So we started on again.

"I shut my eyes and pedaled faster and in a few minutes we stopped. I opened my eyes to see the castle but disillusionment confronted me again—no castle—only a chicken coop. I wondered if Smith felt the same desire to weep as I did. But when I looked at him I could see he did not— his face was aflame and his eyes gleamed.

"Jones—we've got him, follow me!"

So gingerly picking my way over the debris that lay around, we entered the coop—and this time I wasted no time in howling gustily with pity for myself—there was no one there. I knew Smith expected to find a man—or woman minus a set of false teeth. Smith in his amazement let his mouth fall open, and as he did so I saw—in great horror and concern (my concern was established in 1897—and has never gone into the hands of the receivers—but I felt then as though it were on the verge of bankruptcy) that his mouth was devoid of all teeth. Could Smith—my gentle Smith be the murderer? I fell into a swoon—but did not remain so long as the floor was hard and rough. When I came to—Smith was bending over me in great anxiety—another of his hobbies—bending over people in anxiety and I could have wept to see him in that much loved position—but I had to tell the truth.

"Smith," I said feebly—"you are the murderer—the teeth you found are yours." I closed my eyes—and for a long time there was silence —then in a child-like voice—

"When could I have found the time to do that?"

Kathleen Comstock, '31

TO MY FRIEND

Shake hands and go, my friend;
The sands of time are running fast.
Let us face the future
But remember all that's past.

Memory forever lives—
It cannot be destroyed;
We must live our past years over
And all the hours we've enjoyed.

Go out upon your road, my friend,
And I'll go out on mine;
In future years we'll surely meet—
Let a hand-clasp be the sign.

So let us live and love, my friend,
Enjoy life at its prime;
But remember for old friendship's sake
The Souvenir of Time.

Wanda Watson, '31.



NAPOLEON SELF-DESTROYED
(Pierce Clark)

Napoleon, a name not to be trifled with—a name that has lived through the years, synonomous with power—but power bent on its own destruction. And why? Pierce Clark answers as with thoroughness in "Napoleon Self-Destroyed." The list of men who have tried to solve the riddle of the complexes of the great Napoleon would fill many pages; nevertheless, Mr. Clark attempts this stupendous work and contributes a worthwhile book. He advances the theory of narcism in explaining the phenomena of Napoleon's gigantic achievements, and makes use of the same psychology in defense of his defeats.

Narcism is the enlarging of a person's ego until it dominates one's entire being. It entraps and fascinates the victim until he loses sight of the normal perceptive and sees things as he wants to, not as they are in reality. It is this very thing that makes for destruction. For in times of great stress, instead of making use of his own fine common sense, he casts a veil over events and either believes them to be different, or else places the blame on others, and is, therefore, defeated by his own self and brain.

Mr. Clark sets down a clear and concise record of the events of Napoleon's life which have long been familiar to us, and entirely unnecessary in recounting. The unusualness of his life does not lie so much in his achievements, as much as in the manner in which each step is but a part of a picture puzzle that fit into each other to show the man, Napoleon, a narcist by heredity and environment. Born of the bourgeoisie of Corsica, he enjoyed paternal understanding and having idolatrous care from his mother. At an early age he was sent away to school, however the strict disciplinarian care there did not influence his nature, for, Mr. Clark, a fervent behaviorist, states, the fault was already established in his personality. Taking him through his life in Brienne, when he continued to develop his narcistic tendencies, we are led through to his last exile at St. Helena where the flame of his selfish love is at last extinguished by the cold wind of death. In each and every one of his moves we perceive the influences of the great force of his life. The delusional sanity is shown by excessive, unchecked egoistic tendencies which are not in harmony with the rest of his being.

Even into his married state does his unusual personality extend. A narcist can never enjoy marital happiness fully, for he cannot submerge his personality in any way, and therefore there is never a unity of spirit. Napoleon had, also, many hardships to contend with, his frequent calls to arms, and Josephine's love of constant attention and flattery from men. Josephine was unable to present him with an heir, and for his own personal glory and political strength, it was necessary to have a male descendant, so that although he loved Josephine as much as was possible for him, he divorced her, and as a political stroke, married Marie-Louisa of Austria. However, when the ship sank, the latter is the first to leave, and even Josephine departs. It is left for the mistress whose country he had betrayed to follow him to Elba. Countess Malewska of Poland remained faithful until the end.

No sooner had Napoleon reached his height in power than senility set in. Of the downfall of Napoleon, all Pierce Clark can say is that it is the final disintegration of a great man, who was ruined by his own deadly personality.

Teresa Kovner, '31

CLAIRE AMBLER
(Booth Tarkington)

Booth Tarkington has created another modern romance which deserves high praise. It contains little material that is unusual, but the author handles the modern girl in a tactful and very human manner.

The plot concentrates in the Italian Riviera where the heroine, having completed extensive vocal work in Europe, breaks the heart of an attractive Italian nobleman in her quest for love. She in turn suffers from the pangs of hopeless love, however, when she grows to know an Englishman who lives in the same pension she does. The affair is hopeless because of the invalidism of the man, and she, although selfishness has motivated her every gesture in the past, is influenced to sacrifice his love. Years pass and as Claire approaches twenty-five she becomes fearful of the thought of single-blessedness forever. And finally she accepts a fellow citizen who has cared for her many years. His devotion has inspired Claire's respect and a finer, though probably less emotional, love is born within her.

Tarkington's abundant humor is to be observed and his sympathy perhaps more poignantly felt in this than in most of his novels. All in all he has created another charming piece of work that appeals to all classes and ages.

D. C., '30

FOR STILLNESS

White birches writhed at the edge
Of the beaver pond,
And held rooted by some Enchanter's bond
Clutched at the sky and begged to be free.

The pond-lilies at my feet rocked
On their stems
That reached far down toward
The ragged hems of the dark-brown water.

And the storm sat on a tall mountain
And played on his organ—
Great crashing notes that rolled
And echoed and swept
Through the birches and died away.

And then there came—so faint—so still,
A quiet bird-song from the hill;
And God, for me, may there be
A quiet bird-song—if you will.

Norma Keller, '31

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL

I sing of arms and that great man, most
Who came from Troas toward the Latin coast.
He wandered long on land and sea,
Because of Juno's harsh decree;
Enduring much, ere he should found a home.
And build the topless tow'rs of lofty Rome.

O, Muse, please tell to me the reason—
Why should this queen's relentless wrath,
Against this man of great devotion,
Condemn him to a toilsome path,
Because of bitter grief's desire?
Do heavenly beings store such ire?

There was an old community,
Across from Rome and Italy.
Some Tyrian people held it, then.
'Twas Carthage, rich in arms and men,
And fierce in its pursuits of war.
Not one, did Juno cherish more.

She hoped 'twould be the foremost race,
But, soon, she learned 'twould have to face
The future, mighty Roman state.
Thus went the course of cruel Fate.

Elinor Packard, '31.

HANDS

Her hands I think I loved the most—
Fingers, long, tapering—like her eyes—
Fingers, white with red tips
Like cigarettes with glowing ends.
And you smiled your quiet smile and said,
You can buy that red polish in any five and ten.

I gave my heart into her hands
And she snapped it in pieces delicately
With her fingers and threw it away
Like a plaything she had never liked;
And you picked it up with your clumsy hands,
Fitting the brittle, broken bits—and for that you are a fool.

Norma Keller, '31.

WINTER

The big white dragon with icy paws
Has come to town with open jaws;
He lashes his tail and starts to roar,
And breathes against every window and door.

He creeps to the gateway and tumbles down;
Then the dust of his coat soon covers the town.
And icicles form on his ears and head,
While he snores with a noise that would waken the dead.

Did you ever know when the wind shrieks round
That the big white dragon has hit the ground?
And did you ever listen when day was o'er
To the big white dragon's lazy snore?

Wanda Watson, '31



A FRIGIDAIRE ON WHEELS

Have you ever stood on a street corner on a blustery, wintry day intent upon flagging one of those huge, green double-decked buses, secretly dubbed your "private car with forty-two windows?"

At last one appears on the horizon, lumbering along, snorting and steaming under its heavy load of human freight.

The conductor on the back platform points his fist upwards, the discouraging signal meaning, "Go aloft and freeze." What else is a person intent upon getting places and seeing people to do but mount the stairs and seat himself in that hooded region which closely resembles the covered wagon?

Soon this cruel uniformed man who drafted you into the air department of his bus appears at your elbow and demands a dime for your bench in the Arctic.

There is absolutely no doubt that his passengers possess the necessary change for him. Everyone shivers and shakes so, that the coins in his pockets give jingling proof of this fact.

—Only two more blocks to your stop. You raise a numb hand and feebly push the bell.

"Pretty cold up there, eh?" remarks the conductor as he helps you off.

"N-n-no, not so b-b-bad," you chatter in reply, and stalk off towards your destination.

Kay Forgey, '28

THEY HAVE BEEN

Perhaps we should not laugh at those charming old fashioned girls. Perhaps we should honor them and say:

"You should be praised—you who have helped to keep this place alive."

There they are, year in and year out—smiling bravely down at us as we go by—trodding on their once honored glories. How slighted they must feel—those beautiful ladies who were once the spirit and life of our school—and how bravely they stand and face the music. How nice for us if they could step out of their frames and join us in our little game of life. How they would understand us and how much their wisdom would help us.

I can see them as they walked over that self-same bridge—walking arm in arm—laughing and talking, their long graceful skirts softly swaying, their hair piled high, their voices soft and low. Did they dream then that they would all too soon be shoved aside—not by someone who mattered—not by famous people who had the right, but by a crowd of young hoydens, all important—thinking ever of themselves?

What a change from the soft-voiced graceful dignity of yester-year to the loud-voiced short-skirted awkwardness of today.

Oh, be kind to them. They are so brave—always smiling—wistfully, sadly or patiently—but still smiling—thinking ever of the dreams that have gone before. Could we be as brave?

Kathleen Comstock, '31

A LITTLE SKETCH

A mournful Chinese lad with frightened, wandering eyes and a shiny, black queue—four small American "rowdies" surrounding the little fellow and hurling biting taunts at him—a pleasant picture? They shriek, they point, they shove the dazed "furriner" in his black blouse and baggy trousers. His teeth bite into his lips and he looks from one to the other as though he cannot—cannot understand. There is a scream—a scream like a yelp of pain from a dog—and a choking voice cries,—"You think I care you don' lak me-e? My-ee God an' my-ee father lak—eh—me-ee!"

Each morning he strides by in that same

determined manner. A brief case, a smart gray hat, and a stern, thoughtful expression make him look like a lawyer. He may not be a lawyer but he ought to be—if only to keep up appearances. I am sure his clients would have great confidence in him, for he looks so capable. Intricate affairs such as stocks, bonds, trusts and liabilities must be mere play to him. This morning I pointed out to my father showing with a gusto the man's lawyer-like qualities. "Yes," answered my father, "I am sure he would make an excellent lawyer, if he weren't a plumber!"

It seemed as though I had been waiting hours for this train which was bringing to me once again my dearest friend. Now, with a last smoky pant, the huge creature stopped and through the windows of a car I could see a slim figure which must be Marjorie. That glorious red hair could only be hers. How splendid it would be to see her again, to talk and be with her! Friendship is a divine relationship. To feel that there is someone who understands you, someone with whom you have so much in common makes the whole world seem rosier. It is the power of loving another human and forgetting all self-interest which makes man "a little lower than the angels." But cutting sharp across my high moment came the announcement—"New York train fifteen minutes late—will arrive on next track!" Well, I might be able to use those noble sentiments in a theme some day.

Sylvia Goldenson, '30

LIPSTICK?

A great problem, is this one of lipstick for your girls. It must be taken up from all different angles, and studied carefully, for we do not wish to be misjudged by the outside world.

From the hygienic point of view, it is found that lipstick is beneficial. It protects the lips against uncertain weather conditions and aids the digestion, for the constant pleasant taste appeases hunger to a certain extent.

There is really no excuse for the wearing of lipstick. We all do because everyone else does. But still, that is no excuse. Let us say then, that we look so much better with rouged lips. Still that statement cannot be verified for I have seen people with very red lips who looked positively awful.

The main object of lipstick in the beginning was to produce a natural color upon the pallid face. It was probably invented during the days of languid ladies; strange that it did not go out of fashion as they did.

I imagine we look much fresher and sweeter without it. That is fine for the fresh and sweet type but what if we wish to appear a little sophisticated? We remain fresh and sweet at Lasell!

It has been decided, however, that in this day and age of speed, hurry and color, that lipstick is merely keeping up the pace. And that some day it will die down, as will the pace. For now, we will apply it during vacations and leave it off in school—but why not in school? I'm sure I don't know!

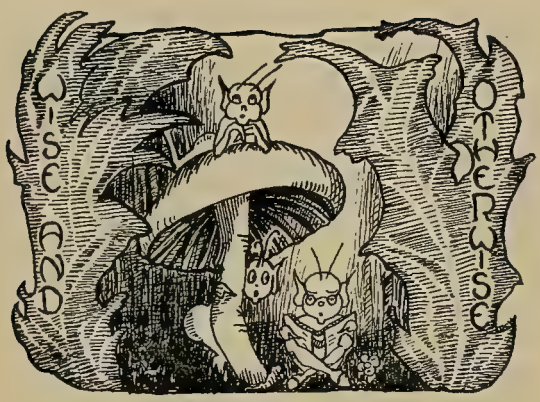
Anna Louise Smith, '31

TO YOU

Did you ever notice how our poor, misled poets, so often inscribe touching ditties to a mysterious being called "You". They write to "your" eyes, "your" lips, "your" golden tresses, and "your" heavenly voice. Come to think of it, though, they never go all the way in their descriptions of this fascinating being. I have often wondered why this is the truth. Perhaps if they did continue their elaboration of the adored one's charms, it would be something like this:

Your hair is not of golden hue,
Your eyes are just a plain dull blue,
Your nose turns up at the lower end,
Your mouth has a slightly big-ward trend,
Your neck is good as far as it goes,
Your feet take a size eleven hose
Your hands are mammoth, red and coarse,
Your voice sounds like the neigh of a horse—
Perhaps the reason that I love you—
Is that I am so far above you.

Rosalie Starkweather, 29



ON FOOTBALL

Have you ever thought of football in connection with Lasell?
Has some fullback ever pushed you at the ringing of the bell?
Have you wished you knew the signals, that you might escape the fray?
That your sunny disposition might last throughout the day?
Tell me, Lasell reader, is this not the way?

Someone shrieks, the crowd moves,
Striving to protect themselves.
A forward pass—perhaps a book—
First down—what a blow she took!
Time out by the library door;
The girls must huddle there by the score
To talk—about nothing at all.
And yet, they clutter up the hall.
No white lines—no regular rules.
Everyone pushes—a tackling school.
No particular goal—no captain, in fact;
But some slumped Lasellites are fine halfbacks!
So let us give one good long yell
To encourage football here at Lasell.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

A shriek of a fiend shrills down the track,
And all is red where all was black;
A rumble, a rattle, a clank and a roar;
The fireman stands at the furnace door.

The din of the bell warns from afar;
The brakeman waves from the tail-end car;
A flash and a rush, the squeak of a brake;
Only dirt and soot are left in the wake.

A serpent of light winds out of space,
Then a voice from the platform — "No time to waste!"
A puff and a tug, then by my door
The "ten-thirty-five" goes by once more.

Wanda Watson, '31.

SOME DAY

Great ladies wear such boo'fil clothes;
Silks 'n all like that—
My mummie wears a cotton dress,
And's only dot one hat.

Great ladies ride in great big cars
When always they go out—
My fambly hasn't dot no car;
We has to walk about.

Some day when I get big 'n tall,
I won't be poor no more—
I'll ride in new 'n shiny cars,
Have silks 'n such galore.

I don't know how I'll get all this;
Jist trust to luck I guess—
An' if she fails, I s'pose I'll have
To wear a cotton dress.

Betty Heyer, '30.

UNDER THE LEAVES

February contains various red-letter days and among them is Saint Valentine's, which has been excellently represented in "Cupid Has a Busy Day." The charm of this quaint story lies in its exceptional originality, so well expressed in the clever presentation of the busy Cupid. "Both Kinds" is an attractively romantic story, truthful in its contrast of the brief enchantment of infatuation and the enduring happiness of true love. We are once more introduced to tragedy in "Incomplete." It is appealing in pathos, with description which is commendably vivid. "Teeth—True or False" is an amusing narration, acquainting us in an unexpected manner with England's tandem bicycles. Its humorous presentation is interesting.

In this month's poetry, "For Stillness" holds first place. Its description is fascinating with phrases of original and distinguished beauty. "Hands" and "Woman's Perversity," by the same author, are representative of an extraordinary depth of thought and feeling. In "Evening" we are given a vivid and lovely picture of peace and beauty, well-described. "Winter" is a surprising portrayal of frigid, stormy months. The simile is unusual and pleasing.

M. H., '30.

EDITORIALS

AN HONORED MONTH

The year contains no month which can claim any greater distinction than February, for it witnessed the birth of America's two most loved and most famous statesmen—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Each November brings an Armistice Day on which we pay tribute to those who died on the field of honor for their country's sake. Just so each February brings two noted days on which we honor two great men who devoted many years of their life in the service and for the glory of their country.

To George Washington, we and our posterity owe a debt of gratitude for our nation's freedom which he gained through his dauntless courage and his supreme faith in God. Many years he served his country. As its General he led it through those war months of turmoil and confusion. The well-known painting of the discouraged General, seeking new courage and faith in prayer—alone on the snow-covered hillside of Valley Forge—is truly representative of his inimitable spirit. When the new nation was established he became its first president, and successfully led it through the first unsteady years—to gain the well-earned title—"The Father of his Country."

To Abraham Lincoln we also owe our debt of gratitude, for he led our nation through the crucial months of Civil War. Though once given so humble a title as "The Railsplitter," his strong sense of duty and his great firmness finally won for him great recognition as the "Emancipator of his Country."

It is well for us to devote a bit of our thought to those who have striven in order to create this nation ours, and to make possible its growth and development as a great power. So often their many sacrifices are prone to be forgotten. But let us remember, at least in this month, to be thankful for the great lives of those men, and strive to be as noble in spirit and in mind as were they.

COURTESY

Courtesy is now so rare among young people that it is a thing to be admired and to be sought after. The average young person thinks it is smart and modern not to be courteous but common sense should tell them differently.

Everyone has some courtesy, however small, even though he may have tried to become "vaccinated" against it. It is contagious, even as the "flu", and by association with polite people it is possible to absorb some of the stock phrases, such as "Thank you," "Excuse me" "Please," and "Sir," but without concentrated effort it will not become an unbreakable habit. To become courteous, if you have ever been rude, requires a great deal of hard work, but it is well worth the price.

A rude, impolite person is never welcomed into a group with joy; indeed he is usually considered a bore unless, of course, the group is as boorish as he. If you would succeed in school, business or social life, be polite for courtesy is a stepping stone to success.

NOTHING GOOD

One of the least desirable and yet most common of habits is that of grumbling. This fatal tendency to complain is a human one but it soon becomes objectionable when it is not held in check. It then commences to take a fast hold on one's disposition, and influences it to such a degree that the owner may deservingly be crowned with the popular title—"the chronic kicker."

Such a title is distinctly a hindrance to one's popularity. Friends and companions are not entertained by constant complaint. It is nerve-

racking to hear some one find fault with everything, for it stands to reason that there must be some right in something. This fault-finding practice even unconsciously influences those innocently forced to listen, for it is difficult for them to maintain their own optimistic point of view over against the continual outbursts of dissatisfaction of another. Presently everyone is disgusted—and all because of one lone original "kicker". It would seem more worth while to make one's surrounding world happy and contented rather than miserable.

Greville has said that "there is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him." Sad to say, the truth of this statement can't be denied. We are forced to admit that when we gather together in groups and discuss general topics, including comments on our friends or mutual acquaintances, our remarks are seldom of a complimentary nature. On the contrary, they tend to be adversely critical, even unkind, and many times quite unjustified. We grumble even about our friends, instead of considering their many characteristics worthy of merit. What a strange way we have of appreciating their goodness and innumerable kindnesses shown to us. It's as easy to pick out the good qualities of a person as the bad, if one would but care to try.

Our logical conclusion from these few ideas must be that grumbling makes ourselves dissatisfied, others miserable, and does good in no way. Would we not do well, then, to find a more worthwhile and pleasurable way to spend our time?

SNOBBERY

Many of us doubtless read last June the very startling article of Professor Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology regarding snobbery. Professor Rogers is without doubt a very learned and capable man, but he could not foresee the disturbance which his statements would make through sensational newspapers and magazines. His ideas were not stated specifically, but rather in a startling, bald fashion. And the wrath of a democratic nation descended upon his head.

Every statement has a negative and a positive outlook; every person should view Professor Roger's idea from various angles. Unfortunately the multitude does not seem to find time in our day to delve deeply into anything, and so they accepted this for all it was worth. Often just such acceptance ruins one's whole life, or ruins a great part of it until an awakening comes. One may possess pride in one's accomplishments, though "the wise man knoweth that he knoweth not, but the fool knoweth not that he knoweth not," is a pretty sure test of wisdom. As for snobbishness over position—this is impossible, for others usually make one's position in life.

Originally the word snob was applied to a cobbler, or a tailor, who envied those who possessed higher positions economically than his own. Perhaps this will prove the utter undesirability of a term that is applicable to a lowly climber. Snobbishness is anything but a desirable quality. A real lady never flaunts her superiority. But even in this modernistic age we rather like that title, don't we?

COMMENCEMENT

The following are the dates of important, end-of-the-year events. It is possible that some minor changes in these dates may be made and announced later, but for the present this is our schedule:

May 16, Glee Club Concert.

May 24, May Fete.

May 29, River Day.

June 4, Commencement Concert.

June 6, Exhibitions.

June 8, Baccalaureate Sunday; 4 P. M., Speaker, Boynton Merrill, D.D.

June 9, Class Night.

June 10, Commencement Day, 10:45 A. M. Speaker, Albert Parker Fitch, D.D.

We are hoping for the usual large number of graduates and former students to return, especially those observing their five-year anniversaries.



The usual announcements will be made to all graduates and many others somewhat later.

January 10: Dr. Leon Vincent gave the first of his two lectures. His topic was "Dr. Johnson and the Literary Club."

January 12: For our first vespers after Christmas, we had Rev. Boynton Merrill with us. "The Open Door of Our Minds" was the subject of his very interesting talk.

January 17: Dr. Vincent was with us again and spoke this time on "George Meredith."

January 25: "Drifting Southward" was the title of a travel talk given by Professor Cowdrey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the library. The talk was illustrated with slides made from snapshots which the professor had taken on his trip through the Shenandoah Valley. It was given in the interests of the Senior Endowment Fund.

February 2: Rev. Raymond Calkins of Brookline spoke at Vespers.

February 4: The Junior Class serenaded the Senior Class and presented their gifts, which were silver bracelets with 1930 engraved on them.

February 5: The first reception was held in Bragdon parlors. There were no outside guests invited to this reception. Elizabeth Irish, a former Lasell girl, sang a program of delightful songs, and was accompanied by Miss Pillsbury, violinist.

February 7: Dean Charles Brown of Yale gave a lecture at the Congregational Church. "Lincoln, the Greatest Man of the Age," was his topic.

February 9: The development of church music was traced by Professor John Marshall, head of the department of music at Boston University, at Vespers tonight. He illustrated his address by selections on the piano and by Victor records. Later he played the organ.

February 12: Helping us with our patriotic exercises in chapel in memory of Lincoln, Mayor Childs of Newton addressed the student body. The theme of his talk was "Learn Lessons from Lincoln."

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LILLIAN MANSFIELD PACKARD

In the history of Christianity there have been a few rare beings, exemplifying by their living that the principles laid down by Jesus of Nazareth were real. Such a person was Miss Lillian Packard. It was a great shock for most of us to learn in the early autumn the serious nature of Miss Packard's illness. We had seen her at Lasell in June apparently well-rested after her winter in California and it is hard to realize that we shall no longer see her familiar face at our mid-winter reunions at Commencement time.

One of Miss Packard's pupils one day said to her, "Why are you so good, Miss Packard?

I spend my time in apologizing to you when I don't prepare my lesson. Why don't you flare up at us when we misbehave?" Those of us who knew this valiant Christian can't even imagine an angry mood as being a part of her nature. Patience, the long-suffering kind, was her very soul. A student proficient in art but who detested Bible class, was asked to make a model of the Temple, resulting in her writing years afterwards about the start Miss Packard had given her in discovering that the Bible could be interesting. Graduating from Lasell in 1883 and later from Boston University, Miss Packard returned to teach at Lasell for more than twenty-five years. She gave many a girl a start not only in Solid Geometry and kindred subjects, but in seeing the beauty of unselfish living. Miss Packard did not herself participate in certain forms of recreation and amusement but she was never known to condemn those who did. In fact she would aid and abet young folks to find the right kind of enjoyment in such forms of entertainment. This always made a profound impression on us. In maturer years we came to realize that she had nothing to fear from what others did for her own religious faith was so strong.

We wish to extend to Mrs. Cass and Miss Packard's other relatives, our loving sympathy in their bereavement. We feel in ourselves, as we remember her, reflected something of that firm conviction that life is good even though it requires much courage to live it.

"Yet is uplifted in me the pure beam
Of immortality to kindle up
Another spring of yet another year,
Folded as yet: and all the fallen leaves
Sweep on to bitter, to corrosive death
Against me, yet they cannot make extinct
The perfect lambent flame which still goes up
A tender gleam of immortality,
To start the glory of another year,
Another epoch in another year,
Another triumph on the face of earth,
Another race, another speech among
The multitudinous people unfused,
Unborn and unproduced, yet to be born."

"A Disciple."



COMMENCEMENT 1929

1929

The following letter from **Emily Crump** speaks for itself. We are indebted to Emily for the picture which heads the column:

Dearest Twenty-niners:

Isn't it sort of nice to feel that we can have a friendly little chat through the LEAVES? There is so much that I could say to all of

you patient sufferers who bore with me last year that it would fill the whole number of the LEAVES if I were to say it all. But don't worry—I won't. Miss B. asked me for a column and not a volume!

When I was at Lasell I always felt sorry for people who felt sorry for me because I lived in a town just off the map. I used to imagine the surprised expression in their faces if only they could be made to realize how near Richmond is to lots of places and what an important city it really is. But I have come to the conclusion that it might as well be off the map as far as seeing any of you is concerned. I miss you like everything—no foolin'—but then—we all have June to look forward to.

I must tell you about one little thing which gave me a big thrill. I went to a dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce in honor of the retiring governor, Harry Flood Byrd. Any other than "Harry" would have needed a hat stretcher after hearing all the wonderful things they said about him. Just for fun, after the dinner I told Governor Byrd that I was particularly interested in Richard Byrd because he was the honorary member of our class at Lasell and that we had sent him a radio message. I didn't expect he would care one way or the other but anyway he was real nice and said he knew that his brother appreciated it. And then he said that he knew Richard would want to meet me when he comes home in June! Of course he will forget all about it—but it is sort of thrilling—isn't it?

My very best love to all the members of the very best class in the world and to everybody connected with Lasell. We will always enjoy thinking about everything we did there, won't we? I am still tremendously interested in the place and particularly so in the True Blue and Sterling Silver class of '29.

Always,

Em.

Florence Fitch, our 1929 editor-in-chief, and **Frances Brown** have an apartment together in New York. "Fitch" is at present, we suppose, taking work at New York University in Journalism, although when she wrote she was in the circulation department of the magazine, *Asia.* We wish her the best of luck and are glad that she is continuing her literary work which she did so ably on the LEAVES staff for three years. "Frankie" is private secretary to the manager of a Fifth Avenue shoe shop. We are sure that these two are having the same sort of hilarious time that they had at Hawthorne.

Several of the class are at college this year. **Lestra Hibberd, Nancy-Jane Mackie, Julia Clausen, Dorothy Schwartz** and **Peggy Ward** are all enjoying being a part of the 10,000 enrolled in the University of Wisconsin, they all being in the College of Science and Letters. **Jeannette White** made the Junior Class at De Pauw University in Indiana. **June Pankhurst** and **Katie Whiley** are roommates at Ohio Wesleyan. **Katherine Bedard** and **Constance Chalmers** are roommates at Simmons College and received a full two years' credit for the work done at Lasell. **Esther Angel** is enrolled in the social service department of Simmons and feels at home with so many Lasellites there. **Rosamond Cornell** is also continuing her work in Household Economics at Simmons. **Louise Fischer** is specializing in chemistry at M. I. T. in Cambridge. **Dorothy Hayward** is to be found at Brown University and **Mildred Walker** at Skidmore College. **Elizabeth Forsyth** finds time to work away in the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University and at the same time devote herself to her adorable baby, Patricia, born last July. We were proud last year to have the distinction of enrolling a married lady at Lasell and especially glad that Elizabeth came back to finish her work at Lasell, even though she had to commute such a distance to do it. We think the Class of 1929 should be proud of this college record.

To go on with those who are "still at it," studying harder than ever: **Kathryn Kimble** gave up Wisconsin in order to continue her dancing at a school in Chicago. She says that she's so happy because she loves her work. We are so glad that she has found the right thing. **Mary Barton** at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, **Teddy**

Pratt at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and Design, Chester Springs, Pa., **Phyllis Beck** at the Albright Art School, Buffalo, **Audrey Allison** at an Art School in Chicago, **Sally McKee** at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, **Annette Harvey** at Pratt Institute, **Rosalie Starkweather** also at an Art School in New York, commuting every day from home, **Priscilla Oby** at Vesper George in Boston, **Adelaide Miller** continuing her piano work with a New York teacher, We feel that the Academic and Arts departments at Lasell are holding their own with that of Secretarial Science.

Amongst those who are taking graduate study in secretarial work are **Barbara Peirce** who has the distinction of being the only girl without a college degree in a group of graduate students at the College of Business Administration at Boston University. We are sure that no one will be surprised to hear that Barbara heads her class of a dozen, the rest holding B.A. degrees from Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, Vassar, etc. **Frances Mann** and **Marion Simpson** are at Bryant & Stratton in Boston, **Marion Kingdon** at a Business School in Worcester, Mass., **Katherine Edwards** at the Pierce Secretarial School in Philadelphia, **Helene Swick** at a secretarial school in New York and **Marjorie Billings** at the Erskine School in Boston. **Edna Bickford** has also enrolled in a Business School in her home town of Melrose, Mass.

Leora Adams enjoys her work in a Kindergarten Training School in Boston very much. She, with several others from Lasell, is living at the Students' House in Boston. **Dorothea Clark** and **Barbara Powers** are both taking the students' dietitian course at the New Rochelle hospital. **Jean Smith** came down to Boston for work in Miss Farmer's Cooking School but is now taking the student dietitian course at the Maine General Hospital in Portland. **Betty Lyman** worked as an assistant dietitian in a summer camp but is now enrolled in the Hartford Hospital Dietitians' School. **Mary McConn** is working in a physician's office in Minneapolis.

Nineteen twenty-niners are a busy group and we are indeed glad to report that many are already utilizing their Lasell training in a practical way. **Marion Roberts** regales us with her wit and contagious laugh as she works away at her typewriter in the Lasell office. **"Kay" Braithwaite** sells attractive gifts in Filene's Gift Shop and at the same time has been enrolled in the special training course for buyers that the store has. Likewise **Jean Starkey** is working in a department store at home in Ashtabula, Ohio. **Betty Barker** has announced her engagement to Mr. George Bent but in the meantime is enjoying her work in the advertising department of the Witham Tast Carpet Co., of Hartford, Conn. **Jean Ayr** is a near neighbor of hers and has the honor of being a private secretary to a judge in West Hartford, Conn. **Constance Chase** has a very interesting secretarial position in Boston. Her father has joined her in taking a course in the Short Story at Boston University. This is certainly a unique thing for a parent to do and we are sure that they are going to be literary collaborators some day. **Prudence Christy** is also engaged as a secretary in her home town of Lockport, N. Y. She finds that it's not quite so easy to plan expenditures now that she's on her own instead of on Dad. **Harriet Hewins** is proving an efficient business woman at the Babson Institute in Wellesley Hills. We congratulate her on allying herself with such a remarkable organization. **Sylvia Huston** is also in a Boston office putting into practice what she learned in the secretarial course here. **Margaret Wethern** continues her efficiency as a secretary in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. We shall long remember both her efficient business management and her fine literary work on the LEAVES. **Louise Thompson** is working for "Dad" at Middleboro, Mass. **Maude Williams** is in a broker's office in New Haven. We are glad that the crash didn't affect her employer. **Barbara Wilson** started work in the Fitchburg Normal School but had an opportunity to become secretary to the rector of a very large Episcopal Church in Fitchburg

and decided to change over from teaching. She says that her work is positively thrilling and that there's no danger of any monotony. **Marjorie Knowles** is in an accountant's office at home and is going to night school twice a week. **Betty Ellenberger** is also working hard in New Haven. **Eleanor Schrade** and **Verta MacLeod** are assistants to dentists in Middletown, N. Y., and Boston, respectively, which reminds us of the fact that **Muriel Hagerthy** is taking special training at the Forsyth Dental School to become a dental nurse. **Helen Ohm** reports fascinating work in the Child Guidance department in the New Rochelle schools. **Myra Page** has also identified herself with the Girl Reserves in Providence, and thus we are glad that Lasell girls are doing this personal work as well. **Elinor Pitcher** writes that she's chief cook at a little bake-shop called "Nancy's Kitchen" at home. We are sure that every Lasell girl who goes her way will want to patronize Elinor's cooking. From cooking to music—**Marjorie Schaller** plays the organ every Sunday at her church in Faneuil and also directs the choir. She says that she hopes to qualify as a buyer and at this date is enrolled in the Filene Training School. **Esther Sunderland** also hopes to blossom forth as a buyer of dresses.

And now for the home birds who we are sure are serving just as efficiently as those who are in school or earning their living. **Preble Borden** may soon be announcing the fact of keeping house for two instead of for her family at home. **Marjorie Churchill,** we hear, has also announced her engagement but who the lucky man is we don't know. **Ann Coleson** has been at home and has just gone off to Florida with her parents. **Jane Gray** has been at home and has continued her singing lessons. She, with Kay Edwards and possibly Ruth Rowbotham, and Marjorie Billings and Kay Braithwaite, will go on the Lasell European tour this summer. **Alice Light** and **Clarice Liscomb** both write that they are applying Home Economics at home, as is **Eleanor Humphrey.** The other home-birds are **Ruth Richards, Janet Kaufman, Julia Tiffany, Mary-Eleanor Simkins, Ellen Zacharias,** and **Peggy Heath.**

Barbara Goodell is back at Lasell this second semester taking courses in American History and English Literature, requirements for the college she wishes to enter and which she didn't take while here.

Nineteen twenty-nine is not without its social debutantes. **Ruth Rowbotham** has "come out" in Atlanta and expects to do likewise in New Orleans during the Carnival there. She writes however that they are not social butterflies. These young women interest themselves in social service work and we are quite sure that Ruth would head the list. Lasell will not soon forget her very efficient management of the 1929 endowment fund and we offer her a figurative gold medal for it. The best part of it was that she did it with so little fuss that we were amazed at the amount she extracted from us all.

Wedding bells have rung vigorously for 1929. **Betty Wells** is now practicing her cooking art on "poor Heine." We are sure, though, that we should hear flattering things about it. We envy him Betty's laugh which we sadly miss at Lasell. She is now Mrs. Henry Furneaux. **Olive French** (Mrs. Alexander Whitehead) writes, "I'd never want to be single again" so we judge she's really happy. **Mary-Elizabeth Thomas** (Mrs. Donald Neal) is keeping house in Paris, Illinois, and **Helena Willson** slyly became Mrs. Henry Lloyd Hanson not letting any of her friends in on the wedding. She is living in Worcester, Mass. **Harriet Holt** decided to forsake a musical career for a home and in October was married to Mr. W. P. Lee and is living in Bennettsville, S. C.

If we've omitted any names we beg your pardon. We failed to receive replies from several and didn't seem to be able to glean any news of their doings or their whereabouts from anyone at school. Please write us and we shall add a supplement to the March number.

K. F., '30.
T. K., '31.

'29 POETS' CORNER

UNBROKEN SNOW

Fallen to earth, from above tonight
The snow lies pure, sparkling and white;
Untouched by foot of Man, who trods
Glorious works of his glorious God.

Gracefully lying on the curves of the hill,
Crystal, rose, yet ghost-like and still
A lonely sentinel, the straight dark pine
Guards for this hour, a sight divine.

Betty Lyman, '29.

"SPRING SHALL COME WITH A NEW PROMISE"

Spring shall come with a new promise,
It is forthcoming
Believe in it!
To some dawns the joy of commencement
New hopes, budding from Lasell's strong foundations
The future as clay in the hands
Delicate and unshaped
Yet to mold!
So many schemes—still lifeless
Yet time will unveil all
Spring shall come with a new promise
Believe in it!

Peggy Heath, '29.

THE STRUGGLE

A golden ball
Of joy and happiness
Floats in the blood-red of my heart;
A silver ball
Of unwonted grief
Drifts in there, too.
If only the two
Could jostle and play
Without complete
Destruction.

C. M. Chase, '29.

I'd like to be the Sun
And see the things
The Sun sees.
But I'd rather be the Moon
And hear the things
The Moon hears.

C. M. Chase, '29.

THE BARRIER

I find a bit of you in everything—
Last night upon the road
I saw you in the formal whiteness
Of a quaint Colonial home.
And in a moment more
Across the snowy path there beamed
A light of vivid orange warmth
Like all your love of color—
And yet again there were the trees
In schemes of magic loveliness
Etched by the clinging snow
Against the stiff cold greyness of the sky—
I thought of all your dreams.
I came in from the dark,
And found the flames upon the hearth
As dancing as your feet.
While in the quiet room was lingering
A song—as haunting, soft, as sweet,
As all your love could ever be.
I find a bit of you in everything—
But after all, what can you mean to me?

Margaret Wethern, '29.

VERMILION

Pale yellow
And orange
Sunset. Clouds
Wallowing in
The vermilion
Sea. Black
Stiff, proud
Pine trees.
A red
Moon beaming
Placidly on
The vivid
Scene. Quiet.

H. Hewins, '29.

"LIFE IS A JOKE"

"Life is a joke," say I.
And forthwith go to prove it.
And if life is not a joke
Why do so many love it?

A huge joke is life,
Full of quarrels and wars
Of struggles and strife,
A huge joke is life.

Life was meant for laughter,
For gaiety and fun;
So get busy with your laughter,
Give old sorrow a run—

"Life is a joke," say I.
And forthwith don't bother to prove it.
For if life is not a joke—
Why do so many love it?

R. Starkweather, '29.

IN THE CLASSROOM

Why must I stay here
Sitting in a chair?
I want to feel the wind
Tossing up my hair.

Why must I stay here
In this stuffy place?
I want to feel the cold
Pricking at my face.

Why must I stay here
Till the bright day dies?
I want to feel the sun
Shining in my eyes.

Why must I stay here
Reading about art?
Have I not enough
In my gypsy heart?

Clarice Liscomb, '29.

EASTER VACATION IN WASHINGTON!

Lasell is expecting as usual to send a party of girls to our national capital at Easter-tide, date March 28 to April 4. "Old girls" and their friends are cordially invited to join the party. For further information address Miss L. R. Potter, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.



AN APPRECIATION

To the host of old girls and new, to former teachers and present members of our faculty, who so generously remembered us at Christmas time we make our grateful acknowledgment. By loving telepathy we immediately and joyously responded to the beautiful greetings and gifts which came from the far North, from the Southland, from sea to shining sea, and from lands beyond the seas. What can we render to you for your unfailing, loving kindnesses. These delightful evidences of your loyalty serve to establish you even more securely in our affections.

Gratefully,
Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Lillie R. Potter

We would like to make a screen of the photographs of Lasell children which came to us along with holiday greetings from their fond parents. Naturally enough, Mayno Seltzer Richmonds, '22, little Norma would be smiling. Not at us, to be sure, or even her adoring mother, but a saucy little toy pussy crept into the picture and accounts, no doubt, for baby's delight.

Mary King Sargent, '21, did not send her son's photograph, but announced the good news that little David arrived in their home November 20 and also delighted us by declaring that she and her family have moved into Lasell's neighborhood. They are now living in Belmont.

Elizabeth Hazelet Weis, 1913-1914, delighted us with a cunning snapshot of her little daughter, Sally, evidently taken in front of the Wagners' charming home in Auburndale.

Our Mrs. McDonald had an unusually joyous Christmas vacation, dividing her visit between her parents and her sister, Mrs. Douglas Hemmeon, and family. The last week of vacationing was spent with Gwendolyn at her college home. Gwendolyn is evidently thoroughly enjoying her college life and has recently received honorable mention in the department of music.

Anna Clark Keith, '22, enclosed in her last letter a charming picture of her two beautiful little daughters. The message came from her home in Costa Rica and she writes: "I must tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to Lasell. It just made all the years that have passed seem like a week to see the familiar faces. I felt as though I should go to class again. I seemed to forget that I am the mother of two daughters—future Lasell students. Alice is now three and Betty Anne a year. They are dear, happy little things and both my husband and I are very much thrilled with them. We enjoyed our two months' trip to the states so

much. Next year we hope to go up for a longer visit and take the children. With kindest remembrances to Lasell."

Hortense May, 1924-1925, secretary of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, we thank you for the following news items.

"Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Reynders announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, '24, to Mr. Francis Mathins of Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Elizabeth V. Smith, '26, better known as Betty Smith, of Chatham, N. J., has announced her engagement recently to William L. Boyce, 2nd, of Great Neck, L. I.

"Mr. and Mrs. Leland Powers (Alice M. Batchelder, 1920-1925), report the arrival of their little daughter, Hilda."

Lasell's New Year would not have opened auspiciously without the annual blessing from our faithful and valued neighbors and friends, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Drew.

Eleanor Warner Salisbury, '11, writes from Minneapolis: "My family is quite grown up now. My oldest son enters college next fall. He is seventeen. The second son is a junior in high school and daughter Eleanor is finishing the grades. My husband was very ill with spinal meningitis last year. It was a hard fight for eight months but he is now well and we are all very happy again." Eleanor, your closing words fill us too with thankfulness and we reciprocate your good wishes for the coming year which we will surely share with your teacher friends still in service at the school.

The editor-in-chief of the LEAVES received recently this characteristic letter from last year's editor, Florence Fitch, '29. "Enclosed $2.00 for subscription to the LEAVES. Frankie Brown, '29, and myself are living together in New York. You might say 'doing New York' or rather New York is 'doing us.' Frankie is private secretary in one of the business firms of the city and I am in the circulating department of the *Asia,* but am seriously considering attending New York University from February on. I hope you are doing well with the LEAVES. If the October edition is any criterion, I should certainly say you were. Patty Hastings, Woodland, 1928-1929, is in 'Follow Thru.' We see her occasionally. Schradie, '29, is at home and works in a physician's office. Please remember me to Miss Blackstock and Mademoiselle. Frankie and I miss Lasell in many ways."

Edith Vance Nicolson's, '19, holiday card was unique. Under the picture of the family group was inscribed this salutation, "The Nicolson Harem Sends Christmas Greetings." Edith added: "This will also introduce the third daughter, Elinor Dudley, aged two months." This picture-comic is amusing but we are hoping later to receive a real photograph of Edith and her family.

To Dr. and Mrs. Winslow came not long since this interesting letter from Betty Mitchell Ridout, '23. "I know it has been a long time since I have written but I have not forgotten you or dear Lasell. I often live over those two years at Lasell. They were wonderful years and they grow dearer as the time goes on. We are living now in Mt. Holly, N. J. My husband was called to the St. Andrew's Church here this fall. It is a beautiful place and I love it." She closes with affectionate remembrances to all the teachers of her day and we are quite sure that these teachers heartily reciprocate her loving greetings.

Dear Natalie Ames, 1928-1929, we feel a bit more reconciled to your absence when you comfort us with the assurance that you are holding us in such close and loving remembrance. We too hope that you can return to Lasell and see your own class, 1930, in cap and gown.

Was this not a fine greeting from June Pankhurst, '29? "I am sending my hello along with all the others, hoping that you have discovered a deeper meaning in the Yuletide spirit than ever before."

Susan Tiffany, '15, launched a new venture at holiday time along the line of cake and sweets-making. Knowing well her spirit of liberality, we venture to declare her profits consisted largely in grateful acknowledgment from her beneficiaries. From her we learned that Ruth Hall George, 1911-14, is now mother of four dear children.

Margaret Vance Collingwood, '21, declares:

"We dearly love our little new colonial home which is in one of the Chicago suburbs. Jean, our sister, is expecting to attend Lasell next fall and possibly a friend of hers will accompany her." This is indeed good news. We only hope sister Jean will like Lasell half as much as Lasell liked Margaret and "Sis."

Helen Gerrett, '16, every word of your latest message is worth repeating. "This time of year my thoughts go back to dear Lasell. Tell all the present girls to loyally carry on for Lasell. They will find what the result means in years to come." To you, dear Gerry, Lasell gives hearty thanks.

Simmons College and Leland Powers have both offered to give to our graduates advanced standing in household economics and dramatic expression.

Miss Potter was recently the guest of the Easthampton Woman's Club and while there was entertained at the delightful home of Marion Brown, '22. It is not a work of necessity but just a natural love for pedagogy that leads Marion to keep up her splendid work in the junior department of the public school. She has about wholly recovered from her long and serious illness of a year ago and has gone back to her work with renewed enthusiasm.

The passing of our dear Miss Packard has called forth tender tributes from her many friends among the "old girls." Rebecca Shepherd, '94, writes from Evanston, Illinois: "We had such a host of happy associations with our dear Miss Packard,—at Lasell, in Europe in 1910, and here in our own home during her visits West. I verily believe everyone loved her. What a life fulfilled that must be." A distinct honor has just come to Rebecca's father, Mr. W. T. Shepherd, who was chosen to assist in laying the cornerstone of the new Chapel and Community House of Evanston M. E. Church. Mr. Shepherd was the only one present who once worshipped in the original frame church built seventy years ago.

That was an unusual musical treat enjoyed at a Lasell recent reception. Elizabeth Irish, 1922-1925, our own Lasell girl, was the artist. We predict great things for this dear Galli-Gurci embryo.

No air ship sailing over land and sea ever carried such precious burdens as those borne by the much famed stork. On the passenger list of this little pilgrim of the air we find the names of: Walter Theodore Peirce, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Peirce, nee Alice Violet Comley, '22. On January 3, a daughter, Barbara Judith Wells, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ives C. Welles, nee Julia Alice Rankin, '20.

Lillian Buehner Ladd, 1910-1911, gives us reason for hoping that Myrtle Brix Buehner, '15, will return to Lasell in June for her fifteenth reunion. Most heartily do we wish that Lillian would come too and bring her daughter, Martha, now a high school sophomore, with her. It gave our Personals Editor a joyous thrill to hear again from this dear "old girl."

This friendly work of commendation unsolicited from Dorothy Barnes Paine, '18, will be appreciated by new as well as old girls. "I thoroughly enjoyed the October LEAVES. 'High Days and Holidays' by Constance Blackstock was very realistic and delighted me. I cannot realize that Miss Witherbee is no longer at Lasell. I am sure she is being missed by everyone. She was such a valuable member of the faculty and her influence will last for years to come. I am busy near home this year and it is a joy to be with mother again." With all of Dorothy's fine success in the business world she has evidently concluded that "homekeeping" hearts are happiest.

A fine and unusual New Year's Day greeting in the form of a letter came to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow from Doris Sanborn, '21. Enclosed was a notice from the social column of a Lowell paper containing the announcement of Doris's engagement to Mr. Frederick Henry Adams of Hartford. We give some of the interesting data concerning Doris's career since leaving Lasell. She has studied at Columbia University, has been a teacher at the Girls' Vocational School and the State Normal School. During 1928 and 1929 was engaged

in experimental work at Smith College. Her experience at Smith has brought Doris into more intimate and friendly touch with Mrs. Winslow who is a Smith alumna. Mr. Adams is a graduate of Wesleyan University. Was formerly an instructor in chemistry at the American University at Beirut, Syria, and is now a member of the faculty of Amherst College.

The latest word received by our Dean from Katherine Kelley, '25, is: "This year I am teaching school in Sagamore, Michigan, and loving it. I so often think of my happy days at Lasell and of you. Wishing you every happiness in the New Year, your L. W. D., Katherine Kelley, '25."

Helen Schroer, '24, interprets her own unusual and beautiful Christmas card. She writes: "This is the entrance of our new home in which we are so happy. I have my studio right here and you see I am still teaching and liking it tremendously. Also take lessons at the Oberlin Conservatory. Often think of Lasell and wish I might drop in." Lasell's hearty congratulations to our "Pep."

A snapshot of Edith Houghton Heckert, '09, her husband and son mounted on their fine chargers challenge our attention as they appeared on our principal's bulletin board at holiday time. And upon close inspection we found to our delight that Edith is holding fast her little daughter. A most pleasing picture to add to our Lasell Album.

Just close by are three little ones—two sons and a daughter—children of Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19. They surely have a "sky high" look. Priscilla, Junior, is pointing a baby finger to some overhead object and the laughing, eager faces of the little ones suggest they must have suddenly discovered Santa Claus in an aerial flight.

In this congenial company appears Marjorie Gifford Grimm's, '22, little son and daughter, Nancy and Gifford Grimm,—real Christmas children on a tiny sled in the very midst of a snow drift. The snow blossoming white on a tall evergreen furnishes a fitting background for a charming picture.

We really had not realized the extent of Florence Rogers Hilton's, 1905-08, good fortune until our eyes beheld the photograph recently received and added by Dr. Winslow to his special group. Two lovely little girls and two stalwart brothers, a most fascinating company. Our congratulations to these dear children and their parents.

A manly little figure balanced on the top of a big boulder caught our attention and we later found this wee Rufus to be the little son of Ida Jones Hayden, '05. One rarely sees a little child possessed of such poise. It was good to hear from Ida, Mr. Hayden and the little Rufus.

Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, and her three children form an ideal group. We happen to know that little Richard, the oldest, is leading his class in school. Friendly, roguish Bobby has not yet settled down to work. Baby Barbara is beloved by all, her especial devotees being her two little brothers.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow received recently from Tientsin, China, a unique card. The picture on one page was distinctly oriental and vis-a-vis was a charming snapshot of Miss Mary Mullikin, the former director of our art department. We trust Miss Mullikin will send in the near future another one of her valuable articles on personal experiences in China.

From Hinsdale, Illinois, Barbara Jones Bates, '14, writes to the Personals Editor: "I am well this winter. Never enjoyed better health and the entire family are equally fortunate. At the holiday season the children were just full of Christmas and Christmas carols. It was delightful." This is good news, dear Barbara, and we are anticipating that longer letter you promised to send later.

Mary E. McConn, '29, is finding satisfaction in her new and congenial occupation. Is now assistant in the office of one of Minneapolis's leading physicians.

It gave us quite a joyous thrill to receive a hand written note from Dean Margaret Rand and to learn that she and her mother are spending the winter in Margaret's beloved Boston.

The dear mother's health is improving and Margaret has promised to our joy that she will soon visit her friends at Lasell.

We are moved to quote every word of Esther Palmer's, '24, fine message. She describes vividly her visit at Helen Schroer's, '24, gorgeous new home while "Pep's" studio is one of the loveliest you can imagine. But none of these things have spoiled our "Pep" whom Esther describes as the same wonderful girl we all loved during her Lasell days.

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, has exchanged our New England winter for what she describes as California's delightful spring weather. Phyllis is the guest of her mother who, because of temporary illness, needed the presence of this devoted daughter. Phyllis' closing words are these: "The LEAVES are more than ever appreciated." On behalf of the LEAVES Staff we say thank you.

Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, made a New Year's call at Lasell by the way of a charming letter, sending with her message a photograph of Mr. Yeomans and her attractive daughters, Jeannette and Eleanor. Jeannette is now a Sophomore at Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee. If Nell's good wishes for Lasell materialize, 1930 will be for us the best year ever.

If ever a moving picture entered Lasell's studio, it was installed by Barbara Cushing Jenkins, '25. This thrilling little photograph is interpreted for us by the fond mother in these terms: "Ward Cushing Jenkins, one year old, is here giving three cheers for Lasell."

Eleanor Schrade, '29, we are more than grateful to you because of the closing clause of your letter: "I am at home this winter and home seems the best place ever after being separated from it for two years." To be sure we are duly grateful, too, for your opening sentence. "You have no idea how much I miss Lasell. I am coming up some time this spring."

Dear Dorothy Aseltine, '26, and so you think of us many times and wish you were still enjoying Lasell with us. Come back, dear "Dot," if only for a visit and let us renew this delightful relationship.

Barbara Peirce, '29, is enjoying her secretarial work in the Graduate School at Boston University. We met her recently in the Goddard Chapel at Tufts College. We were both attending a debate between Tufts and Dartmouth. The unanimous vote of the judges was pleasing to us because Tufts was the victor, especially so as our Principal's oldest son, Richard Austin Winslow, a Tufts' Senior, was leading the victorious team.

When we recall Margaret Bennett's, '26, fine standing while at Lasell, we are not surprised to learn that after leaving Lasell she kept on her victorious way, receiving a degree from the University of Colorado. She is doing practical work in one of Boston's largest business houses, but purposes later to return to her chosen profession as instructor in science.

Blanche Gardner Peeler, '00, seems still to remember pleasantly her call at Lasell last fall. In her charming holiday greeting from Charlotte, North Carolina, she again expresses appreciation of Lasell's hospitality and adds that en route to her southern home she visited with Katherine Jenckes Knox, '04, and her sister, Alice Jenckes Wilson, '00; also Kitty Clemens, '01. She sends most cordial greetings to her Lasell friends.

It is fourteen years since Edith Williams resigned as head of our domestic science department in order to take an advanced course at Columbia and later accepted a professorship at State College, Indiana. Not once since her departure has she failed to send an annual greeting to Lasell. We appreciate her unfailing courtesy.

Florida Lasell girls will be interested to learn that Martha Hazelet Crooks, '10, her husband and younger son, are spending the winter months in St. Petersburg. We trust that there may be some happy, informal reunions between this Pennsylvania graduate and her former southern schoolmates.

Gladys Stults, 1909-1910, retiring president of the New York Lasell Club, has extended

her program in the line of church service. She was so enthused over the great missionary meeting at Columbus last fall that she has given the morning address in a number of nearby churches on the subject of "Columbus's Great Missionary Meeting."

Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, and her family, for a change are spending this winter up North. To the delight of her old friends Edna brought her daughter to the New York Lasell Club Reunion last month. Another engagement called Mrs. Carlisle early away but we were glad for even a glimpse at this mother and daughter.

Our latest word from Lena Vee Kelley Stone, '14, and Mr. Stone also, includes greetings from Fred, Jr., aged nine, Patricia, aged seven, and four-year-old Priscilla. Lasell's blessings on this happy family.

That was an engaging pen and ink sketch Elizabeth Frick McKean, '24, sent not long ago of her own charming home where evidently the dear baby daughter is holding sway. Thank you, Elizabeth. Our loving greetings to you, your dear mother and aunt whom we never forget are also Lasell graduates.

Girls who were fortunate to be enrolled at Lasell when Mrs. Loomis was director of our home economics department will be interested to learn that Mrs. Loomis's son, Dr. Wheeler Loomis, has recently been appointed head of the department of physics in the University of Illinois.

Fraulein Desdemona Heinrich is still doing fine work in the department of chemistry in New York College and did not forget to send her annual gracious greetings to Lasell at the holiday season.

A picture of their charming snow bound home and below this original salutation told the story. "The Kimballs are in, the latchstring is out, and they wish you the season's greetings. Ed, Emma and Adele."

The Personals Editor's heart was gladdened recently by receiving this message from Christine Lalley Sullivan, '23. "I think of you so often and dear Lasell. I do wish I lived nearer so that you could see our two darling children. The daughter is two years old and the baby boy twenty months. You see I have one future Lasell White Dove".

Esther Sunderland, '29, your greeting made us long more than ever for you and your classmates. Somehow, happy as we are with our present company, we never can get over missing our dear "old" girls.

Faithful Dorothy Hale, '26! Wherever you roam, your thoughts turn some time during the journey our way. We are grateful for your remembrance of us.

When forwarding her present address, Barbara Turner Greenwood, 1927-1928, kindly added the information that Kay Bedard, '29, is attending Simmons College and Helen Campbell, 1927-1928, was married January 4. Her new name is Mrs. William Sawyer and her address is 5238 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill. Our thanks to Barbara for this valuable information.

Sarah Senior, 1924-1925, writes from Chicago that she is now Mrs. Carl Robert Lambert, address 6969 Pingree Street, Chicago. Since leaving Lasell she was graduated from the Vesper George School of Art and the fine finale of her message is: "I have a little daughter, June Marilyn, now six months old."

Margherita Dike Hallberg's, '10, last line to Dr. Winslow is crowded with valuable news. She opens with a gracious reference to Dorothy Taggart, one of our on-coming Lasell girls, and her mother. Margherita's generous expression of appreciation of Lasell and our Principal deserves repeating. She writes: "It was nice to hear from you and I am always glad to hear of any one I know going to Lasell as I consider it the ideal place for a young girl to spend her time away from home. Lasell has a strong pull on my heart strings. I often think of things which you said to the girls collectively and me individually and I hope you will be there a long time for the benefit of the girls—for fifteen years at least as I hope to send my little Hope there then. Kenneth, seven, and Hope, two, are fine in every way, and we are still enjoying life in Park Ridge. We had a little Lasell gathering not long ago

in our home. Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, Margaret Jones Clemen, '11, Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, and Margaret Gregson Barker, 1909-1913. It is the first time Marion Hale has been with us and we enjoyed having her very much. With kind regards to you and Mrs. Winslow."

Sincerely,

MARGHERITA DIKE HALLBERG.

What an absolutely new idea, at least to us, was the questionnaire gotten out by the Atlantic City High School Class of 1909, or more accurately by Marion Shinn, '11. Under the title of "Who's Who and Why" a dainty bulletin was published. It contains items of interest concerning the members of '09. For Lasell the resumé of the doings of Marion Shinn proved of special interest. With this wide awake little pamphlet came a fine group picture of Mrs. Shinn, Marion, and sister Helen, hostesses at a recent D. A. R. luncheon. Marion was the soloist at this social function and may have been heard over the radio by some of her schoolmates.

Clair Stritzinger, 1923-1924, of Norristown, Pa., called recently and reported that her marriage would be solemnized early in the year. We are awaiting this interesting announcement.

In a letter to Dr. Winslow written shortly before her marriage Helen Hawes, '28, now Mrs. Perley Ames Loomis, gives a hint that even the duties of a home maker will not wholly prevent her from doing a little secretarial work on the side. Just what business occupation has claimed her in Chicago we have not yet heard. Was it not fine in Helen to say this about her Alma Mater? "I have many Lasell friends in Michigan and around Chicago whom I am anxious to meet. I am going to join the Chicago Lasell Club. It certainly looks as though Lasell days will never be forgotten. How could they be by any girl who has been to such a wonderful school." Since Helen's letter came, we have received a charming description of the wedding. Mr. Loomis is a Senior in the Chicago Technical College and will be graduated in June as an electrical engineer.

Emma Stewart Robinson, 1912-1913, now Mrs. Arthur J. Petrie, is living in New Haven, Connecticut. She was married in San Antonio, Texas and has two sons. Has very properly joined the New Haven Lasell Club.

How the report of this charming Toledo Lasell Club reunion failed to register on time in our LEAVES is still an enigma with the Personals Editor. Thanks to Herma Schweitzer Rogers, '21, and Mrs. Hooker, we are at last able to report the happy event. It occurred just before the opening of school. Herma's letter is delightful. We are venturing to report it in part. This retiring president writes: "It was my last chance, as president, to do something for the club so I gave a tea at my home and it turned out to be very successful. We sang our old songs and heard many interesting things about Lasell from the new girls. As we are not an organized group we just appointed Alice Pratt, '29, for our new president. Our meeting was held Thursday, September 19, 1929. Those present were:

Mary Van Dusen, 1929—
Dorothy Aftel, 1929—
Martha Adams, 1928—
Betty Jane Davis, 1928—
Jane Hupman, 1929—
June Pankhurst, '29
Joyce Tucker, 1928—
Mary Tucker, 1929—
Myra Schofield Magnuson, 1908-1909
Elsie Huebner Haas, 1910-1911
Clara Spinney Colby, '18
Selma Gardner Collins, 1907-1908
Frances Spieker Heeson, 1920-1921
Nellie Burge Ober, 1914-1914
Bernice Hettrick Young, 1914-1914
Lovina Close Roberts, 1913-1914
Esther Ross Winger, '18
Theodora Close Fox, '04
Miriam Chollett Bershon, '22
Evelyn Hauser Allen, 1912-1913
Marion Skinner Lattin, 1918-1919
Alice Thurstin, 1893-1894
Lucy Wachter, 1921-1922
Ruth Lukens, 1921-1922
Grace Robb, '94
Bess Emerine, '15
Mrs. Harold Lauer

Mrs. Herbert Hood
Mrs. Norman Foley
Mrs. J. W. Schaufelberger

My! I do think of school so often and my husband is convinced that it is *the* one and only school. I'm so glad Mary Van Dusen loves it too. I just knew she would. She is a dear girl. Please give my love to Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter, Senora and all of those dear people. I'm hoping I can come back for my reunion in 1931. Mrs. Hooker, this letter has been such a hurried one. My boy who is very active has been right at my elbow asking a million questions so I couldn't concentrate.

Most lovingly,

HERMA SCHWEITZER ROGERS."

Dorothy Barnes Paine's, '18, intention of sending a glad holiday greeting to our Principal and Mrs. Winslow was suddenly changed. Instead came the sad tidings of her great loss in the passing away after a brief illness of her distinguished father. Tributes which appeared in the *Kansas Press* gave testimony of the esteem in which Mr. Barnes was held by the citizens of that state. He rendered high service as an educator, a state official and also was prominent in church and philanthropic work. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Barnes and the family.

It hardly seems possible that our Madalyn Patten's, '27, course in dietetics at Johns Hopkins Hospital is nearly completed. It is easy to predict a bright future for this gifted graduate. She writes to Dr. Winslow: "I was pleased to learn that Pauline LeClaire, '27, has been admitted for a course here to start in February. It will certainly seem good to see a Lasell classmate." Madalyn closes her note to our Principal with words of appreciation and greetings to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter.

Bernice Decker, 1925-1927, now Mrs. Godfrey G. Nordmark, Jr., is residing at 1234 Washington Street, Apartment 26, Denver, Colorado. Her card contains two important items. She writes: "I was married Thanksgiving Day, 1927. My little daughter, Patricia Susan, was born January 29, 1929."

Mrs. Jessie McCarthy Hadley, '00, of Chicago visited us early this year.

Kay Royce, '27, is now head dietitian at the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington, Vermont. In her letter to Dr. Winslow, she writes: "I have met many people who have known you and Mrs. Winslow. One in particular was Miss Ware who at one time was superintendent of nurses here at this hospital. She said she lived in Orleans. Remember me to Miss Potter, Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Hooker, please. I was pleased to receive the itinerary of the trip to Europe and I regret terribly that I can't join the same. I well realize what a *wonderful guide and chaperon* Miss Blackstock will make."

Mrs. John W. Judson, nee Phyllis Hessin, '24, is at home at Birmingham, Alabama, but she and her husband may move West soon. Of herself she writes: "After graduation I lived in New York for some time with Lydia Parry, '24, then went to England to visit my parents. Later returned to the states and married." All good luck to you, dear Phyllis, but please in the future keep in closer touch with your Alma Mater.

Callie Le Seure Wilson, '03, is enjoying immensely their new home built near Grand Rapids, Michigan. At the holiday time a note came from her to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow recalling the happy reunion days of last Commencement and expressed her appreciation of the part our Principal and Mrs. Winslow had in making that reunion such a success. She keeps in touch with her Lasell classmates, especially Lena Armstrong, Joel Dillon and Carrie George. Callie's spirit of adventure is evidently still strong as indicated in her closing words: "Today we've had a regular blizzard, so don't know when this will be mailed. There are three steep hills near where the snow drifts as fast as it is blown out. My husband couldn't get out last night and it doesn't look as if he would tonight. I just love the country, even in this kind of weather, and as soon as I write a few more cards, shall take

the dog, an Airdale, and the toboggan and have lots of fun on our 250 foot slide in the back yard."

Bessie Fuller Perry, '02, sends the sad news of the passing away of Marjorie Halladay White, 1902-1903. For eight years this dear Lasell girl had been an invalid but not until the very end did she mention her affliction. Lasell extends tender sympathy to the bereaved family.

Our Dorothy Denney, '26, and family have recently lost their beloved mother. Mrs. Denney occupied a conspicuous place in the life of Orange, N. J. Was president of several important organizations in church and town. Our thoughts turn at this time with tender sympathy to our sorrowing schoolmate and her family.

Peggy Matthews, '26, is now an assistant secretary at Montclair Academy, a boys' preparatory school in Montclair, N. J. She enjoys it immensely. Our hearty congratulations to Peggy.

The Editor of the Personals is still regretting her absence from the seminary on the day of the visit of Christine Oby Jones, '27, Priscilla Oby, '29, and Lucy MacLeod Smith, '27. If they had only tarried for a real visit there would have been no disappointed folk at their school home.

That was a gracious move on the part of the national president of our Lasell Alumnae Association, Susan Tiffany, '15, to open her hospitable home recently to all Lasell girls. Expressions of appreciation from the favored guests have been received at the LEAVES office.

Eleanor Steele, '25, is still teaching in the Southland but simply had to come North for a midwinter frolic. She and several friends made Auburndale their headquarters and devoted every moment to winter sports. Eleanor dropped in at Lasell and declared that after the tonic of our arctic winter she would return with enthusiasm to her work in the South.

Nell Woodward Collins, '15, is enjoying her new life in the Southwest. She is living in Arcadia, Missouri, where her husband is vice president and manager of the Woodward Securities with his headquarters in Tronton, Mo. Nell declares it is a beautiful country and life most fascinating. Here is a fine opening for some other young Lasell girls and their husbands to join Nell and Mr. Collins in their development of this attractive new region.

Just recently a note has been received from Alice Batchelder Powers, 1920-1925, from Sanford, Maine. She writes: "It may be of interest to some of the Lasell girls who knew me to learn that I have a baby daughter, Hilda, born a year ago on January 17, 1929. I attended Lasell in 1920-1921 and again in 1924-1925, being a special student. My marriage took place November 22, 1927." We were under the impression that all this good news had already appeared in our school paper, but it is certainly good enough to share again with Alice's many friends. Thank you, Alice, for your good wishes. Yes, I am well and busy and happy, keeping your L. W. D. successors out of mischief.

Through the courtesy of the bride elect, Mary Harris, '27, the Personals Editor received a copy of the *Canton Ohio Evening Repository* announcing the engagement of our Mary to Mr. Joseph Vodrey. The fact that the entire front page of the paper was given over to this bit of society news bears testimony to the unusual popularity of these young people. Lasell adds her word of congratulation.

Myra Magnuson Schofield, 1908-1909, sends a word of hearty greeting and also the names and addresses to two possible new girls—a fine practical testimony to Myra's loyalty to Lasell and good wishes for the continued prosperity of her Alma Mater.

Mr. William S. Wagner and Miss Ransom, 1877-1881, are again making their winter hegira to Pasadena, California. Miss Ransom will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Mr. Wagner will be at home with his son, Mr. Sanford Wagner.

In the recent passing of Mr. Frank F. Davidson of Auburndale Lasell has lost a near neighbor and most valued friend. A host of

old girls will well remember his generous courtesy and his inspiring messages as he came from time to time to conduct our chapel services. The clergy and Christian workers of Boston through unusually impressive memorial services have borne loving testimony to the high esteem in which they held this worthy layman who, in the midst of his busy life, found time to render such rich and effective service for the glory of God and uplift of humanity. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Davidson and her family.

Mary-Alice Timmins, '28, writes enthusiastically of her work for the Elkhart Branch of the Chicago Electric Motor Company.

Mrs. Mabel Stanaway Briggs' address is 19 Loma Alta Avenue, Los Gatos, California. One of the unique attractions of their new home is an open air aquarium filled with a school of gold fish "so tame," writes Mrs. Briggs, "that when I approach the pond the cunning little things line up in regular procession." The habit of teaching is again luring this dear artist. As usual she is enjoying her work. She and Mr. Briggs are planning a visit South later in the season to see the desert in bloom. "Friends tell us," writes Mrs. Briggs, "that it is a wonderful sight after the rains have nourished the desert plants."

Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, Secretary of our L. A. A., came out this month on Alumnae business but stopped to break bread with us and tarried on to our joy for a real visit.

Mrs. E. M. Wilder, mother of Geraldine Wilder, '24, writes: "My daughter must forego the Lasell reunion for she left last October for Paris, France, where she is studying voice with an exceptionally fine teacher. Trusting many of the 'L. W. D.'s' will be with you on the seventeenth, Yours sincerely,

Mrs. E. M. Wilder."

A new honor has come to Representative George W. Grimm of East Orange, New Jersey, in his recent appointment to the office of judge in the local courts. Lasell's hearty congratulations to Judge and Mrs. Grimm, nee Marjorie Gifford, '22.

Barbara Wilson, '29, is now social secretary at Christ's Episcopal Church in Fitchburg, Mass. She evidently enjoys her office for she never looked in better health and seemed in better spirits than when she called at Lasell and left this good news.

Margaret Newman, '28, reported on her way to Falmouth where she is to serve a home decorating and furniture firm. Our good wishes for Margaret in her new business venture.

Clarice Liscomb, '29, according to her written word, is busy at home as cook and general housemaid. She adds: "My father is not very well just now but it is not my fault for he insists I am a good cook."

The newspaper writeup of the graduation recital of Lillian Grant, '20, was most complimentary. Miss Grant gave an ambitious program, was most attractive in appearance and spoke in a voice clearly heard throughout the auditorium. Her reading through the entire program gave evidence of painstaking work, and excellent training. She was the recipient of many bouquets of exquisite flowers. Lasell adds her congratulations and Godspeed.

We are glad to report our Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, fast recovering from her recent illness and eagerly planning for a Miami Lasell reunion in the near future. The beautiful flag made with her own hands and presented by Mrs. Cushing to our Seniors, held a conspicuous place in our Lincoln Day celebration, being placed about our fine new engraving of President Lincoln.

Jane V. Spear is still at home convalescing from a severe illness and just now her mother, Ray Spitz Spear, 1901-1903, is in the hospital recovering from a serious throat trouble. Our sympathy is extended to the two convalescents. We wish for them a speedy recovery.

Virginia Hight Wilder, '27, called this month and when we learned what this busy homemaker and housekeeper is doing, we at once forgave her for not having been more neighborly. She reports that "Wee" Wilder's, 1924-1925, home in New Jersey is "too dear and cute for words." A real Southern mam-

my, formerly employed in the Wilder family, is serving "Wee". Virginia, her husband and sister-in-law may spend the summer in Germany.

Miss Potter is still exclaiming over her lovely day and night as the guest of Marjorie Gifford Grimm. While in East Orange she had a glimpse at Mary Saunders Houston's, 1922-1923, new home and pronounced it absolutely charming. Her evening at Judge Grimm's home was enlivened by calls from Ruth Watson Garvin, 1918-1919, Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith, '21, and Dorothy Redman Finch, '24, and their respective husbands.

Wedding bells have been swinging and ringing joyously of late, their glad tones announcing the marriages of the following Lasell girls.

On December 30, Helen Mae Hawes, '28, became the bride of Mr. Perley Ames Loomis. Mrs. Edith Younkin Barber announces the marriage of her daughter, Barbara, 1924-1926, to Mr. Theodore James Holmes at Concord, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Newton Thorpe announce the marriage of their daughter, Edith Lindsley, '27, to Mr. Charles Edward Van Dine on January 11. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dine are now at home at 179 Dwight Street, New Haven, Conn.

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Hunter announce the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth Hezlett, 1928-1929, to Mr. Alexander Hamilton Walsh, Jr. on Thursday evening, February 6 at Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Joy Remick announce the marriage of their daughter, Minne, '27, to Mr. Basil Gray Dandison on Wednesday, January 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Howell announce the marriage of their daughter, Marjorie Allen, to Mr. Gordon Milo Jenkins on Saturday, February 8. Miss Allen was formerly a student at the Woodland Park School.

An invitation has been received to the wedding of Adelaide Augusta Murken, 1927-1928, to Mr. Daniel Reynolds Merrill on Friday, February 21, at Christ Church, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Dr. William Champion Deming announces the marriage of his daughter, Una Hawthorne, to Mr. Olcott Fredrick King, junior on Saturday, January 18. Mr. King is a son of Bertha Hayden King, '03.

The engagement of Myra Frances Page, '29, to Mr. Lewis Damon Haven has been announced.

Eleanor Raymond, '30, and Mr. Frederick J. Thomas have recently announced their engagement.

The engagement of Barbara Pierce Baldwin, 1926-1927, to Mr. Milton Wetherell Mix has recently been announced.

Two Massachusetts girls heard from lately are certainly making good. Harriet Hawks, '21, of Greenfield, Massachusetts is teaching Home Economics in the Senior High School at Greenfield and "loves her work". Alta Lucas, 1923-1924, is still working in the Springfield Bank and likes it "more and more each day".

REPORT OF THE NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

The Time: Saturday, January twenty-fifth; The Place: The Hotel Pennsylvania, New York; The Occasion: The thirty-seventh Annual Reunion of the Lasell Club of New York. Such was the setting for a most pleasant "get together" of fifty-two "old girls".

As we arrived, we were greeted by our president, Gladys Stults, and presented to Miss Potter, whom we were all so glad to welcome.

Promptly at one o'clock, lunch was served, at the conclusion of which, our president welcomed us and called the business meeting to order. After the minutes of the previous meeting and the treasurer's statement had been accepted, the secretary, in the absence of the chairman, then read the report of the Nominating Committee. The following names were submitted and elected:

President	Maudie L. Stone, '88
Vice President	Audrey Jackson, 1924-1925
Secretary-Treasurer	Dorothy Cook, '25

Our President-elect, Maudie Stone, started the Roll Call, introducing herself, with each other member following her example. We

were honored to have with us Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, 1878-1880, a charter member of the club and the only member who claimed the distinction of calling Miss Potter by her first name.

After everyone had answered the "call", Susan Hallock Couch, 1886-1888, reported the death of the following:
Ruth Turner Gildersleeve, 1908-1909
Lillian Terhune, 1920
Evelyn Bates,
Anne Burr Day, 1888-1890
Marjorie Halladay White, 1902-1903

A motion was made and carried that a page be inscribed in the minute book in memory of Mrs. Day, the only member of the Lasell Club of New York among those mentioned.

A motion was made and carried that the usual telegram of greeting be sent to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon.

A motion was also made and carried that some pink roses be sent Miss Lillian Packard, '83, who has been seriously ill for a long time.

Miss Stults then presented Miss Potter, who, with her spontaneous and delicious humor, told us about the "little doves" and the changes that are taking place at our student home.

The girls are all a splendid, energetic group, responding in fine manner to the appeals of the Missionary Society and the other organizations.

The chapel is being turned into a Tudor chapel, with all signs of gymnasium apparatus gone.

Carter Hall is no longer being used for P. K., but Blaisdell is given up wholly to home economics, the girls using it as their residence for the 6 weeks.

Each teacher is required to take one chapel, but many times they get interesting speakers from outside to substitute for them.

A two year course in German and Physics has been added.

A riding master and a groom are in charge of the horses and stables on the school property.

The White Mountain trip, Easter trip to Washington, Winter Carnival, Tea Dances, May Day, and the summer trip to Europe, are some of the "high lights" during the year.

To this report of the fine progress Lasell is making, we can add only the wish that many more of her "dreams" may come true.

Elizabeth Van Cleve, Secretary.

Those present were:
Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80
Laura Chapman Anderson, 1893-1895
Erna Schmidt Awalt, '26
Julia ter Kuile Brown, '10
Margaret Contrell '29
Edna May Rogers Carlisle, '05
Dorothy Cook, '25
Susan Hallock Couch, 1886-1888
Cordelia Danforth, '07
Hilda Doyle, '29
Ruth Daird, 1909-1910
Marion Deehan, 1928-1929
Anna White Drake, 1906-1907
Grace Garland Etherington, 1878-1880
Katherine Edwards, '29
Dorothy Redman Finch, '24
Celina Belle Isle Foreman, '21
Marjorie Gifford Grimm, '22
Henrietta Goodwin, 1926-1927
Annie Gwinnell, '88
Annette Harvey, '29
Ruth Hopkins, '23
Grace Huntington, '89
Mary Saunders Houston, 1922-1923
Nadine Strong James, '26
Marjorie Kuehn, '29
Florence Longcope, 1921-1922
Virginia Wood McKay, '26
Gertrude Leonard McClanahan, 1904-1907
Dorothy Millspaugh, '23
Elizabeth Oppel Morris, '26
Ruth Balch Ott, 1907-1909
Helen Louise Ohm, '29
Louise McCarty Plankenhorn, 1905-1907
Julia DeWitt Read, '10
Ella Hazelton Russell, '04
Lucy MacLeod Smith, '27
Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23
Elinor Stevens, '26
Maudie L. Stone, '88
Grace Lawrence, '26
Gladys Stults, 1909-1910
Rosalie Starkweather, '29
Mabel Bliss Tibbetts, 1886-1887
Elizabeth Van Cleve, '26
Lois Van Riper, 1927-1928
Molly Witschief Wood, '26
Florence Zacharias, '29
Elizabeth Forgie, 1924-1925
Mae Ely, '26
Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23

THE 1930 MID-WINTER REUNION OF THE LASELL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, INC.

The annual mid-winter reunion and luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae Association was held February 17 at the University Club in Boston with an attendance of eighty-two guests.

An informal reception was enjoyed between 12:30 and 1:00, when the company went to the dining-room for luncheon. There were "roses, roses everywhere" on the long tables and a gorgeous bunch of pink roses decorated the speakers' table.

Our Vice President, Mrs. Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, opened the meeting after the luncheon and then called upon Miss Potter to act as toastmistress which she did very graciously. Our President, Sue Tiffany, '15, was unable to be present and Miss Potter read a telegram from Sue expressing her regret at not being able to be with us.

Miss Potter first called upon Dr. Winslow to give his message. He spoke most encouragingly of the standing of Lasell educationally and financially, declaring that the Seminary now is in the best condition it has ever enjoyed. He also painted a very pleasing picture of Lasell's future. We were told of a large tract of woodland in Vermont that is earning future dividends for Lasell's upkeep. The endowment fund has grown from $15,000 to $75,000, and is a great safeguard for the school. Our dear Miss Packard's will added $400 to the Caroline Carpenter fund. Dr. Winslow spoke of Miss Witherbee's absence from the Seminary and of her many years of faithful service to the school and believe me the present day pupils don't miss her one bit more from the classroom than we Alumnae did from our mid-winter reunion. Dr. Winslow spoke of the parties going to Washington and Europe this spring and summer and urged any of the former students who were "proper colored doves" to join if possible. After telling us of the higher rank Lasell is gaining and of his intense interest in what our former Lasell girls are doing, he closed with a hearty invitation for everybody to come back to school at any time.

Mrs. Winslow then gave us all what she termed a composite hand shake. Her friendly speech as usual was filled with wit and humor. The next speaker was Clementina Butler, 1879-80, who recently published two new books. Her message included a unique incident taken from the introduction of her mother's life. We were very glad to have Miss Butler as a special guest.

Our Margaret Rand, late Dean of Hiram College, in a few well chosen words brought a bright greeting and my but we old girls were glad to see her once more!

Mrs. Blanche Martin followed and took us back to the good old days when we used to say "we are well and happy," and what's more, felt it.

Mrs. McDonald, Miss Irwin, Mlle. Le Royer, Senora Orozco and the President of the Senior Class and President of the Student Council, who were among our special guests, all gave their words of greeting and appreciation.

Lillian Grant, '20, brought greetings from the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club of which she is Secretary.

Miss Potter then thanked us for the splendid meeting and turned the talk over to the girls. Each in turn gave all the bits of news concerning herself that she thought would be of interest.

We all declared this to be one of the most successful and enjoyable mid-winter reunions ever held in Boston.

A friendly message was sent by telegram to our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon.

Great credit is due our efficient Vice President, Josephine Rand, chairman of the committee, and her able assistants.

Those present were:

Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Lillie R. Potter, '80
Statira Caldwell McDonald
Clementina Butler, 1879-1880
Blanche Martin

Jeanne Le Royer
Margaret Rand
Grace W. Irwin
Charlotte Parker Simpson, '20
Lillian G. Grant, '20
Grace Thayer Berkeley, '25
Dorothy Burnham Eaton, '20
Mildred Pennell Parks, '27
Lily Butters, '27
Barbara Goodell, '29
Preble Borden, '29
Katherine Braithwaite, '29
Marjorie Winslow, '28
Hester M. Shaw, '28
Ethel Loud, '96
Nellie M. Richards, '93
Harriett G. Scott, '94
Nellie Briggs Chandler, 1893-1895
Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96
Helen Roberts, '30
Josephine Woodward Rand, '10
Alma Sweet, '16
Pauline Ray Hamilton, '16
Evelina E. Perkins, '15
Alice L. Crawford, '27
Ellice R. Black, '27
Virginia Hight Wilder, '27
Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10
Sybil Webb Dougherty, 1906-1909
Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907
Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05
Barbara Peirce, '29
Edna Bickford, '29
Esther M. Sunderland, '29
Eleanor Humphrey, '29
Louise A. Fischer, '29
Elizabeth Wells Furneaux, '29
Margaret E. Heath, '29
Mary King Sargent, '21
Helene Sweney Jensen, 1917-1920
Carolyn Vicary Krider, '24
Elizabeth Barden Coulson, '24
Muriel James Morrison, '20
Lucia Parcher Dow, 1902-1903
Edith Burke Wells, 1902-1903
Ida Weeks Burke, 1882-1885
Mary Wales Smith, 1874-1876
Ardelle C. Drabble, '28
Marjorie Blair Perkins, '28
Jane Ford Amesbury, 1901-1905
Bertha L. Hooker
Gertrude Wragg Fisher, '24
Marietta Chase Stedfast, '24
Janet Hannah Gibbs, '21
Marian Bliven MacDonald, '21
Mabel Straker Kimball, '16
Florence Bell Merrill, '17
Miriam Day Giles, '17
Mildred Strain Nutter, '17
Louise Furbush Prout, '20
Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19
Vera Hambleton, '27
Eleanor Parker
Christine Oby Jones, '27
Margaret Rix Barton, '26
Susan C. Sparks, 1886-1887
Ruth L. Woodman, '27
Dorothy Quinn, '27
Marion G. Kingdon, '29
Hazel Morrison, '21
Ruth D. Hayden, '20

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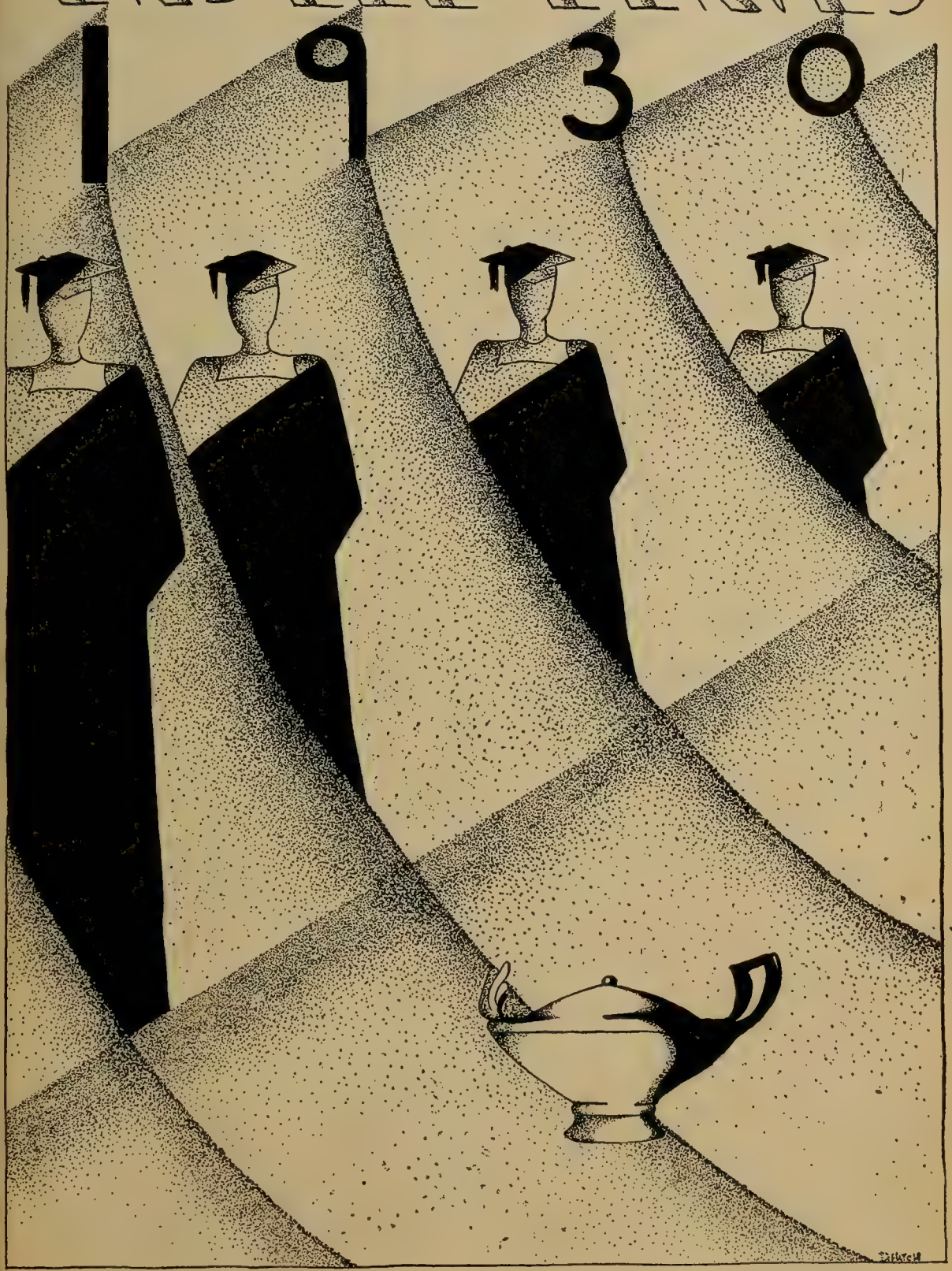
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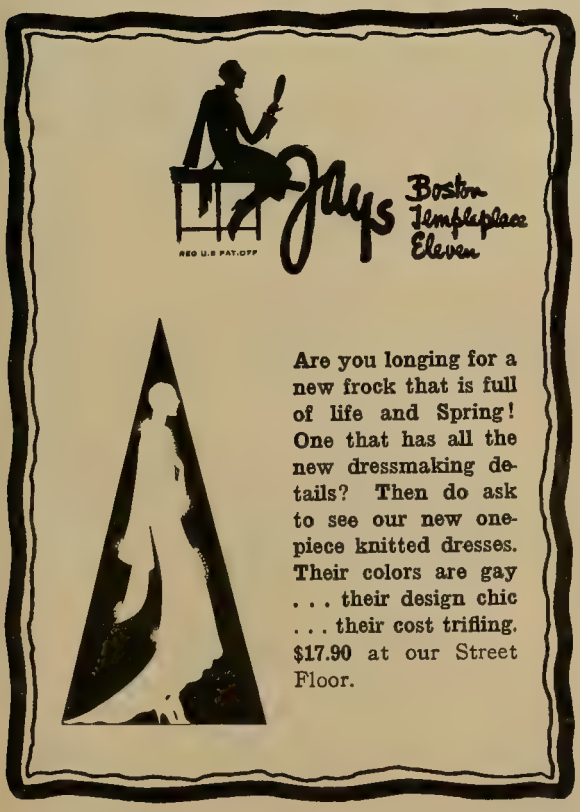
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LITERARY

SPRING

A gay little breeze blew into the garden,
Proclaiming the coming of Spring;
The grass shook the dew from its shaggy head,
The songsters were awakening.

The crocuses yawned and stretched their arms,
The hyacinths flung back their curls;
The daffodils flaunted their new yellow gowns,
The purple flags danced and whirled.

The violets lifted their shy little faces
To peek at the blue overhead.
A mischievous golden sunbeam slipped in
And uncovered the tulip bed.

Breathlessly they waited—the flowers—
The feathered warblers too—
And then God opened the garden gate
And spring came dancing through.

Mary Moss, '30.

"CAROL LOMBARD"

Carol Lombard sat in the comfortable-looking chintz chair beside the cheery fire in her bright, cozy living-room. Her straight blonde hair was severely parted in the middle and drawn tightly down over her ears, forming a low knot at the nape of her neck. One would hardly have guessed that the attractive, but not pretty, Carol Lombard had passed her twenties and was now at the inevitable age of thirty. Her figure, although womanly, looked beautiful in its smart, severely cut serge dress of blue, and her deep violet eyes had a thoughtful look to them as she sat there pensively watching the leaping flames of the fire. Somehow, the solitude of the room and the cheerfulness of the fire created a reminiscent feeling in Carol.

"John Newcome," she said aloud to herself and visualized him. "Tall, dark, handsome were his straight chiseled features, and very masculine physique. Too impractical, though, to be a woman's sensible ideal, yet so fascinatingly reckless and sophisticated that most women were intoxicated with his smoothness Spoilt? Why not? It hadn't been his fault that he was; for John Newcome had always been considered a "good scout" by the men, for he had brains in the financial world, besides being a good sport in the social realm. It had been the personal desire of nearly each one of his women acquaintances to have John Newcome in love with her—not for a long time perhaps—but just so that she could realize the feeling that he, John Newcome, was interested in her. Carol Lombard had not been different from the others in that she had felt a mad desire for possession—to have him for her own, when she had first met him. Didn't he have all the requirements and more, of the ideal which she had faintly carried in her mind of the man whom some day she should love? He did things in just the right way, and said things so that they had a perfected tone to them. How happy she had been the first night that he had taken her out. They had gone to a fashionable Night Club and Carol had been so proud of her escort. She knew that he had the attention and admiration of those who saw him, and she witnessed a proud thrill when he introduced her to his many friends. Thrilled to think that she was his—if for the time being only. John had a way of making you feel that you were every bit his when you were with him—that nothing else or no one else mattered—all he wanted then was you. His perfected love was marvelous, because it made you lose all sense of the drab practicalness of life.

For a few reckless months of parties, dinners, theatres, and night clubs John had been all that Carol needed to make her insanely happy. She had forgotten, then, the tiresome routine of ordinary life—the sensible necessities. It had been like a sudden, powerful force which had swept her into a world of different color and proportions.

Carol still wondered if their infatuation would have lasted if she had not met Dick. *That* surely had been the climax. Never before had she been sensitive to John's shallowness, but now, beside the man whom she had just met she was conscious of the great difference in their characters. Dick's personality had attracted her immediately. In fact, when thinking of him later, she couldn't even remember whether his eyes had been blue or brown, or whether he had been particularly good-looking, but she could *distinctly* remember his interesting manner and pleasing personality. He had impressed her as being deep and understanding—but John? She had never even thought of his needing any depth before. Slowly a feeling of disgust, almost shame, came over her, to think that she had been so contented with just the physical attraction and glitter that John had had for her. Dick had affected her so differently. She had wanted to know him better—to just sit beside the dying embers of a fire, in a dimly lighted room, and talk with him. How she wanted to know his philosophy of life, surely it would be interesting, original, and sane. He was not the type to take things for granted or in a matter of fact way, and Carol had in those first few minutes of their acquaintance, been impressed with his skill in covering up with his keen sense of humor and pleasing manner any officiousness that might result from one so attractively intellectual.

"Five years ago next month it had been," mused Carol as she thought of the night that she had told John of her love for another. He had been almost fierce in his resentment to let her go, but they had parted—he with the defiance of one too proud to be hurt, and she with an uncertain feeling of mingled doubt and happy relief. She had realized that with John she had not been an individual, merely his "latest interest." It was with those words that she had found herself being termed by his friends and former admirers. He had been the master, and she, the helpless child. He had crushed and smothered all her inviduality, and she had been drunk with the madness of it all. Yet, she realized that she had been happy, happy in an unbalanced sort of way—happy when she had thought only of the attraction and fascination that John had held for her. As soon, though, as he was compared to Dick she had been so aware of his "other side" that she could no longer forget it in her delirious infatuation. Dick seemed to reflect all of John's unfavorable characteristics—his quick temper glowed fiercely beside John's poised one—his too frivolous mind and the light value which he placed on everything was no longer as tempting beside Dick's refreshingly eager, almost boyish interest in life. "It had not been entirely easy, though," Carol reflected, "choosing between the superficial infatuation which she even now guiltily admitted to herself had been pleasurable and the steady, adoring love which Dick, through their beautiful friendship, had cultivated for her. She was almost certain, though that it was Dick whom she loved through her admiration and respect for him. And yet—

"Darling," called a masculine voice as a man entered the cozy room.

"Yes, dear?" answered Carol.

"How has everything gone today?" Dick Lombard smiled admiringly at his wife as he bent down to kiss her.

"Just fine, Dick, I took Sunny down to the photographers to have his pictures taken this afternoon. He looked adorable—so like his father," Carol blushed as she spoke the last.

"By the way, dear, have you heard about John Newcome?" Dick's face was stern.

"Why, I got the shock of my life when I read the paper tonight. He was in an automobile accident late last night. Was driving along the Kent Highway—had some actress with him—"

"Dick," cried Carol, "Is he—" her eyes filled with horror as she gasped the words.

"Yes—he was killed instantly."

The shock of it stunned her for a moment, but the horrible silence was suddenly broken by a voice from up-stairs. "Dad-dy and Muva." The sweetness of that little child whom they both adored bridged the widening chasm which for a moment had seemed hopeless between them.

"Darling," it was Dick saying this as he went adoringly toward his wife.

"Dick—it's Sunny—he—wants us." Carol's eyes changed and sparkled with the proud, contented joy of happiness. The tormenting doubt which had rankled her these past few years was gone—gone with the sudden realization that she was thanking God that Dick, the father of her son, had not been taken.

Janice Whittaker, '30.

HAPPINESS

Happiness
Is finding
Blue sky, serene
An old grey stone bridge
Or trees and flowers
Above the din
Of automobiles
In a city.

Edith Fulton, '30.

MY PHILOSOPHY

Life, a transient being—
Love, the salt of life—
God, the donator of both.
Man, take while you may,
For God is an Indian Giver.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

ROMEO

Gilbert Robbins made a striking picture as his profile was shadowed on the garden wall. Nervously he pinched out a cigarette with the curse:

"Damn that woman, anyhow!"

"Talking to me?" came a tantalizing voice from behind him.

"Not talking to you, darling, just discussing you."

"With whom?"

"The moon."

"But—why pick the moon?"

"To me, you and the moon are both as easily conquered."

"Sally—you're wonderful—can't you understand? I love you. Doesn't it mean a damn thing to you?"

"My Romeo! Love?—Oh, yes, there is such a word. I think Dad must have mentioned it to Mother."

"Sally!" and Gil reached for the moon. Laughing, (torture to him) she ran into the house.

She had called him her Romeo! Had laughed at him. But God she was wonderful. Just so much flashing black eyes, black unruly curls, and a red mouth.

He sat down on the garden bench and again tried to soothe his torn, ruffled nerves with a cigarette. Having been scorned so thoroughly, he thought he should really be reaching for a Murad but he was equally thankful for the Lucky and began to review his thoughts—

Dr. Richmond had asked him down to his summer home for the week end. He had taken a peculiar liking for Gil, who incidentally was a Doctor. Just a grad working out his interneship, but Dr. Richmond had found him most promising. Gil accepted hesitantly, but upon finding that a beautiful daughter was an added attraction at the Richmond home, was rather glad for his acceptance. He rather liked to play around with beautiful girls, but of course, years ago he had promised himself that he would never marry.

That was three months ago, and he had fallen so hard for Sally that he was having a mental struggle with himself as to whether this was an infatuation or the real thing. That she didn't care a hang about him was perfectly clear, in fact it scarcely entered the picture at all. Maybe he had told her too soon that he loved her. He had read in a book that it was best to keep a woman in suspense. To be exact it had been the fourth week end that he had weakened. But she was so modern—! Smoked, drank, and heavens what language.

* * * * *

Sally dashed upstairs into her mother's room.

"Gosh! Gil has just been professing his love again. He'd make a better soap box orator than a Doctor—I wonder what Dad sees in him sometimes."

"Sally! You're impossible. Mrs. Richmond was lying on the chaise lounge reading, "Dieting and the Diet."

"Maybe," and the young prodigy flung herself on the bed.

"Sally Richmond, please do not be so careless." Her mother tried to remove the comfortable one from the bed, only to be pulled down herself. Laughingly, she spoke.

"Please, dear, I've just paid $2.50 of your father's hard-earned money for a finger wave, and if you keep this up, I'll be paying $2.50 more."

Sally released her hold and got to her feet.

"O. K., fond Mother, I shall leave you to your diet, and dash into my boudoir to dress me in my silks for Gil. Poor love-sick Gil! With this she shook that mop of misbehaved curls and departed.

As she powdered her nose, she gazed at the picture of Dr. Gilbert Robbins. Awfully good-looking, she was thinking. Dark hair—piercing, pleading eyes, and a mouth just a bit too firm. Why couldn't she love this attractive creature? Did she? He was such a dear, but to be married to one man forever. Impossible! With this she flung the powder puff on the dressing table, and opened the door of her room.

Gil was just coming down the hall, and seeing Sally in a simple but charming, long, black chiffon dinner gown exclaimed,

"My dear, you're wonderful—beautiful tonight."

"Aren't you taking a bit for granted, Dr. Robbins? And Gil for heaven's sake stop raving. I swear you have been reading poetry. Come, now, get it over and out of your system. Tell me my eyes are like stars, my teeth like pearls and my mouth is like a red, red rose." She looked at him and laughed. Suddenly he took her in his arms and kissed her for his answer. Sally, being quite unprepared for such a gesture, fought herself free.

"Now, Smarty, I'm ruined. Go down stairs like a good boy while I repowder. By the way what are we doing tonight? You leave tomorrow, don't you? Or has Dad condescended to allow you to stay over till Tuesday?"

"Question number 1—we're going to take a drive so I can tell you how beautiful you are, and too perchance steal a kiss when you'll have no time to re-powder. Number 2—I am a hard working man, and therefore have to leave tomorrow, Monday morning, July 23, 1930, at 7:45. Of course you won't be up."

"Thank you, Sir Walter—I shall be down in a minute."

Gil joined Dr. Richmond and was discussing affairs at the Clinic when young Sally made her appearance.

"Hi Dad!—saw any legs off today?"

"No, my dear, but I'll be sawing yours off if you do not treat Gil differently.

"Gil—you've gone to father! How perfectly thrilling—and have you told him how you love me an' everything!"

"Sally, do behave and come to dinner." Mrs. Richmond thought Sally quite hopeless—for in her day! !

"All right, if I can't know how my own love affairs are getting along, I guess I'll hire a private stenographer." Saying this, she took Gil's arm and proceeded to the dining room.

After dinner, Gil helped Sally into that green Cadillac roadster and drove off.

Sally with a delicate chiffon coat over her dinner gown, snuggled closer to Gil.

"Glad you have the top down, Gil, 'cause I adore to look at the moon."

Gil put his arm around her, smiling.

"Now, whose being poetic? I'll agree with you, however, the moon is lovely—beautiful—instead of gazing upward he looked at the girl beside him.

"Gil—Dr. Gilbert Robbins—will you please—pretty please keep your mind on your driving."

"Sally, dear, how can I?" He seemed like a little boy—so pathetic.

"Well, then let's go to the 'Blue Goose' and get something to drink. Then you can talk to your heart's content and we can at least be safe."

In a very few minutes, they parked the car and went into that popular roadhouse beyond Long Beach.

After Gil gave the order, he assisted Sally in removing her coat and then took her hands into his.

"Sally, do be serious. I am twenty-six and

I love you. You see I want you to be my wife—the mother of my children."

More than ever he seemed like a little boy to Sally—pleading, in vain for an impossibility.

"Gil, I could love you, but I don't want to. I'm twenty-three—have worn gobs of frat pins and even an engagement ring—but I still claim I don't want to be a wife—a mother." Observing the hurt look that overshadowed Gil's face, she continued—"Yes, dear, it almost seems as though I'm not human, not having that maternal instinct, not wanting to be a mother, but I do so want to have a good time first."

"You'll change," was all that Gil could find words to say. He slowly drank his ginger ale placed on the table it seemed, hours ago, by the waiter.

"Gil—Gil—you don't understand—you can't! There isn't anyone else—it's just—just—"

Seeing her so bewildered, Gil answered, "Of course I understand, dear, and I won't give up hope."

They finished the drinks in silence, and as Gil helped Sally again into the car, he brushed her cheek with a kiss thinking "Ah you lovely creature—you'll be hard to get—but I'll go through hell—doing it."

"Want to go home?"

"Nope! drive on, MacDuff."

"Where to, Guinevere?"

"Anywhere, Lancelot."

They drove on through that starlit, moonlit night and suddenly as Gil glanced down at the little girl next to him, he was amazed to find her asleep. Not daring to disturb her, he turned the car around and started for home. Not very far ahead was a dangerous intersection. Gil was just considering its dangerousness when he saw two shadows merge into one and a scream rent the silence.

(Continued)

Helen Crego, '30.

COLOR

Sunset—red orange
Water—gilded rose
Trees—bronze leaved
God's gift—all color.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

LET'S DANCE?

The night is whispering love,
The moon cries Romance,
The strains of a love waltz come to us.
You and I.
You tell me you love me—ah—hold
Me close—whisper softly.
I want to tell you I love you—want
To be with you forever.
But the moon smiles—Reality.
Instead I say
"Let's dance."

Helen Crego, '30.

THEY CALL IT FATE

"But, Don, can't you understand the position that I'm in?" pleaded Peg Warren, her innocent-looking brown eyes filled with tears—her rather too full lips quivering.

"No, Peg, I can't understand. You say that you love me. Then why can *anything* interfere?" replied the poised and serious-looking Don, as he sat in the chair across from Peg's, before the fireplace in the modest living room of the Warren's home.

"More coffee, Don?"

"No thanks"—and then—"Is it that you don't love me?"

"Don! How can you hurt me more by saying such a thing?" cried Peg as she put her hand to her eyes as if to keep back the tears that were slowly trickling down her pale face. There was an attractive winsomeness about Peg which made one feel as if he should protect her, so that she might never lose that refreshingly child-like expression.

"Good God, Peg, you can't marry *that* man." Don's eyes were like burning coals and his teeth were clinched, making his square jaw seem almost fierce with its sternness.

Peg hesitated. She realized that nothing could be reasoned with Don when he looked like this. She saw him relax a bit as he sat gazing into the fire. He turned slowly—raising his head so that his eyes might reach hers.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Randolph Rankin has money." She carefully chose her words, paused—"And he comes from the most famous family around Seabrook. Mother has looked up to the Ran-

kins as if they were *gods* that ruled the earth. They have always had a gorgeous estate and everything that money could buy—besides their prominent name. You know, Don," (her voice softened) "that when father died two years ago he left us practically nothing, and mother has been in a nervous condition since. Now, naturally, she thinks it my duty to marry into that family since Randolph has asked me. We would then be wealthy and have claim to the great name of Rankin which mother worships. What can I do in a position like that, Don? Don't you see that love is immediately excluded from my life forever, except for the love for you which I shall always cherish. No one shall ever take that from me," Peg with sudden defiance, rose from her chair and then, walked slowly towards the window.

"How helpless and sweet she looks," thought Don pityingly as he watched her slight figure move gracefully.

"I think it's a damnable injustice. You don't owe your mother your life's happiness. She's had hers. Your life is your own to lead," Don flung these words impetuously at her. "Do you know anything about this Randolph as a *man*?" he questioned, watching closely Peg's expression.

"No, he's a stranger to me."

"Did you know that—" Don stopped, squared his shoulders, stood up and with a few quick strides crossed the room to where Peg was standing. Putting his large hands on her narrow shoulders he turned her gently around so that she faced him.

"Peg," he whispered hoarsely. "I'll not take 'no' for an answer even now. Tomorrow at five-thirty I will call. You can tell we then what it is to be. Remember, dear,—I love you." With this he strode out of the room. Snatching his hat and coat from the rack in the hall, he shut the outside door firmly after him.

Mrs. Warren was taller than her daughter and her striking appearance was in marked contrast to the retiring lovableness of Peg. Hair tinged with gray, pearl studs in her ears, her beautiful figure swathed in gowns of the most Parisian styles, slender feet thrust into black, high-heeled pumps, this made the stunning Mrs. Warren. She had used her husband's death as an excuse to wear black which she knew looked striking on her, as did the severely fitting turbans that she always wore. Although beautiful, her face had about it the few lines which gave it a certain hardness, but a charming smile cleverly covered these lines at the necessary times. She and Peg bore no family resemblance, but Mrs. Warren jokingly said that it was *John* who had given Peg her ordinary looks (as *she* termed them). Poor John, she admitted, *had* been blamed for everything that hadn't been commendable, but then, he had deserved it. Hadn't he made her go through humiliation and hell by constantly losing his money through gambling? Going from comfort to absolute poverty at different times, they had been dependent upon their friends for support more than once. And then he had died suddenly, leaving her nothing but a *measly* little life insurance.

"Peg can learn to love him. At least she will have a beautiful home and all the comforts of this world. Comforts?" Mrs. Warren shrugged her shoulders and forced a cynical laugh. "People talk. They question my expensive clothes. Peg *shan't* know what it is to suffer the stings of humilation." Her voice changed from hardness to determination as she uttered these words aloud to herself. "My daughter won't go through what I have had to. Randolph *is* far from attractive and the tactful gossip that there has been! It isn't true, it can't be true that through so much inter-marriage in the Rankin family, Randolph is—deficient mentally. Peg need not know it. After all, she need be nothing to him after she is married—unless she chooses," through Mrs. Warren's scheming mind these thoughts massed one upon the other. "The Rankins know very well that they are fortunate to have as fine a girl as Peg for Randolph's wife—after every actress in town has been trying to rope him in. Peg's a sweet, lovable child. I don't blame Don for loving her, but he's only twenty-three, I think it is, and has nothing to offer her. His large family are de-

pendent upon him for their support. Peg's life would be one long drudge under those conditions. No, I love her too much. And as for myself, I hate to even think what would happen to me if Peg married Don." Mrs. Warren lying comfortably upon a chaise lounge in her bedroom waited for Peg to come upstairs after Don's departure.

"Peg, dear, Randolph is coming tonight," she smiled as the girl came into the room.

"Oh, mother, I can't see him," sobbed Peg flinging herself upon the bed.

"Stop, Peg, none of that. Don't be a silly, sentimental child. Wait until you see what Randolph is bringing you."

At eight-thirty that evening Peg waited in the living room for Randolph. Gone was the innocent, child-like expression and in its place was one of set determination. Cold, and lifeless as a statue she was, except for an occasional forced smile which broke the intenseness of her expression when her mother would speak to her in an animated manner.

"I'm sure you'll like it, Peg—it's beautiful," she gayly smiled, trying not to notice the faraway expression in Peg's eyes.

"Good evening, Randolph. I am *so* glad to see you. Did you enjoy your ride this morning? I caught a glimpse of you cantering along the bridle path when I was on my way to town," greeted Mrs. Warren in her charming manner as the tall, sandy-complexioned, anaemic-looking young man removed his fur coat.

"Yes, I was trying out a new horse," was his lifeless reply.

"Hulloh, Peg," said Randolph when he entered the room.

"If you two will pardon me for a few minutes I shall do a few things that need attending to," excused Mrs. Warren, giving Randolph a knowing smile.

Peg eyed the tall person who sat at the further end of the room. She noticed disapprovingly how loosely his clothes hung about his frail physique, and then thought of Don, Don who but a few hours before had been in this very room, Don who was so attractive—so fine. Critically she studied Randolph's colorless face—there was nothing to linger over there—only a few characterless features. "How *can* I do it!" but in the next breath she fairly screamed to herself, "I must! Don wouldn't marry me for years. We are just about at the end of our money. It would mean mother's working. Imagine mother earning her living!" That thought for the minute amused Peg—it seemed so absurd.

"Peg, my dear," the dear seemed to be tacked on as if out of duty. "Do you like this?" Randolph held before her a little velvet case upon which shone brightly a diamond, gorgeously set in a platinum ring. The diamond was large and was surrounded by countless tiny stones giving the dazzling effect of a blaze of jewels.

"It's beautiful," she said, trying to act animated, but a quiet shudder went through her body as Randolph clumsily tried to put the ring on the third finger of her left hand.

The news sprang like fire among the residents of Seabrook. "Randolph Rankin elopes with Seabrook Girl," were the burning headlines of all the local newspapers the next morning.

Dazed by the horrible news that had been so suddenly thrust into his hands as he had hurried to his work that morning, Don stopped to read the newspaper more closely. "And tonight I was going to have taken her regardless of everything for my own. That raise that looked so great a few hours ago—" His mind was blinded by the horribleness of the fact which he even now could not believe to be true.

"God! It's a damnable outrage." Peg—his Peg—married to that halfwit. He stopped—the paper fell from his hands to the sidewalk. That elopement which had struck him like a bomb with its suddenness he now saw had been long premeditated.

"It was over now," he thought, "all over. One person was happy and God knows she tried hard enough to get that happiness."

Janice Whittaker, '30.

DECISION

I wish I could believe you when you say: "I love you,"
My heart says yes—my mind revolts.
I'm sentimental—a little fool.
Ah—love's divine—fate cruel;
You tell me you love me today,
Whom will you tell tomorrow?

Helen Crego, '30.

ON LOVE

Love is not temporary.
It is not swift nor burning,
Demanding constant presence.
Rather—it is calm,
Having implicit faith
Whether near or far.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

A TRICK OF LIFE

It was a wide vine-covered porch, and in one corner sat Jerry and Jean, entirely oblivious to the din of syncopation from within.

"I can't believe it, dear. All my life I've known you—my dad and your dad—pals—and now, dear, I love you. I guess I knew it all along, but until I came home from school, I didn't realize how wonderful you really are. There could never be anyone else, dear, for I love you. Oh—I do love you, Jean."

All this in Jerry's convincing voice.

The strains of "Lucky Little Devil," as played by "The Serenaders," pierced the caressing air of that June night, but Jean heard nothing but the beating of her own heart.

"Tell me, dear, there's never been any other girl. You've never cared like this before, have you, Jerry?"

"Oh—Jean."

That was all. Then a kiss which spelled love, sincerity, and promised—everything.

That was the beginning. The summer was long, and full of happiness. There were parties, dances, swims and rides. Always, there was Jean and Jerry.

Fall came, with its breeze and coolness, and brought company for Jerry. Everything seemed spoiled, yet Jean was understanding, and, as ever, loving. There were few impromptu rides, for Mrs. Vernon and her daughter, Caroline, must be entertained. Jean sensed some underlying embarrassment, yet had faith.

Days went by, and Jerry's time was monopolized. His parents left so much of the entertaining to him!

At last, Jean heard her sweetheart's voice on the wire:

"Hello, dear. Listen, want to go to a little dinner? Come on, Jean. There's going to be eight of us—my folks, the Vernons, Bill and his wife, and you and I."

Jean could not resist. Would it not mean being with Jerry after these last lonesome days? Of course she would go.

Seated happily next to Jerry she thought, "Poor Caroline, it's too bad you haven't someone fine like my Jerry." Everyone seemed so happy, what could be more perfect. How fortunate she could not see Jerry's face!

At this point Mrs. Vernon arose, and in her own crisp voice cooed: "Friends, I have a wonderful surprise for you. On the nineteenth of next December, my daughter will become the bride of Gerald Foster."

But that couldn't be! Jean couldn't have heard correctly. It wasn't her Jerry!

"Have an olive, Jean?"

"No, thank you, Bill."

The meal went on, and Jean tried to swallow the lump in her throat. In some way, the time passed, and she was home. She had not betrayed herself. She'd been strong— in fact, she'd laughed.

Her thoughts were so lonesome and hurt, she filled her days with work and activity. Just as she was leaving the house for a day of shopping, the phone rang. It was Jerry.

"Hello, Jean. Say, I called to ask if I couldn't see you before you go back to school. I'd love to. You know, we've always been pretty good friends."

"I'm awfully sorry, Jerry, but I'm leaving tomorrow, and tonight I'm going to the Inn with Tom. 'The Serenaders' are playing there and I had such a wonderful time the last time I heard them, I wouldn't miss it for anything. Drop me a line sometime and don't forget to give my love to Caroline."

She'd show him! There were others.

That night Jean danced with Tom to the significant strains of "Can't We Be Friends," and thought only of Jerry.

A trick of life brought them together; a trick of life made them drift apart.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

THE DAWNING OF SPRING

I glanced from my window one morning
And saw from the wide white sill
The first of a bright spring dawning
Over the far away hill.

It came on beautiful wings
So silently, slowly and still
And I watched such heavenly things
Over the far away hill.

The air was new and bright
Birds' throats swelled with the thrill
Brooks ran in the spring light
Over the far away hill.

I watched from my window that morning
And saw from the wide white sill
The birth of a new spring dawning
Over the far away hill.

Helen Roberts, '30.

THE SMILE SHOP

On the road from here to there, half way between the Castle of Dreams and the Town of Happiness where the frolicing fountains leap and skip and splash each other, there is a little old shop almost hidden by fairy trees all covered with fragrant pink blossoms. Peeking out from their branches is a small sign which reads, "Come in and buy a smile." Inside, Eros, the keeper of the little shop, was humming to himself. He had arisen early this morning because bargain days were busy ones and besides the sun stopped in every morning to buy a big shining smile on his way to work. The sun didn't really work, he just sailed along and sprinkled golden warmth on the countryside. Little Eros was having the time of his life. What fun to have a bargain sale of smiles, he thought as he glanced out the window. "Oh! look at all the people coming to buy my wares," he cried and clapped his hands in glee. Just then, a group of gayly-clad children skipped merrily into the shop. They always bought the softest, reddest, sweetest smiles they could find, and besides they weren't very expensive.

Little Joiette and Baby-Blue-Eyes tip-toed up to the counter and waited for Eros to come and wait on them. "I'd like one of those pretty shy smiles" she said, "and that little soft pink one with the dimples for Baby-Blue-Eyes." "Those with the dimples are five cents extra," replied Eros, "but because you're such a good little girl, you may have it for two."

Presently a small old man with twinkly eyes came in. He bought six dozen chuckles and four boxes of assorted grins. He was going to give some of them to the cheerful cherubs, he said.

"And what will you have," questioned Eros of the jolly-faced lady with plump elbows and apple-red cheeks. She pointed to a big warm smile that was on the top shelf. "I'll take that one," she cried, "It's always nice to have one handy."

While Eros was waiting on the fat lady, a small, curly-haired urchin crept in and when the store-keeper wasn't looking, stole a sour little smile that was lying on a corner of the counter and ran out unnoticed.

Toward night just before closing time, two raggedy, black-eyed children pushed their noses flat against the shop-window and gazed longingly at the smiles on display. They whispered together, and then pushed open the door and asked to see some very small smiles that "didn't cost very much." Their own wistful ones were almost worn out. Then they spied the box in the corner. It was filled with all kinds of smiles, only some of them were a little broken, some of them were slightly bruised. These sold for ten for a cent. The two small lads ran to the box and then each one found some he liked. Funny picked out some very loud, comical ones and Sunny chose some very sweet ones with crinkly edges. Eros laughed and gave them each an extra one as they ran out the door.

Eros whistled as he closed his little shop. Business had been good that day, but just think of all the bright tomorrows.

Mary Moss, '30.

ON FRIENDSHIP

What more can this life give to us
Than a true and loving friend—
One who understands our thoughts,
Is loyal to the end?
Acquaintances are fine to have,
Yet seldom do they last.
They're pleasant, kind, and gracious too,
But quickly are they past.
Real friends though scarce are worth our while
To find and hold forever.
What is there, then, like friendship real
Mere man lacks strength to sever?

Dorothy Inett, '30.

"YOUR BEAUTY HAUNTS ME"

Your beauty
Haunts me—
'Tis as something from a
Garden in a silver
Mystic night,
Or, like the afterward
Of a bird's song.
I know not what—
Only that as I gaze
My pulses throb—
Faster yet
And when I touch ~~thy~~ your hand
A strange contentment
Comes to me,
As though I stood in the garden
Of a mystic night
And the song of a bird
Had just melted
Away.

Edith Fulton, '30.

ANCHORED FAST

It was little more than a year ago
That my captain turned my prow
To face toward a quiet cove
That harbors my being now.

I'm a stately beautiful dream-ship
That is drifting to and fro,
Hoping that I can stand the strain
Of the tides that come and go.

I was not built to be anchored fast
My rudder was built for the deeper sea
Would that God would send such wind and storm
From my moorings to set me free.

Beatrice Alderman, '30.

VACATION PROSPECTS

"I tell you I don't want to go." Barbara St. Johns stamped her foot emphatically as she uttered this proclamation. She wanted to say, "I tell you *I won't* go"—but one just couldn't say that to Dad.

"And I, Babs, my dear, want you to go and insist that you do."

"But, Dad, it is so unreasonable. I am having a scrumptious time here at home. Just because we have been invited up to that God-forsaken hole is no reason for forcing me to go. Now is it, Dad?"

"Barbara, no one wants to really force you to go but, well, my dear girl, we feel that it is for your own good. Do you know what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard it all before. I've been sick all spring, almost had a serious nervous breakdown and now I'm tearing around the country day and night with a lot of young nincompoops who haven't any brains nor sense enough to come in out of the rain. Oh, yes, I've heard it all a great many times. And I'll have you understand, Dad, right here and now that my friends are not nincompoops and that they have brains. Just because you don't like Billy you're against everyone. Well, if it will help and I don't like Billy either, in fact I hate him. So there."

Mr. St. Johns, having waited patiently for his daughter to come to the end of her harangue, smiled thoughtfully and asked, "What has caused the sudden hate for my pet aversion?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"No? Well to get back to the point we were discussing so strenuously Barbara, we may as well end the argument here because your mother and I have decided that you are to go to the lake and that you are going day after tomorrow, Friday, July 20th."

"Oh, Dad," wailed the girl, the tears welling up in her eyes. "Oh, dear! To bed every night at eight, no one to talk to, no one to drive with, no one to take me anywhere—in fact nothing at all to do, and no one to do that

nothing with. And what's more, Dad, there's a big party Friday night and Dan's taking me. Oh, what in the world'll I do all the time I'm up there? One whole month shot!"

"You will find there will be plenty to do. Read—you need it, swim, ride—"

"How in heaven's name can I ride when I have no one to ride with or nothing to ride on or in. Gee, Dad, why can't we go Saturday instead of Friday—I would like to go to Spud's party."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Babs—you can drive my car up, you and your mother, and you'll start, shall we say Saturday morning?"

Barbara's eyes brightened, but as her father went on her expression became as hopeless as before.

"And as for there being no one up there what of Gregory Allphin. Jack told me that he was arriving Saturday to stay one month. Jack also told me that Helen is there, and I believe her fiance, too."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned Mr. Jack Allphin can keep his precious son and daughter at home. I like Helen but I have never met the dear Gregory. I know I won't like him. From what I have heard of him, I shall simply detest him."

"Don't cross your bridges before you come to them. It is bad busines. Barbara, I have known Jack Allphin for some twenty odd years and he is one of my best friends. I know Greg well.' He is one of the finest young men of my acquaintance. Now don't interrupt me—it's your turn to listen. Yes, yes, give me time. All right—he is about six feet two, weighs about 190, has dark, wavy hair, blue eyes, and is, I think, a fine looking person. Yes, he's about 25 to your 18, but what of it?"

"But, Dad, he won't even look at me. I know he won't. He won't like me any more than I'll like him."

"Why won't he? You are a very attractive girl, a bit young and foolish at times, but you're passable. He is younger than some of the men with whom you tear around the country—stop worrying about yourself. You'll have a good time if you'll forget how miserable you're going to be. Saturady morning you start so you'd better leave that party early. Remember now, don't 'cross your bridges before you come to them.' "

* * * * *

On the end of the diving board stood a young girl of about eighteen. She was very attractive as she paused there, gazing around her —large, dark brown eyes, short, dark wavy hair blowing in the wind, a slightly turned up nose with a spattering of freckles. She reached to put her cap on, and as she did so some one bounded out on the diving board, making it spring up and throw the girl off into the lake. An instant later she heard laughter and as her head came above the water she looked into the merriest blue eyes she had ever seen.

"Barbara," a voice from the shore called, I'd like you to meet my brother Gregory—Barbara St. Johns, Gregory Allphin."

Barbara acknowledged the introduction by a nod and a twisted smile. He'd knocked her off the diving board, gotten her hair soaked, lost her cap for her, and made her get a nose full of water. She turned, made a neat surface dive, swam to the bottom and searched for her cap. Ah, there it was—full of muddy water. She rose above the surface, put her cap on, and swam the two hundred yards to the float. Barbara swam well, and she knew it. She knew the people on shore were watching her, so she swam more rhythmically, more beautifully than ever. Reaching the float she climbed up, removed her cap and lay down. "Gosh, I'm sleepy," thought the girl. "In at 4:30 this morning, up at 5:30 and in the car by six. Anyhow, I drove the 304 miles in eight hours, with an hour and a quarter out for lunch. Oh, boy, wait until Dad hears that. Won't he—"

"I beg your pardon, Barbara, but may I join you?" Barbara sat up with a start.

"Yes," she said shortly and lay down again —her face hidden in her arms.

"I'm sorry for what happened a few minues ago. Sis gave me a shove at the top of the hill, I got running and couldn't stop. I

really am awfully sorry. Will you accept my apologies, Barbara? And may I call you Barbara? You see our families have known each other for ages and I've always heard of and spoken of you as Barbara, not Miss St. Johns.

Barbara raised her head from her arms and glanced at Gregory Allphin. He wasn't so bad, but he was by no means as handsome as Billy, nor Phil, nor—

"Let's swim over to the boathouse, get the canoe and go for a ride. Like to?"

Barbara looked at the man, a slight frown wrinkling her brow. Oh, well, she might as well go canoeing with him. "Remember, my dear," she told herself, "he's the only man up here." Then answering Greg with a nod and a smile, she stood up and dove off the float. The man followed her and they started for the boat house.

Two hours later when Barbara was in her room dressing her mother came in.

"Well, how do you like him?"

"He's all right. Quite interesting and a bit different. We're going to the movies tonight and somewhere to dance later."

"Oh, I see," was her mother's reply.

The next four weeks were for Barbara the happiest she had ever spent, riding, driving, swimming, dancing—something to do all the time and with Greg. He was really a dear. When her father came, to spend the last two weeks with them, he seemed not at all surprised at the way things had developed. The only thing he had to say about it all was, "I told you, Babs, not to cross your bridges before you came to them."

A week before Barbara went home she overheard a conversation which made her very unhappy. She was in her room, and Greg's mother, whom Babs had always called Aunt Jean, and his Aunt Bess were outside her door.

"I am very glad that Greg is so attracted to Barbara," the girl heard Aunt Bess say. "She seems like a sweet girl, and so very different from Sybil Anderson. By the way, how are Greg and Sybil making out?"

"All right. Before he came up here they were together most of the time. He hasn't written to her, but you know Greg and letter writing just don't agree anyhow. Sybil is all right, but not at all the kind of a girl I want my son to marry. I suppose, however, that as soon as we get back home, it will be all Sybil and no Barbara. I hope—"

Barbara heard no more—she climbed out of the window, ran down the hill and dove into the cool, refreshing water. Furiously she swam out to the float, climbed up, threw herself face down and wept.

"I don't know why I'm crying," she told herself, "I certainly have no reason to be. I'm not in love with him or he with me. I shouldn't —"

"Barbara, why didn't you wait for me?"

Barbara instead of answering Greg's question dove off the other end of the float. Greg made a surface dive under it, found her legs and pulled her under. When they came at last to the surface, Barbara's face was not smiling and happy as Greg was accustomed to seeing it. He thought that perhaps in ducking her he had offended her.

"S'matter, Babs? Nose full?"

"No, Greg. But if you don't mind, I think I shall go in and dress."

"But how 'bout our canoe ride? Come on, old girl. Let's go. Race you to the boat house."

Barbara had such an enjoyable time that afternoon and evening that never a thought of Sybil Anderson came into her head until the next morning in bed. Her thoughts seemed to go round in circles—she got nowhere. "I suppose that, even though we live only six miles apart, I'll never see him after this week is over. Well, why should I? He has his own friends, I have mine. So that is that. I'll have a good time now and forget him when I get home." And this was just what Barbara proceeded to do.

The rest of the week was perfect. On Sunday she and Greg drove home in his car and the day and evening were perfect. When he left her late that night, he whispered, his lips

in her hair, "I'll phone you very soon, dearest child." Barbara winced as he used his pet name for her, but she smiled up at him and said nothing.

Five days passed and Barbara was rushed to death. Everyone knew just when she was to return and no time was lost. On Friday night, just as she was ready to leave the house, the phone rang. Barbara answered—It was Greg—

"Barbara, dear, may I come up to spend the day tomorrow, and we can go somewhere in the evening?"

"I am sorry, Greg, but you're sort of late. I've a date tomorrow night and also in the afternoon."

"Aw, can't you break them?"

"No, Greg, not even for you. I don't make a practice of such things. I'm sorry. Good night."

"For Pete's sake, Barbara, why so darned high hat?"

The girl was furious. "I suppose just 'cause there were no other men up at the lake he thinks he's the only one on earth—thinks he can phone at any time and I'll be sitting here waiting for him. Well, he can go to hell."

"I'm not high hat, Greg, simply in a hurry. I'm being waited for now. Good night," and she banged the phone down. "The big snob—conceit!" she said to herself.

The next morning Mrs. St. Johns called her daughter at 8:45.

"Barbara, dear, you have a caller."

The girl turned over, glanced at her clock and said, "Tell it to go hang."

"Please get up, Babs. It is Greg. You really treated him shamefully last night."

"Oh, all right."

Three quarters of an hour later, Babs descended the stairs, looking very charming in her blue sport dress.

"Good morning, Barbara."

"'Lo, Greg. How are you this fine morning. And why in the world are you up so early?" questioned the girl, smothering a yawn.

"To see you. Let's go ride. I want to talk."

As soon as they were in the car, Greg turned to her, "Why were you so cruel, Barbara, why? I felt like two cents asking for change. You can be so mean when you care to be. I wanted so much to spend today with you."

"And, Mr. Allphin, I suppose all of your desires must be satisfied. I am to sit and wait for you—while you are chasing around the country with other women. No, I thank you. I prefer to spend some of my time chasing about too. What was the trouble today—Sybil out with some other man? Too bad—I'm sorry I couldn't be a stop gap, second fiddle, or what have you."

"Oh, my God! What do you know about Sybil? Oh, Lord!"

"I'm not as dumb as I look. I know I couldn't be—but here's the point. I like to have a good time and so do you. I have my friends and you have yours. So, I'll stick to my Phil-ips, Dans, etc., and you stick to your Sybils, Peggys, et cetera. How does that suit you?"

"But, Barbara, I thought you cared for me. You said you did. Oh precious child, why must everything stop because we are home instead of at the lake. I care for you and you for me, so Babs Darlin', let's go on as we were, yes?"

His smile was irresistible—

"All right, Greg, we can try."

"How many weeks ahead do I have to ask for a date? Can I have every night next week?"

"No, Greg. Every night next week is taken except Thursday—you may have that."

"O. K. And when do I rate another?"

"Well, let's see—I'm free the next Tuesday."

"No, you're not—not now. When do you leave for college?"

"In a couple of weeks."

"All right—I get the last four nights."

"No, you don't. You may have the last two, however."

"How's that? Everyone else gone back to college?"

"Yes," laughed Barbara.

"Gee, Im glad I graduated three years ago." Barbara's last two weeks at home were perfect.

She was extremely busy, but also extremely happy. Greg saw her off at the train and left her with the promise to write that night if she would.

She did, but—a week passed and no letter from Greg. At the end of the second week she received a short note from him which she did not answer for three weeks. She got just one more letter from him before Christmas. But after the first bitter pangs were over, Barbara hardly thought of Greg. She was having too good a time at house parties, proms, football games, etc. And then too, there was Johnny.

Christmas vacation was upon her before she knew it. As she walked up into the station behind her porter, looking for her father, she heard her name spoken. She turned sharply, and bumped into Gregory Allphin. Before she had time to know what was happening he had told her porter where to go and was leading her to the 42nd Street entrance.

"Got a kiss for me, honey child?"

"What! Here? Right in Grand Central?"

"Of course, where'd you think?"

"I haven't been able to think yet. You surprised me so. But after thinking—no kiss for you. You don't deserve one."

"I know it. But you wait—I'll get one by hook or crook," and he did—not one but several.

Vacation was gone before Barbara knew it. She lay in her berth on her way back to college and thought it over. "So wonderful! It had been perfect and Greg had been so funny —so very jealous of all her friends. I'm glad he is jealous," she told herself. It may do some good. Anyhow, he knows now that he's not the only man alive. But I'm jealous too—that's the trouble. That Sybil woman! I wish they wouldn't grant her divorce. I wish she'd leave Greg alone, anyhow. And he is so crazy about her. He thinks he cares for me and he cares for her too —. Oh, well, Johnny loves me, anyhow."

In the middle of the winter Barbara went home for several days, and as before Greg met her train. He had been writing quite regularly now and seemed different—in a way.

On the night that she left for college, Greg told her he cared a great deal for her.

"But, Greg, what of Sybil?"

"Oh, God, Babs, Honey, I don't know. When I'm with you I love you—when I'm with her I love her. But when I'm away from you both it is you who are more often in my mind. Sweetheart, you do love me don't you?"

"I don't know. Sometimes perhaps I will and when I find out, I'll tell you."

Easter came and went. Barbara was both happy and unhappy. Whenever Greg was not with her, he was with Sybil. This she knew. The result was that she made fewer dates with other people, just to keep Greg with her.

In the middle of May, Mr. and Mrs. St. Johns drove up to see Barbara and brought Greg with them. Barbara was thrilled, happy. Friday night was perfect, Saturday more so—Sunday night, after the others had retired—they were visiting friends—Greg and Barbara sat before the fire, listening to the rain beat against the panes.

"Barbara, you are the most adorable thing I know. I love you, precious child—I do love you."

Barbara's heart leapt up—I love him too but I won't tell him. No, he has got to be sure it's I and not Sybil Anderson.

"Sweetheart, you do love me—you've got to. I adore you. Tell me you care."

Rather than answer him in words she kissed him. He asked her again and again but she would say nothing.

After Greg had gone the next day, the girl was very unhappy. Should she have told him —she did love him—she worshipped him and had for several months but her pride would not let her tell him as long as she thought he cared at all for some one else.

In June Barbara went home and saw more of Gregg than ever. July came and with it the time to go up to the lake. The night before

they left, Greg took Barabara to one of the biggest club dances of the year. As usual she was one of the popular girls on the floor. Instead of this pleasing Greg it made him mad. On the way home he was grumpy and silent. Barbara, on the other hand, was talkative and happy.

"Oh, Greg, it was marvelous. I had such a wonderful time. The music was divine and there were so many good dancers."

"Oh, hell!" Greg muttered.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." He paused then went on, "See here, Babs, I suppose you think I had a wonderful time. I couldn't dance two steps with you before some damn stag would cut in. I hate those cussed things."

"What, Greg,—the dances or the stags?"

"Both. And if you must know, I hate to see you dancing with every Tom, Dick and Harry. And what's more —"

"Oh, be quiet. You are acting like a perfect idiot. Next time I go to a dance, Gregory Allphin, it won't be with you. I turned down six invitations to be able to go with you and now all you do is growl at me. Take me home at once, and for heaven's sake be quiet or speak decently."

Greg looked at her in astonishment. He drove off to the side of the road and stopped the car.

"So this is the way you take me home. Come on, Greg. Can the nonsense and take me home. I'm tired."

"Tired—no, Babs, not you. Merely disgusted and I don't blame you. Darling, I'm sorry. It is just that I'm jealous, terribly jealous. When I see you dancing with some one else, smiling up at him, talking to him, and what's worse not saying anything at all, but just looking like you were in heaven, I feel like killing that person. Oh, precious girl, I love you so. I adore you, just you and no one else. At one time I thought I loved some one else—but I didn't. Barbara, will you marry me?" he ended simply.

The girl looked at him, gazing deeply into his blue eyes. She sighed ever so softly and whispered

"Yes, Greg."

Betty Heyer, '30.



1. Cinderella's Night Off

"Oh, my grandmother, where on earth is my other stocking? Sue, you'll have to put on a slip, you look like an illustrated lecture on "What the well-dressed woman won't wear. Jane, heavens, smear off some of that lipstick, you look like death warmed up. Ouch—don't screw that earring so tight, it will never come off." The doorbell again—everybody waits breathlessly wondering if "is that my orchid?" Horrors, it's only the druggist with another old bottle of cough medicine. More hurrying, shrieking, blowing of noses, and then—Beep-beep, the busses have arrived. Poor old Auburndale nearly split his sides when he saw us all decked out in evening clothes piling into a a bus. Slam—bang—beep—bump—whoa—Woodland Park. Such scrambling for the mirror, such frantic last minute powdering, then

"Hello Bill"—"Hello William," "Hello Bill," "Hello," "Hello."

"Say, Sally, who's that over there with the black eye?"

"Oh, she's one of the faculty. Don't laugh, she really did bump it on a chair. Let's go through the line. Biss Botter, bay I blease bressent Blister Sbith?"

Hurrah, dinner is served!

After a symphony of soup-swallowing, the orchestra boomed forth in perfect rhythm.

"Lend one your frame to gallop across the dance floor," and everybody whirled away. Dancing, eating, dancing, laughing, dancing—a crash of drums and now for a picture. More scrambling, a "smile at the birdie," and BANG! After the smoke cleared away the dead and dying were revived with more music and dancing. Twelve o'clock and Cinderella fled. Poor Dumb Dora, she can't understand yet why it took thirty minutes to come home when it took only ten to go, but these bus drivers! Ah me. After saying farewell a dozen times, the Romeos drove away on their iron horses and the Juliets with crushed flowers in one hand and scuffed shoes in the other, tripped upstairs to bed. "My dear, wasn't Perry darling, he didn't have floppy ears and his shoes were shined. I always did love a boy with curly teeth—I mean hair. Gee, I can't even talk straight." And so far "into the night."

Mary Moss, '30.

2. Where the White Begins

Every so often it becomes necessary for me to visit a sick friend in the hospital. Hospitals and prisons are closely related in my mind so, with the mingled feeling of Lady Bountiful visiting the prisoners and Florence Nightingale smiling sweetly upon the sick, I enter these dull, efficient-looking buildings.

Straightway, I am brazenly struck in the face with that hospital smell—a sickish, sweet, disgusting cross between ether and witchhazel. I approach the mathematical looking nurse in charge with a healthy stride (to be sure she won't mistake me for a prospective patient) and inquire for my friend. She turns a cold, haughty stare upon me, scrutinizing me from the tips of my sensible shoes (how glad I am they are sensible!) to my noticeably new spring hat. "Yes, I will gladly wait a moment," I say congenially, though I fear untruthfully. Why do these conventional "Pardon me's" and "surely's" so often make the truth? Of course, beside the stiff little chair is a table and on the table some little thumbed numbers of "Life" and "Judge," which had amused me some two years before. This, I suppose, is hospital atmosphere, planned as carefully as the comfortable, typically English room in a Galsworthian play. The "one moment" stretches into about fifteen—yet I stiffly sit there. Now and then I peek covertly around me expecting to see something interesting—perhaps some people being carried out on stretchers, discreetly covered with white sheets—one always sees at least a few dead people around in "movie" hospitals. However, all I usually see is an uninteresting wheel chair, patiently waiting there, I suppose, for some unsuspecting person to break a leg. Finally, the nurse returns and beckons to me. I begin to fear that my friend has died—so downcast is the poor woman's face. The only person who ever before beckoned to me like that was a teacher of my youth who, turning around unexpectedly, had found me gulping a gum drop. I don't like to be beckoned at, I always expect consequences. However, she merely informs me that I may go up. A somber person takes me upstairs in his horse-like elevator and indicates a room which bears the sign, "Occupied." I'm glad my room doesn't bear the sign "Occupied"—it's so much nicer to sing at the top of your lungs or to drop shoes—thus letting your friends know someone is within—presumably you. However, I beam, register cheerfulness, and enter.

I never quite know what to say to a sick person. Of course, there are many things one may say—for example—"How well you look" or "How poorly you look—you surely need to be in the hospital." If I say the former there is danger that she may think I think she shouldn't be there, but is only fooling the public. If I say the latter, I may throw her into the depths of despair. So I compromise and mumble something which I am sure she can't understand, for I don't. The next move, which I suppose is proper, is to thrust upon her, with much beaming and bowing, my little offering. There surely are advantages in being sick. With the prospect of volumes of French to peruse upon my return to school, I could think of nothing more pleasant just then, than to recline in bed garbed in a sumptuous negligee, smile sweetly—but piteously, mind you—

upon one's friends and receive books, flowers, and candy. I always have liked that expression, "books, flowers, and candy"—it sounds, well, like Christmas or what one's best beau is permitted to offer, according to Emily Post. The invalid thereupon proceeds to entertain me with a minute, detailed account of her operation. The dear girl even goes so far as to produce a specimen, contained in a little bottle made gay with much green ribbons. She talks of before the operation, during the operation, and after the operation. She talks of the many jovialities, facetious little remarks, and coy statements made by her doctors and nurse. Dutifully I smile—I may even go so far as to say I laugh—that is indeed a test of true friendship! Now and then some one groans around the corridor. By this time, I am so hardened that I assure myself it is probably a little local color. Soon a bell rings—ah—that sound familiar. Visitors must leave. I arise, put on my coat—she talks on—put on my gloves—she continues, I believe invalids welcome visitors at whom they may declaim about their operations. Finally, she stops for a moment, and I tactfully make my exit. She may still be talking—I don't know. I don't like hospitals.

Sylvia Goldenson, '30.

3. Imagine My Embarrassment

A bell—a head poking up from under the covers—a shriek!

"Hey, Pookin—the bell rang—get up! Shake a leg old thing, it's your turn to close the window. Say, Peanut, I'm talking to you." No answer from the other bed. Straining an ear I finally managed to catch a muffled gasp:

"Keep still—I'd like to get some sleep."

"You'd like to get some sleep would you? Well—just you wait a minute and you'll change your mind." Bounding into the next room I returned with a glass of cold water. Presto! Pookin immediately bounced up from under the blankets. "What in the sam hill—don't you know it's Sunday?"

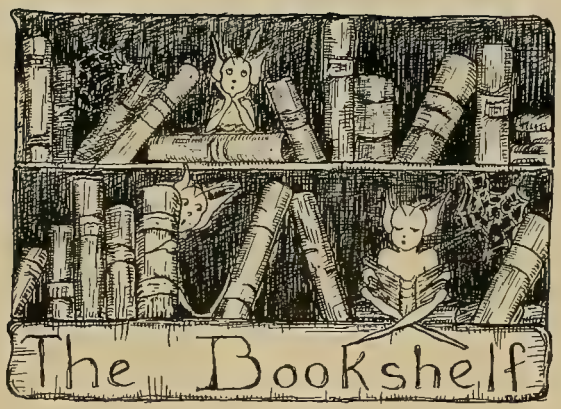
"Oooooh—Imagine my embarrassment.

Mary Moss, '30.

4. Hunger

Why is it that all boarding school girls have such a passion for food? Now when Gardner, Carpenter, Clark and Hawthorne girls have to run for their breakfasts, we can understand why they eat seconds on prunes. *Prunes* I say! But the general cry is "I'm hungry!" It's the first thing you hear in the morning, and some one is sure to gurgle it through a mouthful of toasterettes, just before the pealing forth of that famous 9.45 or 10.00 o'clock chime. Baths and food are the most popular elements at our beloved school. It's hard to get enough of both. Now don't take me wrong, dear readers—our school feeds us well but still some cheerful soul is always asking you for food. A box of food sent by a considerate mother is welcomed like the Armistice. In fact when such a box is discovered, you'll be surprised who'll offer to loan you a scissors to cut the string, or open the olives. Yes! its *very* amusing. Then everybody stands around and you ask everybody in for a feed, and everyone comes and everything's gone and everyone's happy. But some one else gets a package the next day which smells like food, and the little act is performed again, with a different setting—characters are usually the same in number and appearance—and so on—food—food—! ! I guess we have to bear it, but sometimes I wonder if people starve very easily. Many cold, dreary nights, I have said my "Now I lay me's," and have sweetly cooed goodnight, when my stomach is as empty as a summer cottage in January. Then I'm afraid to go to sleep 'cause I'm sure I'm starving. I tell my roomie and then she feels starved too—she goes out to ask the girl next door if she has just a cracker—a cracker?—Anything. The girl next door is so sorry but she's also famished. Finally the entire floor acts like a bunch of starving Armenians. Would that we had some Red Cross workers in Lasell! And so on—far into the night.

"Why Lasell girls gain weight," will be the topic for discussion next week. The writer has to bring this to a close as she's starved, and just has to get something to eat—anything—somewhere! *Helen Crego,* '30.



3. Books

Old books—tattered, torn.
Forgotten books—helpless, forlorn.
New books—unused, untorn.
Lasell books—covered, unworn.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

HANS FROST

"An Englishman who loves his England and understands his countrymen the better because he has spent so much of his time away from home. Hugh Walpole has become the chief exponent of the beauty of the traditional in English fiction." The theme that he has carried through in Hans Frost, has always attracted him, that is, the independence to preserve the integrity of the human spirit. This story tells us of the rebellion of a grand old man, seventy years old, of English letters, against a well earned fame, against security, luxury and the certainty of an esteemed old age—a rebellion which only his dog and his young niece, Nathalie, understood. Nathalie, a young girl of about eighteen who came to live with her relatives and learned the life of London through her uncle and learned love through a young, handsome Russian chap known as Vladimir. He was a philosopher, play-actor, idealist and an unfaithful lover. Nathalie learned how to dress smartly and rules of etiquette from her Aunt Ruth. Ruth was a bit of a goddess, very tall and beautiful. She was very benevolent because she realized that her place in society was brought through her husband's name, Hans Frost, and not through her own wealth. Another interesting character that didn't teach Nathalie anything because she didn't give her a chance to, was Mrs. Marriott who was Ruth's mother. Mrs. Marriott was an old, old woman, who felt that she was mistreated around this huge household except by her daughter.

Hans Frost is an exquisitely wrought novel built through characterization and analysis. It is true that it is one of Mr. Walpole's lightest novels, but it is without doubt a fascinating story.

S. G., '30.

WINDLESTRAWS
(Phyllis Bottome)

When one labels a book as typically English, typically American, or typically anything else one should explain the labelling. Phyllis Bottome has written a typically English novel in a very clever manner indeed, and it is not hard to define its English characteristics. The scenes of action are London and the English country-side. The people are from the middle and upper classes. They are reserved, faithful to their codes, and, above all else, sophisticated.

Jean Arbuthnot, because of her desire to make her own way, is set down in a maelstrom of events at the country estate of Sir Reginald Falconer. An unusual triangle composed of Beatrice Falconer, a beautiful but coldly cruel aristocrat; Sir Reginald Falconer, her guileless and kindly husband; and Ian Ramsay, a handsome, thoughtful soldier of fortune form a unique world of their own making. Politics and social life are wildly intermingled, yet never does the story become riotous.

Somehow the characters do not seem to grow as they should. One likes Ian even though he falters between his devotion to Jean and his great love for Beatrice, but one does not admire him. One distrusts Reggie's inability to dominate his own household, and one can feel no love for the aloof Beatrice. Only Jean, with her quiet, sensitive outlook on life, inspires real interest and affection.

The book is very well written and never seems to grow dull, although the action is not swift. As a contemporary novel Windlestraws is worthy of attention.

D. C., '30.



AFTER THE PROM

(To be sung to the tune of "After the Ball")

After the Prom is over,
After the dancing's done,
Is it goodbye forever
Or is he the only one?
Now Seniors, do be truthful
The question don't evade,
Was the blind date merely useful
Or did he your heart invade?

After the Prom is over,
After the dancing's done,
Are the bouquets fondly cherished
Or are they just thrown away?
Now Seniors do be truthful
'Bout Harry, Dick and Tom,
Isn't life ten times more zestful
After the Prom.

The Stroke of Eight-fifteen

The stroke of eight—then quarter past,
The mob goes forth for mail,
The struggle's on—Gee! Whatta mob!
A scream—a cry—a wail.

"Mine's 74, I can hardly wait,"
"He ought to write today,"
"Oh, gosh, he's sick—he's pledged to Phi Del,"
"Mother comes home today!"

"The Ba dance is off—Bill just can't come,"
"What no date for Prom?"
"Wait'll you hear what Charlie wrote!"
"Guess what's happened to Tom?"

"He makes me sick—it sounds like him—"
"Again! no check from Dad!"
"I swear I'll send a wire collect."
"Oh gee, that makes me mad."

"You'll never guess what Roger wants."
"Your elbow's in my eye."—
"A date if you please—and Saturday—"
"My dear I thought I'd die."

And finally through that angry mob
You come to your own fate.
Your roomie's taken all the mail
You're just a little late.

Off once again—push through that mob
And when you find her—gee!
"It's great you got your letters, but
"Are you sure there's none for me?"

Helen Crego, '30.

A LITTLE BOY, A LITTLE GIRL

A little boy, a little girl,
A swing from the huge oak tree.
A teasing boy, an angry girl,
Just as you used to be.

An older boy, an older girl,
School and its ABC;
A note from a boy, a smile from a girl
Just as you've known it to be.

Still an older boy, and an older girl,
School with its proms and its glee;
A handsome boy, a wonderful girl,
Could you any happier be?

The same little boy, the same little girl,
Not in school, shades the same old tree;
A loving boy, an adoring girl;
It's love—what else could it be?

Dorothy Inett, '30.

Ideals of the highest nature
Honor of the truest kind
A passion of fiery virtue
An understanding mind.

A depth of feeling for others
A heart of purest gold
A creed of love for the Master
A thing of beauty—her soul.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

CLEANNESS OF SOUL

Cleanness of soul
Is found where
Man
Can know of man
And be
Unashamed.

Edith Fulton, '30.

EDITORIALS

SENIOR NUMBER

All over the country, June is the month "designated and consecrated" to graduating classes, but for very obvious reasons, it seemed more appropriate that at Lasell the school magazine should choose March as the month to make over to the Seniors for their literary contributions and special number. We are very happy then to convey through the LEAVES our cordial greetings and best wishes to the class of 1930. Revising the Chinese idiom a bit we say with all our hearts, "May you all graduate!"

This year the seniors are ushering in March with their "Prom," and since the play follows so soon after, we would wish for the year to come when this could be made a regular part of the "Prom" activities by being given the night before, or twisting it about, having "Prom" on Friday night and the play Saturday night, ending with a specially fine vespers for Sunday. We realize that all this sounds like castles in the air for "the pink slip" office would wonder what was going to happen Saturday. We'd vote for skating or Auburndale movies so as to make it worth while for the gallant young men who come such long distances. However, we're not concerned with the way in which it will be worked out, we'll leave that to the future. We're simply putting in a plea for a combination of our activities so as to dissipate less school time in the end as well as to add to our own joy at being able to show off our histrionic talent to the other sex as well as our dancing grace. Who knows, perhaps in the not too distant future this dream of every Lasell senior will come true.

Only a few members of the class have been privileged to witness the old tradition of table-taking. Some about the school breathe a sigh of relief that those customs have passed into the lost limbo of forgotten events. However, we do feel that it would be nice to make a more ceremonious occasion of "Senior Tables". This always seems to mark the beginning of the end of our active Lasell days. "Caps and Gowns" may prove to be the most thrilling event, but now to sit together, quite on our own, and during these few weeks to get better acquainted with the girls not living in our own particular senior house is certainly a memorable incident in this glorious year of senior-hood. Perhaps some tradition will be started this year, for, as we go to press before the time, we cannot now tell what is going to happen about it.

These are, after all, mere trivial details of our Lasell life. At this time they are very important and we do not in any way wish to minimize their value. As this senior year is drawing to a close we want to reflect a bit on the fact of whether or not it has been of significance to us mentally. Most of us would answer in the affirmative. Some of us have for the first time had to face new ideas in the realm of religion, society and our own individual selves. We know that we have just begun and that there is a lifetime before us. Are we discouraged? By no means. At this stage of the game we are very confident that we can solve our problems, that we are of importance to the universe around us, and that it is up to us to find out if life has any purpose or not. The one thing we are apt to overlook is that we lack wisdom.

What is wisdom? Probably no definition will be satisfactory to everyone but one that is often accepted is that knowledge plus understanding together make wisdom. To begin with this is staggering as we have always felt that if we had plenty of information and yes, even if that information attained the name of real knowledge, that that was enough. But alas! how insufficient has been our understand-

ing of real wisdom. What a goal to work for! And in our struggle towards its attainment may we never lose the zest of life but with Masefield be able to say:

"So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, *wisdom and passion,*
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
"Give me but these and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.'"

RACE PREJUDICE

There has been no greater barrier to mutual understanding among and within the nations than race prejudice. At various times throughout the ages, having been fanned to volcanic proportions, it has brought great havoc in its wake. Race prejudice is not the result of clear thinking, but it is caused by narrow-mindedness and lack of foresight.

Three famous people of three different colors gave their views on race prejudice recently at Ford Hall in Boston. Charlotte Perkins Gilman represented the Nordic race, Mr. Yong Park spoke for the Oriental race, and William Pickens contested for the Negro race. Although they each had points in their favor, Mr. Pickens probably was the most effective in his presentation of arguments.

Race prejudice is not an inherited instinct but a rather easily developed characteristic. It is the result of a feeling of superiority towards a so called inferior race. A more tactful handling of the Oriental peoples would allay a great deal of misunderstanding. At the present time all the yellow inhabitants of the earth are excluded from the United States. If tests were given so that only desirable Orientals might enter, animosity might be avoided and the few that did enter would only be "as a cupful of salt in the ocean." These are only a few of the ideas suggested by the two men.

"America must be saved for Americans," insists Charlotte Perkins Gilman. But with one accord both the speakers and the audience demanded to know just who the original Americans really were and if one group had any more right here than another.

The best solution offered for a lessening of race prejudice is education. And even a meager amount of education as the experince of listening to such a discussion gives one a greater respect and understanding for those of different colors than himself.

THE COMPETENT ANGLER

Modern youth is known for its frankness, yet no belle of the 1890's ever used more tact and diplomacy than the buoyant miss of 1930. Every gesture towards her steady conquest of man is a work of art.

Youth demands a great deal at the present time. It hungers for the limelight and worships advantageous publicity. Girldom seeks new fields of conquest even more eagerly than do men because of new found freedom. She desires to lead in as many fields as possible, but she desires most of all to lead in the acquisition of male attendants and their respective hearts. She goes about her adventures very subtly.

When an unsuspecting male calls upon a girl of his acquaintance he little realizes that he may be talked into anything from a date for the "movies" to a marriage proposal. In an off-hand manner a certain formal dance may be mentioned. The girl of the moment remarks upon her adoration of good looking men in tuxedoes and probably of a friend who is going. The gallant gentleman at her side cannot thing of allowing her to be left out of such pleasure, and, incidentally, his vanity is touched by her mention of men in evening clothes. Whereupon an invitation for the formal is given—and accepted most graciously and innocently. Upon another occasion "a tactful young thing" may express her love for the outdoors and thrilling sports (all this during the football season.) Her total lack of knowledge of the game is, of course, not mentioned. The youth to which she suggests the thought at once mentally figures the means at his command; he usually decides that the pleasure of showing her vivacious beauty off and his desire to familiarize her with his alma mater are worth the price—another invitation is extended. Needless to say that the bid is accepted.

This art is not the special gift of any one age or class. All women seem blessed with guileless diplomacy. One cannot help but wonder if a great share of it is not an inherited instinct, and, too, if the opposite sex do not rather enjoy the clever angling they cannot help but understand upon occasion.

The young girl of today achieves her ends, irregardless of what they may be, by competent angling. She uses the wiles of a Cleopatra, the wisdom of a Minerva, and almost equals Venus in her development of latent beauty. And added to these she possesses a verve and charm that few men could wish to resist, even though they might recognize any and all of her motives.

VAGABOND

What is that intangible something that invades one's spirit and fills one with the unlimited desire to soar through endless spaces to some spot where there are new ecstacies to satisfy one's fancy? It is sometimes known as the wander-lust, and it attaches itself to us today even as it did to the early explorers of years ago.

There are but few of us who can realize what it is in the cold and icy regions of the North Pole which repeatedly attracts such noted men as Commander Byrd and his stout crew. Some of us respond with a shiver to the stories of privations from cold and hunger which they endured. But to them the thrill and the joy of answering the summons of the great white North rewards them for their sufferings.

To others of us, the "Call of the West" is a very real, though indefinable thing. The Rockies, awe-inspiring in their majestic grandeur!—some with bare rocks and craggy peaks, others heavily wooded with birch and pine! There is an elusive charm about this mystic West which refuses to release us even though we have long since parted with the actual realities of it all.

The tropics, with their torrid days and wildness must claim a peculiar fascination which brings so many to roam in its dense jungles, in spite of care and danger.

Perhaps we wonder why this roving spirit causes so many to seek the strangeness of foreign land in preference to the comforts of their own familiar bounds. Some might accredit it to boredom, or dissatisfaction with present surroundings, and the corresponding desire to find a new and more thrilling field for experience. Seldom is this discontent of a permanent nature, but rather of temporary duration—until that curious thirst for a change of atmosphere or a view of some phases of life other than our own, is satisfied and we are willing and eager to return once again to our own native corner. Indeed it seems that the greatest joy in wandering abroad is a resulting sense of greater appreciation and love for our home surroundings. No greater expression of this thought can be found that these few lines from Scott:

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!"



The real Under is at home convalescing so we shall ask our readers to be patient with her substitute. Never before did we realize Under's responsibilities and right here we are able to sneak in a word of praise to the real Under for the efficiency and interest of the Lasell Leaves this year. We hope that before the next copy goes to press she will be back with us. We all promise to help very much more with her heavy burden so that she won't have to retire again.

This is Senior number in case any one has not noticed it. Doris Hatch, our indefatigable art editor, has made the cover which we are sure you must all like. Doris has been very

busy this year with her brush and has added several of our column headings. She also writes poetry, thus, "to him that hath" and you know the rest.

We have tried to give special prominence to both Prom and Senior Play in the Locals items and trust you will agree with what we have said regarding both.

The '30 story writers are represented by Helen Crego, Janice Whittaker and Dorothy Inett. We had hoped for one from Mary Moss but being president of a class and starring in a play excuse her this time, although she has contributed an item in Scattering LEAVES and a lovely imaginative poem on Spring, not like the usual kind. Helen has given us a serial which she has ended in the right place for a continued story but the wrong for our curiosity. "They call it Fate" is tragic but true and we feel that the tragedy is all too often repeated in our present day life. We like Jean in "A Trick of Life" and are heart broken with her, but are so glad that she stood up to her Fate.

The 1930 poets are also well represented this month and all in all we hope that everyone will approve of our Senior number which might have been fuller had the Seniors not been quite as rushed at this time. However, the LEAVES Staff through Under takes great pleasure in wishing the class of 1930 great success.



February 7: Dr. and Mrs. Winslow "At Home". Due to an oversight for which we are extremely sorry we failed to record the very delightful afternoon reception on Friday to the present faculty as well as those who live hereabouts and are no longer members of our school family. As always the flowers were especially beautiful and the center table decoration in the dining room was nothing short of a work of art, the sort of thing one sees getting prizes at flower shows. If anyone should want a lesson in not only a colour but a flower combination we urge Mrs. Winslow as a teacher. This is also an opportunity to greet the local ministers and their wives as well as Dr. and Mrs. Drew, our old friends and neighbours, and of course the male dependent of the faculty. We trust they will only be flattered by this reference. We so seldom see them that we are glad of this annual opportunity. As far as we could make out everyone was having such a good time that no one wanted to leave so that the hour was quite late when we realized that we should be off.

We are always so grateful that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow are so "homey" and informal for we look forward to their home as a friendly meeting place. This may be said of both teacher and student, for the latter have also been enjoying their hospitality in small groups on Friday nights.

February 16: Our vespers this afternoon were held at the New Jerusalem Church in Newtonville. First we enjoyed a musical program given by Mr. Anton Kovar, violinist, Miss Ruth Master, cellist, and Mr. Lawrence Capon, organist. After this we had the great pleasure of listening to Dr. Edwin Markham. He gave a very interesting address on "Swenborg on the Life after Death."

February 17: Tonight the girls returned from their trip to the White Mountains. Those of us who went last year know that they had a wonderful time but we are sorry that "Daddy" Bassett couldn't be with them this year.

February 21: Christian Endeavor was led by Katherine Fitch who read poems on "Smiles". Clare Hightower played the violin and Karin Eliason gave a very nice piano selection.

February 22: To snow or not to snow, to freeze or not, that was the question. Ever-capricious New England weather decided to celebrate the birthday of "the father of his country" by giving us a beautiful spring-like day. However, the indefatigable Physical Education Department with Miss Badger leading were undaunted and everyone who "followed the hounds" on Saturday afternoon forgot that it was supposed to have snowed or at least frozen so there might have been skating. After a scrumptious holiday feast the whole school attended the Carnival Ball in the Assembly Hall, the old gym of by-gone days. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow led the grand march and finally everyone made obeisance to the Carnival queen, Priscilla Barber, who both looked and acted the part well. Her attendants were Jeannette Gessner, Ruth Tilley and Betty Richards. Never was the "gym" so beautifully decorated, looking like the woods are supposed to look in-doors. With the richness of the new red velvet stage curtains we were indeed transported to fairy realms. Every kind of costume was to be seen, first prize going to Dorothy Kaull, second to Sarah Fletchall, third to Esther Brodeur. As the "Tunaville News" would say, a very gay and happy time was had by all and we are glad that the honoured birthday came the same day as the Winter Carnival.

February 23: "Caney Creek" at Vespers. Each year we look forward to the visit of the "Caney Creek" children and this year we were glad to have them take charge of one of our Vesper services. We are always astonished at the poise and dignity that these children display as they tell about their work when most of us find it difficult to get through a 5-minute talk on Friday nights at the Christian Endeavour meetings. It is perhaps because they live amid the mountains from whence their help comes. We are very much inclined to believe it so as we meet and greet them each year. It is refreshing and a joy to see them in the dignity of their simplicity and we are proud to welcome this original, pure and unmixed white American stock to our hustling, bustling metropolitan life. It may interest the school to know that Mrs. Anna Andrews Barris, '02, has been living amongst these people and has written some of the school family most interesting letters regarding them. "These people," she writes, "will never accept anything they don't earn." And that explains a great deal in the disposition of the Caney Creek group as we see them each year. We wish them great success.

February 26: The Pillsbury lecture. An unusual and unique treat was afforded the Lasell student body tonight as we had the honour and privilege of seeing the miracles Dr. Pillsbury has achieved with flowers from their embryo stage to the full blossom. What we saw in a few seconds took him weeks to perfect and develop, and long shall we remember the beauty of those opening flowers. The lecturer told us that he had tried to present the natural movement of flowers, not what we can see with the naked eye but that which can only be

detected through the microscope. Once more we stood in awe of the wonder and miracle of life for we realized what an infinitesimal amount of it was revealed to us. We are glad indeed that the University of California has had the vision to give this scientist a chance to continue his experimental work. Dr. Pillsbury said that he was the first to make X-ray moving pictures. What limitless possibilities in this field! The school appreciates the courtesy of the Auburndale Woman's Club in cooperating with it to have given its students the remarkable opportunity of seeing these pictures and hearing Dr. Pillsbury tell of his work at the Levi Warren Junior High School auditorium this evening.

February 28: Helen Roberts, president of the student council led Christian Endeavor. She gave an interesting talk on "God's Promises."

March 1: Prom.



Prom! How the very word had created at first an envious feeling, when we were Juniors and ardently waited on our Senior Sisters that glorious evening of evenings. Longingly we had watched them, and had been comforted only by the realization that a year from then it would be *our* Prom. And that anticipation became vivid with enthusiasm after this Christmas vacation when the Prom committee, Dorothy Inett, Ruth Doughty, Helen Roberts, Sylvia Morgan and Priscilla Barber as chairman began some real creative efforts towards making our Prom the success that it was. Then the question of general interest was aroused with a spontaneous speech "Who are you taking to the Prom? I don't know a soul whom I could take, could you get me a blind?" (the latter half hopefully, half skeptically asked).

All the uncertainties and difficulties were righted and regulated when at 5:30, so that some of our escorts would not see us, we left in buses for the Woodland Golf Club where the Prom was held. Screams of laughter arose from us as we neared the Golf Club and saw much to our embarrassment that several of the men had arrived a half an hour early so that they had the rare opportunity of seeing girls beautifully gowned alighting from buses.

There was dancing between the courses at dinner and the music was excellent—that of the Techtonians. Much to the disgust of many dance-lovers a few minutes were taken for the posing of a picture after which the dancing was resumed and by the genial atmosphere and happy appearance of all, our anticipation of Prom had been quite mild in comparison to the reality.

March 2: For vespers we went to the Second Church in West Newton and heard Miss Margaret Slattery speak on the "Younger Generation." We all were intensely interested in hearing her speak on this subject.

March 3: Rev. Mr. Franklin from the Baptist Church in West Newton talked to us on "Prayer." We liked him very much and do hope he will come again and speak to us.

March 4 and 5: Senior Play. Perhaps the most romantically tragic character in English History is Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and even though we know that her cousin, Elizabeth Tudor, unwillingly signed her death warrant, yet we can never quite forgive good "Queen Bess" for this seemingly cruel act. Their encounter at Haddon Hall and the romance of Dorothy Vernon and John Manners was popularized by Charles Major in a novel during the past century and in our own time the story has been both dramatized and filmed. We are grateful to the Senior class for bringing once again to our minds this charming love story in which the star rôles were taken so ably, Sarah Clark playing Dorothy Vernon to Jean Fosdick's John Manners. Sir Malcolm

Vernon, the third arm of Dorothy's triangle and the villain, so to speak, was well taken by Alyce Martin. Lady Vernon was acted with great grace and dignity by Dorothy Inett, a queen in action and carriage if not in name. The queens, Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor were characteristically presented by Harriet Kimberley and Betty-Jane Davis. And what of the jester? We shall long remember the difficult rôle of "Cap and Bells" as played by Mary Moss for not only did she carry the whole burden of lightening the play, but added to it was the physical deformity she had to portray and not once did she forget that she was a dwarf. Her back must be broken but we give her most hearty applause for her admirable performance, played with imagination.

In the modern theatre the same meticulous care is given to the minor rôles as well as the major, it being generally conceded that an ill-acted servant may ruin the entire piece and so the girls taking the so-called minor parts made their contribution well to the general success, the others in the cast being Beatrice Alderman, the cook of the Vernon household, Phyllis Jensen, Dorothy Vernon's personal maid, Eleanor McKenney, the butcher, Virginia Johnson, Sir George Vernon, Helen Morgan, the Earl of Rutland and father to John Manners, the various other gentlemen being Mary Ann Norton, Eleanor Raymond and Joyce Tucker.

Once again we applaud the entire cast for giving us a pleasant entertainment, Mrs. Stevens for her able production and Messrs. Ordway, Harper and their aids for their strenuous labour in making the whole evening a success. We are sure that the class of 1930 has reason to be proud of its performance of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" given at the Auburndale Club House on the nights of March 4 and 5 in the interests of the Senior Endowment Fund.

EXCHANGE

From the *Sullins Silhouette* we are especially interested in the unique feature—*the* silhouettes which lend much personality to the magazine. The biographies of each are most interesting, even to an "outsider." Of course Miss Pepys' Diary still holds our interest.

We congratulate *The Brambler* on its fine magazine. Its stories, poems, and editorials are commendable, but to "The Book Shelf" we give first honors. It is excellent and is well worth one's attention.

Diaries seem to be quite popular and the one found in *The Hamiltonian* is not the usual fictitious kind but is cleverly used as a means of keeping one acquainted with the "goings on" at Hamilton College. The poem "Dawn" by Louise Ware pleased us so much that we are printing it for more to enjoy.

DAWN

Again the sun's loss to the moon
Is night, and daytime ends too soon:
Then curtains fall of silvr'y gray
Until each bit of light fades 'way.

The sun not happy in defeat,
Again decides her foe to meet;
So back she wins her former right
And on the world sheds golden light.
Yet man and sun are both to flight

Against the darkness and the night,
So if at times your life seems drear,
Be mindful, dawn's light will appear.

The *Abbot Courant* is a most interesting magazine with its wide variety of material. A play is generally to be found between its pages. This form of writing is seldom seen in the college magazines and we wonder why, for the plays in the *Courant* are every bit as enjoyable as the other types of contribution. The sketches found in the *Courant* are commended for lending originality as well as relieving the usual "all printed" material that composes so many literary magazines. The January 1930 number of this magazine is particularly fine.

RECOMPENSE

Deep fog,
Crouching over the city,
Covers us in a blanket
Of gray oblivion.

Rainy days
Ever recurring
Steep us in a mist
Of dreariness.

But the rising sun,
Glorifying the mountains,
Lifts up our souls
In radiant hope.

And a glowing sunset
Permeating the world,
Calms our breasts with a promise
Of everlasting peace.

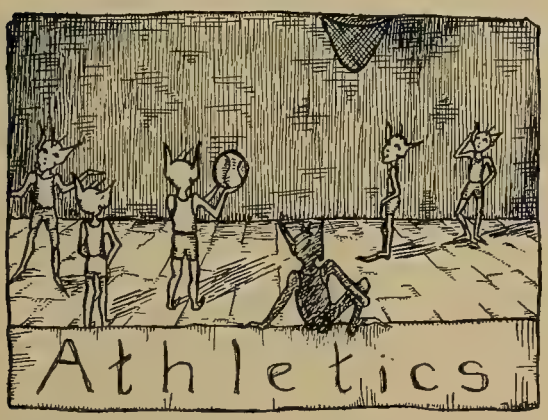
Margaret Caldwell.
From The Sullins Silhouette.

The optimistic feeling in the blank verse of this poem is quite refreshing after hard, cold cynicism that scents so much of today's poetry.

We wish to extend our appreciation to our many other exchanges and are sorry that lack of space prevents us from commenting.

"The Chand Bagh Chronicle," "Ward-Belmont Hyphen," "The Mount Holyoke" "Boston University News," and "Dalhousie Gazette."

J. W., '30.



The White Mountain Trip! Oh, what memories, what jolly, genuine fun! A group of fifty-eight girls left Friday, the fourteenth of February for Intervale, New Hampshire, the playground for our winter sports with Miss Eastman and Miss Wright. From all reports the week end was full of hilarious sport and *real* merrymaking. The girls chose Harriet Cole for their Queen and we all know she made a most precious one. The girls' appetites were as huge as ever and such fun at the Bacon Bat in the woods. The sleigh rides were heavenly and rather ideal weather for tobogganing, skiing and snowshoeing was enjoyed to its greatest extent. The temperature was terrifically cold; however, things were managed nicely. One great misfortune was that our very dear Daddy Bassett was unable to be in Intervale. I believe those of us who have had the great pleasure of knowing Mr. Bassett can fully realize what his absence must have meant.

The "out of doors" part of our Winter Carnival was rather disappointing because of not any snow, however the Blues and Whites enjoyed the thrill of a hare and hound chase, which was hectic to say the least. The Blues were announced the winners, quite unanimously. It was exciting and thoroughly enjoyed by all those who participated.

The dinner was most attractive and with everyone in costume made the dining room a round of fun and color. The Ball after dinner began at 7:45 and every one gathered about the stage waiting, breathless, to know who the Queen might be. The Chapel, we found an amazing change and were surrounded on all sides by a true winter atmosphere. The decorating was beautifully done and as we gazed upward we saw hundreds of brightly colored balloons bobbing about in the air. Our Queen was Priscilla Barber and she was certainly a beautiful one, being presented in a very lovely manner. She, being a modern Queen, came down on the floor and danced in our merry throng. The Dance Club presented some very attractive dances which we know had taken them hours of hard practice and I'm sure they were more than appreciated. Refreshments were served and later a snowball fight ended the activities. The evening was a most pleasant one and we are wholly indebted to Miss Badger for her genuine interest in making the dance an "honest to goodness party."

Basketball is progressing and the teams are well organized. There have been inter-class games and also competition between the Blues and the Whites. The game of March 6 between the Seniors and the Sophs and Specials, the Seniors being the winners.

Swimming teams are also progressing and the same as usual holds true if any girl wishes to make the teams she will be welcomed to join.

Spring will soon be here and so everyone look forward and get ready to make Crew. It is the greatest thrill at school to be able to paddle down the Charles on a warm spring afternoon with the highest hopes in your heart of making Crew for River Day.



Miss Martha Ransom, 1877-1881, sends back the good news from Pasadena that she has had a happy meeting with Dr. Bragdon and his family. Her charming comments on the birds and flowers awaken in us a longing to fly away and rest a bit in that land of sunshine and in the good company of our Principal Emeritus and his family.

Ruth Arend Girdler's, 1909-1910, call is one of the bright spots among the latest happenings here. She came alone and we were thankful for that much, but the photographs she showed of her husband and three charming boys has made us eager to know personally the whole family. Her oldest son now fourteen years of age is at Tabor Academy in Marion, Massachusetts. It is an unusual training these boys receive in seamanship and kindred subjects. Have their own two masted schooner 76 feet long for practical purposes and in summer under the command of competent officers, the older boys sail away for a three weeks' cruise, going as far south as South America. The President of the United Fruit Company is one of the trustees of the school and offers these boys this unusual opportunity for travel.

Evelyn Ladd's, '28, last letter to us was without doubt the happiest communication ever received from her, the reason being that in a delightfully informal way she announces her engagement to Mr. William Rublee. Already these home makers to be, are planning for their new house to be built near Evelyn's home. "Laddie" hears from Josephine Laughton, '28, often and reports "Jo" as enjoying immensely her training in the southern hospital. Our congratulations to Laddie and her fiance.

Gertrude Bardwell Hall, '24, sends word from Clearwater, Florida and with her message comes an attractive picture of one of Florida's fine hotels, Fort Harrison, where Gertrude's husband is assistant manager. This graduate hopes to be at Lasell in June and sends best wishes to all.

Miss Witherbee, '92, continues to write delightful and heartening messages to the faculty she left behind her. This is very good of her but it would be better to our thinking if Miss Mary Patten would deliver these messages in person.

Sarah Crane, '22, never looked better than on that evening in March when she was a dinner guest at Lasell. As usual she brought this good news from our Vermont girls and others.

Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23, and her husband are rejoicing over the arrival of a little son. To wee James Whitcomb and his parents Lasell's heartiest congratulations. From Sarah, too, we heard good news of Isabel Britton Sharples, 1917-1920. She also informed us of the changed address of two old girls. Mrs. Andrew S. Orr, Virginia Emmott, '22, of Lowell has moved to 551 West Elm Street, Brockton; and Mrs. George Kline, Dorothy Droege, is now living at 118-41 Metropolitan Avenue, Kew Gardens, L. I.

Friends of Helen Creveling, '28, will read with interest this recent word from her to our Principal. She writes from the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati: "No doubt you are surprised to hear from me after such a long silence, but I have not forgotten my wonderful days at Lasell and can only say that I have been very, very busy. Would it be too much trouble to ask you to have my

credits sent to me as soon as possible? I want to get my work straightened up here. I hope to get my degree, Bachelor of Letters, in 1931. I often think of Lasell and long to come back but that seems impossible now. Give my regards to Miss Potter and my teachers." Helen enclosed a fine "write up" taken from a Cincinnati Daily. It gives credit to Lasell for a part of Helen's educational work and also declares that she was an honor student in the Chattanooga High School. Is at present a voice student under Dan Beddoe, one of the most famous tenors in America. Even now she is filling a position in the choir of the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. Lasell's heartiest Godspeed to this ambitious and worthy graduate.

Alice McFarland Dunlop, 1917-1918, and her sister, Beulah McFarland, '20, and Alice's little daughter called one afternoon at Bragdon and remained just long enough to give a brief report of themselves. Beulah is still engaged in teaching and Alice her homemaking, especially the care of a dear little daughter whom we hope later will be enrolled at Lasell.

Not one word of Grace Allen Clarke's, '95, fine letter to Dr. Winslow ought to be omitted. She writes from Omaha, Nebraska: "The enclosed twenty-five dollars is for the annual contribution for the Endowment Fund of Lasell from the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club. We are all very happy we are able to do a bit, and are all so interested in your success. We never miss our regular meetings the first Tuesday in each month except during the summer when many are away. As usual we have a twelve-thirty luncheon and sew the remainder of the afternoon, usually on articles for the Salvation Army Home, but that varies as the Council Bluffs girls get work for us also for some charity organization. We have happy times and accomplish much, which is most gratifying. I'm hoping to see you perhaps in June. It may not be at Commencement time as our youngest son graduates at Yale the seventeenth and eighteenth, and I hope to be there. If I go to Boston first, in time for Lasell Commencement, will try to be there. Only trust I may make it. The girls all ask to be kindly remembered to you and all who are interested and know us."

We are indebted to Mary McAvey Miller, '28, Secretary of the Eastern Maine Lasell Club, for this very interesting and informal report of a recent meeting of this particular Maine group. "There are quite a number of our Bangor girls at home this winter and we've been making the most of our time. Charlotte Ryder, '08, entertained fifteen of us at an informal tea at her home on February 5. Then on February 11 we had a Mid-winter luncheon at the Penobscot Valley Country Club and enjoyed both our luncheon and the social hour afterwards. Those present were:

Florence Rogers Hilton, 1905-1908
Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99
Laura Wood Farnhum, 1873-1874
Charlotte Ryder, '08
Mrs. Sewell Rollins
Maude Murray Bean, '24
Nellie Kidder Cutter, '84
Marian Harvey Higgins, 1915-1916
Lydia C. Adams, '18
Faustina Curtis, 1888-1888
Helen Gray Porter, 1902-1905
Esther Norcross Dougherty, '18
Mrs. Hale
Mary McAvey Miller, '28

We certainly had a sociable time and talked and talked of Lasell from 1873 until 1930! Did you know Edrie Mahaney Rathburn, '22, has a dear baby boy, Vinton LeRoy Rathburn. I am busy now—still studying music and very happy in it. I have a regular position singing in the First Baptist Church and it's really just the thing because it gives me good practice. I'm hoping this spring I can come out to Lasell and see everyone again."

Ella Brooks Cotton, '00, is now Mrs. Heth, and her address is 101 N. 39th Street, Omaha, Nebraska. From her we learn that Mrs. Alice Andreeson Kountze '95, is in Palo Alto, California visiting her daughter and grandchildren, and also that Mrs. Elsie Clarke Moore, 1897-1899, recently widowed, is now at her old home at Fairhaven, Mass. Ella closes with the interesting announcement that she her-

self is the grandmother of two dear little children.

At the time of the Lasell Alumnae Mid-winter Reunion, our Chairman, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, received this sad news from Mr. H. D. Eastman, husband of Katherine M. Esty, 1876-1876: "I am very sorry to write you that Mrs. Eastman passed away just before Thanksgiving Day, 1929." Lasell takes this opportunity of extending sincere sympathy to Mr. Eastman.

We have just learned that Dorothea Clark, '29, is a student of dietetics in the New Rochelle Hospital and often meets Babs Powers, '29, who is also a student dietitian.

In a Newark paper under the announcement "A Newark Girl's Engagement" appeared lately a fine picture of Margaret Contrell, '29, better known as "Peg". The successful suitor is Mr. Charles Foster Manning. Lasell's congratulations are extended to Margaret and Mr. Manning.

New Jersey has been the scene also of another festive celebration which will be of interest to Lasell old girls. The marriage of Adelaide Murken, 1927-1928, to Mr. Daniel Reynolds Merrill was recently solemnized at Christ Church of Bloomfield and Glen Ridge. A full report of the wedding was given by a local paper. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill are spending their honeymoon at Bermuda and will later be at home at the Clairidge Apartments, Montclair.

A novel and most attractive way of promoting our Lasell is described by Mercie V. Nichols, '19, in her last letter to our Principal. Mercie writes from Reading, Massachusetts: "The college club here is holding a 'college publicity' meeting on the afternoon of March 5. They are inviting the girls with their parents from both the Junior and Senior High Schools who are interested in going away to schools and colleges this coming fall or in the near future. As a graduate of Lasell they have asked me to supply them with informational material to use in this exhibition. Each chosen school is to have a small table or booth I understand on which to display catalogs and things of interest. Have you any definite publicity material or can you make any suggestions for this meeting? I should be very glad of your latest catalogs. I thought of all my old Lasell friends yesterday as having an interesting and as always an enjoyable Mid-winter Reunion. I wish I could have been there to see and hear you. Please remember me to Mrs. Winslow and all my old friends who are still at Lasell."

Irene Stroh, 1911-1912, is evidently bent on doing her best for Lasell in the way of keeping up our fine school spirit. She sends this appeal to Dr. Winslow: "The Michigan Lasell Club is planning on a spring bridge party. We should like to have it in April when the Lasell girls will be at home for their vacation. We would like a list of the Detroit girls and their addresses, those attending *this* year. I understand there are five or six new girls and we would be delighted to have them at our 'gathering'. Thank you so much for any information which will help to make our party a success. I will let you know the particulars at a later date." Lasell is glad to aid you, Irene, in this loyal, friendly move.

Marietta Chase Stedfast, '24, to our delight called recently not with one, but two daughters. The baby is not yet a year old and is literally a dimpled darling, a model of good nature.

After persistent pleading on the part of the Personals Editor, Senora Orozco has consented to share with our readers some interesting news from a few of her beloved Spanish American "old girls". From her villa in Nassau Natalie Albury Dowswell, 1922-1923, writes: "I wonder if you remember me, Senora, Mary De Wolfe's, '24, roommate." Senora declares she has a vivid and happy recollection of this particular English girl and wishes her continued happiness.

Reed Gifford Fleming, Florence Gifford Fleming's, '23, baby boy brings his mother's greetings to our Spanish teacher all the way from Los Angeles. "What do you think of

our sweet baby boy?" asks Florence. Well, everything that is good for he is in truth a winsome baby.

Rosenda Cabrera Matheis, '19, sends up from Honduras a loving greeting to her dear Senora. She is evidently in love with her charming new home and her American husband.

Ruth Rawlings, '21, writes part of her greeting in Spanish but fortunately for Lasell's local reporter falls into English long enough to add "What do you think! I have a studio of dancing and about eighty pupils."

Carolyn Kuhn Feffer, 1917-1919, is living on the Pacific Coast at San Diego for the winter. In this congenial climate her second son is regaining his health. She hopes soon again to be in New England.

Miss Rita Ells was a recent guest of Miss Wright. In her holiday letter to Senora she refers to a four thousand mile drive in her own car.

And this from Barbara Hamlin, '28. "I have not forgotten the good times we had in Spanish class and am coming back to Lasell and you some day."

Jane Gray, '29, confesses she has not forgotten the wonderful year she spent in Hawthorne, while Katherine Tufts, '27, sends this informal but pleasing invitation: "Senora, when are you coming to Chicago to see your three adopted daughters, Peg, Mary and Kay. We surely would welcome a visit from you."

March did not come in as a lamb or lion according to our Personals Editor's report, but instead on March first a warm southern breeze brought to our very door Elizabeth Selkirk, '27, right up from the University of West Virginia, and with her, her hostess and classmate, Jean Duncan, '27. Betty's special mission up North was to be present March first at Jean's "announcement" party, when on that Saturday evening the engagement of Margaret Jean Duncan and Mr. John Scott Smith of Newtonville was announced and we had the opportunity on that very day to congratulate Jean.

Betty Selkirk and Lucy Frances Field, '27, were graduated from the University of West Virginia in February with a B. A. degree, and as honor students. Dorothy-Jane Smith, '28, is at present enrolled at the University of West Virginia as a law student and making good. The girls brought the sad news to us of the recent passing away of Mr. Hawkins, father of Louise Hawkins, '27. We hasten to extend our sincere sympathy to this bereaved schoolmate and her family. Betty also tells us that the daughter of Dr. Callahan, Dean of Arts and Sciences in the University of West Virginia, will be among our new students the coming year. We were happy to receive this bit of good news.

Anna Kendig Peirce, '80, has again turned her face southward for a winter's visit, this time making her home in Washington, D. C., where Alice Linscott Hall, '78, will join her.

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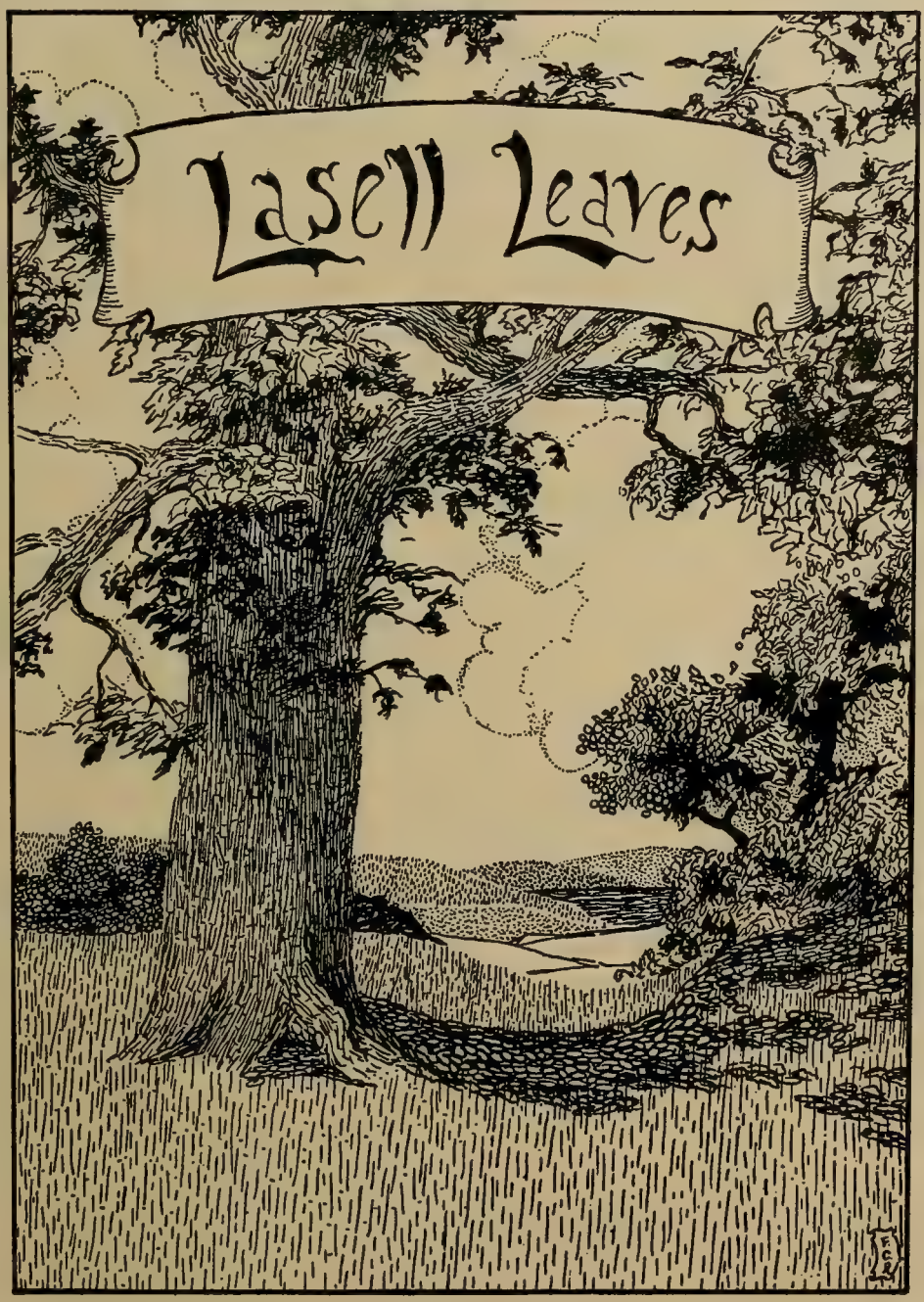
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LITERARY

THE SAME OLD STORY IN A NEW WAY

A young newsboy, who has had a life of hardship and suffering was hit by an automobile and injured. Then in accordance with the time honored custom of American fathers, the man who drove the car became interested in the lad and made pecuniary arrangements with his mother, thus enabling him to bring the boy up as his own son. As he grew older and went to college, he managed to distinguish himself scholastically. After his graduation he got a position in a bank. He filled it very well until he fell in love with a girl who was a social service worker, and he neglected his work so much to be with her that his employer was forced to make him choose between the girl and his career. He chose the career and was materially and socially successful. He forced from his mind all remembrance of his former sweetheart, and indulged to the greatest possible extent in all the superficial luxury of the day. After years of this luxurious life, he found that he had invested far beyond his means in the stock market, so that when it crashed, so did his fortune, and so did his life.

Without the pleasures in which his wealth had enabled him to indulge, he resorted to the bitter oblivion of drink. The depth to which this carried him brought him in contact with the girl of his first love, who had remained in social service work, and who, finding him in this condition, cared for him. She fought a losing battle with death for his life, for his body, weakened by over-indulgence and then by strain, gave way.

Dorothy Herring, '32.









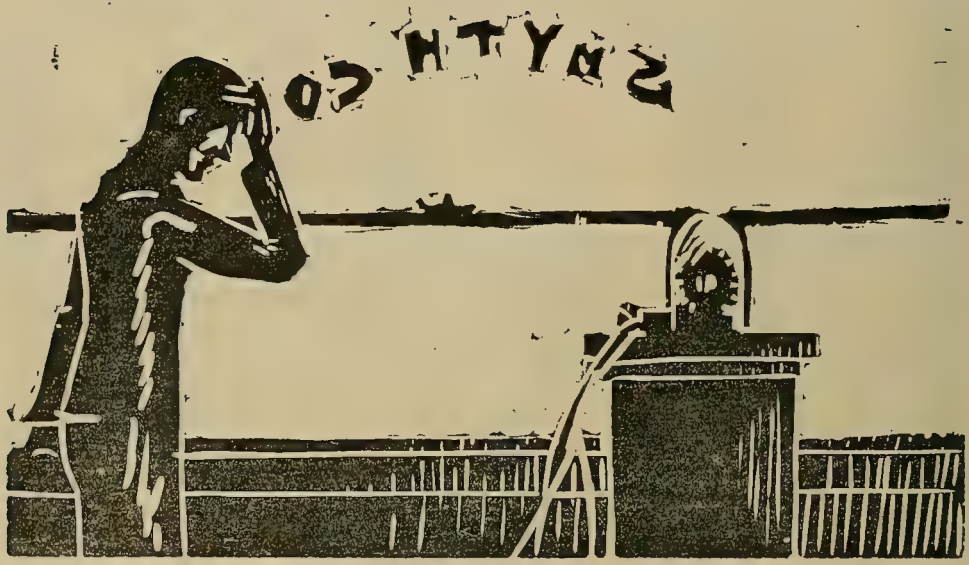
















WHEN A BOY'S A MAN

A boy's head bent closely over a small lump of clay. His firm fingers pulled, moulded—coaxed the shapeless mass until a tiny form began to appear. The lad moved back, looked hard at the figure with head on one side and dark eyes squinting critically. Bobby Nolan was at the work he loved. There hadn't been much time for it during the winter for Bobby went to Grenough Prep—"Greno's"—where like Bobby's mass of clay they pulled, shoved and molded their boys into automatons who could prove the Pythagorian theorem and recite enough Latin verbs to pass the College Boards. Bobby hadn't liked it much. The ceaseless routine of study and supervised play irked him. Of course the football was great, but how he had fumed when, after the exciting fifty minutes, they had called him back to more Latin or Math. Being Bobby, however, he had slaved faithfully and managed somehow to collect enough information to pass his examinations. He didn't care particularly about college, but it had always been rather understood that Bobby should go to Brown as had his Dad and grandfather before him. He always thought of that stupid, studying Bobby as another chap—but this was himself—this was living. How he loved to press this stuff and see it grow before his eyes into a lean, sinewy Indian brave. He kept at his work until he heard his mother at the door. Mother was a good sort—he really didn't know her very well but she never fussed over him the way some fellows' mothers did.

"Bobby, don't you think you ought to go out for a while? You've been working all day and it's so lovely out doors."

"Aw-right, Mother—guess I am pretty tired," he admitted.

He grabbed an apple and started for a walk on one of those winding, lumpy, pine bordered paths which are the exclusive property of Cape Cod. Bobby ambled along smelling the pines

and wandering off into a dream world where he was a famous sculptor making monuments which would amaze and inspire an admiring public. His pictures were suddenly interrupted by the sharp tap of a tennis ball which bounced in front of him. He picked it up and was about to throw it back when a tall boy immaculately clad in white came out after it.

"Well—if it isn't—"

"Oh I say, 'Junko'!" exclaimed Bobby. "What are you doing here?" Bobby had known him slightly at "Greno's" two years before.

"Spending the summer with my uncle. Say, why don't you come in and make it doubles—I'm playing with a couple of girls?"

"Sorry—awfully—but I don't play."

"Oh, that's all right. I can teach anyone and these silly kids can't play anyway."

So Bobby went in and did two things for the first time in his life,—played tennis and talked to two giggling girls. He couldn't play, of course, but his muscles were firm from rigorous football training and he learned quickly. After the girls left, Bobby stayed to talk with "Junko." "Junko" was at Princeton—suave, expensively dressed Sophomore with "a heavy line and a mean date list," as he would have put it. He introduced Bobby to a new world where dates, proms and girls played an important part. Bobby's dark eyes looked hard at him—to be like that—to be able to talk easily and "know the world"—seemed desirable.

Bobby started home with his mind in a tumult. He would have to stop this childish life he was leading now, and try to be a man—like "Junko." No more silly modeling or hours spent reading poetry. Of course, he did like it but "Junko" would never take time that way. He was glad he had passed his exams, too—college seemed a vital thing now. And he must speak to father—Princeton, with New York so near and all, had so much more to offer than Brown. He did attempt to do this at dinner but, as usual, the words he wanted wouldn't come and he lapsed into a bored listening of the ever-pointless "grown-up" talk.

Thereafter came an exciting month when Mother wondered as Bobby's stalwart brave and prized edition of Keats remained untouched. But the boy had always stayed alone so much, perhaps it was better that he found enjoyment in his new friends and in tennis. To Bobby it was a month of becoming a man. He spent every day with the perfect "Junko." "Junko," the generous, who was always willing to teach everyone his stroke at tennis, who thrilled the girls with his intricate dance steps, and thought up the many "different" parties. Bobby watched and learned. He donned white knickers—gay golf stockings and sweaters. He danced and joked—although rather feebly—with the girls. His game of tennis became excellent; Princeton and "Junko" were his ambitions. In awed wonder he listened to "Junko," stories of his triumph in tennis and marveled when "Junko" corrected everyone's strokes, advising them to use his. He envied Vi when she claimed "Junko's" attention and agreed that she had no charm when she began to bore "Junko." One day "Junko" suggested a tennis tournament with tea and dancing afterwards at his uncle's. Some of his friends from college were coming down and they would make a day of it.

The great day dawned and to Mother's inquiry as to where he was going Bobby briefly replied, "Out." Mother had been asking that question rather too much lately. Perhaps she noticed those dark rings under his eyes and his lack of appetite. Of course, those delicious suppers of Welsh rarebit, lemonade and fudge cake did make him rather sickish sometimes, but after all the rest ate it.

He was listed for the first set and easily won over his opponent—a college Freshman. "Junko" smiled benignly as he carried away the victory. After them came a girl's set and finally "Junko's" opponent was a short, wiry lad, the champion of the town. "Junko" sauntered up to the net, adjusted it carefully, swung his racket around a few times—and stood ready to begin. His opponent served "doubles" twice and lost the first game. "Junko" smiled cynically and informed him that the object of the game was to get the ball over the net. The second game started.

"Junko" missed his first serve—the second—he seemed to lose control. His face became red and furious as his balls went wild. When he had lost the set, he turned away from the crowd, slammed down his racket, and rushed into the house, leaving his guests to amuse themselves as best they could. After a while, when his opponent had left, he appeared.

"Say that little runt thinks he's pretty good," he exclaimed in an ugly voice. "Where do you suppose he picked up that fireman's shirt? If I couldn't play a more scientific game than that, I'd keep out."

His friends joined him with their equally unjust taunts and easy laughter. Bobby, however, was amazed. That night in bed Bobby thought hard. Something had snapped inside him—he wanted to be alone. Regular fellows were good sports—"Junko" wasn't. He knew his father never would have made fun of some one who had beaten him. But Bobby was very young and in spite of his distressed soul he soon fell into a healthy slumber.

Early the next morning he was back at his Indian brave. When "Junko" called he told Nora to tell him he was out. The Indian grew cleaner and slimmer under his brown hands and all the while there was a line across Bobby's forehead and a puzzled expression in his dark eyes. At dinner that night as he attacked a huge piece of mocha cake, Bobby looked at his father and said casually, "Say, Dad, d'ya s'pose I'll like Brown?"

Sylvia Goldenson, '30.

REGRET

You're not to blame at all, my dear,
It was the only thing to do;
Although I tried and hid my fear
I couldn't go on loving you.

You've always been too fine for me.
I might admire you and I can,
But I can't love a god, you see,
When all I want is just a man!

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

ROMEO

(Gilbert Robbins, a promising young doctor, is in love with Dr. Richmond's charming daughter, Sally. He is a frequent visitor at the Richmond summer home, and this particular week end has asked Sally to marry him. She laughs at him, making Gil more determined than ever to win her. They go for a ride and Gil again proposes marriage. Sally tells him it is impossible, and that she wants to have a good time first. Gil pretends to understand and on the way home, Sally falls asleep only to be awakened by a screaming of brakes—)

"An accident!! How horrible! Gil, what'll we do?"

Sally who never gave any thought to anything but the beautiful in life, could not bear the idea of being the first arrivals at an accident.

"Do? Do?—I'm going to do all I can!"

At this, he jammed on the brakes, jumped out of the car and tried to detect the number of occupants in the cars. The Buick, Gil found, was occupied by a man and his wife, no doubt, but the other car, a small roadster seemed to have a single occupant. All were apparently unhurt, but upon coming closer he saw that a child—a little boy was badly injured. His little face was drawn with pain and his frantic mother was trying to comfort his screams. Gil rushed up and saying that he was a physician took the child into his arms.

A broken leg and a nasty cut on the forehead proved to be the sum of his injuries. Gil, however, realized the seriousness of the cut.

"There's a road house just about five miles back. I'll take him in my car, and the girl I'm with can drive back for you later."

Everything was done so suddenly, that they nodded their consent and Gil hurried back to the car with the screaming child in his arms.

Sally not daring to face the horrible until now, came running to meet him.

"Gil! oh my dear—" As she saw the child she shuddered and Gil fearing that she was about to faint, knew he'd have to be stern. For if Sally fainted now it would bring a tragic climax to everything.

"Sally! please keep your head. We're tak-

ing this little tot back to the 'Blue Goose' and you're going to hold him!"

When they got to the car, Sally was still staring at Gil—

He got in and placed the child in her arms. His handkerchief was bound around his head, but in spite of it, the little twisted face gave an extremely gory appearance, and his frequent screams added to the horribleness.

Suddenly something snapped in Sally's heart as she looked at this golden-haired, wistful little boy in her lap. She saw him so differently now—not a disheveled, bloody little creature—but rather as a mother sees a sweet-faced little boy, badly injured.

She rearranged the cloth on his head, and tried to soothe him.

"You'll soon be alright, dear—this great big doctor will fix you up fine. He's wonderful at fixing legs. My daddy says so. The little lad was quite conscious of the broken leg, nevertheless, and was giving in answer, exclamations regarding such, every five minutes.

Gil was astounded at her calmness but drove on faster—faster—

Sally smoothed the child's curls—tried to tell him a story—did everything in that fifteen minutes in her power to quiet him.

When they arrived at the Inn, Gil took the child—then turned to Sally.

"You come too. I'll need you."

She followed him into the house and up a flight of stairs.

Gil laid the child on the bed.

"Sally, find some warm water and towels please."

She returned in a few minutes with a basin of luke-warm water and two linen towels.

"You bathe that cut while I try to do something with this leg. Can't do much but maybe I can ease the pain 'till we get to town to the hospital."

Sally bathed the cut, and as she did so she seemed to picture herself as the mother of such a boy. Tenderness never known to herself before, seemed to shine out of her eyes.

Gil was working rapidly and finally told Sally to go back for the parents of the child.

She must have driven like mad, for it seemed but a moment until she was back with the father and distracted mother.

"Please, doctor, is it serious? Is his leg really broken? Oh, my darling child!"

"Now, madam—you will be in a more serious condition than the child if you don't control your emotions. This boy has a bad gash in his head and a broken leg. We will take him to the hospital for I have no instruments to work with, and I have done all that I can."

He told Sally he would have to come back for her and he really wouldn't know how long it would be.

It seemed hours—but such hours! Something within Sally had broken. That child—yes, that was it! Oh God! And she had said she did not want children—Gil—no longer the shrewd, clever doctor, but the man she had told only a few hours ago that she could not marry—could not marry—good time? Children? What had she said anyway? And now—now she really knew she loved—yes—loved this man—ah! but it was too late. He said he understood—how could he? No! No! it was all too late.

It was in this condition that Gil found Sally two hours later.

"Kinda' nervous, honey—"

"Nope!"

Sally managed to force a weak little smile, and almost laughed as she descended the stairs and once again entered that roadster.

"Your Dad had gone back to the hospital early, Sally, and fixed the little chap up first rate—lucky break."

The calmness of his voice—his anxiety for her—his touch! Everything about him was so different now.

"I guess we've had some evening," he said as he started the car.

"Yes—some evening!"

"Sally, why dearest—you're crying—well I guess it did seem horrible to you, but gosh it's all over now and he's all right."

"Yes, he's all right!" She was hysterical now and Gil stopped the car.

"Sally! Sally—Oh Lord, had I known it would be so horrible for you I would have had

you stay with that other couple and would have gone back for them myself."

"It's not that child, Gil, it's you!"

"Me? Oh yes, darling. I didn't mean to be stern, but I was so damned afraid you'd faint that I just had to pretend that I was addressing my clinic nurse." He laughed.

Sally dried those big black eyes and blew that little nose. She turned to Gil.

"Gil, do be serious—I am twenty-three years old and I love you! I want you to be my husband—the father of my children."

"Sally—oh my God—do you mean it?" He clasped her in his arms and kissed her—kissed her as though a prayer were answered or a beautiful dream come true.

When he released her, she murmured,

"That little boy, Gil—he—he was wonderful."

Helen Crego, '30.

FAIRY WORLD

I found a fairy island,
Not so very long ago,
Where soft green grass and moss
And slim white birches grow.

I heard wee voices singing—
Though I couldn't see a thing
I knew 'twas fairies dancing
On their mystic fairy ring.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

PRETENDING

"But, Jo, I remember distinctly that I turned out every light in the house before we left."

"That is what you always say, if I had been the last one in the house you would have made an awful scene."

As Charles and his wife walked up the steps to the front door of their rather modest home, the door suddenly flew open and silhouetted against the bright lights within, stood the figure of an unfamiliar man.

"Oh, Charles," gasped Jo, "who is he? "

"I'm sorry, sir, I don't seem to recognize you," Charles addressed the stranger.

"I didn't mean that you should, but do come in and make yourself comfortable. May I take your coat?" The stranger bowed them into the room.

"Really, I wish you would tell me who you are. If you continue to refuse, I shall have to draw my own conclusions." Charles was becoming annoyed now. Such audacity, and in his own house too.

"More than likely your conclusions will be correct, so I might as well tell you that I came here to rob your house tonight, and that you returned just in time to meet me."

"Oh, Charles, call the police, do something quick—oh—oh." Jo was very near fainting. Charles approached the 'phone.

"Never mind that, have you forgotten that it was disconnected last week because you failed to pay your bill?" The stranger addressed Charles.

"Get your pistol, Charles. Oh, search him. He must have all our silver in his pockets, oh, help—help—do something quick."

"Silver, lady? Why it's only plated, I have no use for that."

"Really, old man, you are carrying this rather a bit too far. After all, this is our own home and, well, it is a bit irregular, your being here, and talking like that. Won't you just walk out that door and off into the night? We will not cause any search to be made, but forget the matter."

"I am sure he must have my jewels, Charles. Don't stand there talking to him that way. He might shoot you. Oh, please, mister, go away."

"No, lady, not yet. Never mind going toward that table drawer, Charles. Your gun is empty, I saw to that. You know, Charles, there is something about you which leads me to believe that you must lead a rather miserable life, trying so hard to keep up with all your neighbors—no—don't interrupt me— I know what I am talking about. You don't think that I go around breaking into houses without knowing something about the people who live in them do you? Where I am not reasonably sure of finding something worth while and getting away with it. But you surprised and disappointed me."

"Stop—you have gone far enough, you need not insult us. Never mind Jo, I don't believe he is dangerous."

The intruder seated himself comfortably in the only easy chair in the room, and lit his pipe. "No, I am not dangerous, I do not even carry a gun, I do not need one, I use my head instead. But to get down to business, I really ought to take something from here. I have already taken the most valuable articles from every house in this neighborhood. It would be the ruination of all your social aspirations if I should take nothing of value from here, inferring that you had nothing worth taking. Frankly, you have nothing that I want, but if you can find a genuine thing in the house, I will take it."

"Say, listen," Charles took a threatening step forward, "I told you a while ago that you had gone far enough, and I don't intend to listen to any more."

"You might has well admit that I am speaking the truth though, you haven't anything here that is really good, have you? I realize that you are having a hard time keeping up with your neighbors and all that. It would help a lot to raise you in their estimation if I took more from you than from them. Besides, if I took nothing from your house, you might even be accused of the robbery yourself." The would-be robber helped himself to one of Charles' best cigars and leaning against the chair, settled back to enjoy it, remarking as he did so, "At least your smokes are good."

Charles looked ruefully at his wife for a minute, and then said, "I guess he's right, Jo, most everything we have is all for show. I sort 'a wish we had a few really good things instead of all this junk scattered around. In fact I have been thinkin' so for quite a long time."

"Have you, Charles? Oh, I wish I had known. I'm so sick of all this pretending and trying to fool our neighbors, but I guess we haven't managed to fool anyone but ourselves."

Charles and Jo were so engrossed in making plans for a fresh start that they completely forgot their visitor, if one might call him such, and so they did not notice him walk out the front door, and get into a car which had been waiting half way down the block. If they had chanced to glance out the window, they would have undoubtedly recognized the car as that of Charles brother, and have heard his former roommate laugh as he said, "It worked," and the two disappeared in the darkness.

Dorothy Herring, 32.

AN OLD CHAPEL

I entered an old, old chapel
And witnessed its peace and its calm,
The organ, its music of centuries,
The altar, the prayer books, the psalms,
I saw the marks of its many years
On the pews, on the floor—all around.
Through its windows I saw the ocean
As it swished upon the Sound.
But to all the noise on the outside,
From waves, from men, from storm,
This place seemed a silent challenger—
I felt safe—secure from harm.
Its strength, its splendor, its quietness
Seemed to enter my very soul,
Making me feel a purpose,
Guiding me toward a goal.
Its majesty deeply stirred me,
And none but the God above knew,
That while I witnessed these marvels
I wanted to share them with you.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

ALONE

Sheila Monterey stood poised before the fireplace mantel in the beautifully furnished living room of her apartment. Willowy, graceful was she, standing there—one slender arm drooped by her side, the other resting against the mantel shelf, her chiseled features, Titian-hair, pearl-studded ears, and long slender neck, reflected in the mirror before her. Sheila, this time, was not thinking of her beautifully gowned body or her deep, luster eyes of blue-gray—instead she was watching intently a double frame of silver which inclosed two pictures, back to back.

"Jack is such a dear boy," she smiled wistfully to herself. "But he is not my type even though he tries so hard to do all in his power to make me love him." Sheila looked carefully into the boyish face that smiled so self-

assuringly from the frame. Blonde hair, wavy over the temples—a deep dimple in his chin, and hazy-looking, twinkling eyes was Jack. He looked to be but twenty-five, and Sheila, although beautiful in her trite womanly charm, was in her thirties.

"It hardly seems possible that Jack has been in Europe six months and is returning today." Sheila glanced at the telegram that lay folded on a gateleg table. "What will he say when he hears that I am not modeling clothes any more. And this apartment," Sheila turned from the mantel and walked slowly towards the divan. Her eyes swept the room—costly oriental rugs, numerous tables, rich-looking hangings of red brocade—and gorgeous pieces of old period Spanish furniture, filled the room with a luxuriously comfortable atmosphere.

"Jack always liked white on me. I'll wear that egg-shell satin tea-gown. My looks should make him forget to ask about this apartment. When I was looking my best he always forgot everything and everyone but me," Sheila spoke these words softly to herself as she entered her boudoir.

Dressed in her tightly-fitting gown, that followed closely the lines of her tall and supple body and ended in a train on the floor, Sheila cautiously moved towards the frame on the mantel. Carefully she turned Jack's picture so that it faced the room and the other—the wall. How she lingered before the face that must not —could not watch her while Jack was there. It was dark, sophisticated, worldly looking. Black, narrow, deep-set eyes, a square chin, and rather thin black hair, narrow lips. So entirely different from Jack—yet so much more fascinating, for Stephen Bradly was a man of the world, and not a young comparatively unsophisticated lad of twenty-five.

The bell of her apartment rang and Sheila touched the button that unlocked the street door. Almost instantaneously she heard running steps and then—a quick, boyishly happy knock on her door.

"Darling," Jack half mumbled and half cried the word as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Jack, it is so wonderful having you back and with me again after all these months."

"Sheila, darling, I nearly went crazy over there thinking of you and wanting you. God, how I wanted you." Jack walked towards the mantel for the cigarette box. Suddenly he stopped before his picture. "My God. It can't be," he muttered under his breath.

"What's the matter?" Sheila tried to assume her poise. Not answering her, Jack took the frame that held his picture and looked beyond it, into the mirror. There reflected was, *not* his face, but a dark, worldly-looking one.

"Sheila, Sheila," he half cried. "What *does* this mean. Who *is* that man? Sheila, who is he?" Jack's lower lip quivered and his face was tense with anger and fear.

"Oh, Jack, it's only a friend. An old friend," Sheila tried to shield her nervousness. "If he should guess . . . . She couldn't let him lose faith in her . . . . He needed her. Hadn't he told her that she was his only reason for taking the right path in life? She? Sheila—his ideal. And yet—she had no love for him —not the kind he wanted—only in a material way . . . . She'd tried to give him everything —everything that he needed to keep on going in the right way . . . . But, Stephen. It was he whom she loved—body, heart and soul. Yet he wasn't fine—like Jack . . . . Maybe she wouldn't love him as she did if he was. He appealed to her in every way. She knew he was fast, worldly, and masculine. Masculine in every sense of the word.

"Sheila," Jack spoke her name softly but strongly, "Sheila—is there—another?"

"I must be frank with you. Frank because I love you. No, not as you would have me, but as a mother loves her son. And God knows that that is the most beautiful love, after all," Sheila paused, looking sadly at Jack.

"Go on," he replied.

"That man. He saw me one day in at the salon when I was modeling tea-gowns for Monsieur. He asked if he might call and take me to dinner that night. I replied "no" but after having refused several times, I accepted one night. I found then that I was attracted to him—and he to me. Jack, I haven't played the

game as it should have been played. He had money, and I, as you know, had very little. His gifts pleased me, but most of all it was he whom I longed to please and wanted. This apartment," Sheila stopped as if to convey with those two words her life these past few months.

"I can't believe it, Sheila. What a fool I've been. Well? It's done now. Oh, damn it, Sheila, can't we ever be the same together?" Jack's crushed feelings turned to a plea in his last few words.

* * * *

It was cold out, a thick blasting wind hurled the fine snow flakes against the pane of a large department store window. The city lights were dimmed by a covering of ice and snow; passing feet made a crunching noise on the snow covered pavements. Standing before the store window was a tall, poorly dressed woman. Drawn tightly about her was a black threadbare coat, and an old felt hat was pulled carefully down over her ears.

"Just a year ago tonight," she sighed wistfully, looking at the articles displayed in the window, but seeing in their place two faces—one blonde, boyishly sweet, the other, dark, worldly, sophisticated.

"To think that last year this time they were my whole life—and now—both are gone. Jack must be happy, though. His wife is very charming. I can't believe that he was roped into it as they say he was. Poor Jack—if only I could have given him the love that he wanted—that he needed . . . . "Stephen," her thoughts changed. "Stephen who she had loved—loved so recklessly—so foolishly. God—she might still have had him, had he not been killed that night. The party—drinking—jealousy—and then—a life."

Alone. No one to turn to—no one to love. Only a small room, a meagre job—and memories.

Janice Whittaker, '30.

I DO NOT FEAR TO TREAD

I would fear to tread
On the ground,
For there are weepings
And songs in the dust:
Earth holds not
Earth alone within itself,
But thoughts, and the rust
Of voices.

A child's song is locked
In the chamber
That holds orators
And jazz men that played
"Home, Sweet Home" after dances.
And I shall still my small songs there.
I do not fear to tread, and they
Do not mind.

Norma Keller, '31.

TREES

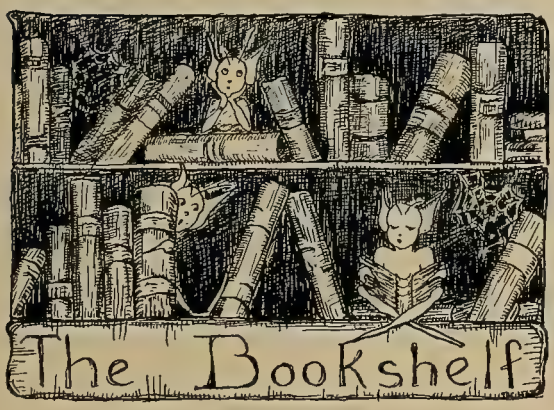
Trees are the exquisite workmanship of God. The seed, the root, the sap, the vein, the leaf, the bud, the branch—all of these make a most magnificent whole when stretching their great burly arms out towards the sun and sky. A heart within? Yes, living, breathing—wonderful is it not? And yet, how soon a tree becomes dead and of little use, unless there is life in its heart. But God remembered this, for he feeds the roots that lie in the darkness hidden from the eye of man far under the brown earth. Now Spring is here, and overhead these wondrous trees are spreading their leaves out over man to make a soft, delicate green canopy of shelter. This living, breathing tree, which has a true life within itself, cares for man, God's most beloved creature. O, trees, you who spread your soft tender green leaves over the world and toss in every bit of breeze and rain, may we have your power and strength to shelter some weary one who longs to hide and rest from life's tiring strain of heat and blizzards, of crushing, dangering, fierce, and descending storms.

Helen Roberts, '30.

SUN'S DEFEAT

Sunrise! First purple,
Then blue, pink, rose,
Gold tints—and finally
A flood of light; all reflected
By the white, ice-capped
Mountain peak. All day
The sun shines bravely on,
Trying to destroy the pure
Beauty of the snow.
But it is in vain.
At last the sun must
Admit defeat, and sink
Behind the hill.
It leaves a golden glow
On the ice, that remains there
And gives a feeling of warmth
And peace. Sunset!

Dorothy Kaull, '30.



Old books—tattered, torn.
Forgotten books—helpless, forlorn.
New books—unused, untorn.
Lasell books—covered, unworn.

Dorothy Inett, '30.

ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
(By Dimiter Merejkowski)

It seems as though we were turning to the Russians for much of our finer achievements in the realms of fine arts, and it is for no unworthy effort on their part. A true illustration of the praiseworthiness of their ability may be noted in the works of Mr. Merejkowski. It is not only in the all-embracing life of Da Vinci that his strength is exhibited, but in the portraiture and vitality of the fifteenth century Florentine world that we are made cognizant of the fullest beauty of this man's writings. He takes a man who lived in the darkness of the fifteenth century, records of whom are scarce and hardly legible, and makes him into a live contemporary—some one we can feel and see.

Da Vinci was born out of his time. His brain and intellect were too advanced for his period. He was as incongruous in his surroundings as the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. We wander with him through the life of the artist in the different courts in Italy. On our journeys we meet Leonardo, the fanatical monk, shake hands with Machiavelli whose name even unto this day is synonymous with clever diplomacy and knowledge of governmental affairs—the Sforgas and Medicis become the Hoovers and Smiths in this vital biography. Even the language loses its strangeness when presented in such a human fashion.

Merejkowski's "Akhnaton" was a milestone in modern biography, but his "Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci" marks an epoch, something unequalled by modern writers.

T. K., '31.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

Miss Cather has determinedly believed that reality must be preëminent in fiction and that if need be other things must be sacrificed to it. Her theme always concerns the adjustment of the individual to his artificial environment, which is represented by the social group in which he moves. Thus in "The Professor's House", she is chiefly concerned with the unhappy lot of a university professor who is not in the least understood by his wife and two daughters, whose sole ambition in life is to be socially prominent.

Professor St. Peter kept doggedly at work and into his apparently dull and monotonous life flashed Tom Outland, a young student whose ambitions were in line with his ideals. In Tom Outland's story Miss Cather has a chance to speak for that far West where she now lives and in which she is so tremendously interested. The descriptions are unsurpassed. Many of the critics have objected to the inclusion of this story within the main story but it seems to some of us at least necessary in order to bring out the real visionary Professor St.

Peter as well as the selfishness of Kitty and Rosamond. Again by one of those tricks of fate or ironies of life, the ideal for which Tom Outland literally gives his life, turns bitter by the use to which his money is put.

In the third section of the book the professor finally finds a certain amount of peace. He buys the old house to which he had become so accustomed, and in which he did the greater part of his work and keeps it as a sanctuary, as a retreat. Here he almost gets asphyxiated but is discovered in time by the seamstress to whose work he had grown habituated while doing his own. Those days of poverty are far removed and while he has grown more and more apart from his family, he has made his own adjustment and found his own way of life.

"A turquoise set in silver, wasn't it? Yes, a turquoise set in dull silver." That is the motif of the story and that is its colour. To discover Willa Cather is to find a rare jewel. "The Professor's House" makes a good introduction for the rest, chiefly, "My Antonia," "A Lost Lady" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop."

E. P., '31.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

I wish there was a Bunny,
  Since there is no Santa Claus,
Who delivers eggs on Easter
  With a basket 'tween his paws.

I kinda like to make believe,
  And now it seems so funny
To get a colored egg and think
  It isn't from the Bunny!

Some folks believe in fairies,
  In elves—all kinds a' things;
I place my hope in some one
  Who hasn't any wings.

I s'pose you think I'm awful,
  P'raps you think I'm queer;
But gosh it's just pretending—
  And he comes but once a year!

Helen Crego, '30.

'Twas This Way

One day I woke with ambition,
  I was going to get so much done!
There were loads of things to be finished
  Before eve and the setting sun.

First, I slowly dressed myself,
  Then combed my unruly hair.
I ate, while scanning the headlines:
  "Claimed Guilty—Doomed to Chair."

Of course, I wasn't the murderer
  But because of the horrid heat,
I found a Smart Set Magazine,
  Then looked for a comfortable seat.

After settling the hearts of many,
  I rose—at the telephone bell
To say, "Sure, I'll go to the movies,
  Of course, I might as well."

After a luncheon and theatre,
  And a ride in the open air,
I felt tired, blown and dirty.
  Oh well, I didn't care!

There was a dance at the club that evening,
  I had to hurry or I'd have been late.
There were so many things ahead of me,
  But they just had to wait!

That day I woke with ambition—
  I was going to get so much done!
There were so many things I planned to do,
  But who can stop the sun?

Dorothy Inett, '30.

Shoes

I like to sit in a street car,
  When it's full as full can be,
And watch the funny people
  And their feet—across from me.

I see a pair of 'workin' shoes
  And start picturin' who they hold.
A workman kinda dirty
  With a face all rough and bold.

And next to these another pair
All tattered, old and worn,
A wrinkled little woman
With an apron soiled an' torn.

And so on till I see almost
A hundred all in line,
'Twas fun to look at people's shoes
D'ya s'pose they looked at mine?

Helen Crego, '30.

"Weak-End"

Curses on that person
Who thought of taking gym,
I've had three hours this week
And now I'm just all in.

My arms are still and sore;
Aches are over my head;
My back hurts like the deuce—
I've got to go to bed!

Every time I try to move
My legs just drag behind,
Oh—my shoulders—ouch!
The nurse I'll have to find.

I'll drag my—what for me!
A telegram? you're sure?
I'll hurry down and get it
If the stairs I can endure.

What do you think it is?
Dick's coming up tonight—
I'm going to take the week-end,
And everything's just right.

Betty Heyer, '30.

Me'n Dad

My Daddy's an awful nice peanut.
He buys me candy 'n gum
'N he reads me the "funny paper"
'N he helps me shoot my gun.
The only time I don't like him
Is at dinner when he says, "Son,
Come on now and eat those carrots
Or I'll spank my little 'Bum.'"
Then I scowl and he laughs and says,
"You'll know when you're twenty-one."
I think he's kinda mean then,
But, gee, Dad 'n me has fun.

Mary Moss, '30.



It was a Tuesday night—I know it was Tuesday because we had bran for breakfast, and we always have bran on Tuesdays. Sometimes we have it on Mondays, but I am sure this was Tuesday. To continue, it was on a Tuesday night, the wind howled outside that corner room, and the moon was hidden behind dark clouds. Everything seemed so cold, desolate, lonesome—I was so tired. Had I not typed from 3.15 P. M. until 5.20 that day? I shivered as I sat down at my desk and glanced proudly over the outcome of those hours. A two-page carbon copy letter, and a make-up transcript! "It was worth the effort," I thought as I laid the papers down and turned out the light. My roomie gently reminded me that the window should be opened, and opened it was. Without a thought, I pushed two windows up as far as possible and jumped into bed—to dream of typing keys—A—E—etc., bobbing up incessantly before me.

I dreamed I was in a desert and cool breezes were blowing my hair, and my face was so cool. Ah! it was glorious. Suddenly, without warning, there was a great crash—a desert raid and I was sure I was shot! I was out of that desert in a minute and was sitting up in bed. My first impression was that it was snowing in my room—then I realized the flakes were unusually large, in fact to be exact, about 5 by 7. I sat and stared—watching funny white things flit around the room. "But what was the crash?" Maybe it was the tea set—that would be a shame for it was a pretty shade of green, it matched the room, and we used it on Sunday. Maybe it was—well I decided to ponder no longer—then, too, I wanted to see what was flying about the room.

It was dreadfully cold, and after I counted ten and found my slippers, I jumped out of bed. I headed for the desk lamp and fought my way through the white things. Heavens—no lamp! Ah, that mystery was solved. The wind had blown over my desk lamp, the bulb was breakable, it fell to the floor and had made the noise! I was so absorbed in trying to solve the mystery, that I was barely conscious of the little white affairs softly drifting out of the window. "Guess I'd better close the windows." I thought, and close them I did.

The next morning the sun shone in my window, and seemed to challenge me. I got out of bed and started to dress. I even think I sang, 'cause I'm sure somebody yelled "shut up." I was up in plenty of time, had the bathroom all to myself—Gosh what a grand and glorious feelin'! Finally my roomie and I were all ready to start over to Bragdon. I went to my desk to collect my books and horrors—those little 5 by 7 white things—they were—oh it couldn't be—but where? Oh they were—my carbon letter and my transcript!

This my dear readers was how a certain senior started the day all wrong. Scattering leaves? And how!

Helen Crego, '30.

DIET

"Butter?" "No thank you."

"Bread?" You refuse that too.

Oh to be thin, so you can eat what you like and not worry about whether or not you will be able to get into your new black dress. What heaven to be able to eat potatoes without a guilty conscience. Thus run your thoughts as you sit at the table trying not to notice your sylph-like neighbor as she sends back her plate for more; it is worse when the one at the head of the table, noting your half starved (?) look, asks if you don't want to change your mind and have just a little potato—and you grin (in a sickly manner) and say: "No I am not hungry tonight." Oh, that is bad enough, and then when the girl on the other side of you starts telling about the luscious Wellesley fudge-cake she had for tea at Sieler's, and about all the food her room-mate had just gotten from home to celebrate her birthday, or some equally exciting event, your imagination plays tricks on you and you soon find yourself on a desert island starving to death. The food on the table is simply a mirage, put there to torture you, and when the waitress puts down a dish of ice-cream in front of you, you mechanically say "No thank you" because you are not sure whether it is imaginary or not, and then you come to with a shock, when someone passes the chocolate sauce to you, and you realize that you have passed up real food. Nor do you dare change your mind, for have not all the girls at the table expressed their admiration at your will power, turning down even ice-cream. Rather than lower your pride, you excuse yourself when they are about to begin on their seconds and stumble up the steps, hoping there will be a letter waiting, so that you might for an instant at least forget the pangs of hunger which annoy you. What—there is something in that box. A special package, for you—one look and you know its food. After lugging it up stairs, opening it and finding it loaded with everything to eat but the kitchen sink, discretion flies to the four winds, you sit on the floor, and gorge, undoing weeks of painful dieting in a few minutes, but it is worth it. And how—

Dorothy Herring, '32.

MY PET AVERSION

I like rain but I hate umbrellas. I could contend with the various rubbers, all for one foot, and even the raincoat which wraps itself tightly around my legs, but umbrellas I abhor.

Perhaps, in your county, state, or city, umbrellas are uncommon, but where I come from they are very much in circulation. Even in my own household I rarely get out of the house on a rainy day without one. You may not even know what one looks like. The color of umbrellas used to be black or brown, but now they have become so common they are blue, green and even a horrible red. Their shape is round with a spear-like object projecting from the middle. This is particularly dan-

gerous if it gets near the eyes. Little veins run from this tip to the edge and stick out in an alarming manner. The inside is a mass of smaller veins which would get tangled in our hair, if some kind person had not invented a handle shaped affair which was attached to these veins; thus enabling us to lift it a safe distance from our head.

Yes, the umbrella has much to be improved upon. Some day I am going to write a long theme on the difficulties of carrying an umbrella.

The wind blows and I cling desperately to my umbrella. Huge drops go down my neck, soaking me completely before my umbrella turns inside out and goes flying up the street, much to my embarrassment. I nonchalantly hail a cab and although the roof leaks and the driver is unhumanly reckless, I now feel that I am comparatively safe.

Virginia Riley, '31.

SUCH IS LIFE

It was raining that morning and you felt all mean inside. You tried to be pleasant as you passed your friends on the way to breakfast, but your smile was a poor imitation. You were sure that the breakfast would be fierce, you hadn't your work done and it would rain today because you did want to go to Wellesley. Some one warned you that it was late and you started to run. Some one else told you that there was a hole in your stocking and you hadn't cared if there had been fifty. You knew it all the time. You smiled weakly and thanked them. You'd rather have killed them. Bragdon hill—such a climb—why couldn't it be built on a prairie? No wonder you gained weight. Climbing that precipice would give anyone muscles like Dempsey! Suddenly you had a brain storm—clouds cleared up and you quickened your steps. If you could only do it. Up the wooden step you flew—Gosh it would be the first morning in ages—well yesterday was different—you had to finish it— she always did do things like that! Finally after much effort you were in the hall. The majority of inmates had already advanced to the mess hall for their morning repast, but still if you hurried, perhaps you could make it. You dashed into senior room—maybe you almost knocked over little Claire, but you've got to see it. Down to the table you run and take your seat apologetically. You were just a trifle late. You beamed.

"May I have the continued story, please?"

"What? Saturday! No paper!"

Helen Crego, '30.

SPRING FEVER

"I just can't study today—I've got spring fever," is the cry you hear in the corridor every day. Just what is spring fever? Is it a product of our imagination or a real disease? A definition of spring fever is not given in the encyclopaedia or dictionary, but we all know what it is. It's that aching to be out doors—that desire to go for long tramps—to be anywhere but in a classroom.

What can be done about this? Is there any real lasting cure for a bad case of spring fever? Try concentrating on the matter before you—here's what happens—you read a sentence or even a paragraph—and wonder just what you've read. It's no use after all, you can't concentrate. Sit and gaze out of the open window for a while. The longing to be out in the open increases. You can almost see the grass turning green under your very eyes—and the trees budding. It is a shock to hear your name called out impatiently by the teacher. What *is* the question asked? You have no idea what the class has been discussing while you were day dreaming.

For a moment your mind is brought back indoors to the ordeal of answering questions about something in which you are not at all interested.

Oh, but it is terrible to try to overcome spring fever. It is an almost impossible task and after all it is rather delightful to give one's self up to the spell of laziness that is cast over us.

Dorothy Kaull, '30.

EDITORIALS

BE YOURSELF

It seems somewhat queer that a person should prefer to represent some one else rather than himself. Yet there are many people who would much rather copy after others than develop along their own individual line. This practice may prove beneficial—if the one chosen for the pattern is worthy of the honor. But on the whole, it's a rather dangerous practice, for if the chosen ideals prove sadly disillusioning, what then?

Strange, too, that a man as prominent for his wisdom as William Penn should be known to quote, "Avoid popularity, it has many snares, and no real benefit," when that one thing, popularity, is so often responsible for our desire to literally become some one else. But that seems to be a rather strengthless attitude, for it shows no self-accomplishment or originality. Not everyone is intended to be supremely popular, or witty, or wise. It is foolish to attempt to be what we really are not, when we can reach a greater degree of perfection in being true to our own nature.

Another phase of this question is self-consciousness. A young woman has recently accredited her failure to learn such minor accomplishments as swimming and skating to this weakness. For the same reason are we often failures socially—because we do not want to "rate" second to anyone. We all crave the greatest admiration and attention for ourselves, and if it does not come to us naturally, we grow conscious of our shortcomings, and acquire an artificiality which is even less in our favor. We forget that only a chosen few are exceptional, else they could claim no distinction. Our distinction must lie in that realm which is ours by nature.

Thus we have found that our greatest success lies in our own original initiative, rather than in imitation; and that self consciousness seems to be chiefly a form of selfishness—a desire for more than is our share of admiration, attention and affection. So this must be the logical thing to do—just "be yourself."

ENJOYMENT—BY LEAVE OF THE PRINTED LABEL

In his essay, "The Social Value of the College Bred," William James says that a good college should make its students "immune against being incapable of enjoyment without the leave of a printed label." I think that this is a tremendously important point. If more college students and graduates—those people who ought to lead in thought movements—honestly tried to form their own opinions, and attempted to aid others in formulating their own views, there would be fewer "sheep" in this world. How often upon leaving a theater we hear people say, "oh, yes, my dear, you know so and so in the Boston *Transcript* said this was the best play of the year so of course it must be." The same idea is often expressed in the picture gallery, in the book store and in the lecture hall. These "feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know a good thing when they see it," are the same people who condemn a League of Nations, for example, because some one they respect does so; they are the same blind followers who place a man in important government positions because some one in the *Literary Digest* labelled him a good man—not because they have considered his views on vital matters and not because he has proved himself an able leader. Our colleges should put forth citizens who are not to be ruled by the verdict of magazines or newspapers—not to be swayed by anything but their own most just and entirely uninfluenced opinions. Such people as

these we want in our democracy—they are fit to choose the nation's leaders.

William James defines a cultured and educated person as one who knows a good man when he sees him. Then can we not say that these people with minds which require labels as guides are not truly cultured? They unintelligently absorb the opinions of people who have this culture. It seems to me that they must lose their self-respect by not threshing out matters in their own minds, picking out for themselves that which merits praise—thus really gaining some essence of education and it is up to our colleges thus to give those who seek it, this culture which "under all misleading wrappings pounces unerringly upon the human care."

"MORE LIGHT"

A loud, mournful bell vibrated through the whole building, sounding like the last, decided toll of a curfew. It was greeted by a scurrying of feet, several smothered oaths, a banging of doors and a few loud greetings which were shouted between rooms—and then—all was quiet. It all happened so suddenly that it was as if some one had clamped a huge steel cover down over a kettle of bubbling porridge, snuffing out all the sound and mad attempts for freedom. Two feet echoed softly along the halls. There was a rhythmic opening and closing of doors which interrupted words, tearing them into fragments, preventing their destination. Suddenly the building was shaken by a voice booming out, "We are taking a light cut. Is it all right?" and the voice was answered by, "Have you had any before this week?" Invariably the reply is, "No." It can't be otherwise since there is sociology, history and a resumé in French that must be finished before the following full morning of classes. Journalism had thus far taken the whole evening, and now in a half an hour one was supposed to complete satisfactorily all of one's classes for the next day. "And why?" some one asked, "didn't you plan your work this afternoon and do it then?" The answer was—"a class, a period of gym, and then Glee club." What chance has a poor scholar to do her work as it should be done unless she does it in the evening using her own intelligence to regulate her hour for bed? Surely a person of nineteen or twenty is old enough to plan her work so that she can complete it satisfactorily by taking a light cut when she sees fit. There is little chance of her killing herself with night studying, and if at this age she isn't *able* to determine her bed-time—when will she be?

A certain amount of independence is essential in order to have a person's life run smoothly, and it seems logical that unlimited light cuts would be the most satisfactory way of effecting the required studying as well as giving one a certain amount of independent responsibility. No girl is going to keep her light on all hours of the night when she knows that this would be allowed. No, the thrill of it is gone.

It would, then, seem a sensible arrangement, for the responsibility would be lifted from the teachers and placed upon each individual girl, and with this reversed, unusual feeling, both better work and spirit would exist among the students.

QUITE TRUE

"Hi, Marn, d'ja have a good week-end?"

"Did I ever! I had the time o' my young life."

"What did ya' do?"

"Mm—lots—danced all night, went cute places, and did things. Nothing 'specially exciting—just the usual thing. Darn good time though. He was darling."

After hearing similar conversations morning, noon and night of every day, especially in a boarding school where one is supposed to learn the finer arts, one can easily agree with the man who wrote, "What a mockery to repeat that speech is the instrument of thought." Perhaps it is a good thing that we no longer consider speech as such, for what a poor opinion we would have of most of our friends' intellectual powers if we did. What thought is expressed in that above conversation, what thought do we express in most of our talks with friends? Very little indeed.

If anyone chances or dares to describe anything in detail, we immediately become bored, more on general principles than anything else, unless, of course it happens to be the latest gossip, and then we are not, or should not be expressing our own thoughts, but those of some one else; unfortunately, however, imagination does enter into it.

When we see some particularly gorgeous sunset, our minds reach to it, we are filled with wonder and appreciation, but it is only the exceptional person who expresses this feeling. The rest of us enjoy it for a moment, and then turn to some light trivial matter which seems to mask our real thoughts, but in which we have little interest. With most of our acquaintances and many of our friends, we cannot be sincere or express our most intimate thoughts for fear of being considered ridiculous, and so we fill our conversation with inconsequential words—one could hardly call them thoughts, for they are seldom deep enough, or ideas, for we do not develop them specifically, we imply a general idea, and stop.

Many of us are naturally uncommunicative, and more of us are so when it comes to expressing unusual feelings of emotions. There are others of us who talk perpetually and all the time, about nothing at all. These people we consider bores, or if they happen to be clever enough, they can win for themselves temporary goodwill, as such it is, the mere satisfaction of physical craving.

"We all love a conversation full of flowers and stars, the stars being rare thoughts and the flowers their fascinating expression." So says one of our foremost thinkers, but how seldom we even attempt to secure for ourselves in a small way this art of being a good conversationalist. Perhaps it is because we fear ridicule, imaginative or otherwise; perhaps we are only lazy, or we may consider it an art belonging exclusively to geniuses.

But anyone can master the art, for practice, perseverance and a little thought are the only tools we need.



Under wishes to take this opportunity to extend a sincere word of commendation and appreciation to the art department for their success in creating the wood cuts for this number. A great deal of the credit also belongs to Dorothy Herring, who sponsored the arrangements. We hope everyone will find this new novelty an entertaining one.

We were all interested in the conclusion of "Romeo" this month, and congratulate the author on the success of this short serial. "Pretending" is an amusing account of a practical joke with an unusual objective—which worked. Bobby learned a lesson—a very human one known to us all in "When a Boy's a Man;" and he still came out the victor. Though we may incline towards cynicism after reading "Alone", its pathos has a most human appeal, and our sympathetic nature is deeply stirred. The sketch on "Trees" contains a rhythmic beauty which is almost nearer poetry than prose. It contains a lovely thought—well expressed.

Of the poetry, "An Old Chapel" is very worthy of praise, with its charming description and theme. "Fairy World" gives us a dreamy, fleeting glimpse of the elfin realm. The vision presented in "Sun's Defeat" is a lovely one—well described.

It has been requested that a correction be made concerning the authorship of "My Philosophy" which was published in the March number. It was written by Theresa Kovner instead of Dorothy Inett.

M. H., '30.



March 12: The second reception of the year was held in the Bragdon parlors. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Wright and Miss Irwin were in the receiving line. The entertainment for the evening was furnished by Miss Williams and Mr. Schwab of the faculty and two guest artists, Mr. Boetje and Mr. Powell.

March 14: Christian Endeavor was led by Julia Case who read two lines of a poem and used this as a basis for her talk.

March 16: Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt, of Harvard Church, Brookline, was with us in vespers. His talk, as usual, was very interesting and helpful.

March 18: In chapel this morning Mr. Liscomb Bruce, Boy Scout executive of Newton, told us about the international Boy Scout jamboree held in England last summer. He entertained us with many informal anecdotes about this meeting.

March 21: The first Pop concert was given at Woodland by the orchestra. Refreshments were sold, the proceeds going to the Senior Endowment Fund. This concert was an innovation for Lasell, and we hope there will be many more.

March 22: Senior-Junior dance at Woodland! This year, instead of having two dances, the Seniors and Juniors combined and gave one large party. All who went had a most enjoyable time. The Juniors displayed their banner for the first time on this occasion.

March 23: Professor Charles Swain Thomas, head of the English department at the Harvard Graduate School, told us at vespers this evening, of the marvelous effect that could be achieved by the combination of technique and ideals.

Mach 24: The final meeting of the LEAVES Staff for the year was in the form of a social evening at Woodland. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre, daughter of former President Woodrow Wilson, was the principal speaker. She illustrated how the League of Nations is concerned directly with our individual lives, and is not just a political body. Miss Dunham sang, Miss Johnson played a selection on the piano, and Edith Fulton read a play "Minuet."

March 26: A lovely music recital was given by the students in the chapel. We never realize until we hear our fellow students in these recitals how much talent there is in the school. The girls who performed tonight deserve much credit.

FESTIVAL NIGHT

The LEAVES staff appreciates very much the eagerness with which the officers of administration cooperated to make our annual soiree at Woodland Park so gay and delightful. The tables at which fifty people were gathered to-

gether were tastefully decorated with spring flowers and our guests were Mrs. Francis Sayre, Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Mrs. E. J. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mrs. McDonald and the Woodland Park teachers, the members of the English department, Miss Badger and Miss Peterson. After dinner coffee was served in the Green Room and later we assembled in the Blue Room for the program of the evening.

Our guest of honor was Mrs. Sayre and it seemed especially fitting that this distinguished daughter of a great president should be our guest. Marjorie Hubler, editor-in-chief, in introducing the speaker mentioned the work of President Wilson and this year when the whole world is celebrating the tenth anniversary of the League of Nations we felt it a privilege indeed to have Mrs. Sayre with us.

In a very simple, homely way Mrs. Sayre told us that we were really forced into internationalism whether or not we wanted to be. We get up in the morning and we can't enjoy our breakfast except as foodstuffs have been brought from all over the world. As we dress we find that we are once more dependent on other countries for the articles of clothing we wear and if our economic life is bound up with politics then how foolish for us to think we can be independent.

Again, Mrs. Sayre pointed out that the United States was the greatest obstacle to world peace at the present moment for we are not willing to share international obligations and burdens. It is for the public to demand that our politicians do their jobs properly and as we wake up to certain facts perhaps we shall be willing to declare ourselves.

Thus in her gracious, charming way our distinguished guest made us realize very clearly our individual duties and responsibilities. Nearly everyone present remarked on the fact of never before having heard the League presented in such a homely, understandable fashion. Many of us are going to feel that a law good enough for a small community can bind nations together and it was that angle of approach to the question that we enjoyed so much. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Sayre for having taken the time, trouble and strength to come out to us and we trust that the seed she sowed our festival night will bear the fruit of a goodly harvest.

EXCHANGES

The *Bradford Academy Quill* has added a section of present play revues to their department entitled, "Books and Plays." "The Middle Watch," now playing in Boston at the Copley Theatre, is written up and from its enthusiastic comment sounds most interesting. The editorials in *The Quill* are especially good, and we liked, too, the poem, "Mist," by Elizabeth Dill.

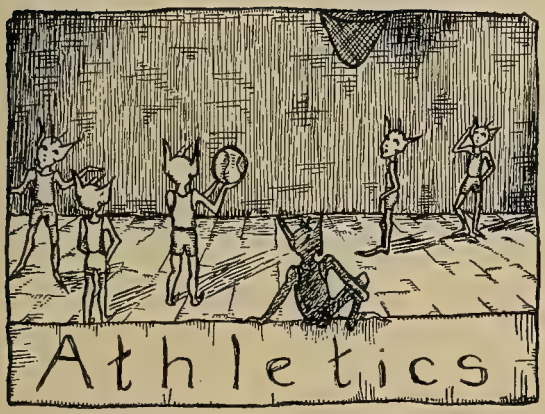
The February number of The *Northfield Star* is most interesting and the use of photographs and drawings are to be commended, for they lend a pleasing and rather unusual tone to the magazine.

This month we were pleased to receive a copy of *Halcyon Days,* printed three times a year by the pupils of the Bennett School. It is such a fine magazine that we wish it were published oftener, but this seems to be a case of quality and not quantity in regard to the number of publications. We suggest to *Halcyon Days* that you give more space to your exchange department, for other magazines would readily benefit from your comments. From *Halcyon Days* we are printing the following poem by K. Cornell—

"The Train at Night"

Into the dense dark blue
Tapestry of the night
You came, a monster throwing clouds of smoke
Into your wake as if to deaden, drown,
In deep nocturnal stillness all your sound.
The thrilling rumble and the roar of engines,
And your wheels, grinding upon the rails.
A hiss of steam—a siren's wail;
Then lo, the sky and all the field is dark.
Your thunder echoes down an empty track,
You pass, a mighty comet with a twinkling tail.

The *Knox Ghost* has many excellent poems and as an extreme to this art has a fine athletic department. We presume that this is a school quite interested in "the sports." We suggest that more be made of editorials since that seems to be the one lacking feature of this magazine.



A basketball game that brought out many interested girls was the Faculty vs. Students which was played on March 20. The faculty team was adorned in "Flitting" costumes and gracefully jumped about the gym throwing flowers. This brought much laughter and jovialty from the appreciative audience. The game was excellently played and the faculty carried away the honors, the score being 28-30.

Another game between the Blues and Whites will be played March 25. It is anticipated that it will be a fast and furious one. May the best team win!

The changing of the winter gym schedule to spring makes use realize suddenly that field sports, tennis, baseball, golf and crew are not far away. It is certainly a glorious thrill and makes one supremely happy to have the opportunity to make crew, so everyone that finds it possible to go out for the sport should certainly do it.

AT DUSK

The sun melted over the purple mountains
Like wax from a yellow candle.
It dripped into the valley below
And spread like an amber mantle.
Then someone blew the candle out,
But the golden wax still clung
Till the corner was filled with darkness,
Which blotted out the room.

Mary Moss, '30.

WHEN WE SPEAK

Some call you a Being,
Some call you a Force,
Some call you Delusion;
I just call you God.

Elinor Packard, '31.



Spring vacation will give us plenty of pep and vigor for our new round of activities and we hope that every girl that is interested in any particular or all sports will come out and help the teams along to great success.

That was a show of unusual loyalty when Mary Quick Dean, '14, motored all the way from Providence, R. I., through a driving spring storm in order to introduce a Muncie, Indiana, friend, Mrs. Spurgeon, to Lasell. We are hoping that later Mrs. Spurgeon will enroll her two daughter as students of our school.

Marion Simpson, '29, and Connie Chase, '29, literally stood and looked in on us for a few happy moments, then motored back to Boston with Connie's father. Both girls reported themselves enjoying their business training at Bryant and Stratton but added the saving clause, "Nothing quite takes the place of Lasell."

Dear Marion Roberts, '29, has severed her connection with the office force at Lasell. Is now back in Maine serving as private secretary to the Principal of Westbrook Seminary in Portland. We were all sincerely sorry to have her leave but rejoice over this forward move on Marion's part and wish for her the greatest success. By a turn of good fortune for us, Marion's place has been filled by our Isabelle Daggett, '29, of Island Falls, Maine. Lasell extends a most hearty welcome to this dear graduate.

Bada Waltz, '27, was one of our March visitors but was altogether too formal to satisfy those of us who wanted a real visit with this friendly old girl. While awaiting a conference with our Principal, at our request she jotted

down these news items: "Louise Denison Rogers, '26, visited me at Christmas time. She now has a darling five months' old baby. Molly Witschief Wood, '26, is very happily married. Adeline Trafton, 1925-1927, is now a nurse at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston."

The lure of European travel has again induced Miss Rivers Ellett to plan for a summer abroad. She is taking a party of girls with her. Among the number will be Charlotte Blair, sister of Teddy Blair Perkins, '28, and former student at Woodland Park. Lasell wishes a bon voyage to these happy voyagers.

The Daily Kennebec *Journal* of March 10 gave a fine picture of Anna Hendee, '24, and her German Shepherd "Cop." In the sketch the doggie is described as a friendly pet of the neighborhood children. This unusual dog has a worthy pedigree and better than that a kind heart. Is evidently not a one-man dog for she is often loaned for the day to her children friends who take her on long hikes when she acts as a frolicsome companion and safe guardian.

We are indebted to the Saturday Evening *Transcript* for this interesting announcement: "Dr. and Mrs. Stephen R. Davis of Lynn announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen Stratton Davis, '27, to Roger Conant Lummus, son of Justice and Mrs. Henry T. Lummus, also of Lynn. Miss Davis is a graduate of Lasell Seminary and of the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, class of 1929. Mr. Lummus attended the Loomis School at Windsor, Connecticut and Northeastern University, class of 1926. He is now with the First National Bank of Boston."

Virginia Beardslee, 1927-1928, is now in training at the Waterbury, Connecticut Hospital. Lasell's best wishes are with this dear little nurse embryo.

Former teachers and students will remember pleasantly our Miss Claire Norton, a member of the Woodland Park School faculty. In her last letter to Mrs. McDonald she writes: "I am giving up my missionary work in Singapore and will return soon to California to be married." Mr. Darton, her fiance, until recently has represented the Fiske Rubber Company in Singapore, but has been recalled to this country. They will probably make their home in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Those of us who remember Hildur Brekke Akerman, 1919-1920, of Sweden will be grateful to our Principal for sharing with us her last letter to him. It is years since this dear Scandinavian girl was with us but we are still recalling her passion for fine music and her unusual gentleness and charm. She writes: "First I must thank you for your great kindness in sending me the many copies of the LEAVES. They bring back in such a wonderful way my happy and carefree school days at Lasell. It is youth's great advantage that it can be happy in spite of not having cares to balance things. As one grows older, one is naturally grateful for having others to think of and work for. Lasell is doing a great work in forming the minds for future tasks. I have thought many times these last three years of writing you. But we have lived through such difficult times that there was no possibility of my writing. My husband's grandmother died while we were in Chamouix that winter, and within three months his mother followed her. I can honestly say that my mother-in-law had been to me my best friend. She was not only the mother, she was to me a mind so intellectually superb, as no other living woman. Her death was to my husband a terrible blow. She had been so much to him, and they were so like one another. We went abroad again for a year, but were happy at last to return to our own home. Then came the most terrible blow of all. We had a little son and we were so happy. He was so wonderful and seemed so strong. But he died after only a few days. There are so many things one is not able to grasp the meaning of. And life is very hard sometimes. I have been so very ill the last years also. But of course there are silver linings even to our clouds. My husband is becoming quite well known as a man of science. He is, as you know, a doctor of philosophy and he has had great success with a book he pub-

lished on the theme: "The Rhythm of Economical Life." I believe it will be published in English within the next year, and then I shall surely send you a copy. He has been asked to take the chair of one of our professors at Lund University this spring as that professor is going away and my husband has accepted. Also we have bought a house in the surroundings of the town and were moving in in April. It was only a villa with a garden, but we had looked much forward to having a real home and a garden to work in. We have no snow here this winter. It is very strange, but we can still pick a little pansy here and there in the garden, and the grass is green. It is so unnatural. My youngest sister has been for a year and a half at Cornell University. We knew one of the professors there, and she has lived with his family. She is studying painting under Prof. Browner, her host. She only started at Christmas time last year, but she is enormously interested and works from eight until six every day. She was awarded their first prize, a gold medal, in the spring, in concurrence with those who had worked four years. She is stopping at Cornell this term but hopes to study under Prof. Carl Milles, the sculptor from Sweden who is staying in the United States now. He is a friend of my husband's, and I shall ask him to take my sister as a pupil if he takes any pupils. She wants very much to go to Lasell and bring my greetings to you all. And she is surely coming if she gets near enough to Boston. I promise not to let such a long time pass again without writing. I see your daughter's name in the LEAVES sometimes. How proud you must be of her. I remember her so well and how beautifully she played the piano. Please give my compliments to Mrs. Winslow. With greetings to yourself and wishes for a happy New Year.

HILDUR BREKKE AKERMAN."

Elizabeth Stephens, '20, Lasell's efficient dietitian, recently entertained her father, Mr. John E. Stephens. On one eventful evening during his visit he was given a surprise dinner where gathered a group of Betty's special friends who had been guests at the Stephens' lovely summer camp in Maine. It was a merry company whose sole object was to honor their genial former host.

We were indeed shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden passing away of Dr. Eugene F. Clark, husband of our Martha Haskell Clark, '05. This gifted instructor had served and was still holding important office at Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Claire Stritzinger Daller, 1923-1924, has at last been heard from and she explains her whereabouts in these frank and interesting terms: "I saw in the LEAVES that you people were wondering when I was to be married. I was married on February 15 to Mr. George Morton Daller and live on Croton Road, Wayne, Pennsylvania (Colonial Village). We went to Palm Beach on our wedding trip and have been home a few weeks. We love our home and wish you all could come and see it. We expect to drive to Boston in the spring and I will plan to come to Lasell and see you then. I was sorry to have missed you at Christmas. I am enclosing a check for the LEAVES."

Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, forwarded to us a note she had received from Mrs. G. F. Briggs of Voluntown, Connecticut, containing the sad news of the passing away of Christina Briggs Murphy, 1917-1919. Christina is survived by her invalid husband, two lovely, promising boys, her parents and our dear Marion Briggs, 1908-1910, her sister. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the members of this family.

Mariesta Howland's, '26, last letter is replete with valuable news about Lasell old girls: "I want to tell you how much 'Shoe' (Dorothy Schumaker, '26) and I enjoyed the Alumnae number of the LEAVES. The Personals are *so* precious when one has been long away from the haunts of old Bragdon. I suppose Senora told you that I am now editorial assistant to Dr. Alexander Green, editor of Modern Languages at D. C. Heath's. I'm sure you'd open

your eyes wide at the amount of Spanish, French and Italian that pours through my busy fingers daily. Little did I think while I was studying under Senora and Mam'selle that one day I should be altering those same texts for other earnest students! Dorothy Schumaker and I have an adorable apartment on Beacon Hill where we are incredibly happy and busy and where Lasell reunions occasionally take place. 'Shoe' is at Hornblower & Weeks and enjoys 'brokering' very much. I suppose you know that Gertrude Schumaker Doherty, '22, has a marvelous baby boy, William Eldredge, born about Christmas. Dot Aseltine, '26, Shoe and I plan to pay you all a visit soon."

Helen Duncan, '26, is doing secretarial work in the Walworth Company, one of the largest manufacturing firms of plumbing and heating supplies, and is very happily at home in the Franklin Square House, Boston.

Peggy Heath, '29, is wintering away down south in Miami, Florida. Just lately she wrote to our Personals Editor: "This reminds me so much of our Washington trip. Didn't we have a good time last year? Would love having you all here. Surely miss Lasell life. It is lovely here. Very ideal." If wishes were air ships we would all accept your invitation, Margaret, and join you in lovely Miami.

Alfhild Trondsen, 1922-1923, writes of a recent visit to New York where she reveled in the annual flower show now on. This child of nature declares: "The flowers were exquisite, the formal garden and groupings indescribably lovely, the whole a sort of enchanted fairyland." She and her parents sail in May for England and after visiting their beloved Norway, will spend some time on the continent. A bon voyage to the dear trio.

Eva Grossman, 1927-1929, sent an aloha from Honolulu to Mrs. McDonald and Miss Potter. The past year she and her mother spent in travelling through the Orient. She delighted us with the good news that next year she expects to again enroll at Lasell.

We learn that Miss Ruth Elderkin is enjoying her congenial work at one of the fine girls' schools in New Jersey.

Helen Jordan recently entertained her sister, Marietta, a freshman at Wells College. Lasell now understands Helen's enthusiastic devotion to this particular sister.

Helen Neilson was made glad last month by a visit from her mother, Mrs. Russell A. Neilson.

Our sympathy has been extended lately to Marjorie Richards who was called home on account of the sudden passing away of her beloved grandfather.

Our own little Albanian student, Catherine Johns, gave an interesting talk recently at one of the Auburndale homes on "How I Chanced to come to America." It was enlivened with personal incidents and she gratefully acknowledged her indebtedness to her new American friends and especially Dr. Winslow, our principal. Through the courtesy of the Albanian consul in Boston she displayed a fine flag of Albania.

It seemed good to have Luz Calero, 1928-1929, again with us. During the last year she has met with great losses in the passing of her distinguished father and beloved brother. She has courageously met her bereavement and seems as enthusiatic and interested in her life work as ever.

Natalie Ames, 1928-1929, was a Sunday guest at Lasell recently. Her visit was brief but while here she seemed so happy and well content that we indulge in the pleasant feeling that she still belongs to us.

Rev. John S. Franklin, pastor of the Lincoln Park Baptist Church of West Newton has proved himself a generous neighbor having led a chapel service and a Christian Endeavor meeting. We have learned that he has accepted a position on the faculty of the Northfield Conference of Christian Endeavor August 18-25. He will teach classes in Progressive Endeavor and Youth Evangelism. We congratulate the delegates who are to enjoy the privilege of his inspiring leadership.

Word has just reached us of the passing of one of our most devoted trustees, Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901. Many months of serious invalidism might have prepared us for

this bereavement, but we kept hoping that this generous friend of our school would be spared to her family and Lasell for many years to come. Lasell's most sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and friends.

Margaret Behrens, '28, and Evelyn Bostel, '28, made a brief call at Lasell recently and were all enthused over their anticipated journey this coming summer as members of Miss Blackstock's European party.

Edna Strickland Olson, '07, of Hartford, "ran away from home" as she expressed it for a few days' outing in Boston and chose wisely, we thought, to use several hours of one of her vacation days at Lasell. This busy mother of three lively daughters is devoting much time to girl scout work and is holding quite an important official position in that organization.

Mary-Alice Timmins, '28, and her mother attended the last State Convention of the League of Women Voters held in Indianapolis. She writes: "Yesterday during the meeting I caught the eye of a young woman who apparently had been trying to get my attention for some time. She asked me to wait for her after the meeting. In the meantime my mind was in a whirl trying to place her. I could see her in Bragdon Hall but the name didn't come to me for several minutes. It was Mrs. Boyd, formerly Miss Lidikay. We had a very pleasant though brief visit. She says even though she has two alma maters, Lasell holds a very dear spot in her heart. This has been another one of my wonderful winters. In February I attended the Michigan University Junior Hop which was a gorgeous affair. Please give my love to Mrs. Hunt, Miss Rachdorf, Miss Ross, Mrs. Hooker and best regards to Mr. Amesbury and anyone else who may remember me."

A recent edition of the Boston *Herald* furnishes this important announcement: "Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Alice Grimes, '20, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grimes of Sterling, Illinois, to Charles G. Griffin, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Griffin of Hartford, Connecticut. Miss Grimes is a graduate of Lasell Seminary. Mr. Griffin attended Peddle Preparatory School. They will be married at Sterling in June.

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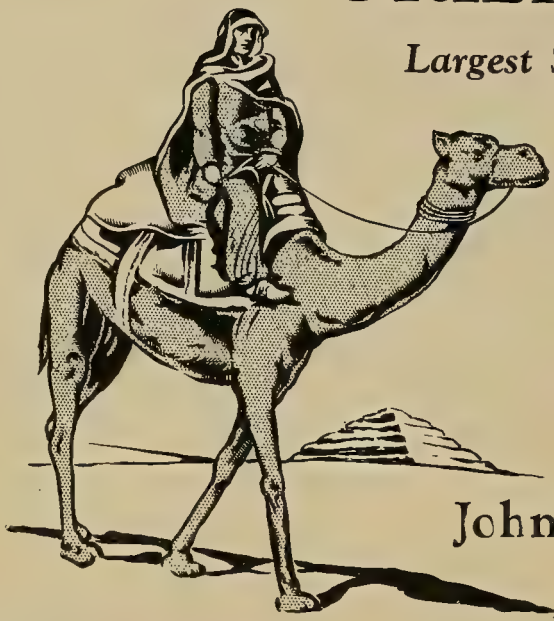
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LITERARY

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND

I flung down my book, suddenly filled with an angry annoyance at the stuffiness of the house and the sleek content of the fire. My thoughts flew to the garden, redolent with the fragrance of the many flowers there, to the meadows lying golden and still at my very back yard, and on to the road at my door winding away beneath an arch of trees. How foolish I had been never to explore this road. I had taken its curving dustiness and its long, straight stillness as a matter of course always. I knew nothing about that part of it which ran on beyond my garden gate. Whereas it might contain wonders unimagined. Why—why it might lead to—could it be?—yes, perhaps even to Fairyland. At this overwhelming thought I bounded up and was beside the tall figure before the fire in an instant. "Come," I said, "we are going for a walk."

"Dearest! in the rain?"

I told him my theories concerning The Road and saw his eyes brighten. He thought a while after I had finished and at last he said:

"Yes, it might. Come, we must find out."

We pondered a while as to what we should wear. "If we see any fairies we must appear beautiful to them," said Richard.

"Yes," I agreed, "I had thought of wearing slickers and goloshes."

Richard waved this away contemptuously with a scornful "For fairies!" and added, "Let's see. Fairies wear gauze and cobwebs and butterflies' wings." He paused and looked at me thoughtfully, his head on one side. "You could wear your new green georgette."

"Could I!" I shouted and that idea was dropped at once.

We compromised by wearing our slickers and set out at last, Richard in green and I in scarlet. The Road to Fairyland was long and filled with mud puddles over which we carefully stepped. Queen Titania would surely not tolerate muddy feet in her throne room.

We were on a hill now and could see for miles on either side of the road. Our house lay in the curve of the valley's arm with the little brook which ran beside the meadow rushing onward through the goldenrods and grass. We could almost hear it from our point of vantage, the thin, silver sound of old coins running through one's fingers. On each side of the road the land slipped gently down to a little valley and up again to another hill and down and up and on and on to where it struck the horizon in a little smoke of blue mist. The rain fell around us gently and the leaves on the trees were like the shining gold and scarlet and russet brown satin petals of some great flower. Before us the road curled downward again and we looked at it eagerly.

"To Fairyland?" I questioned timidly, asking no one in particular.

Richard did not reply but turned to the road. "Do you lead to Fairyland?" he asked.

The murmuring leaves and the blue-grass by the roadside echoed gently "To Fairyland, to Fairyland?" But the road said nothing.

"There ought to be a sign somewhere," said Richard, "if this really is the road. Surely there would be one here on this hill to tell us the way—Ah!" and he ran to the grass and picked from it a moth's wing, blue and faintly tipped with silver and white.

"This *is* the way," cried Richard, softly and joyfully and put the wing in his pocket. "Come, we must hurry. The fairies know we are coming and are showing us the way."

"Richard," I gasped, as a thought struck me, "could it—could it be that *they* are flying with us, invisible, you know?"

He gazed wide-eyed at the air. "Perhaps," he whispered, "who knows? Wait, I shall call. Puck, Puck, are you there? Mustard-seed, Peasblossom, come out and let us see you. Cobweb, please come, we need you to show us the way."

His caught breath whistled a little through the wine-clear air. At that instant a tiny whir-r-r sounded near my ear and quick as a wink I put out my hand but my fingers closed on empty air. From somewhere in front of us a little silver laugh sounded, taunting, derisive—or was it only some leaves scraping together?

"You have angered them," said Richard in a whisper. "They trusted us, and you betrayed the trust by trying to catch him."

"I'm sorry," I cried, "Oh, I'm sorry. Puck —or was it Cobweb?—come back, please."

But nothing answered. Only from very far away we heard that little, taunting laugh like a tiny bell. Choking back our disappointment we went on again.

"Perhaps—perhaps," I said, tremulously, for I was near to tears, "they will not let us enter Fairyland now. I am so sorry—"

"Never mind," said Richard, comfortingly. "They will remember that you did not stop to think. Fairies are very broad-minded I've heard. We must look for more signs, too."

Then we were silent, looking eagerly for tokens to show that the fairies were not angered at my impatience. We walked a long way but saw none and even Richard began to believe that my ill-timed gesture had pulled the curtain of Fairyland closed to us forever. At last we saw it, our second sign, and we both reached for it greedily. It was a little golden flower whose slender petals were in the form of a bell. Inside lay infinitesimal clappers, ready to ring wildly through the woods and bring fairies from all the surrounding meadows and treetops in an instant. But Richard did not ring it, only laid it gently in his pocket.

We quickened our steps, thinking we must be near the end of our journey, but all the time watching for signs from the fairies. Two more we found. One the clear call of a tiny, brown bird on a tree by the road. Exquisite. Perfect. Those few brief notes from the soft, brown throat. And again, a pod of milkweed down. The softness of silk, the delicacy of a rose, the lightness of air, were as nothing to the white down which floated languidly on my hand. Then suddenly we came upon it.

"There," said Richard, and his voice was not steady. "There."

I saw it. Fairyland. A circle of trees grew there, slim and tall, and beneath lay pine needles. There was a wall with wild roses over it and a faint, gray mist hung in the air. Gray that melted into and encompassed everything. The roses lay gray on the wall and even the road had turned gray under the steady rain. And we knew at once that the road was lonely, lonely for small, white cottages and gardens with white picket fences to line it, lonely for children to laugh near it and play along its dusty length, lonely . . .

But we were nearly there. In a minute we would pass the roses and be—in Fairyland. For the first time I glanced at my costume apprehensively. It was not beautiful, save for color, and I was going before a queen, think! a queen. But there was no time for change now, twenty seconds more . . .

Then suddenly a boy came out of the shadow of the trees—the fairy trees. He looked at us for a moment. Then:

"You can't go in there," he said.

His voice was low and misty gray like the trees and the road. And we knew, though why we could not tell, that he had talked, and not so long ago, with those whom we sought.

"But why?" faltered Richard. "We wanted to see the fairies."

The boy shook his head. "You will not find them."

"But," I put in, groping desperately, "we have found signs. They are expecting us."

"Not this time," said the boy. His voice was like water running over sand. "I saw

them," he added, looking at us to see how we would take it.

"It isn't fair," burst out Richard, "when we wanted so much—"

But the boy merely looked at us through dark eyes which had gazed on fairies. "They have flown away now. Perhaps they will come again tomorrow if it rains, or next month, or next year—"

Stumbling, we turned away.

"It was my reaching out for one of the fairies," I said, sadly.

"Oh, no," Richard said comfortingly, but stopped, and I knew he was not sure.

We walked far, and again we stood at the top of the hill and looked down on our house. We stopped and Richard took something from his pocket. So we had a little to show us we had really been there, on the borders of Fairyland. So little though. A moth's blue wing, a golden flower, a bit of milkweed down, and the memory of a bird's song.

A tiny wind blew over the hill and in an instant Richard's palm was empty. Choking back a sob I realized that now they were all memories and I turned again to the road, lying achingly lonely before me. Then I heard once more a tiny whir-r-r by my cheek and a faint silver, mocking laugh broke the stillness for a moment. Then we were alone and the rain fell heavily.

Doris V. Lecky, '31.

NIGHT RAIN

Formless rain
Drifts down,
A gray veil dropped
From the sky's cold hands.

Pale soft rain
Seeps underground,
Creeps everywhere;
Even to the heart of me,
And it has no business there.

Norma Keller, '31.

SMILEY

The telephone rang with the loud, shrill, ominous sound it gives at dead of night. Smiley groaned, grunted and finally reached out a long arm and drew the telephone down to the pillow beside him, carefully maintaining his reclining attitude. He let it ring for a few minutes with grim delight and finally wrenched off the hook.

"Hullo," he grunted into the mouthpiece.

"Smiley, were you asleep?" Ann Louise's voice was anxious. Smiley snorted sarcastically.

"Of course not. One isn't usually asleep at 3 o'clock in the morning."

"I'm sorry, honest, I am, Smiley, but I've got to see you. It's important. I'll be around in five minutes."

"You will not. You go right back to bed and stay there. I may be important in your young life but by gosh, I'm not as important as all that. Now shut up." And he hung up.

Satisfied with this disposal of his old friend, he turned over to go back to sleep.

But it was in vain. He was awakened in a very few minutes by a loud numbing shriek and pebbles landing on the floor of his room. He stumbled out of bed and made a dash to the window.

"Confound you, cut the racket." Ann Louise smiled serenely from her green roadster, to match her eyes, her father said when he got it.

"C'm on out then, 'n I'll wait."

"Oh, all right, you'd wake the neighborhood if I didn't come." You see Smiley knew Ann Louise fairly well.

Grinning inwardly Smiley slipped on a robe and lighting a cigarette ambled downstairs and out to the car.

He was hailed with a joyous cry—not at all apologetic as it should be, under the circumstances. But why should she be apologetic? Hadn't she always gone to Smiley with her troubles and hadn't he always helped her out of her messes, and gladly, and didn't he understand her absolutely? So why should she be

sorry she awakened him at such an hour.

"Get in, O King, and we'll ride somewhere."

"We're goin' to sit right here, so get started on your tale of woe. I suppose you want bail or have gotten married or something."

"H'm, no but I'm thinking of it, and as long as we're goin' to sit you might present me with a cigarette," and Ann Louise held out a small gloved hand.

"Nix, lady, I don't carry cigarettes around in my pajamas."

Ann Louise smiled and then shifting gears, sent the car down the street.

Smiley grinned—he couldn't help it—no one could; so he sat tight, one always sat tight when driving with Ann Louise.

Soon Ann Louise slowed down and began talking.

"Smiley, I've got to get married, and—"

"Wha-a-t?" Smiley jumped up in his seat.

"No, no, sit down, f'heavens sake, Smiley, I mean I'm goin' to be an old maid if I don't get busy and you've got to help me, hear?"

"Uh-huh," he sat back relievedly. "Well, do y'want me to find you a husband and hire him to propose, or do you want me to marry you? 'Cause if that enters into it, you might as well turn around and go back. I'm through."

"You're not very complimentary, d'you think?" Ann Louise complained.

"All right, I apologize. Go on."

"Well, this is the point. Who can I marry and where shall I find him?"

"Oh, there are any number of charming fellows around here." But Smiley's voice was rather sarcastic.

"Well, who f'r instance. Is there any one you'd like me to marry particularly? If so, speak up."

"Well, I don't know. You might try Homer Simpson, he's a good egg."

"Smiley, 'n I thought I could count on you to help me," she put a tiny bit of wistfulness into her voice which was one good accomplishment of Ann Louise's and one she used to advantage. Smiley responded forthwith.

"Sorry. H'm. You can count on me always, 'n you know it," Smiley said seriously. Well, lessee, just what kind of a man or husband do you want?"

"Why do you distinguish between man and husband?" asked Ann Louise.

"Oh, I don't know. I reckon I think perhaps a husband isn't as much of a man as an ordinary bachelor."

"Is that why you're steering clear of marriage?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, I guess so. Sort of want to maintain a high standard!"

"Oh!" It was barely heard.

"But the main issue is to get you married, so back we go! Homer Simpson and—a—hey, wait. I've got a neat idea."

"All right, let's hear it," Ann Louise cuddled down in the seat beside him and waited, confident he would pull her through.

"Take three—and try 'em out—find out which one you like best and make him propose. And the way for you to determine which one you like is tennis. Does that magical word convey anything to your befogged mind?"

"Quite a lot, O King—you want me to see which one plays the best—and pick the winner."

"Exactly."

"But, Smiley, what if he wouldn't propose. I couldn't very well propose myself—that'd be going too far."

Smiley grinned at the idea of anyone not proposing to Ann Louise if she wanted him to.

There was a slight pause and then from the depths of Ann Louise's collar came a muffled tone—but Smiley heard it.

"Smiley—would you like to compete?"

"Lord, no!" Ann Louise thought he was unnecessarily emphatic. They drove in silence.

* * *

The summer was nearly over. Ann Louise had played tennis and picked the winner. Jerry Kilmer was a devoted slave and had proposed three times but Ann Louise had put him off each time, never knowing exactly why. Tonight she sat silent beside her father, her arm tucked through his.

"Dad, I can't go on being a good sport any longer. Jerry'll propose again tonight and

I'm going to accept. I like him a lot, but oh, why isn't it Smiley. He must be awful dumb. But I'm thought out. I've tried to get him, and I've failed—" then in a tired little voice—"Somehow I can't vision living without Smiley always nearest—and dearest." And then, "I want to cry—but I'll wait till the day of my wedding and then I'll cry for all my glorious past over Smiley—and all my hopeless future without him."

"Ann—girl, do you care so very much then?"

"Dad—I love him." Simply she stated it, and he sighed.

"Dear child, I want you to be happy. Don't do anything rash. Wait, and perhaps—"

"No, Dad. I can't wait any longer. It's gotten on my nerves. He doesn't love me and Jerry does," she explained passionately.

"And I love you too, you know," and to himself he sounded old—very old.

"Oh, I know Dad, it's hard on you. But you see this being around—seeing Smiley—and being alone—no—I can't," she finished brokenly.

Just then she heard a familiar whistle—and a tall figure strolled down the street in the dusk and Ann Louise's hand tightened on her father's arm, and only when he was opposite the house did they notice a long string with a bedraggled airdale pup tied to the end—objecting to being pulled along.

"He's for you, Hon," announced Smiley as he came up the steps. "Samson by name," and Samson made one leap from the step into Ann Louise's lap, and she buried her face in his fur—to hide her tears. Then "Thanks, Smiley, he's a darling and I'll love him always because you gave him to me." She couldn't help that last at all.

"Gotta go—see you all later—s'long." And he was gone.

"Y'see Dad? Why does he do things like that—just when I think maybe I can get over it he goes and does some perfectly adorable thing for me. I wonder if he affects other girls as he affects me. He doesn't notice 'em much though," she said proudly.

So when Jerry came for her, Sampson went too and sat patiently while they talked.

"Every night I'll go on asking, Ann Louise. Never stop till you say yes—and sometime," his voice broke, "you can't always say no. I love you too much."

Gently she took one of his hands.

"Jerry," she said softly, "Jerry, I'll not say no tonight."

"You mean that—oh, Ann Louise I—can't believe it. I'll be good to you—always—" he lifted her chin and stooped to kiss her—but she gently released herself.

"No, Jerry,—not yet. I want to tell you—you must know I don't love you—not as I should—I'm ashamed of it—and I'm sorry. But, Jerry, I'm a coward and I'm coming to you as a refuge—will you take me on those terms? Please do, Jerry—I'm so tired—so dreadfully tired and hurt."

Jerry's only answer was to tenderly take her in his arms and hold her close—and as she buried her head against the rough suit, she wept—unashamed and he comforted her.

* * *

That Christmas—on the eve of her marriage—Ann Louise sat alone. She had just said goodbye to Jerry for the night.

"Tomorrow," he had said. "Oh, Ann Louise, I'll be good to you forever and ever—only don't ever leave me. I couldn't bear it. If I haven't your love I want you through eternity," and he had looked deep into her eyes.

"Jerry, I promise never to leave you. I've nowhere to go," she had added pathetically.

Now—she was thinking of that promise—was she a fool to do that—and she knew she wasn't. Jerry—Jerry was next to Smiley now.

Then into the darkened room stepped Smiley.

"Ann, Hon, I've come for you. I didn't think you'd carry it this far—you must've known I've always loved you and always will." And he came over and drew her up from her chair.

"No, no. Oh, Smiley. Why did you wait till now—oh God!" For her first moment of

joy was short lived. Her promise, made only a few moments before.

"Why, Beloved, am I too late? Oh, I can't be. Say you'll come—you must!"

"No, no, Smiley, go—I can't stand it. You did this, all the time knowing I was engaged to someone else. Why didn't you come before, Smiley. I love you." Her cry pierced the quiet, but when he attempted to take her in his arms she backed away.

"I promised, Smiley. I can't break it, he needs me more, wants me more than you or you'd have come sooner. No, tomorrow I shall be Jerry's wife. Do you understand? Say you do—I don't want you to go, hating me." She came nearer and looked up at him.

"I do understand—and I'll still love you—and whenever I can do anything—whenever you want me—I'll come," he turned to go.

"Smiley," she gave a little gasp and held out her hands. He turned back—and she flung herself into his arms—but he kissed her gently—and then releasing her—left! And she sank to the couch and cried, for everything. The eve of her marriage.

* * *

It was some ten years later when Ann Louise entering the home of a friend in London was taken to be introduced to the social bear of the hour.

"Smiley—what—what are you doing here? I'm disappointed in you—all these years and you're nothing but a tea lizard." Light words—hers—and sincere. He held her hand a long time and looked down into her eyes.

"You're happy," he said at last.

"Yes, happy. I love Jerry, O King," still lightly—but Smiley winced.

"And to think I gave you away to him—as if I didn't care—but I did."

"And don't you now?"

He was silent as her eyes searched his—then—"I don't think you'll ever have to ask me that again—Ann Louise." She smiled a loving smile. Later that evening, when he said goodbye, he kissed her for the last time.

"I'm glad you're happy, Ann Louise."

Kitty Comstock, '31

THE GAME OF LIFE

We live and die, we laugh and cry—
We sing and moan, we borrow and loan—
We walk and dance, we seek romance—
We sleep and eat, we lie and cheat—
We win and lose, we beg and choose—
We give and take, destroy and make—
We gamble and bet, remember, forget!
We love and hate, marry and mate—
It's gladness, sadness, smiles and strife—
It's all in the game—the game of life.

Kathryn Ball, '31.

PETER'S SONG

It was a glorious spring afternoon and the park was full of sunshine and flowers and laughter. Everywhere balls were bouncing and jackstones flying, roller skates gliding and tricycles whizzing. But away from the playing children and loitering elders, on the furthermost side from the smooth lawn and cement walks was the most beautiful place in the park. It was a corner, bound on two sides by a high ivy-covered stone wall, where stood the statue of Peter Pan.

This statue had been a gift to the city, but the city fathers had not understood what it had been given for; and as it was not connected with the city history and had to be put somewhere, they had placed it, some twenty years ago, in this out-of-the-way corner.

Peter Pan was a beautiful statue. He possessed life, ardor, joy; and no matter what adversities the weather brought, rain or snow or sleet, Peter never changed his dancing position, right knee uplifted, left foot daintily arched; never took his pipe away from between his lips; never lost the sweet expression in his eyes that brought so many people to him for comfort.

The voices had begun to fade away, and the resounding shouts were superseded by the monotonous tramp of feet as hundreds of people passed through the park on their way home from work. Peter liked this time of day even better than afternoon with the nursemaids and the poets, for with it came Joan-Marie.

Peter supposed she was a clerk, but he was not positive. All he knew about her was that she was beautiful, had small hands and feet, and black hair, that fell in loose curls about her head when she pulled off her tight little hat. He noticed, also, that she usually carried a small volume of poetry under her arm. Every evening she visited Peter for about fifteen minutes. Once in a while she brought a friend with her; indeed, it was through her friends that he had learned that her name was Joan-Marie. She always returned the smile that Peter gave her before she left, no matter who was with her or what else occupied her mind. Peter was worried about her, for of late she had brought with her an unsmiling young man who had laughed a mirthless laugh at her poetry and her ideas—and at him. And Peter knew that a young man who could not appreciate beautiful statues was not a fitting companion for a girl with red lips and black curls and a love of poetry.

The chimes struck the hour, the whistles blew, and then, as usual, came Joan-Marie, her heels clicking on the hard pavement around the bend and crunching on the soft gravel when she turned away from the beaten path. There was no one else about, for which Peter was glad. Somehow, his intuition told him that she needed the solitude his corner could give her. She walked slowly until she reached the bench under the old elm that looked over the street, and there she pulled off her little hat and sat down forlornly, her book and purse slipping unnoticed to the ground.

She looked at Peter a long time and then started to speak. Peter was amazed. Many had smiled to him, many had laughed with him, but no one had ever talked to him. She was addressing him.

"Oh, Peter Pan! Peter Pan! Why can't he be like you? Why must he always want money? Money! Money! How I hate it! Yet I love him. Why do I love him so, Peter Pan?"

She paused and rose, her hands in her coat pockets, a tear sliding down one cheek. She stamped her foot on the ground beneath the pedestal.

"Do you hear, Peter Pan? I love a thief —a thief—"

Here she turned and wandered slowly back to the bench, dropped down on it, and leaning her head against the back, sobbed quietly. Peter wanted to run to her and comfort her, but he could not. He could only laugh and play and try to make her feel he understood. Then as suddenly as she had come, she pulled on her little hat, wiped her eyes, powdered her nose, picked up her fallen articles, and rose to go.

"Until tonight, Peter," she whispered, her voice trembling, her clear eyes gazing up at him. "Oh, Peter, don't betray us."

Peter wondered vaguely what she meant as he watched her disappearing figure. Then because it was twilight, and no one could see him, and he was very tired, he shut his eyes and quietly went to sleep.

He did not, however, sleep soundly this night. He dreamed, something he rarely did. Gradually these dreams turned to a nightmare, and when he awoke the pearl necklace was lying securely hidden in the arch of his left foot.

It was another glorious spring dawn, with the birds chirping and flying about merrily. But Peter was unhappy. His head ached and his body felt heavy—and the pearl necklace felt smooth and cold under his bare foot.

Now this necklace gleamed with such crystal and pink tints in the first rays of light that it caught the eye of Peter's nesting friends. They flew about, delighted at finding so rare a thing so early in the morning. After chittering and squabbling over it, they alighted on the base, and the largest and fattest robin caught the jeweled clasp in his beak, dislodged the necklace from its hiding place, and flew up with it, letting it hang slender and shimmering in the morning light. Peter gazed up at the robin and his treasure, and suddenly wanted the necklace back to protect it for Joan-Marie. So he piped the call of the robin's mate, and the thieving red-breast, in his surprise, dropped the wavering gossamer strand directly into

Peter's pipe. This was unexpected and unfortunate, for Peter would be able to play no more; his pipe was heavy in his hand, and no song would come from it in spite of his many efforts.

Suddenly he remembered the words of Joan-Marie, those whispered, terrified, and helpless words, "I love a thief, a thief, a thief!" and his heart ached for little Joan-Marie with her black curls, and books of verse, and her part in this deed. Then he heard soft, stealthy footsteps and low whispers, and saw Joan-Marie herself—a forlorn, weeping Joan-Marie, accompanied by a blond, god-like youth with a face that was beautiful through its unhappiness because of its youth. They were speaking now so that Peter could distinctly hear every word.

"Here it is," said Joan-Marie, a break in her voice.

They stood still, a foot or so away from Peter, facing him.

"Oh, Sam, I do wish we hadn't—"

Here Sam—and Peter smiled, for a name like Sam for such an Appolonic youth was quite a mistake—turned and put a strong hand on Joan-Marie's arm.

"Listen, you aren't backing out?"

"No—no, Sam."

"Are you sure this is the place?"

"Yes, Sam. It's where I told him. Look, Sam, at Peter. Isn't he beautiful? And Sam—he's happy. A statue—just a statue—more happy than we."

"Joan-Marie, how you talk!"

"But, it's true, Sam."

Here Joan-Marie looked at Peter, a smile on her lips. She clasped the hand that lay on her arm.

"Look, Sam. He knows what it's all about. I think he doesn't like it. Maybe he isn't happy."

"How you do talk, Joan-Marie," Sam repeated.

Peter was listening eagerly. He felt that this tall, gentle Sam was softening—that a great strain was breaking within him here in the peace and quiet.

"Listen, Sam. Listen to the birds. I think they know, too."

"If you don't stop, everyone will."

"I wish they did, Sam."

"What?"

"Then there wouldn't be any waiting around. It's the afterwards, I don't like, Sam."

"Why did you do it in the first place, Joan-Marie?"

Sam looked away, and then down on top of Joan-Marie's head.

"Because I love you so," she whispered.

Peter could stand no more. He turned his eyes away, but he knew that Sam kissed Joan-Marie, and that in that kiss they forgot jewels and plots and wrong doing. And he also knew that it was Joan-Marie who broke away first. He could see her hand against her throat, he could see Sam's stooped shoulders. And he could feel above all, the pearls making his flute heavy.

"Joan," said Sam, a new hope in his voice, "It's not too late. We don't need to take them."

"Sam!" Joan-Marie laughed, but her laugh died away. "But we promised. He counted on us."

"Me, you mean," replied Sam, his voice bitter. "What a fool I was. I shouldn't have messed up in that crowd. Gentlemen thieves—sport—brains—it's bunk. It's rot. And I dragged you into it."

Joan-Marie laughed again, a little brighter.

"Sam—you sound like the virtuous hero of a mid-Victorian novel." She turned suddenly to Peter. "This isn't us—the real us, standing here quibbling. It's the other us—trying to get out of what we got ourselves into."

"Please, Joan," said Sam, putting a protecting arm around Joan-Marie's shoulders. "Don't talk to that statue that way. You make me feel queer. Listen, honey, I said that this would be my last job, didn't I?"

Joan-Marie nodded, her eyes steadily fixed on Peter.

"Well, I meant it. Yes, I know—I've said it before. Look—" He pulled out of his pocket with his free hand two small tickets.

"Tickets!" breached Joan-Marie.

"The tickets," said Sam, his voice proud.

"Oh!" a whisper of wonder to Peter.

"So we'll collect the goods, and hand 'em over and then, good-bye to Jim!"

"Good-bye to Jim! Oh, Sam, you don't know what it means. He didn't like Peter. We used to come here—that's how we got the idea of the place—and he thought Peter a lump of stone."

Peter bristled. He had known all along that Joan-Marie could not have liked Jim—her disagreeable companion of so many deep conversations.

"Listen, dear, one more kiss, then we'll grab the stuff, and that's the end for us."

"Oh—Sam!"

Here Peter again politely turned his back. His manners were perfect, and he chaperoned only those he didn't like by making them in some mysterious way feel the presence of a third person. Now he could feel them approaching, felt Sam put his hand in the little hollow so snugly hidden, and then withdraw it quickly.

"Joan!"

Joan-Marie ran to join him, her lips parted in expectation, her hand outstretched.

"It's not here. We've been double-crossed."

"No, Sam."

"Look, it's not here."

Joan-Marie scooped her hand under Peter's foot, with the help of a slight lift from Sam. He put her down abruptly. She looked away, her eyes troubled.

"Sam, we're the only ones that know of this place. Jim and I discovered it, once when we were talking right here. Jim lifted his hand to lean against the base. He called me up, Sam, and told me he put it there. No one ever comes here. It was all fixed. There's a mistake."

But Peter saw that Sam's face had lightened, that the dark mask of unhappiness and worry had dropped away.

"Listen, Joan—it's the end. Don't you see? We told Jim we'd get it. Deliver it at ten. Well, it's not here. And that's the end of our responsibility. And when it comes out—we'll be Mr. and Mrs. Sam, far away from here. Jim won't look us up for such a small job. He knows I want to go straight."

"But we promised—"

"But it's not here. Don't you see, Joan-Marie? We can't take what isn't here."

Joan's face brightened. She looked at Peter. He smiled at her.

"Look, Sam, it's all right. He approves. We can't take what isn't here. Oh, Peter! Oh, Sam! Oh!"

And Joan-Marie began to laugh and to cry. Peter was a tiny bit disgusted. He hated sentimentality, but yet he did feel sympathetic. Sam laughed too, and murmured softly.

"Silly Joan-Marie. But if you say so, of course he approves—"

Here Sam tipped his hat very grandly.

"Good-bye, Peter Pan. Thanks for protecting my Joan. You're an excellent chaperone. And you've done us an excellent turn. Listen, Joan," he laughed, his eyes twinkled down at Joan's happy face, "perhaps Peter hid them from us. You can't tell. You're such a friend of his."

"Perhaps," sighed Joan-Marie, her heart thousands of miles away from Peter, away over miles of ocean, to a new home.

Peter felt that they had left as quickly as they had come. When he turned he saw a wee wisp of cream-colored chiffon, Joan-Marie's handkerchief, lying on the path, a chiffon that was soon seized for the nest for which the pearls had been intended.

Soon after, morning came, and with it the tramp of feet across the pavement in the park, and the first school children who came to see Peter Pan, and job hunters who knew this spot well, and more poets of mad free verse.

Peter still dances, forgotten by the city fathers, singing his heart away as though it would burst, although his pipes are silent; keeping the pearls from the grasping hands of the world, for those who some day should seek them.

Marjorie Hewitt, '31.

THE MADRID ROSE

In a cloistered nook of a garden
Grew a beautiful, fragrant rose,
Neglected, forlorn and forgotten
By all the rest of those
Dainty, perfumed flowers
Which grew close to the Castle Towers.

It lifted its head to the sunlight,
Its beauty was unsurpassed,
And even in the moonlight
It glistened with dew as you passed.
But no one noticed it growing,
No one passed that way—
Soon the bud would be blossoming
And then quickly fade away.

But into the garden one evening,
A Spanish nobleman came,
Desirous of finding a flower
To send to a Spanish dame.
"Don Pedro's neglected this garden,"
He mumbled under his breath,
"And where is that Madrid rosebud,
I prize above all else on earth?"

He then caught sight of the bower,
But it was gone—his precious flower!
In a rage he swore and ranted
But too late he ventured his wrath,
For where it had once been growing,
The bush was now suddenly bare.
In the twilight a maid had come searching it,
She saw the exquisite rose—
It took but a minute to pluck it—
And fasten it in her hair.

Kathryn Ball, '31.

WHY?

"Live, laugh and love—words fraught with meaning, but to Anne Lila what do they convey? Live—she was existing, but was it life? Rising at seven, meals, classes, studies, exams—why contend. Does it suffice to say—nothing to look forward to, her mind could but wander backwards, back to her last vacation, then—she had lived, laughed, and—yes, loved. How deeply imprinted upon her soul was that first night in Elberton, Georgia. Soft breezes playing over tall palms, the balcony silvered by the new moon, still warm from the afternoon sun, and permeated with the enticing spiciness of jasmin. Life was full for her, for Anne Lila believed that nothing could augment the beauty of the night. Heaven could not be richer in its godliness. A slight noise behind her stirred her conscious self, and awoke her to the surrounding life. She turned about to meet a pair of gray eyes that seemed equally entranced by the wondrous spell of the night. The owner of the eyes sighed softly and said,

"Life can halt right now, and we could still say we have seen it at is prime."

Unconsciously Anne Lila nodded to him, unaware of the fact that he was a total stranger.

"You are right. How can people say, one must go to Italy to see the beauties of this earth, when it is right before them? How can one ever be pessimistic in such an atmosphere?"

He drew forth a chair and sat beside her, spellbound, unable to speak, fearful of breaking the charm. Finally, he said:

"I am sorry if I have been rude enough to talk to you without introducing myself. I am Richard Laurence, and I know who you are. You are Miss Camp, and if I had not been enthralled by this view, I would have waited until I was properly introduced by my friend, Mr. James, who has had the pleasure of your friendship."

"But, of course, Henry has told me of you. And I understand, and am equally at fault."

And so they sat, and spoke. Nonsensical perhaps to feel that the friendship should have been doubly blest because of the unusual circumstances surrounding it, but Anne Lila could not help but feel that something beside an acquaintanceship was formed. Nor was she to blame, as can be comprehended by the events of the following days, days too few in number not to have an especial meaning attached to each one.

The next morning Anne Lila accompanied by Dick, swam, played and sunned on the beach. The nights were occupied by dancing and admiration of the unusual delights of the South. Soon friends and family were forgotten in their mutual attraction and they would wander off together, unheedful of anything but themselves.

The days drew near for Anne Lila's departure and the last day was to be spent just as the others, but new meanings were attached

to each thing. The last swim, the last ride sitting side by side over smooth roads landscaped by miles and miles of sun, dotted with palm trees. They parked the car near one of the friendly trees, and sat still, fearful of words which could not convey the depth of feeling.

"Anne, dear, I can't let you go—and still there is no way in which I can hold you. You know the extent of my feeling for you. If I could only express in words what is locked up in my heart."

Anne nodded slowly. There was nothing she could say. Could she, in wishing, wish him home with her? No, that only happened in fairy stories—she knew that it would be many months before she would see him again—if ever, but, he was speaking again.

"You know, darling, I'd love to come up to see you next month—I'm almost sure I can arrange it. You'll let me see you, won't you?"

"Oh, Dick, it'll never come through. I know it, I'm afraid you'll never be able to get up. If you could—"

And her eyes gleamed as if lit by an inner fire. Her love shone from them, and the dancing lights were laughing with glee, with joy, with happiness.

He saw her to the stateroom, overflowing with his flowers, and scented with the same subtle odor of jasmin that had first stolen into their hearts. His last words were:

"There'll be a letter from me at school, and I'll be there in a month, one long, dreary, month."

And the letter was there, roseate with promises, and the dreary month, two, three and now it seemed all months were dreary ones for Anne Lila. Was it her letters, shall we say the cooling of warmed southern blood, or does one forget so easily?

Love? Huh! Anne Lila knows.

Teresa Kovner, '31.

RAINY DAY IN THE GARDEN

Rainy day in the garden
Birds tucked under the eaves
Flowers are washing their faces
With dripping grass and leaves.

Wanda Watson, '31.

THE FIND

Very slowly the smooth country miles slipped under Mrs. Ray's dun-colored car; and very sedately did the sun-checkered hills dip and curtsy before Mrs. Ray's windshield. Houses and picket fences and telegraph poles slid slowly past on either side of the road like a moving-picture taken from a press-car trailing a parade. Had anyone else but Mrs. Ray been driving, the houses and fences would have flown by like bits of confetti and ticker-tape in the wind. And that, as Mrs. Ray thought, was the charm of roughing it; there was something exhilarating about driving one's own car for a week or two, about not having to call through the speaking-tube, "Gregory, go slower, please."

Mrs. Ray smiled a secret smile within herself, and allowed her eyes to wander to the houses that glided past . . . country houses, old, plain . . . all the same weathered gray. And Mrs. Ray sharply checked an impulse to remember that she had been born in a house like that, even christened Jenny, not Jeanne. She would have turned her eyes to the hills or the road; but they were arrested by a house less gray than the rest, and surely more old. A lovely old colonial house, with just the proper amount of sagging to be authentic; it would take a connoisseur's breath away. Mrs. Ray was sure she was a connoisseur.

The house crept slowly closer (how old it was!). On the piazza sat an old lady, busy with something or other, and on the shabbily respectable gate hung not the conventional "Tourists Accommodated" sign, but one that said "Artificial Flowers For Sale." Mrs. Ray adjusted her nose-glasses. The old lady was busy with the crepe-paper and wires, to be sure. Mrs. Ray looked closer. The dear old creature was sitting in what seemed to be, what must be a ladder-back chair. Mrs. Ray knew then that she could not live without some artificial flowers.

The gravel crunched underfoot as Mrs. Ray approached the verandah; and the old one peered up from her crepe-paper in timid wonder. Making feeble chirping noises, she

stood up, the crepe-paper scattered from her blue calico lap. Half-consciously moving, her fluttering hands (like wrinkled old paper) made pecking motions to clutch the stuff, but it slithered to the floor and lay there unheeded. (Yes, it *was* a ladder-back chair.)

"Your flowers, they are lovely, so real looking." (It must have been Mrs. Ray's ingratiating tone, for they were soon chatting of furniture). "That chair is a very nice piece of—of oak (it was a darkish wood); an old family piece, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, it has been in the family for years beyond recall; and the house . . . so many old things in it . . ." The small, twittering voice ran on. And the old lady seemed so pitifully eager to show Mrs. Ray her old house.

"How lovely," said Mrs. Ray in the clove and mothball tainted gloom of the hall. (She would never tell Addie Blair about this, but no, she would, because Addie always gloated so about her finds.) The old lady's felt slippers padded across the narrow hall to some portieres. "This be my settin'-room," and the rattle and slip of curtain-rings came with the little twittering voice.

Mrs. Ray tried hard to keep the glitter from her eyes. (A gate-leg table with the sun sliding across it.) In the farthest corner was a Sheraton sofa . . . Mrs. Ray was sure it was Sheraton . . . claw-and-ball foot. A tall mahogany clock ticked from behind a Hepplewhite chair. The felt slippers padded on. (Highboys, lowboys, Sandwich glass on a Chippendale sideboard). Mrs. Ray licked her dry lips and turned her eyes away from the hooked rugs to the dark portraits on the wall; frowning gentlemen in high throat-stocks, and stiff ladies in scandalously low gowns. She would even buy some ancestors.

She was furnishing her house in rather old stuff; so she explained to the old creature; and she would be glad to buy some of this furniture; very glad to buy some of it.

One crumpled-yellow-paper hand rested on the gate-leg table, the other picked at the blue calico. The old lady stood dazed, timidly reticent. Mrs. Ray could imagine her twittering within herself; she would have to overcome that reticence. "I am willing to pay you for the stuff *now* . . . all your furniture . . ." The old lady chirped faintly and rubbed her fingers along the edge of the table. "Perhaps," thought Mrs. Ray, watching the fingers slide over the smoothness of the table, "she may think it is charity being offered her." And Mrs. Ray mentioned a price that would have seemed scandalously high to one who knew nothing about the value of antiques. She wrote out a check in unseemly haste and skidded it across the table.

She could scarcely keep her eyes fixed on the old woman (they roved to the portraits, to the sofa, to the clock). "A van, I'll have a van come for it right away," she gobbled, and fled to the hall before the old one could change her mind.

The furniture came (a little bunch of crepe-paper flowers came with it). Mrs. Ray had been looking through the sideboard drawers when she came across the draggled little things and for a fleeting moment Mrs. Ray's conscience hurt her. The conscience was put back to sleep when she told it that the old woman could never know the value of the lovely old stuff. Lovely old stuff . . . she glided her hand across the sideboard . . . the patina of it! She held a piece of the Sandwich glass to the light . . . the translucence of it! And the portraits . . . That man with the high forehead and sensitive mouth, that would be great, great, uncle Bertram Wayne (notwithstanding the fact that Bertram had died when he was not yet eleven).

How shocked Mrs. Ray would have been, had she been able to see the old one unpacking some Sandwich glass from its nest of new excelsior, or dusting off a new set of ancestral portraits she had only now fished from the coal-bin.

Norma Keller, '31.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER ARLINGTON

They climbed the winding road again today,
Again today they came to view their dead
Up to these gently sloping hills, to lay
Their rose-bound wreaths above my silent head.
Year after year has brought more dragging feet,
Tears, and soft voices, where was laughter, light.
Those, than whom autumn wind was not more fleet
Walk through the dusk, dreading the coming night.

I feel a great, wonderful content,
The green young grass is springing up beneath
Me, all the air is redolent
With roses, heavy on me, as a sheath.
Once, when I lived, a man midst other men
Strange that I always hated roses then.

Doris Lecky, '31.

"DEATH IS KIND TO SOME"

"Now you three get me straight. This ain't no hard game to play, and—why—it's as easy as rollin' off a log. This job will fix youse all three for a while on easy street. I'll give you two months to do it in. Two months from today youse are to fork over to me what I'm paying you to go after and then everythin' will be all right for you all." These words came down upon the three people, addressed with commands like those of a slave dealer to his slaves.

"O. K. by me, Chief. I'll do my best, that is if these skirts are goin' to help. But the minute they back down—I'm through—and that's that." The last two words seemed to fairly snarl from the thin-lipped youth who sat slouched in his chair.

"Say, big boy, lay off the sob stuff. Me and Minnie are game. We'll go through with this, but after this, I'm quittin' for life. Get me? This is a fine life for a young girl like me to be livin', especially where I am so respectable-like. Imagine how my poor mother would feel if she knew I was doin' such dishonest work. I'm walkin' the straight and narrow path after this job, and youse guys can go to the devil. I'm reformin'." Finishing with the air of an orator, Rosie Lyon walked across the room, adjusted the fur slung around her shoulders, pulled on the close fitting turban, and sauntered out the door into the street.

"Well," drawled out Minnie, "this is goin' to be a swell rest for me. My doctor always told me to get some country air, and now's my chance. I guess I can play nurse maid to a brat for two months, but if he's one of them howlin' kind, I'll knock his bloomin' head off. Glad I don't have to do this all my life. Well—you Bingos, I'm goin' up and take my last look at this beautiful world. Ain't this a swell life, though. Imagine me in society. My ma always said I was meant to be one of them society dames. Who knows but what I may be 'Mrs. Jack Ass-ter' before two months are over?"

With Minnie gone the two men were left to themselves. They sat some three feet apart in the dim, smoky room, and not a word was spoken between them. In two hours these three were to enter a new world—a world they had never lived in before—a world they had studied, but had never practiced in.

"Say, Jim, or should I address you as Henderson? That was a break for us gettin' you three fixed up at that house. Don't know what I'd do without Bill Ferris. He sure is a swell guy. Yuh know he is the cause of youse havin' this swell vacation that ain't costin' yuh a cent. He knows the dame who runs this swell employment joint, and she fixed up your pedigrees so well that even the Prince of Wales would be jealous. Come back and report to me every two weeks. Let me know how things are. I've got to go now, but I'll see you before you leave. So long, kid."

Jim Lyon, alias Henderson, let escape a smile that was similar to a sneer. My, this was a swell game. No hard work, and heaps of excitement. He was so glad that he and Rosie were at last going to be in the country. How well he remembered the day he promised her a little cottage in the country. Somehow there had never been a cottage. He and Rosie had become mixed up in this racket, and it was no easy job to get out of it. Rosie had

been a swell wife and had never said anything about doing this kind of work. They had to live and this was by far the easiest way to earn quick money. When this job was over, they would be on easy street, and then they could buy the cottage they had always wanted. What a swell world to be living in!

* * * * * * * *

The Hoods' country estate at Larchmont, New York, was very beautiful, with its several acres of cultivated grounds, swimming pool, sunken garden, and many winding paths. In fact it was considered the most beautiful estate in this residential town. As her husband was travelling in Europe at the time, Mrs. Hood was left at this home with her small son and seven servants. It was always a nuisance bringing the servants to and from the city so she had given the butler, her personal maid, and sonny's governess a leave of absence. In their places she was most fortunate to be able to put Hilda, a very lovable Swedish girl, as her personal maid, Miss Haugh, a charming girl, as governess, and Henderson, as butler. They were so congenial, and it was indeed a pleasure to have them around. They had been with her six weeks, and not one fault could she find with them.

"Hilda."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think I shall go into the city for a few days. I shall take Sonny with me and shall drive in myself. If you, Miss Haugh, and Henderson would like a few days off, you may have them. There will still be four servants left around the place, and I see no reason why you should all stay here."

"Thank you, ma'am. I think I'll stay here and rest, but I know the others would like to have a few days off. If you will excuse me, ma'am, I think I shall go and tell them now."

* * * * * * * *

"Say, Jim, and oh, yeah! you too, Minnie, I wanta talk to you. Now come closer to me, I ain't shoutin' this to the world. Listen, Mrs. Hood is goin' in the city for a few days, and she says that we can all have a few days off. 'When the cat's away the mice will play.' That's your game ain't it, Jim? It is, 'cause I can see the expression on your face. Well—I've a good bit of news to tell yuh. I'm quittin'. Now don't get me wrong. I mean so far as the racket is concerned. I ain't in the racket of stealin' things any longer—you see?"

"Say, baby, what are you talkin' about? Gettin' yellow, ain't youh? Tryin' to walk out on us, ain't yuh? Well, baby, get this straight, and get it now. You ain't goin' to do no such thing. You're stickin' with us until we're through. Now do yuh get me?"

"Yeah, Jim, I get yuh, but you're all wrong. Sit down, you big bimbo, and let me say my little piece, and shut up. I don't want no interruptions. Three years ago I married you—what for I don't know. I guess I thought I loved you. You couldn't earn a bean as a plumber, so you joined up with this racket game. Next you brought me into it and I helped you a lot. I ain't goin' into the details about our different jobs. Me and you made some good money—then came this job. We came down here. I love this place, and I'm nuts about my Mistress, but more than that I love "Henry." Now wait a minute, don't get so excited. Henry is a swell guy, and he means well by me. You say he's only a chauffeur, but at least he earns his meals honestly. That guy loves me and I love him. I told him our game down here, and he told me he would rather see me dead than go through with it. I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' and seein' he feels the way he does—well, I'm through. So 'Lord Byron,' you can get one of your women to take my place and then you can all go to the devil. I wanta live my own life without your help, thank you. Now get me straight, big boy, I'm quittin' today, see?"

Indeed Jim saw. He saw that he was ruined. As for gettin some other woman to help, who could he get? Betty? No, she's too slow. Jane? No, she's too—but how the devil did she know he had any women? The big snoop! Well—if she wouldn't help him,

he might get someone else. Walking up to her room, he knocked on the door and stepped in without waiting for an answer. There she stood before the mirror, combing out her long, blond hair. She wore a blue and white checked gingham dress, and was the picture of an overgrown child. His throat tightened as he gazed at her, and realized that someone else was going to have her—if he didn't look out.

"Where you goin', Rosie dear?"

"What's it to you, and lay off the sob stuff. That don't work with me."

"I guess I've got a right to ask yuh, ain't I? You're my wife, and I guess I can ask yuh things."

"You let me alone, do yuh hear? I ain't yours no more, and I'm doin' what I please. This afternoon I'm goin' for a walk. Now ain't that romantic?"

"Aw, Rosie—if yuh only knew how crazy I was about yuh," he changed his manner and hissed at her, "Your fool Henry said he'd kill yuh first before you played our game again. I'm tellin' yuh now I'll kill yuh before he gets yuh—get me? You're mine, and no one else is goin' to have yuh but me!" With this he grabbed her in his arms, attempting to kiss her, but she fought him like a wild animal and tore herself away. She stood facing him with her back against the wall where she had thrown herself, her hair streaming down her back, her eyes brilliant with hatred, and her mouth trembling.

Between sobs of fear she managed to shout to him, "My Gawd, such popularity. Him wantin' to kill me so I won't go wrong, and you wantin' to kill me for wantin' to go right. Oh, what fools you men are." This was too much for Jim, and as she flung herself down on the bed sobbing her heart out, he stamped out of the room and slammed the door.

* * * * * * * *

"Say, Minnie, I'm goin' in the city for a couple of days. I've gotta see the chief, and tell him all the news. Maybe I'll be back by tomorrow, but anyhow I want you to look after Rosie. See what she's up to. It don't look so sweet to me the way she's actin'. So, dearie, you watch every move she makes—especially when she's with Henry."

"Sure, Jim, I'll do it. That dame thinks she's too smart. I'll fix her. Gee, Jim, I'd do anythin' for you. Ain't it a shame that a gal like that would get a swell guy like you? I wish I had a few breaks once in a while. My, but I'd think I was lucky if I had a guy like you. Gee, I got to cut out the sob stuff. Sure, Jim, I'll watch her." Under her breath she also added, "An' I'll fix her."

Some two hours later, Minnie, armed with a gun, left the house in search of Rosie. Funny she carried a gun, but nowadays it wasn't safe for a girl to go out without some kind of protection. She needed protection. Sure she needed protection. Speaking of Rosie, why did a dame like that always have the breaks? And—Jim was crazy about her. Rosie had broke his heart, but she wouldn't do any more harm for a while. She'd fix her. Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by someone talking. Creeping nearer she made out two figures. Lord—it was Rosie and Henry! Rosie wasn't like she usually saw her—calm, hard, and cold, but pleading for something. Imagine Rosie pleading.

"Henry, please listen. Honest I did love you, but I love Jim. I can't help it. Him and me have been through so much together I can't leave him. Jim loves me, and I know he needs me. I'm goin' back. Let me go, you fool. Don't be like all your kind. You men are always grabbin' what you think is yours. I'm going back, and I'm going to help Jim."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You aren't goin' back. You're mine and no one is goin' to take you away from me. Rosie, please listen. I love you so and—"

"Get out of my way. I'm goin' back, and that's that. You or no one else is stoppin' me."

"I ain't stoppin' you? Well, you little hussy, you move one step, and I'll kill you."

As she faced the muzzle of the gun her heart stopped beating. He couldn't mean it! Well—she had to die some time. She might

as well be killed goin' back to Jim, only Jim would never know that she was comin' back to him.

"Say, Henry, just what do you think you are doin'?" She struck out her arm for the gun, but grabbed his arm instead. "Now you let me alone, do yuh hear? I'm goin' back to Jim 'cause—" before she finished her sentence she crumpled up in a heap on the ground. Like a man gone mad, Henry stood over her, looked at the gun he held in his hand, and tore off into the woods for refuge. Little did he realize as he ran along that his right arm was useless, because he had been shot. Soon he stopped for breath and then he was heard to murmur, "Well—how the devil did I get that?"

As Minnie bent over the still body of Rosie, she too looked as if she had gone mad. Who killed her? Did the gun discharge? Did Henry kill her or did she? Gosh, what a game kid Rosie was after all. Well, it was done and Rosie was fixed. Walking up the driveway she encountered Jim.

"Minnie, have you seen Rosie?"

"No, I haven't, Jim. I went out lookin' for her but couldn't find her. She must have taken a long walk."

"Well, I'm goin' after her. I shouldn't have sent you. I'm goin' to bring her back." His last few words echoed the words she had heard some three hours ago. "I'm goin' back to Jim." If she ever heard that word *back* again she would go mad.

Walking along the path which led through the woods, Jim kept reminding himself that something was wrong. As he scuffed along, his eyes spotted a patch of blue and white. Like something shot he lurched forward and there before him lay Rosie—his wife. Examining her body, he found that she had been shot through the heart. Who—who could have killed her?

"Rosie—Rosie, speak to me. It's Jim talkin' to you. Rosie, for God's sake, say somethin'." But the cold, thin lips of the still body did not respond to his pleas. "Oh, my Rosie, what have they done to you? What shall I do? How can I get along without you? There ain't nothin' left for me now."

He couldn't go on without her. She had been his life—would she be his death? There wasn't anything to live for now.

"They got her, but they ain't goin' to get *me*. No one is goin' to get me."

From out of his pocket he drew a gun. Glancing at the lifeless body of Rosie he slowly bent over her and kissed her. Strong as he was he couldn't keep the tears from making their way down his cheeks. Suddenly he poised the gun and fired. Gradually sinking beside her he whispered ever so gently: "Rosie—I came back—and I'm goin' with—" Before he finished his last words "with you," he lay there beside her, dead, with his face buried in her hair, and his arm slung across her body.

He was back with her—and nothing under God's heaven could separate them now. "What a swell life it was!"

Dorothy Brown, '31.

MANUSCRIPT

This birch tree's trunk
Is a parchment scroll
Mumbled over by the wind
Who peers at every
Small black scrawl.
He has fingered it so long
For learned matters
That every edge
Is worn to tatters.

Norma Keller, '31.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLACE

Dr. Don Burroughs ran down the steps of his little home and into his waiting roadster. Dr. Don felt very happy this morning for only last night had he come to the decision that he would rather make Marie Jessup his wife than spend three years in hard study in Berlin. His grandfather had left him that money to do as he liked with; it had been a long and strenuous row in college, but now that he had established a small practice in Stillwater he would rather not leave Marie for another three years. If only there was enough money for

both of them to go—perhaps later in life the opportunity would come.

Such were his musings as he drove to his first call. It was a beautiful day, the whole world seemed to smile with Dr. Don.

Although he had spoken no word of marriage to Marie because he could not, he knew she understood and it was generally known that they would some day wed. She had understood perfectly the battle that was going on in his mind, so when she saw Don's jubilant face that night she knew that she had won and became very happy. She was in his arms almost before he had taken off his hat and his words of love she repeated to herself softly. It was so hard to believe that at last the time had come for them to be together always. But a sudden thought to her, why not give Don a little test—he had always been so sure of her.

"You know, Don," she said, "I haven't yet said that I would marry you. I'm going to send you home now but at ten o'clock I shall send you a message. It shall be my answer."

In vain Don pleaded but she was firm—so with a twinkle in her eye she sent him home. He pretended to be crestfallen, but was so sure of himself that he left smiling, and seated himself before a cheerful grate fire, paper in hand and pipe in mouth.

He must have slept for it was with a shock that he heard the doorbell ringing. A messenger boy was there who gave him a package. Of course, his message from Marie. How characteristic of her to send something rather than writing him a letter—he wondered what it could be.

Back to his chair he went, again comfortably settled before the fire to open at his leisure the message which meant so much to him.

It proved to be a tobacco pouch, quite like any tobacco pouch he had ever seen, and picking it up he tried to figure out its significance. But upon turning it over, he saw these words printed on the other side, "The Bachelor's Solace."

He stared at the thing as if it were haunted—this innocent thing which was bringing his world down around his ears. Could it be true that after all these years she could not really love him? No! no! He could not believe it—after his years of planning. He tried to go to the 'phone but his pride overcame him—he would save that even if he had lost everything else.

That night Dr. Don Burroughs left Stillwater for Berlin, where he spent three successful years. He worked hard, night and day, would spend no time with pleasure, and tried to forget. At the end of three years he returned to New York where a position was offered him in an office with other successful doctors, which he gladly accepted.

Dr. Don, because of necessity and because he felt that now he could, at last return to Stillwater late one night to settle his affairs, sell his little home, and leave the place forever. He was a much older looking man than when he had left, one might have said that ten years had passed instead of three, and it was with a heavy heart that he opened the front door of the house in which he had spent so many happy years. The room which he entered was exactly as he had left it and he went directly to that chair in front of the fireplace. Yes, on the arm was the little tobacco pouch, all gray with dust now, but with the gold letters still shining forth, "The Bachelor's Solace." Don sat down in the chair and took the thing in his hand, all those sad memories rushing back to him as if it were only yesterday. Strange, how fate can change a life in the course of a few minutes. He replaced the pouch to its original position but a crackling noise in his hand made him stop short—could it be possible that there was a note inside that pouch and he had not known it? With trembling fingers he tore it open and there lay a neatly folded slip of paper which read:

"Don dear, rather a ridiculous way to fool you when I want you so much right now. Come, dear, at once. You know my answer."

Lord, to think that in those horrible moments of hell he had failed to open the pouch and had probably ruined more than one happiness. He must go to her at once—oh God, if she would only be there.

He flew to the little house and ran to the

door. A maid admitted him. Yes, Miss Jessup was home and would be down at once. If Dr. Burroughs would be seated—

Marie entered the room with wondering eyes. She still retained her beauty but had aged, oh so much. As she saw Don she turned a deathly white and he went to her with open arms.

"Marie, my darling, I love you—love you, do you understand? Will you ever forgive me and is there still hope and say something—Marie, speak to me!"

Dr. and Mrs. Don Burroughs are now living in New York but expect to return soon to Stillwater to take up their permanent residence.

Anna-Louise Smith, '31.

HOLIDAY

Strange that all the time out there
  Was that long stretch of shining blue,
The white sand reaching out to grasp
  And cling to it as to a new
Toy, fascinating—and the sky
  A straight line where it meets the sea—
Strange that, although they've always been,
  I never knew such things could be.
For I was born to blare of horns,
  And traffic on a city street,
And I have only known the feel
  Of pavements underneath my feet.

I shall not mind returning—much—
  For though I'll walk through all the din
My mind will still be swimming out
  To catch the faint horizon's rim.

Doris Lecky, '31.

SCAMPY

When Johhny found him, he was huddled in a tiny ball of meager fur. His poor little nose was tucked between his paws, and his eyes, all watery with the cold, blinked imploringly. Johnny himself was cold, bitterly cold. He thrust his blue hands in his pockets, but what good would that do when nothing but cold air met them? Long ago, he had lost the safety pins that held up his breeches, and the cold surged up to meet those chilly little hands.

When Johnny saw that tiny specimen of nobody from nowhere, the warm little spot where his heart was, throbbed and ached with pity. He gathered him in his arms and cuddled his cold body close to his own, and murmured broken words. The tiny bundle of fur wiggled and squirmed in delight. His little song-box was evidently not frozen. It seemed that he was trying to sing his loudest and best to make an impression on somebody who had rescued him from—no one knows what.

Johnny took him home, if home it could be called. In his heart, he knew that if his treasure was found by his father, life in that treasure would not exist for long. But his secret was safe for many days. His father was somewhere on a drunken spree, and that meant that he would not be home for at least a month.

During that month, the ball of fur grew larger. Johnny often went hungry to feed it. When the boy delivered his papers, Scampy explored the dark corners of Alley Row. Life was supreme for both of them.

Johnny was pouring out milk for Scampy one morning, when he heard heavy staggering footsteps on the rickety stairs. His heart beat violently and his whole body shook. He tremblingly gathered Scampy in his arms and huddled in a corner. The door opened, and a large, uncouth looking man lurched into the room. The odor of liquor filled Johnny with nausea. He huddled closer in his corner, but he could not escape those evil searching eyes. Oaths poured from the man's flabby lips, as he reached for Johnny and threw him violently to the floor. Scampy tumbled from under the boy's coat and rolled over and over on the floor. Those searching eyes narrowed. Johnny screamed and hid his face in his quivering hands. When he lifted his head, the man was gone. Johnny did not go to the window. He knew what would meet his eyes. The only bright spot in his life had gone out that window.

Dorothy Louise Dunham, '31.



Maximillian Stencilbottom, the well-known critic, has at last published his "COMMENTS ON THE ART, LITERATURE, AND MUSIC OF THE MOMENT." As Mr. Stencilbottom has had full charge of the running of the elevator to the Bragdon Look-out, he may rightly claim his place as a connoisseur of the higher things. With Mr. Stencilbottom's permission, we re-print excerpts from "COMMENTS":

Dinna Saye Sitch's new volume of poems, "ANGLE WORMS AT DAWN," is to my way of thinking, an innovation in the world of poetry. Miss Sitch disregards rhyme and rhythm in a manner most delightful. There is a vein of whimsicality, so characteristic of all her work, that is very pronounced in her latest poems. I cite for instance that lovely bit of verse that starts:

"My soul is like a garbage pile . . .
So full of various things . . ."

Or that poem from which the volume takes its name:

"Wiggly Worms,
I'd rise at Dawn
To see you squirming
On my lawn;
But then, I'll never
Rise at Dawn.

Miss Sitch flaunts her rebellion like a bright banner; one must go a long way before he finds verse like it.

Ludwig Von Der Pretzel, having completed his treatise on the "ANATOMY OF THE QUARTER NOTE," is so taken with his subject that he has started a series of musical compositions dealing with love and imprisonment. It is believed that he will draw his material from Althea and Lovelace, Antonia and Nerissa, or Frankie and Johnnie. He will make special arrangements for the musical saw, kettle drum, and electric fan.

In the Modern Art exhibit held recently at the Glucoz Galleries were several canvases by the new painter, Godiva Halli Toses. Miss Toses has struck a new note with her "CONCEPTION OF A CAFETERIA FLOOR." The background is an expanse of deliberately brutalized jello. Casting aside hampering conventions, Miss Toses has grouped parallelograms and spheres in the foreground regardless of plane and perspective. She uses barn-paint and gesso; the effect of the combination is startling and brilliant. In this same exhibit is also the latest canvas of Leslie Gumschu. It depicts a deserted shrimp cannery, standing stark against a magenta sky; the canvas is called "SUNRISE ON AN ALBANIAN ESCALATOR." Leslie Gumschu is one of the members of the art colony at Cape Last Hope, Maine. Another painting worthy of comment is Ollie Dimwit's "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY BITING HER FINGERNAILS." It excited a great deal of adverse criticism because it did somewhat resemble a young lady biting her fingernails; but as the painting was found to be hanging upside down, no serious harm was done.

Sampson Bohn Hedd, the sculptor, has startled the art world with his group called "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PARAMECIUM." It is composed of a cluster of three rhomboids balancing a scalene triangle. The group has a suggestion of hidden power, and moves one strangely.

No commentary of the arts of the day would be complete without mention of the new dance called "HAI-HAI," introduced by Alla Moni, a native of the Choongum Islands. "HAI-HAI" is an old ceremonial dance of the Choongums; Miss Moni accompanys herself on the bananaoil, the native instrument.

Count Pillan Koffdropski's Memoirs have at last been translated from the Russian, to Sanskrit, to the Swedish, to the English. His

harrowing experiences, while disguised as a farmer during the Revolution, have cultivated a note of harsh reality that dominates his writing style. The chapter called, "THE REVOLUTION AS SEEN FROM UNDER THE BED" is especially moving.

I have little to say for Rollin Downhill's "LIFE OF WASHINGTON." It is disgustingly like a biography, and deals only with established facts of Washington's life. Downhill even admits spending five years of research on the subject before he started the book. It would not be so bad, but Downhill goes as far as to dispute the statement made by Collagin Sunday (in *his* biography of Washington, called "SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT") to the effect that Washington would have run a night-club if he were living today. In disputing Sunday's statement, Downhill tampers with a sacred American tradition; he might at least have left us a few illusions."

Norma Keller, '31.

FEMALES—FELINES AND—WELL—MOST ANYTHING

When a great authoress such as I, writes an essay such as this, a definition is needed at the very outset. I for one detest definitions, being poor at defining; but one must—so do or die.

Cats are—well they're catty. H'm, not so good. Well, let's see. If someone who pretends to be a friend, a *best* friend I mean, and *is* a best friend of a friend of yours, there's going to be trouble. That is—she will probably say to you—I think so-and-so, meaning her best friend, is a terrible cat, and then go to so-and-so and say I think what-cha-m'call-it, meaning you, is a cat. Then she is, no, I'm sorry, I'm wrong, that's being two-faced.

I'll try again. Take for example, A, B and C. That supposedly is the way to solve for an unknown quantity. B says to A, I think your dress is adorable, and then goes to C and says, I think A's dress is lousy, as the modern term states.

That's nearer the idea I want, but there really need be only two people to participate in this game, and dress is far from being the only topic.

I have watched this game of Cat played at all different places and functions and have, from my thorough study of this subject come to the conclusion that it is played more freely and easier over a tea table.

The two will come in, sit down, and before ordering one will see across the room a friend. Hurrah—nice catnip—and so it starts.

She was seen the night before in the worst orange-colored dress, and *red* lipstick. Imagine it, my dear! And she actually dared have that terrible Mrs. Blank at her dinner the other night. I think she's beginning to show her age. Oh, my dear, we think she's had her face lifted. And so it goes. And in the meantime the friend is probably saying the same sort of thing about the first two.

Why, I've seen women huddled for hours, simply fascinated, toying with their victim till something is finally pinned down to her.

I realize I'm not the only one whom this subject has affected. For not many days ago I received a beautiful red and yellow circular in a pink envelope.

The letterhead proclaimed it as coming from the Anti-Cat League of North Dakota. From what I read things must be pretty sad out there.

They offered me a membership—not gratis—and stated ways of exterminating cats from the land. I didn't join for I didn't agree with all their methods of extermination and I couldn't read the signature at the end.

I've always wondered about those signatures—one never is able to make them out. I think they're false and I'm going to investigate some day.

Probably the signature and league, too, for that matter, belonged to some poor old frowsy thing who was never worth being catty about.

That's the funny thing about this—people dislike being catted about, but when they aren't, they get plain mad.

And I suppose as long as there are women

there will be cats and no amount of Anti-Cat Leagues will do away with them, and after all, the world can't live without women, so probably some authoress, not half so great as I, will be writing on cats a thousand years from now. Anyhow I hate cats!

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

HOW TO GET YOUR HOMEWORK DONE!

1. Bring home books. Leave on top of desk for seven or eight hours. Books will die of loneliness.

2. Cast a withering glance at books, and say "Ugh;" books will die of shame and mortification.

3. Say in loud voice in the presence of books, "I'm sorry, but I can't go to the "vil—I have too many lessons to do!" Books will turn over and die of remorse at the thought.

4. Pick up one book and fondle caressingly. Murmur: "Book, I love you best of all these others." Lay it down. Books will fight among themselves from jealousy, and kill each other.

5. Address books thus: "You foul, base, useless, vile, filthy things! Liars!" Books will rise and leave the house in a rage, and never return.

6. When book isn't looking, slip in it an important letter to "roomie." Roomie asks for letter. Letter can't be found. You discover it in book. Proclaim book a thief. Book sent to Sing Sing for life on charge of grand larceny.

Kathryn Ball, '31.

THE BATTLE

The girl approached fearlessly. Grim determination was written upon her face. She grasped the thing firmly in both hands. All eyes were fastened upon her. Somebody handed her a long steel instrument. It would be a battle to the bitter end. She wrenched and groaned, struggled and finally threw the thing on the bed. Her face was contorted with anguish and chagrin. She had said she would do this thing—she would!

She snatched it up again. Frantically worked. Exhausted she paused. It was a tense moment. All eyes were upon her. Ah, she had a hold—a hold! Ah, she had lost it again. She must give up—her whole body quivered. She was exhausted to the breaking point. Perspiration poured down her flushed face. She could go no further with the terrible business. More people crowded in the room. If they would only stand back and give her a chance!

She could wait no longer. The others were growing impatient. With mighty jerks she pulled and hauled to no avail. The spectators gasped with horror at her contortions. They cried aloud at her savage attack of it. Would she do it? Would she overcome this thing? She now arched her back for a last attack. It was to be to the finish this time. A wrench, terrific in its strength! And the thing was done! Cheers arose. She had done the seemingly impossible. She had gotten the top off of the jelly jar for Sunday night tea!

Kathryn Ball, '31.



Another Poem for Your Ashcan

The sun sees on its daily climb
So many things that nicely rhyme
I wonder that it does not stay
To sing of Egypt or Cathay.

But now I very plainly see
Just how this can never be;
The shining orb cannot forego
The billboards for Sapolio.

It's not content till it has seen
Advertisements for Listerine;
And sulky, sullen, it will mope
If cheated of its Ivory Soap.

Dawn comes creeping from the east
To shed its light on Fleischmann's Yeast,
And to the west, a golden loop
The sun pursues its Campbell's Soup.

Its smile a brighter look is lent
By shining long on Pepsodent;
When sunburn has it feeling mean,
It strongly favors Unguentine.

So surfeited with Cadillac
And Cream of Wheat, and Tanalac;
It peers out from behind the night
Upon a world of Mazda Light.

Norma Keller, '31.

My Dog

A ball of fluff—
The color of snow—
A patch of black
On eye and toe—
With short, blunt legs
And whiskers long—
Like the flight of a bird
She flew along.
Soon she spied a bed of mud
Around it she ran—but slipped with a thud.

No longer fluff—merely hair
No longer white with skin so fair.
A rat—a cat—no one could tell
But to me she was someone I knew so well.

Some would say "If I'd a dog like that
I doubt if I'd know where I was at."
But you who have dogs—such human friends—
Know that without them your world would end.
A friendly bark—a tug—a scratch—
What are riches with such as that?
To part with her would be the end
For I've never had a better friend.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

Evening Diet

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's recreation
At Lasell, known as study hour.
The doors and the windows rattle,
The girls raise an awful din,
Till the teacher on duty enters
Our rooms to see that we're in.
We dash for the pencil and notebook,
And seat ourselves in a chair.
We switch on the little brass lighters,
Then at our books do we glare.
For full half an hour we study,
With all our might and main—
When roommate suggests some candy,
Refusing is simply in vain!
We reach for the sweets with gusto—
Too late we think of the pounds.
Who's going to let diet deprive us
Of lunching before the bell sounds?

Renee Smith, '33.

AGE

If you and I had been on earth six hundred years ago,
We would have known a lot of things that really were not so;
For instance, this old world was flat and didn't go 'round at all,
And if we sailed an inch too far, we'd reach the edge and fall.

But now we know it wasn't so, we've learned a thing or two,
Our yesterday has passed away and we have knowledge new;
But wait and see, tomorrow we will rub our eyes and wake
To know that what we knew today, was all a big mistake.

Mary Alice Morgan, '31.

EDITORIALS

COLORED STARS

Jules Verne and other men ages ago dreamed of the submarine and in his book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he described such a vessel. At that time it was considered such a flight of fancy and imagination that although by some he was considered insane, yet all his details have been used in the making of our modern submarine. Of course there is still a great opportunity for improvement before we reach the perfection that the romantic Frenchman dreamed of for his submarine almost a hundred years ago. Likewise he dreamed of a trip to the moon. This, too, is not beyond belief with the study of aeronautics and with the achievement of the wonderful Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in making the pioneer flight from New York to Paris. There is the theory that in the years to come means will be found whereby communication may be established between planets.

It is a strangely impressive thought, when we look at the star-strewn sky, that each one of the seeming points of light we see is a sun akin to our own, a mighty orb governing a family of dependent orbs, pouring light upon them, and nourishing them with its heat.

These suns have their own special character and qualities. Not only does one star differ from another in glory, for difference of distance would make some seem brighter and others fainter, but in size, in might, in structure, in the very quality of the light which they emit, those myriads of suns differ from each other, and from that particular sun about which we know most, because it is the nearest —our own.

To ordinary observation, there is but one quality in which the stars differ from each other, namely in *color*. Sirius, the finest star in the heavens, is beautifully white. The ancients spoke of it as red, and some have imagined that this splendid star must have changed in color; but they only referred to the brilliant red tint shown in the sparklings by Sirius, when near the horizon. The red tint is the most conspicuous, and doubtless led to the star being called Red Sirius in ancient times. But it has probably been as white as it is now, not only during the few thousand of years over which history extends its survey, but for thousands of centuries. Pollux, one of the two equal stars which adorn the constellation called The Twins, is yellow, but Castor, the other, is slightly greenish. However, none of the stars we see are really green or blue.

So far as these separate colored suns are concerned, we may believe that they are simply suns in different stages of their enormously long life. There are good reasons for thinking that the brilliant white, steel-white, bluish-white and greenish-white stars are all in a very early stage of stellar life. In the yellowish stars a certain cooling of the outer vapors has given them a greater power of absorbing the light which comes from the glowing central mass, and so a yellowish tinge is cast over the light. In the orange, and still more in the ruddy and deeply red stars, the process of cooling has gone farther and the tinge cast over the light has become more marked. The time

may come when our own sun will have reached the stage through which the red suns are now passing. Our sun is in the same stage as Capilla, Procyon, and other yellow suns, and, in a sense, his light is yellowish, though as it is the light of our day, it is for us truly white, only yellowish by comparison with such light as we get at night and in small quantities from Sirius, Viga and Al-tair, and their fellows.

But the light actually emitted by the glowing mass of our sun is not only yellowish, it is violet.

It is when we turn from the single suns to those which travel in pairs, or in sets of three, four, or more, that we find the strongest and most beautiful colors, the greatest variety of tint, and also combinations of colors charmingly contrasted. We find, perhaps, a splendid white star with a small companion of a deep red, purple, vermillion, or dark-blue color. A large yellow star may have a small companion colored purple, or green, or blue, or ruby red. A brilliant orange star will be seen with a violet, blue, or emerald-green companion; a red star may have beside it a green or blue companion.

Yet it must not be supposed that all double stars show contrasts of this kind. Among them we find pairs of the same color, or of colors not differing more than as white from pale yellow, or red from ruddy orange.

It has been found that the colors of the double stars are due to the vaporous atmospheres which surround these orbs. Their colors may be compared to those seen in railway signalling,—where the light itself is white, but appears colored because of the action of colored glass; only in the case of the double stars there are not red, green, or blue glasses, but colored vapors.

It is so reasonable to believe that other suns than ours have their attendant worlds traveling around the beautiful orange sun Albirio, and others traveling round its blue companion sun. To both sets of worlds, Albirio and its companion must alike be suns. According to the position of one of these worlds at any time, the orange or the blue sun may be its chief light-bringer.

From sunrise to sunset of the orange sun there is a day which, were that the only sun, would simply be such a day such as we have, for only whiteness would be recognized. From sunrise to sunset of the blue sun there is day, too. If both suns happen to rise and set at about the same time, their combined light gives a splendid white day; yet even this must differ from our day, for instead of a single set of shadows, there would be three distinct kinds of shadow, namely, 1, where no light falls from the orange sun or a blue shadow; 2, where no light falls from the blue sun, or orange shadow; and 3, where no light falls from either or shadow such as we have. The combination of these several tints in landscape, clouds, forests, features of animals and the ever-varying play of color, must be very strange and very beautiful.

All this may seem fanciful, for indeed we do not yet know what scenes are actually presented in worlds travelling around these lovely suns. We cannot even be certain that there are any worlds there at all. But I should love to visit the moon or be able to know more about this infinite variety and wondrous beauty pervading the illimitable universe of God.

LIVE, LAUGH, AND LOVE!

I've just been reading a modern story by one of our youthful writers. It was beautifully idealistic, just the type of thing for a young lady to write who has never really lived, laughed, or loved. That is only an example, however, of what one may read every day in school publications—the idealistic, the impractical. It is the usual story of a tall, slender and divinely beautiful heroine who falls in love, then becomes ill, and dies, leaving a lover to stumble blindly from the death chamber, weeping—aye, weeping, until he finds someone else to love him, then he laughs once more.

What do those three important words mean, however—for they are important, and the foundation of many lives is built upon them. Is living the result of laughter and love? There

must be an answer—the true answer somewhere. Living, to most youth, is a succession of wild house parties, a Prom or two, plenty of men, plenty of women, money, and speed. Youth laughs when there is pleasure to look forward to, and then the world appears as a golden sunset. There is no thought of tears. And love! I am not a poet—thank God—who raves about the divine beauty of love, and how much we mortals depend upon it. Yet, how do we define it? That school girl passion, measured by the amount of dates, the number of letters she receives (or more likely doesn't receive) during her school career? Or by a beautiful friendship, which exists between those of the idealistic, imaginative?

What do those words mean to the one who is really sailing through that sea of—some call it life, some call it hell. It may be said that real living is the courage to go from day to day, making the best of disappointments, and rising from the worst of failures. Life—real life—is made up of disappointments and defeats, and it is only in preparation of higher and nobler living that we are made to suffer bitter loss, and harsh experiences in our youth. Happiness comes only to those who can laugh at defeat. That is the laughter of life—true laughter. And real love! I cannot define that. I have not truly lived, I have not truly laughed, so I cannot know how to truly love.

Yet I want to be practical about it all. Can I? The learned ones say that youth is idealistic, that their emotions conquer any tending toward practicability. I think the wise ones are right, for is it not the desire of the moderns to demand the impossible, the unattainable? But I am young, and I suppose I must follow the teachings of Epicurus, until I can boldly announce to the world that I *really* live, laugh, and love!

AM I BEING EDUCATED FOR LIFE?

Once upon a time there was a man named Simon. He lived during that period when it was fashionable for a man to go out into a nearby wilderness, don a hair-shirt, take the name of *hermit,* and spend his time in praying. At first a hermit had a good deal of privacy but after a few years the wildernesses became somewhat crowded, and Simon, who was a man of originality, had a plan by which he could lift himself out of the ranks of his fellow hermits. He built a pedestal, at first about fifteen feet high but later almost thirty feet high and five feet broad. This he climbed and remained there for thirty years, without descending once in that space of time. His food was handed up to him in a basket each morning, and what sleep he indulged in he took standing. And one morning, at the end of the thirty odd years, he swayed suddenly, and with a last murmured prayer fell to the ground, dead.

Is my education going to raise me any higher than to the top of a pedestal which I can never leave? Am I being educated for the life I want to lead? To be prosaic, the dictionary's definition of education—but no—we won't go into that. It has something to do with cultivation of the mind by inculcation, and systematic development of the brain. Betrand Russell in his essay, "What Shall We Educate For?" comes much nearer the heart of things when he says we should educate for a purpose. This purpose should be to give us courage, vitality, sensitiveness, and intelligence. But most of all intelligence. This is education, learning things.

Men used to be educated for many and diverse purposes, to be fighters, farmers, monks, courtiers, lovers, poets. The education a man received was slight, compared to the standards of today. If a soldier knew how to carry arms, how to attack an advancing enemy, how to gamble and drink, how to be brave in the face of danger, he was accounted a leader in his profession. A monk knew Latin to speak and to write, he could write hymns, he read but little. His education was not extensive Sometimes he illuminated manuscripts or printed books, a tedious business occupying his hands and giving his mind leisure for thought. And what did he think about? Shut up in the still loneliness of the monastery, sometimes with the vow of silence which forbade him to speak to anyone, entirely away from the outside world, with no knowledge of

its happenings, what was there to think about? Contrast this state of affairs with the life of a minister or priest nowadays. Eight years elementary school training, four years high school work, four years college, and four years theological school training before he can even begin to preach. Twenty years of merely preparation. But, his goal achieved, he is in constant communication with the world all the time. He gathers material for his sermons from the living, moving world about him. He has his avocations, his pleasures, his amusements. He reads much.

Once, all a doctor had to know to be respected and trusted by his patients, was how to bleed people, or how to treat them for gout and rheumatism. Notice the young interne nowadays, twenty-seven years old, and with twenty-three years of training and preparation in back of him. He has been educated to be a doctor. What does he know? Does he know everything about the mechanism and care of the human body there is to be known? By no means. An ear specialist may know all about the human ear but very little about eyes. Yet often you hear a man spoken of as being well-educated, when it is obvious that he knows only a very small part of his so-called profession. A well-known man, speaking before a group of students a few weeks ago said, "Once a well-educated person was one who knew everything there was to be known about one thing, now he knows a little about a great many things."

I am an aspiring author and I often wonder if the education which I am receiving is training me to be a leader in my chosen profession. One of the early requisites of an education is a good background of books, to my mind. Children's books first. How can one expect to know everything if he has never fallen down the rabbit hole with Alice, in her quest for adventure, followed Pooh-bear and Piglet round and round the tree in search of the Horrible Heffalump, or lain behind the barrel with little Two-Eyes, heart pounding, as the handsome prince rode by! I am a devotee of Grimm and Defoe, a discipline of Anderson and Swift, and I am a prostrate worshipper at the feet of Wyss. Elizabeth Woodbridge in her essay called "The Tyranny of Facts" says that "she was even able to read with interest the annals of the *Swiss Family Robinson,* a book which presents more facts per page than any other in that great unclassified mob called fiction." I do not understand her attitude, for I followed the thrilling adventures of this remarkable family with wonder mingled with admiration. Mr. Robinson I esteem highly for his profound knowledge. Mrs. Robinson also had a good deal of ingenuity and her unusual sons inherited much of their cleverness from their parents. At any time I could quote to you any or all of *Little Women,* while I have followed the peregrinations of *David Copperfield* from one end of England to the other. I enjoyed David's meat pie far more than he did, and every pudding appearing on our table is consecrated to the memory of that famous one eaten in the tavern on the road from Mr. Murdock's to David's new school.

Most young girls have a secret of some day coming face to face with a live prince, dark of hair and eyes, tall, handsome, but when that happy time comes many of them will be sadly disappointed. For how can those foolish people who have never read any fairy tales expect to know how to act in the presence of princes. But I know. I have been a close friend of dozens of princes for years. I should know just how to arrange my gown, and to glance up at him provocatively from beneath drooped lids (for that is always done), and how to say, "Sire."

Those which I have spoken about are memory books, read long ago. Today I read books of a little tougher fabric but none the less attractive because of that. I read of travels of other people more fortunate in that way than myself, of great men who lived long ago and gave the world something to remember, or to think about, modern and old novels, plays, poems, the "red-brick literature" of today. How should I know where Granchester was without having read Rupert Brooke, and what a vestal virgin's duties were without knowing

by heart Edward White's "The Unwilling Vestal." I, who have never traveled, know what a field covered with cloth of gold looks like, and what a Nuremberg stove is. Books! the open sesame to learning! Everyone can be educated who knows the art of reading and reading well.

Languages are pathways towards that ultimate goal, too. French, bringing Moliere and Racine and Corneille to my very doorstep; the beauty of Ronsard's verse, Victor Hugo and Dumas, pere, in the original. Think of reading "Le Comte de Monte-Cristo" in French, its beauty and poetry magnified three-fold with the rhythm of the language. German, the ability to read Goethe and an understanding of Wagner brought home to me. French and Spanish and German and Italian—these are necessary to a writer, they belong to his primary wants.

Edna St. Vincent Millay said,

"There was a road ran past our house
Too lovely to explore.
I asked my mother once—she said
That if you followed where it led
It brought you to the milk-man's door.
(That's why I have not traveled more.)"

a pessimistic way of looking at things, to say the least. More to my taste is Richard Halliburton, one of the most refreshing rebels of this modern age. His odyssey, a courageous and joyful pilgrimage through the old worlds on Ulysses' heels, seems to me to be the perfect way to travel. Just treking it lightheartedly, with no money to speak of, no duties to be fulfilled, no obligations to buy "just a little trinket in Paris for Mamie and the children." Imagine waking up one morning and saying to *him,* "Well, what about a little jaunt to Italy—are you game?" Then his unhesitating answer, "Sure thing—we can catch the next boat if we hurry," and after that the Catacombs, and Florence, and St. Peter's. . . . For

"all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
and the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."

Now, says the slim, white-clad girl, holding in her beautifully manicured hands a diploma from a well-known finishing school, "I have completed my education. I know everything that is necessary for me to know." This is a common failing among young people. Even college students are wont to think that a thorough education lies back of that slip of parchment which they receive deservedly or not at the end of your years of attendance at some institution of learning. A man once said, "The older you grow the less you know you know. When you are young you think you know a great deal about the few things you have studied, but with the coming of age you realize how many things there are to learn about which you know nothing."

An author must know so many things. Am I gaining the knowledge that I need? I am attending college certainly, of the type called finishing school. I am studying French and Spanish, to give me my elementary knowledge of the romance languages; English, to teach me the fundamentals of writing; Economics, to give me an outlook on the problems, political and social, which are facing my country; mathematics for—what? With the hope that I may need it some time, anyway. Just these. They are too few.

One day after Simon had stood on the pillar for some twenty-eight years he had a strange hallucination. From the blue sky above him a golden chariot was rapidly approaching him, as he stood engrossed in prayer, "Ah," thought Simon, delighted that he would now have a chance to prove the infinite goodness of God to the unbelievers clustered at the foot of his pillar, "now at last the Heavenly Father has sent for me." As the chariot stopped at his side he lifted one foot to step into it when—poof!—there was nothing there, nothing at all. The men jeered and hooted him but Simon's faith was still strong. "The Father has only meant to test me," he said, and for two years longer he stood on the pillar, with one foot upraised in the air, waiting for the chariot to come again and take him away.

This education business—what does it all mean? I am in a whirl, knowing not which

way to turn. I am standing on a pillar with one foot in the air, waiting for something—something.

Simon was a very foolish man. For the best part of a lifetime he spent all his days asking his God to open the doors of Heaven and let him in. Had he not paid much attention to God, entered a profitable business, and led a happy, busy life he would probably have reached Heaven sooner than he did—if he did.

Tonight I am tired. Early this morning I went for a walk over the snowy winter hills, to watch the sun rise. The snow is packed now and crunches delightfully beneath one's feet. I wanted a sled on which I could fling myself and wing down the steep whiteness of the hill but I had none and could only look at the icy glitter and imagine things. All day I worked and now I am pleasantly weary. I shall lie down and read for a while. This blue and gold book:

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
TODAY of past Regrets and Future Fears:
Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Am I being educated for my life work? I wonder.



"Under" offers his hearty congratulations to the Juniors for the success of this number, as well as to the new staff recently elected. With their efficient leadership, the LEAVES should next year achieve bigger things than ever.

"The Road to Fairyland" seems most appropriate with which to introduce a May number. Its tinge of the unreal and the mystic is in full accord with our own spirits at this season of the year. "Smiley" is a lovable fellow, who played with love too long and so lost it. A bit of mystery combined with romance has produced a theme a trifle different in "Peter's Song," the effect of which is a pleasing one. We will, after reading "The Find," be more watchful and less tender-hearted when we see a gentle old lady knitting peacefully in her antique rocking chair. The quality of suspense in "Death is Kind to Some" is worthy of mention, for it makes the story an interesting one. It might be of interest to know that this plot is based upon an actual incident of recent occurrence.

Among the poetry, "Night Rain" finds a response within us, during these months when gentle showers are so frequent. "The Madrid Rose" appeals to our imaginative love of romance in some perfumed Spanish garden. "The Unknown Soldier" is a fitting reminder of Memorial Day and its deep universal significance.

M. H., '30.



S-T-R-O-K-E, back. S-T-R-O-K-E, back! How many have heard those familiar words echoed on the River during the spring term? What a true thrill it gives to be out for crew! Every sunny day crews are going out for practice at 3:30 and 4:30 so don't miss *one* if you seriously hope to be part of your favorite crew in order to carry away the blue ribbon on River Day, May 29.

The annual Athletic Meet May 13th will be held down on the gym field. Everyone will be anxious to keep things going, to enter into the activities and have a marvelous time. Each girl may win points for her team and also individual points towards her numerals. After the meet is over we may eat a picnic supper on the grounds and also help the Endowment Fund along. All come and bring your appetites with you, and your sportsmanship, to either cheer heartily for your team or to actually be a part of it.



April 8: School reopened after a refreshing spring vacation, everyone reporting a "wonderful holiday." Those who went on the Washington trip with Miss Potter reported a very good time; a fuller account will be found elsewhere in our columns.

April 11: These past weeks have been filled with interest to the world in the Naval Disarmament Conference recently held in London. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, the distinguished lecturer, included a discussion of its outcome in her lecture on International Affairs.

April 13: Dr. Herrick, president of the Newton Theological School, was the vespers speaker. We felt that he spoke to us members of the younger generation with an understanding heart.

April 17: The election of the LEAVES Staff for 1930-1931 took place this morning as follows: Editor-in-chief, Kathleen Comstock, '31; Associate Editors, Norma Keller, '31, Ruth Jones, '31; Short Stories, Betty Dean, '31, Jane Hupman, '31; Essays, Dorothy Herring, '32, Elizabeth Bear, '31; Poetry, Doris Lecky, '31; Constance Keene, '31; Locals, Catherine Smith, '31, Lillian Carl, '31; Athletics, Aline Paull; Exchanges, Florence Herrup, '31; Business Manager, Dorothy Brown, '31; Assistant Business Managers, Harriet Cole, '31, Karin Eliason, '31.

April 20: This was one of the few Easter Sundays which has fallen during the school term for many years. In the morning Lasell had many representatives at the Boston churches as well as West Newton and Auburndale. In the evening Dr. Douglass Horton, pastor of the Leyden Congregational Church, Brookline, brought a fine Easter message to us. An especially enjoyable feature of the evening's service was the Easter music furnished by the Lasell Glee Club.

April 23: The music department has been so large this year that we shall have had more concerts than usual. One very pleasant feature has been several small, informal musicales in the drawing room on Friday nights. To-

night was the occasion of one of the three spring recitals.

April 27: A campfire vesper service means a nice cosy time. Tonight we were exceedingly fortunate in hearing Miss Avelina Lorenzana, director of children's work at the Philippine Council of Religious Education, tell of her life and work. It was a most inspiring address and we were left with a sense of feeling that our own lives were spent in great aimlessness of utility.

April 28: The regular faculty tea was served at Mr. Amesbury's this afternoon. From the turnout and the length of time everyone stayed certainly "a good time was had by all."

April 30: In the musical school life of the year the annual Orphean Club concert held in the spring is always a most important event. We were indeed proud of the hard work done by the students under the direction of Mr. George Dunham. We felt that Lasell could hold her head high when it came to choral singing. The soloists this year were Mr. Walter Kidder, baritone, and our own Elizabeth Irish, ex-'26. We felt extremely grateful to Mr. Dunham for the delightful concert.

May 1: Under the auspices of the Lasell Dramatic Club, the farce, "Her Step-Husband," was given in the interests of the 1930 Endowment Fund. We are glad that very few in the school family missed the play for to those who went it was a continuous riot. Dorothy Inett presented with great skill that highly romantic type of female character who regards the world as a literal stage and herself the heroine of the play. Clare Hightower acted just her naturally kindly self and won the hearts of the audience as she does the whole school all the time. Kathryn Chamlain, the aunt who has a golden heart as well as a gold hand, presented the role admirably and Kay Fitch that of her niece. Maids and valets make or break a play and certainly in this one Phyllis Jenson did the former, as she played the part. It is always difficult for girls to take male roles but the remarks one heard everywhere through the audience were to the effect that they had not often seen such nice looking men as Dorothy Young and Aline Paull, who took the parts of husband and step-husband respectively. A play is never stronger than its minor parts and from the applause that greeted both Mary Moss as Limp Lannigan, the crook, and Eleanor McKenney, the policeman, we take it that the audience felt that both had made their contribution. To Mrs. Stevens' able direction we are indebted for the evening of merriment and pleasure. Again we congratulate the Lasell Dramatic Club.

May 4: Rev. Charles Arbuckle, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton, spoke to us on "Human Nature." He treated the subject as it should always be dealt with—interestingly and with a keen sense of humor.

May 5: For an hour preceding the faculty meeting the Foods Classes, under the direction of Misses Chaffetz and Pitcher, served tea to their teachers. It was a most charming occasion, the students doing everything. The attractive colored sandwiches and delicious cookies and cake were prepared by the girls in their regular Foods lesson today. We thoroughly enjoyed the festivity of it and say, "Repeat, if you please."



Miami Lasell girls did themselves proud when they recently honored our national treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73. The occasion was Mrs. Cushing's seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, when this group of old girls met and expressed their love in flowers and gifts. But we must let the guest of honor tell the rest of the story. "Yesterday was one of the happiest days of my life, and I am sure

no one could have had a lovelier birthday. I have asked each one to write just a word of greeting to you. How I wish you might have been with us. We had a group picture taken and will send one to the LEAVES if it is good. The girls were lovely and generous to me. I never had as many beautiful flowers at one time. Clara Krome Wilson, 1895-1897, sent from Key West a big box of pink rose buds, special delivery, the night of the eleventh. Today they are half blown and fresh as can be. She has been at Islamorada near Key West all winter and came up especially for my birthday. But what made me happiest was the loving Lasell spirit. Mrs. Waddell, my D. A. R. friend, was my guest, and she said it was 'a really lovely party.' She goes to the finest society affairs here and knows. They want to meet again in May and next winter meet every month. I have three dear girls, Amelia Norton, 1924-1925, Marion Frances Gibbons, 1910-1913, and Helen Spring Habig, '21, who will help me keep up our loyal spirit. They sang 'Happy Birthday.' I had never heard it before. We talked, and we talked about our beloved Lasell and we have it all planned for you to bring a Lasell party to Miami next winter, and we'll try to show our gratitude for all Lasell has done for us. I could write pages but I have to write notes to each of 'my other girls.' Am so happy and grateful and am gaining in health and strength every day. I hope to be with you for Commencement. Wasn't Frances Robinson's letter beautiful. I never thought in the years gone by that I would ever live to be seventy-five. Now I think I may live to be ninety-five. I am working hard and feel fine. Always lovingly,

E. R. C."

The Lasell girls present and each guest added a friendly word of greeting. We are venturing to share a few of these gracious messages with the readers of the LEAVES. Amelia Norton, 1924-1925, writes: "It is ages since you heard of me but I have not forgotten you or Lasell. Today we are having luncheon with Mrs. Cushing and talking over everybody's Lasell days and wishing for them again."

Mrs. Dorothy Waddell, we have not quite the courage to repeat your loving words, but we are deeply grateful for them.

Mrs. Jefferson Bell, social staff writer for the Miami *Herald,* was a guest at this birthday party and adds: "I join Lasell girls in greetings."

Helen Spring Habig, '21, asks: "Do you remember the three girls from Indiana of the Class of '21? Wish they were both here with me today to join me in sending lots of love and best wishes to all." Dear Helen, I have a vivid recollection of your Indiana trio. Come home to Lasell whenever you can!

"Dear 'Mother Dove,' I often think of the days spent in 'Do Drop In.'

Little White Dove, '16."

The "Personals" editor has eagerly searched through the list of 1916 graduates and has failed to locate for a certainty this particular old girl.

From Clara Krome Wilson, 1895-1897, "Love and best wishes for Lasell today," and modestly adds, "From a farther back member than I would like to say."

Jessie Kemp Caler, 1898-1899, writes: "We are thinking of Lasell and our happy school days. We wish we might some day welcome you all to Miami."

Lasell's glad refrain is "Happy birthday to you, Mrs. Cushing and we thank the old girls and guests who in such a friendly, personal way shared with us this particular Lasell party."

Catherine Holby, '27, and Ruth Hutton, '27, motored direct from Catherine's home in New York to Lasell during their Easter vacation. How well they looked and how glad we were to welcome them and listen to the story of their doings since 1927. Catherine contributed one especially happy news item in announcing the approaching marriage of Henrietta Goeltz, 1925-1926, of Salt Lake City, Utah, to Dr. Bruce Pearsons of California. The wedding day will be August first and Catherine is to be

maid of honor. Ruth Hutton is still successfully occupying the position of secretary to the superintendent of the school in Corning, New York, her home town. Both girls are hoping to finish out their Lasell visit at Commencement time.

Margaret Heath, '29, and Helen Ohm, '29, came together one happy day, Margaret just up from Florida where she and her parents had been sojourning and where "Peg" ran across Dorothy Brown's mother. Helen Ohm was taking days off from her professional duties and enjoying every moment of her well-earned vacation. "Peg" described a brief but delightful visit as the guest of Betty Wells Furneaux, '29, and declared that Betty is a fine housekeeper and splendid cook.

Doris Frances Gardner, '29, is now Mrs. Arthur Sawyer Bigelow. This latest word from her will prove, we are sure, of interest to her classmates and many Lasell girls. She writes: "We were married Monday evening, April 7, and enjoyed a trip to Washington, D. C. Are now keeping house and think there is nothing like it. Betty Creelman, '29, my roommate at Lasell for two years, was one of my bridesmaids." Margaret Heath was one of the wedding guests and enthusiastically described the charming bride and happy gathering.

Lucy Aldrich Berston's, '10, last letter to Dr. Winslow is replete with interesting news items. With our Principal's permission we are sharing it with Lucy's large circle of Lasell friends. She writes from Santa Monica, California: "Last summer our twelve-year-old son was so desperately ill that his life was despaired of for weeks. As if by a miracle he recovered and we came here to avoid a Michigan winter. Betty has been going to the 'Girls' Collegiate School' which I attended twenty-five years ago when I spent a winter here with my parents. Jamieson has gained splendidly and we feel it has been worth while.

"During Betty's spring vacation Mr. Berston and I took the two older children over to Catalina Island. One morning in the dining room I noticed a lady and boy at the next table and thought how much she looked like Annie Crowe Collum, '09, but put it out of my mind for I am always being reminded of people whom I know, and it is twenty-one years since I saw Annie. However, when I saw her walk out of the room I said, "That *must* be Annie." And, it was! I was so glad to see her. She was a Senior when I came to Lasell and I always looked up to and admired her so much. We had a fine visit, our main topic being, of course, Lasell and all you who make it what it is.

"Our Betty's being in school out here means that I must stay till school closes in June, and, consequently, cannot attend 1910's reunion. I am so disappointed but more determined than ever to be there when we have our twenty-fifth. Perhaps Betty will be a Lasell girl by then, too. Who knows? It is still her chief ambition.

"I sincerely hope this Commencement may be the finest yet, and the coming year a very successful and happy one for all at Lasell. My love to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter. Loyally yours,

Lucy A. Berston."

Charlotte Russell, '26, now Mrs. John J. Morrison, is now living at 494 Pine Street, Manchester, N. H. She writes: "I am living in the same city with Dorothea Africa, '12, and Isabel, '26. Isabel is still studying dietetics in Johns Hopkins Hospital. I recently lunched with Rilla Silliman, '26, in Boston. She is progressing finely in her work. Is the youngest secretary in the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston. Helen Black, '25, is busy preparing for her marriage." We are grateful to Charlotte for these valuable news items concerning her friends and especially herself.

Madeleine Roth White, '26, in her recent letter to Miss Blackstock furnishes these "choice bits:" "Marion Crawford, '22, on December 24, 1929, was married to Mr. Eugene McColm in Singapore, Malasia. Her address is, Mrs. Eugene McColm, Boenoet, Kisaran, Sumatra, East Coast.

"Virginia Coons, 1926-1927, was married

to Mr. Leslie Harbison, Jr., in Winnetka, Illinois, in October, 1929."

She also writes that she frequently sees Marion Brown, '26, and Marie Dibell, '27, of Joliet, Illinois.

Rev. Robert H. Shacht, Jr., pastor of the First Parish Church of Needham, was a recent guest of our Christian Endeavor Society. Rarely have the Endeavorers listened to a more interesting and worth while message than the one given by this young rector. We are all hoping to hear him again before the school closes.

Not long ago Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, received to her great joy a letter from Mary Lulie Hogg, '88. It is a long time since Lasell has been in direct touch with this representative Texan. Her message was most welcome.

Ruth Emery, 1919-1920, of Sanford, Maine, this winter has been touring the Hawaiian Islands and like all visitors to that enchanted land is enthusiastic over its natural beauty and the generous hospitality of the people. In Honolulu she did not see Beth Nowell Croft, '25, but had a very happy meeting with Beth's family. On her return to California Ruth visited Pasadena and renewed her acquaintance with Lela Goodall, '08, and there met Dr. Thornburg, Lela's fiance, whom Ruth esteemed as quite worthy of our dear Lela.

Not long since we had such a friendly message direct from Beth Nowell Croft, '25, we cannot refrain from sharing it with her many friends. It was written in her new Honolulu home and with the message was enclosed a snapshot of their very attractive bungalow. Writes our Beth: "It certainly seems a long, long time since last I saw you and Lasell though there is never a day but what I do not think of you all and wish most heartily that I might be with you again if only for a wee visit. My husband and I plan now to take a trip East in the summer of 1931 and I sincerely hope you will be there at that time for my first visit will be Lasell way. We are so happily settled in our very own home—a little stucco house in the midst of a garden filled with flowers the whole year round. I am doing my own work and as yet we haven't starved. This year finds me very busy with Junior League work and I love being busy though we all wish there were more days in the week to accomplish the interesting things one wishes to do. My real regret is that so very few Lasell girls seem to find their way out here. I know it seems a very long way off but it really is not. We feel but a stone's throw away from the mainland. I was fortunate to be here when Eva-May Mortimer, '25, and Mrs. Mortimer came through on their cruise and we did have such a happy time together. Can't you organize a Lasell party for a summer trip to Hawaii? I would be so happy to make all arrangements for you at this end and I can guarantee the girls would love it and have besides a very educational experience. Please give my very special 'Aloha' to the Winslows, Miss Wright, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Hooker."

Marie Houghton Gilman, '16, called early in April. Every once in a while Marie drops in and is always a most welcome guest at her old school home.

A happy and generous thought was that of Ruth Mayes, '25, to enclose in her friendly note to Mrs. Cushing a check which covered all Alumnae dues from 1925 to 1930.

Laura Hale Gorton, '16, has a friendly word to say about one of our next year girls and declares her own two daughters, Nancy, aged eight, and Betty, aged six, keep her busy. Nevertheless, she finds time for outside interests. Has just been elected treasurer of the Connecticut State Federation of Women's Clubs and is looking forward to the work as it will bring her in contact with so many fine women.

Leota Fulton, 1919-1920, was Mrs. Hooker's guest recently. She declares she is working hard and we believe her, but she is evidently one of those fortunate workers with whom hard work agrees, for positively she looks younger than when a student at Lasell. We are proud of this prosperous secretary.

At Easter-tide a new girl just back from

Michigan brought to Lasell greetings from Mrs. Kelley, mother of our Lena Vee, '14, and Katherine, '25, and also from Eloise Carey, '20, who declares to our joy she hopes to return to Lasell in June for her tenth reunion.

Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, is always on the lookout for worth while news concerning Lasell's old girls. This announcement enclosed in her last note will prove as pleasant a surprise to the friends of Leilya Barkman, '22, as it did to her Lasell teachers. "Mr. and Mrs. David Barkman of Oaklawn, Morristown, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Leilya Kennedy Barkman, to Aldred Scott Warthin, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Aldred Scott Warthin of Ann Arbor, Mich. Miss Barkman is a graduate of Lasell Seminary and Barnard College, class of '26. Mr. Warthin was graduated from the University of Michigan and studied at the Columbia Graduate School. He is an instructor in geology at Vassar College. The wedding will take place in August." Cornelia adds: "Our new address is 103 Linden Street, New Haven. Marjorie Lowell Weeks, '23, has moved into our old home, 99 Blake Road." Thank you, Cornelia, for your unfailing interest in your Alma Mater.

Marion Roberts, '29, is delighted to be again in her down east Maine and adds: "I am having a grand time in my new work. It is never dull and always fascinating but even in my busiest hours I think of you all and remember I am still a Lasell rooter."

It is our special privilege and pleasure this month to announce the marriage of three former Lasell girls.

Mr. Louis Bertrand Goodall announces the marriage of his daughter, Lela Helen, '08, to Dr. Harvey David Thornburg on Saturday, April 12, at Hollywood, Calif. Dr. and Mrs. Thornburg will be at home after July 1 at 8545 West Knoll Drive, Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blackford Chapman announce the marriage of their daughter, Mildred Lavinia, '28, to Mr. John Clements, Thursday, April 10.

Mr. and Mrs. James Corydon Anderson announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, '24, to Mr. Robert Blair Hanna, Jr., Saturday, April 19. Mr. and Mrs. Hanna will be at home after the first of June at 922 State Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Hartford *Courant* of March 24 paid deserved tribute to the late Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901. She was identified socially with many important organizations, was vice president of the Council of Congregational Women of Connecticut, a beloved trustee of Lasell and a past regent of Sabra Trumbull Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Rockville. In referring to Mrs. Britton's passing away Laura Hale Gorton, '16, writes from her Connecticut home in South Glastonbury: "We will sadly miss Ruth Talcott Britton at our Lasell gatherings here. She was always ready to help with the fall luncheon or the mid-winter party and only last fall entertained us so hospitably at her home. Her death is indeed a great loss to Lasell."

These latter days our hearts are holding in tender sympathy our former schoolmates, Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, and Barbara Jones Bates, '14, whose father, Mr. Owen S. Jones, passed away March 16. The Paris, Illinois, Press referred with affectionate appreciation to the life and labors of this prominent and beloved citizen. Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anthony (Alice Wry, '24) have just come into added good fortune. On March 25 there was born to them a son, Robert Charles. To little Robert and his parents Lasell's hearty congratulations.

The March number of the New England Conservatory *Bulletin* contains an appreciative editorial on Mr. Henry Dunham's "Reminiscences." The readers of the *American Organist* are now enjoying in advance chapters from this interesting biographical sketch and we soon hope to have these chapters put in book form. Many former Lasell students who were privileged to study with this gifted composer and inspiring teacher will, we are sure, be eager to own Mr. Dunham's book.

Betty Heyer was rejoiced lately to entertain her mother, Mrs. George K. Heyer of Madison, N. J., for a few days' surprise visit.

In August Muriel Hagerthy, '29, will be graduated from the Forsyth Dental School in Boston. So devoted has this little graduate been to her chosen work that she seldom has found time to visit Lasell. The last glimpse we have just had of her was indeed pleasing but too brief. If you only manage to come to Lasell for Commencement, Muriel, we will overlook the many times we have wanted you and your reply has been "cannot possibly get away from work."

We are grieved to learn through a mutual friend that our Mrs. Blanche Martin is in deep sorrow over the loss of a favorite niece, who passed away recently. We have not learned the particulars but know that this bereavement has taken Mrs. Martin away from her professional duties at the Leland Powers School to the niece's home which was in one of our western cities. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to this former member of faculty and her family.

Lady Frederick Borden and her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Hewitt, cousins of Mrs. McDonald, were Mrs. McDonald's guests at Woodland Park recently. Lady Borden is the widow of Sir Frederic Borden, long the Minister of Militia in the Canadian Cabinet and knighted by Queen Victoria for his outstanding work in organizing the Canadian Army for the South African war.

Mrs. McDonald has also been favored with a real visit from her sister, Mrs. Douglas Hemmeon, mother of Mrs. Robert Miller, formerly a member of our Lasell faculty.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP

There comes a time in the spring of each year when a group of Lasellites find that wanderlust is invading their spirits, and, strange as it may seem, always in one direction—that of Washington. Every year the group has been getting larger until this year our party consisted of twenty-five girls accompanied by Miss Potter. We also had the pleasure of having with us for a part of the way several of the faculty.

We enjoyed a pleasant evening on our boat trip from Boston to New York and before the first streaks of daybreak showed on the horizon, footsteps were heard on deck and many Lasellites were up and ready for the thrill of entering New York harbor. Owing to the intense fog we were unable to see Miss Liberty on the picturesque sky-line. One of the sights on the New York wharf were hundreds of unemployed men begging to act as porters.

Soon after docking we were quickly transferred to the Pennsylvania Station and were soon enroute to Philadelphia. Here we enjoyed a delicious luncheon in the beautiful Crystal Room of Wanamaker's. We then proceeded to utilize every moment allotted us in visiting places of historic interest. At Independence Hall we were privileged to see the old Liberty Bell and stand in the very room where the Declaration of Independence was signed. While driving through the Quaker City we passed the homes of Benjamin Franklin and Betsey Ross, many beautiful buildings, and Fairmont Park.

At 2:30 we were on our way again—this time more eager than ever, for Washington was the next stop. Our first view of the Capitol rising majestically in the sky was a most impressive one, and many backward glances were taken as we drove to the Hotel Raleigh. Here we were at our destination, tired but happy "little doves."

Sunday morning at ex-President Calvin Coolidge's church we enjoyed a particularly inspiring sermon by Dr. Jason Noble Pierce. Dr. Pierce, who had recently written new music to "America the Beautiful," very kindly autographed the song for each of us. Of course we did not leave until everyone had had the honor of sitting in the ex-president's pew.

We could not have had a more beautiful day for our visit to Arlington. One is unable to describe the beauty of the cemetery and of the Amphitheatre. As we stood near the Unknown Soldier's Grave and thought of all it stood for everyone was speechless with pro-

found reverence. The memories of that afternoon will linger in our minds for years to come. A very profitable evening was spent in the Congressional Library. We had the privilege of seeing where the 7,600,500 books are stacked, and one of the librarians took us into the private reading rooms of the high officials.

Monday was a very eventful day. We started out early for Mount Vernon. At Alexandria we stopped for a few moments at the church which George Washington attended, and sat in his pew. We found Mount Vernon just as lovely as we had visualized it. As we entered, an attractive bowling-green extending from the gateway nearly to the Mansion could be seen. To the left were the lovely flower gardens, and to the right was seen the kitchen garden. After visiting the tombs of George and Martha Washington we went through the beautiful and historic old mansion.

Recrossing the broad Potomac River we visited the beautiful Washington Cathedral still under construction, and the Pan-American Building. Later we were taken to the lofty Washington Monument, rising 555 feet in the air. Such a view from the lookout! Our next place of interest was the Lincoln Memorial—to me the most beautiful edifice ever erected in memory of man. As I looked at the realistic statue of Lincoln these lines came to me:

"And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew."

The last few days were spent visiting the museum where we were thrilled upon seeing Lindy's "We;" the Bureau of Printing and Engraving; and the White House and Capitol. At the Capitol we had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Robert Luce, Congressman from Massachusetts, who very kindly autographed many cards for us. We were fortunate in being guests of Mr. Luce immediately following the famous spelling match contest, when Mr. Luce and a Washington editor "spelled down" the representatives from the Senate, Congress and Press Association. On this particular morning a picture was taken of the winners and "Miss Kimono." The fatal word for our Congressman was kimono and, at the request of the winning editor, a young woman in a bazaar kimono was photographed with the group. One of the Lasell girls, Phyllis Jensen, had the honor of posing in this unique role.

Thursday morning we reluctantly started for home. In New York we enjoyed a tour through the city going up Fifth Avenue and along Riverside Drive as far as Grant's Tomb. The sun was setting gloriously as we sailed out of New York harbor on the fine Eastern Steamship, New York. This was simply the last of a week of perfect days in weather and pleasure. Each year the girls return with glowing accounts of their trip, but our twenty-five girls of the 1930 party feel sure this year was the "best ever."

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Dean for twenty-nine years on the
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graduation from Lasell



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

LITERARY

LASELL'S ORIGINAL "WHITE DOVE"

"The inward work and worth
Of any mind, what other mind may judge
Save God, who only knows the thing he made,
The veritable service he exacts?
It is the outward product men appraise."

In the history of every institution every one leaves their impress, some in greater degree while others in less. Fifty years ago the principal of the school, Dr. Bragdon, enjoined the graduating class of 1880 "to protect the honour of Lasell" as they went forth from the school. We are sure that in these fifty years as girls have graduated from Lasell no one has obeyed that instruction more than our "White-Dove-in-Chief," Miss Lillie R. Potter, who for thirty years has served her Alma Mater faithfully and devotedly as Dean-of-residence. All Lasell graduates remember Miss Potter with great affection and offer her their heartiest congratulations on this her golden anniversary.

It takes courage, wisdom and humanity to administer affairs in an institution, and where more than in a girls' school or college? For, if we may be forgiven a slight indulgence in sentimentalism, these young women are literally not only the mothers of future generations but as women exercise a controlling influence in world affairs. We feel assured that our big "White Dove" has done this with a loyal affection, not only for the school itself but for the individual members of the school.

However, no Lasell girl has missed the merry twinkle in the eyes, the cheery gay word nor the charming personality of our Dean. If it were a faculty stunt Miss Potter put some of the younger members to shame by her sparkling fun of appearing in "gym" costume, offering an "excuse from the nurse." It literally capped the climax of an eventful night for the students who enjoy nothing more than to see their teachers willing to "make fools of themselves" for their entertainment.

Again, many will remember the delightful excursions to both Europe and Washington, D. C., with Miss Potter, those going having returned with a feeling of its having been a privilege quite unequalled, to have gone with her. Not a stone was left unturned, not a nook or cranny unexplored that would add to the interest and pleasure of the young excursionists.

The LEAVES Staff feels it indeed an honor to dedicate its June number of 1930 to our beloved Dean on this her golden anniversary of graduation from Lasell and in the beautiful words of Alice Meynell we express our regard for her:

THE SHEPHERDESS

"She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the frequent height,
And folds them in for sleep.

"She roams maternal hills and bright
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night,
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

"She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep."

LIFE'S HIGHWAY

We are launched upon a highway,
And its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a tollgate
Where we pay our way with tears.
It's a rough road, and a steep road,
And we sometimes lose our way—
But after the strife and the worry
We say "That's Life's Highway."

Kathryn Ball, '31.

AGE

I dropped some
Bits of paper
On a window sill—
Torn bits of
A letter—
And watched the wind
Carry them away—
Scattering them
Like live things.
I smiled to know
That because I was old—
Very old—
They were mere pieces of
Pale-tinted paper.

Edith Fulton, '30.

"NOR THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATE"

No wind stirred, and the lake lay like a sheet of tin that blazed light fiercely back at the sun. Heat had clutched the morning by the throat and choked the very breath out of it. No one ventured out on the lake that Sunday who did not have particular business there, and on the whole lake there were only two boats.

Jake Cobb was transacting particular business; he was earning his living. Jake had the expression of a benign wolf when he smiled. A decrepit slouched hat, bristling with fish-hooks and copper wire hid his gooseberry colored eyes; and his ancient plaid lumberjacket had an odor of fish about it. That might be termed a professional odor, because Jake was by trade a fish-pirate.

The occupant of the other boat, which curiously enough, stayed quite close to Jake's, was to all appearances a fisherman who was not interested professionally. It would seem that he was inordinately fond of the sport to come out to fish in the quivering heat; but strangely he neglected his pole and sat staring at nothing in particular. Some people would have said that he was watching Jake, but that was hardly probable. For years Jake had netted and speared fish in and out of season; had sold them to the not-over-curious man who kept the hotel at the Cove, and no one had ever been the wiser. It was queer, though, why the man stayed so close to Jake, when there was all the lake to fish.

The heat charred the horizon, and the gray burn crept slowly over the sky. A stuffy breeze ran across the water and choppy little waves rose and licked at Jake's fingers as he pulled in a fish-seine he had been setting out. Storms had carried away Jake's good nets before.

Great waves grew from the little choppy ones like genii from enchanted jars. They stretched long green fingers toward the shore, and once there, they bared their teeth at it. Jake beached his rowboat and put out a tentative hand for the fish that lay in the bottom. Off shore the stranger's light boat was rolling on the unsteady floor of the waves; the stranger used his oars as he used his fish-pole, and it would take only a particularly malicious wave to capsize the boat. A particularly malicious wave came.

Jake abandoned the fish that lay in the bottom of his boat, and pushed it out in the pounding waves, clambered in, and hunched himself over the oars. The stranger was clinging to the overturned rowboat, and looked like not even a fisherman. Jake hauled him into the boat, and he lay panting in the bottom among the fish.

Again the boat was beached; Jake plopped the fish in a burlap bag and went up the path to his shanty, the stranger trailing damply after. The visitor gazed deliberately around the low-rafted place, noting the corked nets and seines that were hung brazenly on the walls. He regarded Jake intently and asked,

"Do you always work like this on Sundays?"

Jake had had little practice in being surprised, and his expression was a peculiar one as he looked up from his fish-scaler. "Sundays ain't no different," he said.

The stranger rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "You should have more scruples about working on Sunday, Jake."

"How do you know who I be?" And suspicion gleamed from under the slouched hat.

"It is my business to know who you are. I presume that I should dramatically produce my warden's badge...." the stranger's voice trailed off into the sound of the pounding waves. Jake said nothing and threw the bag of fish—evidence was the fancy name for it —viciously into a corner. Of all the ungrateful, low-down....

The stranger shook the water from one of his boots, replaced it on his foot, and rose slowly. "Does this road take you to the Cove?"

Jake grunted a brief affirmative and tightened his long, wolfish jaw, then, "Well?"

The visitor pulled down his damp sleeve as he opened the door, "I have a prejudice against working on Sundays."

Norma Keller, '31.

DREAMS

I remember
A grassy meadow
Of sloping hills,
Covered with tiny flowers—
Like painted-on pictures from
A child's cereal dish.
I remember too
Rainy days
Inside the house—
Childhood days, of
Places to roam and dreams to dream—
All these when I was a child!
But now, I must think
Of crowded rooms
And music in the air—
All of it strange and whirling—
Like the people dancing there.
I wanted to be grown up
So I danced, too.
Yet all the time
I wanted my dreams
And the cereal dish
Left in the meadows.

Edith Fulton, '30.

JUST ANOTHER FREAK

No, it's not a camel without a hump or an elephant with two trunks; it's a desert in the middle of civilization.

Freeport, Maine, is the scene of one of the most interesting freaks of nature east of the Mississippi. Before the glacier came, this section was an immense lake, which dried up soon after an earthquake, leaving thousands of tons of sand on the bottom of the river bed. After the glacier, this section was covered with growth and this sand trap completely covered.

During the boyhood of George Turtle, who was born on this farm where the desert occurs, there appeared on a swampy area in the back pasture, a small patch of sand many inches deep. Each spring this patch appeared and was immediately cleared away, only to re-occur again the next spring. The Turtles became tired of clearing this sand patch up, so they left it in hopes that in some way it would disappear. The Turtle family was one of the most prosperous of the surrounding country, for they raised many head of cattle and sheep besides garden products for a large family of sixteen.

From year to year the sand patch spread and Mr. Turtle was obliged to move because farming became impossible. Nevertheless this farm was not left idle and a large flock of sheep were pastured there. They ate the grass so short that they broke through the top soil and the sand patch re-appeared in a larger quantity. The weather became dry and the winds blew the sand out of the holes the sheep had made and scattered it in all directions.

For the last half century, this amazing patch has continualy grown larger until over 300 acres are now buried under tons of sand. Twenty-five years ago, a spring house, situated on the adjoining farm, stood in the way

of the on-coming "monster" and gradually became covered, now to the depth of twenty-five feet. Since the burial of the spring house, the water has worked its way to the surface of the sand. "The oasis," as the present owner calls this location, is like a characteristic water hole sheltered by a few straggling, stunted trees. It is a typical Eastern desert, for in many places the sand is over twenty feet deep and the eleven sand dunes furnish an atmosphere of vastness. One dune formed last year is over eighty-seven feet in height. Your imagination can easily run riot with you and it is not hard to visualize camels and caravans decorated with gaudy colors, to say nothing of *dirty* white tents and Ethiopian slaves at your command. The sand has a dazzling glitter to it and the combination of the sun and mecca in the sand makes it difficult to see any distance. The sand itself is said to be finer than that of either the Sahara or Arizona Deserts, for it cannot be used in the making of cement. Quite frequently sand storms occur and the owner said that it is possible to get lost because of the changing dunes. The few scattered shrubs on the desert itself are kept alive by the underground moisture three or four miles below the top soil.

It is hard to believe that the desert is in the midst of civilization when standing at the foot of one of the dunes, because all you can see around is sand—glittering white sand—and you feel the intense heat rising up from it. Not until you walk to the top of the nearest dune, do you see that trees surround this desert and that humanity is close at hand.

This desert is visited daily in the summer and has as many as 300 persons as curiosity seekers.

M. Magune, '30.

SKETCHES

The night is a monstrous dark flower
That unfolds its petals all about us.

The moon is a kiss from the sun
Left high up there at noonday.

The stars are little frozen dew drops
That clambered too high very early one morning.

The rain is a song of sympathy
For all my pain—

When the moon shines on the ocean
I'm sure it has silver armor on.

Betty Wells, '29.

AND THEN—SOLITUDE

Michael Marvin watched her as he stood erect, hands clasped, feet a little astride, before the Italian Renaissance fireplace in her studio. There was a curious half-smile on his face, hidden by a dark, sophisticated-looking moustache. His dark eyes were deeply set and seemed to pierce one with their gaze. Suave, at that very moment he was being termed so by a group of admiring women who were sipping demi-tasse at the further end of the room.

"He seems just the one for her," remarked one of the women, as she eyed him critically.

"Yes, I have often wondered why Stephanie Stevens chose Alan Fairfield when she might have had Michael. I guess it was just one of those twists in life that no one ever understands. They say that Alan adores her, and I guess she thinks the world of him, but, to me, he seems too steady, too reflective for her. Poor Alan's individuality is lost when Stephanie comes near him. Whereas Michael is challenge enough for her," replied another as she watched Stephanie go gracefully toward him.

"Good evening, Michael. It is a treat to find you here. I rather doubted your coming. And you are such a social attribute that I never have to worry about my guests being bored when you are present," greeted Stephanie as she put a long, slender arm forward, and smiled as Michael touched her hand and bowed. "She is a beautiful thing," he thought as she stood before him, her tall, perfect, womanly figure clothed in a tight-fitting black lace dinner gown which fell to the floor in a train of tiny folds. How he would like to

take her in his arms and madly make her his. It wasn't fair to waste this beauty on a man like Alan Fairfield. He couldn't appreciate her womanly charms. But then—Stephanie had been the chooser, he realized, and broke his thoughts suddenly that he might guard them. "Stephanie! May I say that you are looking even lovelier tonight?" he asked and his lips parted and showed teeth white and even.

"It is so good of you to say so, Michael. And how do you like my studio?" skillfully guided Stephanie for she knew that she was on safe ground when she spoke of anything other than herself with Michael.

"I like particularly that picture over there," replied Michael, nodding to a theatrical-posed photograph of her in a carved frame on the grand piano. It was Stephanie in her new rôle, her supreme creation.

"If only he wouldn't act so personally interested," thought Stephanie as she saw that tonight he had lost his usual nonchalant attitude and was again the Michael of old. The Michael who had wanted her five years ago, loved her selfishly.

"I have some curios to show you, Michael. I know you'll be interested. Some jade carvings. Alan saw them in a shop in Chinatown and, knowing my admiration for jade, surprised me with them tonight," smiled Stephanie as she led him toward her case of curios.

As Michael fingered the ornate, intricate jade carvings, his mind was pounding out the word, "Alan—Alan—always Alan. Whenever he tried to claim her she would suddenly spoil it all by—Alan—Alan." Stephanie was unconscious of his thoughts as her eyes swept the long, wide room—her studio. It was perfect in every detail,—carved furniture, pictures, tapestries, brocades, soft candles—the whole blended into a beautiful effect of the Italian Renaissance. Tonight she was entertaining twenty couples, her friends, as sort of a precelebration of her debut which she was making. There had been a dinner party, and now the exquisitely attired guests lounged about her studio, admiring her original of Botticelli, the ruby necklace in the enclosed case and the sixteenth century tapestry. Michael had not been present at the dinner party, but he had dropped in for coffee. She was glad that he had, even though it was rather a strain being with him when Alan wasn't there. Her thoughts were interrupted by her husband's voice. "Stephanie," called an even voice and Alan Fairfield came toward her.

"Your performance is in less than an hour, dear," he looked at her almost anxiously —yet sternly.

"Yes, darling, the guests will be leaving for the theatre any time now. I shall be with you soon. Michael has been admiring the carvings."

"She was charming, always," Alan thought. God, he loved her and yet he felt so feeble, so insignificant, so far from her in this atmosphere. He hated it, but this was her life. The superficialness of it all. She was a beautiful, glittering goddess, worshipped by all and yet she was his wife. He was Stephanie's husband in society, and was noticed only in a polite way when she was entertaining. She stood alone, unassisted, daring, poised. It would have spoiled everything and Stephanie would have been crushed had anyone ever dared to stand with her before the public—on the same level as she. And yet Michael Marvin acted as if he dared to divide Stephanie's splendor and glory and make her share it with him. These thoughts burned in the brain of Alan as he joined a group of men who stood beside the piano—admiring.

* * * * *

Even Michael had left the studio for the theatre. For a few quiet minutes Alan was alone with Stephanie. The room was almost dark save for a few flickering candles. How sweet and loveable—almost helpless she suddenly looked, Alan noticed as he tenderly lifted her chin and kissed her lips.

"Oh, Alan, I love you so," she smiled and snuggled her head against his face. "It is so

comforting and wonderful being out of the limelight and glitter for a while and being just simply an ordinary person with the most adorable husband in the world."

She needed Alan, his steadiness to balance her. He was a refuge, she realized, a retreat —a sheltered harbor to which she could flee and forget herself in the domineering, understanding power of his personality. "Strange wasn't it," she had often thought, "how suddenly when they were alone Alan was the leader, the superior, and she—only a tired, helpless child."

The beautiful Stephanie buried her face on the straight, firm shoulder of Alan. Yes, he had the dominating power now. She felt contented and safe. She was unguarded and at ease, and not a woman returning defiantly the challenge of those dark, deep-set eyes which exhausted her whole feelings. It was such a strange effect that Michael had upon her. She felt smothered by his gaze and was conscious of the brutal, but tantalizing power which he had over her. That determiningly mysterious, passionate expression about his eyes—and yet —his smile. It *was* fascinating, something you were afraid of, but wanted.

"Darling, it is time that we leave for the theatre," Alan broke the silence, taking his hands from her present powerless figure. With a sudden motion of her head she raised her lips and kissed him. The man she loved and needed would soon disappear, but always, always, they would be swept together again in the happiness of their solitude.

Janice Whittaker, '30.

THE DEAR PRETENDER

Mary Jane sat swinging her legs over the porch railing one sunny day in May—the twentieth to be exact—half-singing, half-chanting a popular melody. The world was a glad place for her today.

The postman's whistle! Jumping from her perch she ran to meet him.

"Oh, Paulie Postman, what have you for me?" she asked breathlessly falling in step with him. "What did the dear fairies bring me? Quick!" she said.

"Why let me see," and he looked down at her twinklingly with a teasing smile. "What would you have? Now, don't get impatient." Fumbling among his papers with a frown, he recalled the ten years he had been on this same route. She had always run to meet him and had invariably called him "Paulie Postman." It had pleased him tremendously to have her call him that today. He remembered something else too.

She hadn't changed a bit in those ten years. They were the same merry brown eyes, and the same merry laugh and exuberant personality.

And her queer belief in fairies! Always talking about them—treating them as humans, speaking of them as persons whom she knew. She had endeared herself to everyone by her childlike belief that the fairies held sway in this fast-moving sensible age. Nothing anyone could say could alter her cherished beliefs. Everything was done or not done by the will of the Good and Bad Luck fairies.

"Paulie Postman" decided if he had had a daughter he would have liked her to have been like Mary Jane—but no child blessed his home. She, realizing his affection for her, was always sweet and thoughtful toward this fast-graying courtly man who had brought their mail to her home for ten years.

This morning was Mary Jane's twenty-first birthday and in spite of her waking thought that she was at last grown-up and must begin to act it, she had run to meet the postman as had been her habit for so many years.

"Oh, hurry—please Paulie, isn't there a card from Jim or a letter—or a package?" she queried excitedly.

"Don't be so impatient, my darling—here it is—" and from his pack he brought forth a tiny oblong package—and a letter.

"Oh," she cried—"oh—oh" and into the house she ran with a joyous "Thank you, Paulie" flung over her shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" called Mrs. Beakes from the kitchen doorway, her hands white from dough. She was making Mary Jane's birthday cake.

"Oh, the fairies have been wonderful, Mother—look! Oh, Jimmy didn't forget after all!" With a happy half-sob she ran to her mother and held up a lovely jade necklace sent all the way from Siam.

"It is beautiful, dear," her mother said tenderly. "Your fairies have been very good to you! I'm glad he remembered, dear—do you miss him so much?"

"Yes, I do Mother!" she said softly, and Mrs. Beakes hurried back to her baking, hastily wiping away a tear as she bent over the bread board.

"Oh, Muvver, he's coming home! Why, he'll be here tonight! That's what he says—oh—oh—listen to this!"

"Dearest of Janes — (isn't that cute, Mother?)." No, Mary Jane would never grow up—she was the kind that life simply could not alter! She had missed all the tragedies life springs on us and she would miss them in the future. "Here's good news—I'm coming home! Read that over again! I can hardly believe it myself. By the time this letter reaches you I may be there—one can never tell about the mail, you know. I arrive in New York at five o'clock in the afternoon on the 20th. That is as near five o'clock as boats reckon schedule time. I shall try to be in Philadelphia—good old 'Philie'—in time for dinner. Whoopee!...."

"Mother—oh Mother, why don't you answer me?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I should think you'd say something."

"I haven't had a chance yet, dear, but now that you have told me all the glad news suppose you call the grocer and order some things for me. We'll have to be a bit more festive—if Jimmy is coming home."

"Oh—mother!" Mary Jane was at the phone.

Six o'clock came! Half past six! Seven! Such long impatient hours. Half past seven. Mary Jane's father was sitting in the living room trying to read the paper. Trying, because how can a man really read when his daughter keeps demanding the time every ten minutes. His hand shook just a little—maybe he was just a bit excited, too.

Mrs. Beakes puttered back and forth between the rooms, straightening a faultless pillow, brushing a dustless chair with a corner of her starched gingham apron, which had been put on over her best black silk.

And Mary Jane—how can I describe her in those impatient moments? She simply couldn't be calm and sit still as became her newly acquired twenty-one years but must run to the window every time she thought she heard a horn.

Finally there was a sound of footsteps, some one taking the porch steps two at a time and then came the resounding peal of the doorbell.

"Oh—it's him!" Mary Jane could say no more.

She opened the door and there he stood, hat in hand, the just setting sun sending its glowing rays over them both. She was in his arms.

Father and mother stood in the living room, hand in hand, the soft light falling on their happy faces, radiant with a joy and love that knows no fears as long as they are together.

Jimmy had come back to the girl who had waited so lovingly for him while he built bridges in Siam to earn a name for himself in the engineering world and it was a most joyous birthday party that Mary Jane knew that night. Such unbelievable joy! She hadn't really realized how much she did love him until he came back.

"The Good Luck fairies have been wonderful, Jimmy, they have brought me you! It's been so long—but it won't happen again, will it, Jimmy?" she asked happily and pleadingly.

"Never—you dear pretender, you!"

Kathryn Ball, '31.

LEAFY LANES

Leafy lanes in summer,
Hidden from dust and sun,
Always calm and quiet
For a wandering one.

Leafy lanes in summer,
Stretching far within
To lone dark depths of the forest
Where the springs begin.

Leafy lanes in summer,
Silent but for birds;
The magic spell would be shattered
By human words.

Wanda Watson, '31.

LATE

The room was dark and cold and barren. The dim light of the slowly decreasing candle flickered wickedly on the crude wood table of the dingy room. To the left of the table stood a rusty iron bed covered simply with a gray, well-worn-out, woolen blanket, and on the bed lay the helpless form of an old, gray-haired man.

Slowly, fearfully, unsteadily I advanced toward the bedside. Falling on my knees I gazed in anguish at the lifeless form lying there, waited for the slightest move, listened for the faintest whisper. Oh, God! was I too late?

"Dad," I cried, "Daddy, dear, can't you hear me? Won't you answer me?" I waited, one minute, two minutes, but the only answer to my heartbroken cry was the incessant howling of the wind as it sent its weird call through the night. I was too late.

Rising to my feet, I gently kissed the wrinkled forehead and pulled the gray blanket over the cold body, shutting out death from my eyes.

I turned and walked from the room, stopping in the doorway to gaze once more at the form on the bed. My eyes were attracted by the little white candle on the crude wood table. The last little beam of light flickered uncertainly and then slowly, steadily, faded from sight.

As in a trance I gazed at the little candle, saw its last fight for life. Even it, significant as it was, did not wait for me to go. No, just like time and tide that wait for no man, it faded from sight and let me, as best I might, grope my way through the darkness.

I came to the realization then that I had much to learn.

Mary Alice Morgan.

THE DESERTED VALLEY

I saw in the valley below me down there
A village deserted, desolate, bare;
There wasn't a sign of smoke or din
To show me that people were living within.

My heart beat fast where I stood alone,
But the sun in the sky above me shone,
And I knew that God was watching there too
In a sky all white, and gray, and blue.

Kay Van Valen, '31.

WOODLAND PARK SCHOOL

The members of Grades 7 and 8 at the Woodland Park School have been indulging in Journalism, each member owning and editing her own sheet, a rare privilege in the newspaper field. Here is an item from The Bird News of which Leonora Bayes is the editor: "Mrs. Warbler has come from the South. She will sing a duet with Mr. Humming-Bird at Peach Branch Opera House." Dorothy Rosenfeld has added this item: "Late yesterday afternoon in the Orchard there was a big wedding of the family of Swallows. The Blue Bird was the best man and the Purple Finch the bridesmaid.

Katherine Kettle in Woodland Leaves offers this: "A new idea has been started. Miss Jenny Wren has started a food shop for stray birds. No bird with a home can enter this shop. Welcome stray and hungry birds!" Barbara Warland in Birds' Daily Journal informs us that "Mrs. Duck saw her husband, James Duck, go to the opera with Mrs. Chick A. Dee. She was very angry, so when her husband came home, she pecked him. He was

taken to the hospital where he died from the injuries." Sarah Peck in Birdville News records an unhappy accident. She says: "Mr. Mocking-Bird did a very horrible deed the other day. He tipped the nest of young sparrows over. All the little ones have been found but one. Mother is frantic. Please return him to No. 4, Limb 6, if found."

We congratulate our Junior friends, wishing them good luck and hoping that they will prosper and develop their journalistic talents still further. We shall be glad to give them the publicity of our columns at any time.

BEFORE THE RAIN

At the end of the day, when my work is done,
I see the dark clouds piling 'round
The wind is whistling and gone is the sun,
I hear in the distance the thunder's sound.

Then a long low rumble, a lightning crash
The wind rushes and whips like a lash,
The rain comes down with a steady roar
It beats on the windows and at my door.

Then it lets up a bit and the sky grows clear,
As I listen carefully I can hear
The voices and feet of the people stir,
In tune with the wonderful world.

Kathryn Kettle, (Grade 8).

SANDWICH MAN

The sun shone brightly and, or so it seemed to Conrad Anton, almost cruelly, almost maliciously, on this bright, early winter afternoon. It shone as if to draw attention purposely to his mean status in the world, while at the same time it drew attention to the brilliant, gaudy signs which formed the cross he had to bear, day in and day out. And it was a cross to such a one as Conrad Anton. Not because he had never experienced sorrow, despair and poverty before now, but because he had, in his span of three score, ten and some odd, experienced little else but disappointment. All his hopes and ambitions had been thwarted or had dwindled into nothingness because of his inability to put them into reality. At every turn in the road he was made a victim of circumstances. Had it not been for this stigma of futility, would he have been a sandwich man at present? Would he be wearing these insidious signs which, when he hung them on his tall, thin frame, one in front and one in back, looked like a huge pinafore?

For Conrad Anton was not like other sandwich men. They were poor, stooped, miserable creatures with the pitiful look of starved old age upon their faces. They whimpered rather than talked and instead of walking, dragged themselves along. They seemed to have been born expressly for the purpose of becoming sandwich men in their old age. Anton was different. He was tall, and, despite his numerous years, only slightly stooped. He walked with a steady tread, as he paced aimlessly back and forth along the curb. His head was finely shaped as were his features. He might have been a king, masquerading for a day among his subjects, as a sandwich man. He might have been an ancient war-lord, clad in shining armor, instead of a poor, aristocratic old gentleman in seconds and thirds and a pinafore made of placards. He might have been and should have been anything but what he was.

But on his face was the expression of a man who was beaten by life, and in his eyes there was a helpless, thwarted disparaged look. This was the only bond between Anton and the other sandwich men. They were all baffled, desolate and defeated.

Sandwich man! What intricate chain of circumstances could have led such a man to spend the last years of his life as a walking placard, as a human signboard?

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The Anton family managed fairly well, living on a farm outside a village which was later to become the city of Vancouver. George Anton had come from England some years before to seek fortune and happiness, bringing with him his brave young English wife, Evelyn. They found fortune on their small farm and happiness in their two small sons, Richard and Conrad, who were born several years after the arrival of George and Evelyn in America.

There was five years difference in the ages

of the boys, Richard being the older. Although they were almost alike in appearance, it was apparent that their natures and temperaments were exact opposites. Richard was an intellectual child, quiet and reserved; Conrad was a romancer, emotional and dreamy. Both boys were intelligent and ambitious.

It was in the late sixties, when Conrad was about ten years old, that he had his first meeting with misfortune. Evelyn Anton died. Evelyn—his pretty mother, who had always been ailing ever since he could remember her—left him. The climate had disagreed with her, and in spite of George's pleas and protestations, she had refused to allow him to sell the farm, at least until the boys were older. It was not until the end came suddenly one night, in a fit of coughing, that Conrad, young as he was, realized what his mother had meant to him. Richard accepted her death in a silent way, as he accepted everything, but Conrad's grief was terrible.

When it was over, Conrad settled down to life with his father and brother who loved him enough but who could not understand.

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Misfortune visited the Anton family a second time in the guise of death almost a decade after its first visit.

Richard had gone with his father into town one afternoon to attend to a legal matter concerning the farm. They never reached the lawyer's office. Both were shot and instantly killed in a street fight resulting from an argument between an outfit of cattlemen from the States and the gang of lazy roustabouts lounging outside of the town's main hotel. The gunplay was over in a few seconds, but those few seconds were enough to throw Conrad into Fate's hands.

For Conrad was left alone, standing on the threshold of manhood and life. There were family relations in England, but England was a long, long way from Vancouver in those days. There were his father's friends, any of whom would have been only too glad to have given him a home on one of their farms. But Conrad Anton did not want to become a farmer. He had money, a respectable sum, left to him by his father's will, which, of course, included poor Richard's share, too. He had dreams and ambitions—a business in the town which was growing so rapidly. He was young, had life before him, the business could wait. But for the present he must do something—anything—to lose this intolerable feeling of loneliness and grief which the deaths of his father and brother had brought him.

So Conrad joined a prospecting outfit, one of the many that were reprospecting among the Alaskan gold mines which had been so hastily worked some thirty years before. He took the dreamer's way out of his dilemma; he sought fortune and adventure in God's country—Alaska.

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Conrad Anton was listed among Vancouver's coming young men. He had quite a respectable business of his own, a tiny one, but it was a business and the realization of his ambitions.

"Anton's Tavern" was housed in two large rooms. It was not like the town's other eating places, filled with the stodgy, smoky atmosphere of farmers and miners. It is best described as the first restaurant in Vancouver into which a woman could enter and still be called a lady.

Anton had changed much since he went into the woods to forget misfortune a dozen years before. The years had filled him out, broadened and hardened him into a matured young man—broadened and hardened him not only physically, but mentally. He had found adventure and life up there in the forests and among the mines but he had lost his fortune. Bad claims and unlucky prospecting had eaten his small capital, so he left the camp, returned to Vancouver and went to work. As chance would have it, he accepted the job of "bouncer" and cashier in a saloon. He knew almost nothing of the work but he did know the natures of the men who patronized the place. He knew them, had been one of them, and could handle them easily when they became too boisterous. It was something different

and, above all, it might be a roadway to his ambitions—a business of his own.

Six years Conrad watched and saved. At last he was ready. He began, unsteadily enough at first, in a single small room, doing a third of the work himself. He never forgot that first year when every day seemed to mark the collapse of his pitiful efforts, never forgot those long endless hours of agonizing nights when he laid awake planning and scheming in order to keep the doors open. However, his untiring efforts were rewarded and the next year he moved to larger quarters. His meagre years had not been in vain; the Tavern brought him an excellent income.

Anton's ambitions thus far had been concerned in having a business of his own. This realized, he set his heart on having a home and family.

While the proposition of handling money and men held no difficulties for him, when it came to women and affairs of the heart he was lost. Ellen Shane, the woman of his choice, was younger, much younger than himself. She was a pretty, vivacious brunette—too vivacious, in fact, to be satisfied with anything for long. But to Conrad, who had never known many women, she was the All Perfect. Ellen! Nothing would do but Ellen must marry him.

Ellen was not only attractive; she was shrewd. Anton was very eligible; he had money and Ellen loved pretty things. It was true she had heard that every cent he had was tied up in his business, but did he not draw a large income from it? Large enough for himself and Ellen to live on anyway. And besides, Anton loved her.

Ellen Shane becames Mrs. Conrad Anton.

Their first year and a half of marriage life was perfect. Ellen was in her glory; she spent money as fast as Conrad made it. Conrad was in his glory; he worked twice as hard as before. At first his sturdy bank account had staggered somewhat under the shock of the unexpected attack but it quickly recovered by dint of Conrad's hard work and doubled efforts to keep his Ellen happy.

Only one flaw marred Anton's contentment. Ellen refused to have children. Conrad begged, pleaded, promised her anything and everything but she would not hear of it. So Conrad gave up his dreams of dark-haired, curly-headed children, and lavished the love which would have been theirs on his selfish wife.

Then the thing happened—the thing which broke his heart, broke up his home and ruined him financially. The thing happened which showed him his Ellen as she really was, which shattered his hard won, blissful little world into a thousand fragments.

Fire did it. A few hours of roaring flames and a brisk wind transformed Anton into a beaten man, snatched him back from the verge of success at the prime of his life.

The Tavern ruined, his business gone, Conrad turned to Ellen for solace. But Ellen was not there. She had deserted. She, to whom he had given everything she wanted, whose every whim had been satisfied—she, who had spent his money as fast as he had made it, while he stood by and watched her in fool's adoration, had left him. Conrad had no more money for her; she had no more love for Conrad.

A beaten thing, he turned his back on Vancouver. He hated the place and left it forever.

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Anton sat, calmly, listening to the staccato voice of a ticker. To see him there, in an attitude of indolent repose, one would never have known that he was facing the most crucial hour of his life. For Conrad's fortune was at stake. If the God of Stocks smiled, all well and good. But if misfortune clutched at him and caught him again—?

Conrad had left Vancouver, penniless and broken in heart and spirit. Now, almost a generation later, he was a wealthy resident of San Francisco and owner of Chateau Antoine. His spirit had mended but his heart had not. Instead it had hardened, hardened until it ceased to be a heart at all. Perhaps that was why he had become so famed as a financier.

The years had not only been good to Conrad materially, but they had been kind to him personally. A man well into his fifties, he did not appear to be more than forty-five. His tall, lean straight figure had not gathered an ounce of superfluous weight. His face still had the healthy tan of his youth, which was off-set by the iron gray of his wavy hair. His eyes had a defiant, mirthless twinkle in them —the look of a man who has out-tricked Fate and is gleeful over his triumph. Women were attracted by him but he had no use for them; he ignored them entirely.

Even as Anton never forgot the days of his first struggle to make good with the tavern, those days of twenty-five years later, when he had fought his second struggle to maintain decency and self-respect, were seared into his memory as if branded there. He would never forget how he had wandered blindly, dazedly, into San Francisco, half crazed by his sudden misfortune and hate for Ellen. He had walked for days, up and down the city, trying to escape from his maddening thoughts. It was only when starvation prodded him that he became human once more. He hunted work in the one line of occupation that he knew and found it. He became a waiter in a hotel restaurant.

From proprietor to waiter! But Conrad didn't mind. He was living because there was nothing else to do. Fate had saved him from death years before, when his father and brother had been taken. There must have been some reason for his escape. Conrad was living merely to find that reason.

Eight years as a waiter in the hotel stood him in good stead with the staff and brought him the position of head waiter. Then Conrad began to plan and scheme once more. His ability and clever suggestions quickly earned for him the stewardship and a large salary. As steward, Anton made himself a success. The cuisine of the hotel became popular through his efforts and Conrad won quite a following among the gourmets of the city. He saved a fair capital and, depending solely on his epicurean clientele, embarked on a second venture. Anton was in his element again. Chateau Antoine was one of the city's eating places. Money rolled in. The Chateau grew in size and thrived on popularity. Thoroughly successful, Conrad succumbed to the lure of the stock market. He invested and reinvested. Sometimes he lost—vast amounts, but most often he won.

America entered the War. Anton gave half his fortune and made it back again in the profiteers' paradise, that frenzied period which followed the Armistice.

A few more years and then Conrad found out why he had been saved that terrible day so many years before. Fate had made him her toy. He was the puppet and she pulled the strings. Fate had led him a long way up the hill of Success and had deliberately pushed him down again. And the second time, when he had actually stood upon the heights, she threw him once more into the valley of failure.

As he sat thinking over all these things, the ticker told him. Anton was caught in the pandemonium which caused such sensational revolutions in value everywhere. He suffered from the reaction of his own profiteering. The weeks that followed were harrowing ones and when the melee was over, Anton was a broken, defeated man for the second time in his life.

He sold the Chateau and everything he could lay hands on which would yield money. Even this was inadequate and he just managed to scrape enough together to pay off his debts, saving himself from the added disgrace of prison.

His friends had helped him at first. But Anton's whole business experience had been gained from one occupation and he was lost in any other. He failed everything to which he turned a hand. He was unable to borrow. Times were hard and all of his friends had families to support. He went to the hotel where he once knew fame as a steward—no help there. Waiters were had for a song, and all young men, too. The boys came back from Over There and swamped employment agencies, filled every vacancy. What chances did Conrad have, a man well on the road to old age, against the onslaught of youth?

For Conrad had aged, both in body and spirit. Within a year he had aged to the full extent of his years and beyond them.

Conrad Anton battled against life. This time he was not fighting for dreams, for ambitions, for success. He was fighting to keep body and soul together and his adversary was Futility. Futility triumphed, and slowly Anton started on a downward journey which took him from one wretched status to another, each one a little meaner than the one before, until he finally found his present place in the world as a sandwich man.

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The day was dying. Conrad was glad, for soon the dusk would come and then he would be free. He glanced at a clock in a store window. Five o'clock. He could go now. He could take off these hideous signs and be regarded as a man and not a signboard.

He made his way to the dingy tailor shop, whose advertisements he paraded daily, and left the signs in the doorway. Freed of his cross for a few hours at least, he walked slowly through the streets until he reached the miserable boarding house where he lived in a tiny pitiful hole of a room.

He did not go inside but sat down on the steps. He was a dreamer again. He wasn't going to live in these sordid surroundings much longer. He wasn't going to spend the rest of his life with a signboard on his back. Almost any day he expected to hear from the owner of that Long Island estate, to whom he had applied for the position of caretaker. True, he had written almost two weeks ago, but perhaps even now, while he sat there musing, the letter might be waiting for him inside.

He rose and entered the house with hope in his heart. No, there was no letter for Mr. Conrad Anton.

Another day gone by. Well, perhaps tomorrow would bring the letter, and if not tomorrow, there were more days to follow. Tomorrow . . . .

Vivian Bennis, '31.



1. An Endowment Shampoo

"Stop—I tell you!! This can't go on—you're hurting me—Mary! To think that you—you of all people should be doing this to me. Hold still? How can I? Help! Will no one listen to my screams? Mary! Must this go on forever? My eyes! I'm blinded!! Oh! Forgive you? *Never!* I told you to do this? Ah! Even if I had begged you, I never dreamed anything could be so horrible!—Almost over? Well, I hope so—you're killing me—My God—I dont care what I look like—oh dear!!"

I raised my head—water rushed from my ears, eyes and nose.

Mary Moss had finished washing my hair!!

Helen Crego, '30.

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2. Third Floor Gardner Again

Peggy came running up the stairs breathless, panting, half screaming, "I've got to take it! I tell you I've got to."

She rushed into her room—a crowd followed her trying to dissuade her. She brushed past them—on—on—down the corridor she sped—she entered the little room around the corner.

Outside they waited—eager—anxious.

Some one pleaded, "Peg, it's impossible—I tell you—give up this wild idea!!"

"I want to be alone. I tell you—I will—I will take it!"

Seeing their protests were to no avail, the disappointed, discouraged crowd dispersed.

Suddenly a scream pierced that deadly silence.

"It's coming—it's coming!"

Everyone rushed again to that little room around the corner. There stood Peg! Victory shone out of her eyes and her look was defiant.

"Look," she pointed.

We gasped—Could it be possible? Yes, what we had thought an impossibility was real—real!!

Hot water was bursting forth from that old third floor Gardner tub—and the bath—well—Peg took it.

Helen Crego, '30.

3. Cafe des Enfants

A white-clad figure dips his mop into a bucket, splashes water over the floor, and cleans with the incessant regularity of an automaton. It is early one muddy morning in the "Cafe des Enfants," familiarly known as "Child's." The growing square of clean tiles gleams lustily as the work progresses. Suddenly the doors swing back, a milk man with dirty boots struts blithely across the floor! The white figure turns furious eyes at the vandal, heaves a sigh and starts anew. In a few moments cleanliness once more reigns. The doors swing back, a burly traveler enters and—we fear to say it—once more desecrates the shining tiles. We look sympathetically at the forlorn white figure and begin to philosophize. Does this represent the futility of human endeavors? Do some work and build that others may destroy? But our worker suddenly becomes animated, evidently consumed with a brilliant idea. He is arranging a barricade of chairs around his battlefield. The doors swing back—a daintily-clad girl with sadly soiled arctics enters. She surveys the room and walks carefully around the chairs. Do we hear a gurgle of delight issuing from a white-clad figure? We think so!

Sylvia Goldenson, '30.

4. The Eleventh Commandment

In our modern and sophisticated life a new commandment has been added which to some seems more important than many of the others. The last of these great laws has been given to us by an exacting society that brooks no transgressions. Not in as stirring a manner as Moses gave the original ten laws was the last given, but in far more eloquent ways. The penalty for the offender is social ostracism. The eleventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not ignore bridge etiquette."

The player who glances in his opponent's hand, fusses and fidgets, or speaks out of turn receives direful glances and slurring remarks as his commendation. Then the player, or shall we say the person who attempts to play, who kicks his partner under the table, bids extravagantly or perhaps too timidly, and plays out of turn is shunned completely. Recently the individual who knocks another player's ash tray from the table and wishes to play for lower than a fourth of a cent is frowned upon, too. But the greatest offender and probably the most famed of all is he who trumps his partner's ace. I might go on forever, but of course every well-bred woman and man are acquainted with all these regulations.

The price is great that one must pay for such horrible errors. And so I say beware all you would-be social lights that the last commandment of all does not ruin your career.

Dorothy Camin, '30.

5. Familiar Scenes at Lasell

Bells! Oh, Lord, seven o'clock. With a sigh and a shove of the covers, I turn over. The first thing to greet my eyes is an open window, and to the right of that, a sleeping beauty in the form of my roommate. I jump out of bed and shut the window. What a sight is screened before me—shoes, I forgot to put away the night before, both lying downward, almost under the bed; a box of stationery, upset by the balmy breezes of Auburndale during our peaceful slumber, now crinkling beneath my slipperless feet; and poor Fido, one ear slightly mangled, still sleeping under the warmth of a bedraggled pillow.

Up hard steps (after breakfast) with weary feet and firm intentions of getting to bed at "lights out" instead of eleven o'clock, I find a still unmade bed—though I have stopped believing in elves. After many pats and straightenings of unmanageable covers, I stand over my bed, victorious. Lest anyone should decide that it is entirely too comfortable looking, I manage to place my menagerie over as wide a space as possible. On the place of honor, my pillow, I balance Lulu-the-pup. Lulu deserves this because of the fond memories attached to her dear name. How well I remember the night she lost that ear; and her "missing toe" is attached to one of my finest escapades. I glance about the room and almost decide to dust off the golf sticks propped up in a corner, but my attention is distracted by a scream from my roommate, who is having a hand to hand tussle with a creepy-crawly animal that has established a residence in our clothes closet. To this date, I have not learned whether it was a permanent domicile for his family, or whether it was set up for a few months in order to procure a divorce. We vanquish the foe and await the appearance of the crepe-laden widow. Our burial services are interrupted by the bell for chapel.

Laden with books and longing for rest, we return to our pseudo-home. But no rest for the weary; for there upon our soft, well-made beds, reposing in ease, lie people. I, as a well-bred Lasellite, seat myself upon the radiator below an open window—freezing from the middle up, roasting from the middle down. And what has happened to our meticulously swept floor? In one corner lies Fido, cast aside without any regard for his feelings or health—his poor wire tail pulled all out of shape. And my dearest Lulu is minus another toe! Oh, well, what does it matter now if my stockings are thrown on the chair and my sweater lies, sleeves in, across the bed? It fits in very well with the surrounding scenery.

Nine-forty-five bell—all lights out! Slowly my lavender shaded light goes off. All is quiet; the light goes on but much more shaded with a large green towel. In the softness of the glow, the little wads of gum are hidden, and the bits of paper on the floor seem to become part of the carpet's motif. The room takes on a more homelike aspect and I begin to wax sentimental about it. But then—"ten-thirty, lights out" words spoken in very unmistakeable accents bring me back to the present and work—which must again wait until "tomorrow."

Terry Kovner, '31.

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1. Light Cuts

Light cuts drive me crazy,
Light cuts drive me mad,
When I can't get 'em I'm furious,
When I can, I'm kinda glad.

Light cuts seem so funny,
Light cuts seem so queer,
Funny things to give us
Several times a year.

Light cuts till I'm dizzy,
Worked from almost seven.
Light cuts on this earth—but Gee!
I hope there're none in heaven.

Helen Crego, '30.

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2. Scrub Day

The Scrub-Lady
Makes it steamy and hot
When she plays all day
In grey-white suds.

She tells me not to
Tread upon her floors
Nor smear the suds
She's left.

Gee, but I'd like to be
A Scrub Lady
And play all day
In bubbly suds and wring out the mop with all my might.

I told mother
I'd scrub the floors
For her—'stead of
Going to school.

Said I'd scrub them
Very clean
And forget
The time it took.

But now since
I've been going to school
A hundred years
And more . . .

I guess I'll keep on
Studyin' things
Till it's almost time
To die
but
Some day
When I've learned
All the things you've got to know
I'll take to scrubin' floors.

Edith Fulton, 30.

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3. Nothin's Perfect

I don't like just white lilies,
I'd make 'em blue and rose.
Guess I'll let God make 'em though—
'Cause He knows how they grows.

I don't like whiskered men
I'd make 'em soft and smoove,
Guess I'll let God make 'em though—
'Cause he kin make 'em move.

I don't like little dogs,
I'd make 'em big but kind,
Guess I'll let God make 'em though—
So's they'll have tails behind.

I don't even like myself
I'd make me strong and stout
Guess I'm glad God made me though—
'Cause I might 'a been wrong side out.

Mary Moss, '30.

A LAST THOUGHT

The last farewell has been given, the last lingering smile has faded from your lips. The "sheep's skin" safely in your hand, you slip off the uncomfortable collar and sigh, "Well, it's all over." Perhaps you unroll the parchment and read over the bright, new script. "What does it all mean? Graduation from Lasell Seminary, a Junior College for Young Women."

But is it not a great deal more? Have you not, for perhaps the first two years in your life, come in contact most familiarly with a group of your contemporaries? Lived with them intimately, an intimacy requiring compromise of personal desires; had clashes, no doubt, of personal opinion; felt the most personal grievances and made the most personal friends. This, living, is the major part of the education received; long after the classroom has been forgotten the social "bumps" received will still be vivid. For it is these "bumps" that are given when we first come in communion with a group of humans living together in a comparatively small area; it is here that, from the comfortable shelter of home and family, we learn to "live with people." But the phrase needs another word—"to live with people—*sociably.*" There are some of us no doubt that have been born with a natural gift for self-adjustment, but the general herd of us need training; specific, hard, and often wounding training. There are still others that are taught unconsciously; unknowingly they receive their "social bumps," but even their "thick skin" will change its coat. The first rude shoving of the square peg into the round hole is often called "homesickness," and some of the less courageous give in to the first growing pains. But soon the edges smooth off and we slip easily into the new groove. The process may have been painful, but the result worth it.

We seem to forget that our life here at school is as important as any other life that we may live when we get out. It's "living" just the same as the marriage we may step into, or the career. It is not merely a resting space in which we fold our hands and await the great events to follow. On the contrary, it is one of the chief events, the episodes in which we, to a large extent, shape not only our future occupation but our social selves (the most important selves of us all).

So now on the eve of our graduation when emotion fills our hearts for the Alma Mater, regret of leaving friends, and even with the

bright excitement of actually having "made the grade," let us stop and think. Forget, if need be, all the rest, and ask ourselves this question, "How much—just how much have *I* received?"

INDIVIDUALITY

School routine is a means of standardizing our habits in life. It tends towards uniformity and tries to suppress our individuality so that many of us become victims of the monotony that the deadly machinery places upon us.

Some are absolutely conquered by this monster while others are bigger and can overcome this feeling of being driven under a wave of oppression. These are the people who have will power and strength enough to stand behind their convictions.

Because a certain group of people think one way while you may think another, is no reason why, if you make a suggestion—or even have a thought that is considered radical, you should have to change your ideas and even your very ideals to meet the requirements and standards of those few.

When you do submit to all the rules and routine, you lose interest in doing things for yourself. Your work ceases to become the true expression of *you,* and instead, is just something you are doing because a certain number of hours must be spent on that subject.

Should you be allowed to express yourself in your own way, or should school rules and regulations be allowed to suppress you in their way? This is a question you must decide for yourself.

It is so easy to let yourself fall into a rut and follow along with all the other people who have been conquered by the same rules. Why not be different and strike out on a new path by yourself? Be the first to break the trail. If others want to follow you, that is to your advantage; but do not follow others.

ANTICIPATION

It would be interesting to count up the amount of time we spend in anticipation and then compare it with the actual time we spend doing the anticipated thing. There would be a surprisingly large part of it, I am sure, on the side of the former. For instance, we've all had the anticipated trip to the dentist's or the exam in Latin, or the social affair so very formal. It doesn't help much to suggest spending the time we waste in anticipating a thing in some sort of constructive work because we'd probably not do it. Yet after all, we did find that the tooth didn't hurt so badly, or that the exam wasn't such a Waterloo, or that we have met an old acquaintance at the reception, which made it quite worth while.

Many of us as children grew up on anticipation—we lived it. You remember how you couldn't enjoy your salad because you knew there was ice cream next, and you wished all the week days away waiting for the circus on Saturday. Too often you were disappointed because of your uncontrollable imagination.

It's a bit sad to go through life letting fancy and imagination spoil things when they are such wonderful pals at the right time. Oh to think and do, "I'll not think my pleasures away before they come." And sticking to it we'd find life more interesting. But oh, dear, isn't anticipation half the fun?

WISHES OF SPRING

The spring winds are sweeping, blowing through the trees and over the everlasting hills, while the first young, delicate flowers are pushing their heads through the brown earth to live and to grow. All of the world is pushing, pulsing, stirring up and out towards the light, towards joy and freedom. What a privilege it is to live, grow, breathe, expand, progress. I am sure it is a fond wish of ours to keep on progressing throughout the year, throughout our lives.

The buds of gentleness, fineness, richness that lie within us, I wish that they might un-

fold and blossom into spring flowers of such grace and beauty that their fragrance would be carried to all of the world.

Another wish might be the scattering of all clouds in the sky of life and that the breezes would carry away on wings all unpleasant thoughts and disagreeable ideas that would hinder. Try to make a well proportioned balanced life!

Again how fine it is to know we are living *useful* lives and that we are allowing no part of our beings to grow rusty and old through mere neglect. Oh, that we may polish the silver and gold in our characters,—a divine wish,—and that it will shine so brightly that its luster will be reflected into others' lives.

A LAST WORD

Our year is over, and we, as Seniors, pass on our crown to others. It is indeed strange how the little unpleasant things slip into the background while the bigger, splendid things —events and friendships—stand forth in bright array as unforgettable. However bright may be these words, may they express the gratitude and thanks which we, the Class of 1930, would bestow upon our Alma Mater. These past years have been significant ones, and will prove their worth throughout the years to come. Trials, temptations, discouragements, and sorrows which have been, and always must be, shared with joy and happiness, have but prepared us in a fuller measure for our voyage out on the sea of life.

Marjorie Hubler, '30.

OUR SENIORS

The time draws nearer when we shall part,
Friends held dear in each other's heart.
As out in life you wend your way,
And Fate leads you from day to day—
Live again, let the mind's eye dwell
On memories of our dear Lasell.

Remember Bragdon, the Juniors too,
And the teachers whose homework you had to do.
Think of the chapel, library, hall,
And last, but by far not the least of all—
Senior room with its books galore
With "Seniors only" upon the door.

Miss Potter and her "little Dove,"
And other things we have learned to love.
May your hopes be many and your trials be few,
And success be forever surrounding you.

Kay Van Valen, '31.



The staff for 1929-1930 says its last goodbye and hopes that next year still greater improvements will be made on our school magazine which we feel quite proud to have in circulation.

The cover this month was done by Doris Hatch, '30, and used by kind permission of the *Lamp* Staff, as is also the cut for Miss Potter's picture to whom we feel it indeed a privilege to dedicate this June number. By the way, we wish to congratulate the *Lamp* Staff not only for getting the book out on time and leaving a balance for the endowment fund but also for the very decided improvements they have made. The map of the Lasell Campus executed by our own gifted art editor, Doris Hatch, is well worthy of high praise. Also, the reduction in the size of the various pictures of the houses.

We are pleased to include in our columns this month a few of the literary accomplishments of the members of the Junior School. We trust that they will continue to contribute to the LEAVES.

We would commend especially Vivian Bennis' story and verse by Kathryn Van Valen and Wanda Watson.

We hope everyone will read Terry Kovner's review "The Black Fan" by Mary Boyle-

O'Reilly and then read the book itself. Miss Boyle-O'Reilly is the distinguished daughter of a distinguished father, John Boyle-O'Reilly, the poet and Irish patriot who was condemned "to be hanged by the neck" by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, but because of his youth, had his sentence commuted to twenty years' penal servitude in Australia. He escaped to the United States and here distinguished himself in the field of journalism. Miss Boyle-O'Reilly is a neighbor and some of us have had the extreme honor and privilege of having shared the hospitality of her house this spring.

Our own dear Miss Witherbee has written a beautiful tribute to our White-Dove-in-Chief called "The Lady of Our Love" and it follows the report of the Alumnae meeting because we want all the old girls to be sure to read it. We know where they look first when their LEAVES arrives.

And with the author of the immortal Alice we can say of our work together on the staff this year:

> "Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
> Thus slowly, one by one,
> Its quaint events were hammered out—
> And now the tale is done,
> And home we steer, a merry crew,
> Beneath the setting sun."



The Black Fan

The little stone house sat on the waterfront. It stood proud, seeming to express the knowledge of its own individuality and aloofness; and the black cat in the bay window was also aware of its dignity and sat on its haunches, staring with unblinking eyes upon the intruders. But if the latter were aware at any time of their classification as such, they were instantly disarmed by the cordiality and offered friendship of the hostess. The strength of her personality was obvious even in the physical. A pair of flashing eyes smiled. The soft wrinkles etched finely on her face added to the beauty of contour. She was a woman who had grown old gracefully with an added sense of humor. And then she spoke—Could one describe through the poor medium of words the flash of wit which passed like an electric current upon leaving the brain sparkling and crackling through the light, youthful eyes.

One would need the aid of all seven muses in a true description, music to illustrate the pure rhythm of her thoughts, and painting to clutch the beauty of the changing expression.

Then we gathered around and she started relating her different experiences as war correspondent during our last and greatest conflict. One was of especial interest and it concerned itself with the writing and publishing of her only opus, "The Black Fan." It was written primarily as an essay on peace propaganda, and was of such excellent quality that her publisher insisted upon its being published, but being cognizant of the public's taste in such matters, suggested and even insisted that she include a love interest. Miss Boyle-O'Reilly, having devoted her life to charity and journalism instead of domestication, found some difficulty in complying with his request, and called upon her childhood sweetheart to aid her in the writing of a seventeen-year-old love affair. And with the reluctant aid of her former swain and the excellence of her own brilliant mind, we were presented with this fascinating novel.

It deals with the events preceding the World War in the Court of the Archduke of Austria. We are introduced to the heroine, Carmel Stapleton, a young Irishwoman of noble birth, governess of the two children of the Archduke by his morganatic wife. Her love affair

is of minor interest in the machinations of the Mettle Europa diplomatic world. Throughout we are conscious of the underlying thread of propaganda for peace. And in the climax, when the murder of the Archduke and duchess bring orphanage upon their two innocent children, we are aware of the deadliness of war. It is as fine a novel on that period, and as excellent a treatise on peace, without the mention of it, as can be found in any of the modern war novels.

But then, Miss Boyle-O'Reilly would write something excellent. Her personality permeates the entire book, it is of the unforgettable quality that once tasted is never lost.

Teresa Kovner, '31.



May 12: Faculty Tea. At the invitation of Mrs. Jewett, the faculty drank their tea at her home. Mrs. Jewett thoughtfully provided not only iced tea and hot tea but iced water for those who indulge in nothing stronger. The room was most tastefully decorated with lovely tulips and sweet-peas and we were ever so glad to get away from our institutional life into a home. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Jewett and her mother, Mrs. Coupland, for the very delightful afternoon. It's a splendid innovation for the teachers to meet in each other's homes.

May 13: Field Day. The annual field day was held this afternoon and its beautiful organization was due to the executive skill of Miss Badger, head of the Physical Education Department. Natalie Best, '32, was the heroine of the day. Everyone enjoyed the outdoor supper of hot dogs, bacon, ginger ale, etc.

May 16: Chapel. Mrs. Blanche Martin, our old friend and beloved Expression teacher of years gone by, had charge of our chapel this morning. As usual we enjoyed her still youthful vitality and vigorous spirit.

Glee Club. In the evening under the direction of the Misses Williams and Eichhorn, the Glee Club and Orchestra gave a very fine concert; Natalie Converse, '30, was the leader of the former and Clare Hightower, '30, of the latter.

May 18: Vespers. Dr. Marsh, president of Boston University, was our vespers speaker.

May 20: Tea. A very delightful afternoon was spent by the faculty as the weekly tea was served at the home of Mrs. Goodrich. It was indeed very nice to have once again a nice homey time and to meet Mrs. Goodrich's mother, Mrs. Stanley, who presided over the tea-pot.

May 21: Concert. One of the regular Pupils' Rehearsals of the Music department was held tonight. This year there have been many informal musicales in the drawing room on Friday nights which have been greatly enjoyed by those who have atended.

May 22: Recital. Under the direction of Mrs. Stevens a short but most enjoyable dramatic recital was held for half an hour after dinner tonight. This is a fine innovation and we have promise of more for next year.

May 24: May Fête. This year our May Queen was crowned at night. As usual the Seniors first marched on, taking their place nearest the Crow's Nest, then followed the Juniors, each carrying a lighted Japanese lantern, the rear of the line brought up by the Sophomores, Freshmen and Specials. Last but most certainly not least on the arm of Mary Moss, president of the Senior Class, came Dorothy Young, '30, who had been chosen May Queen. Behind her was Dorothy Peabody, '31, Maid-of-Honor, escorted by Kay Fitch, vice-president of the class of 1930. Then followed all the candidates for May Queen and Maid-of-Honor, each dressed in a different colored gown. They were Marjorie Hubler, Helen Roberts, Edith Fulton, Dorothy Inett, Ruth Tilley, Natalie Best, Olivia Shepherd. The Queen was crowned and each class in turn serenaded her, the Sophomores adding the surprise of a slight indulgence in fireworks.

Under the very able direction of Miss Felker followed a programme of the best dancing that the Lasell Dance Club has put on for a long time, especially so were the solo dance, Moonlight, by Jeanette Gessner, and the last representing the statuary in the Garden at Versailles by Gladys Vuilleumier and Clare Hightower. For dancing the night hour was perfect. Much credit is due to Miss Felker, Mr. Ordway, and the members of the Dance Club who worked hard to give us such a fine evening.

May 25: Vespers. We had the rare privilege of having Rev. James Gordon Gilkey of Springfield as our speaker tonight.

May 26: Faculty Tea. The last faculty tea of the season was held at Mrs. G. M. Winslow's this afternoon. The gay Oriental poppies and the iris so tastefully arranged together bade the teachers warm welcome in the ever-present homey atmosphere of our Principal's home. It being a dull day outside, the open fire added to the cheer that the poppies gave and once again when five o'clock came around it was hard to go.

May 29: River Day. From far and near Lasell girls drove in automobiles to watch the crews race. As always the race was most exciting, this year the honors going to the Junior Crew of which Ruth Tilley was captain.

May 30: Stunt Night. Once in a while the faculty decide to make fools of themselves for the entertainment of the students. Tonight was one of those occasions. We much appreciated the burlesque by the faculty on a gym class. This was followed by a minstrel quartette and last of all was the clever skit got up by Messrs. Ordway and Amesbury as Amos and Andy. Dr. Winslow showed us moving pictures of local events and then the Lasell Amos and Andy auctioned off posters for the benefit of the Senior endowment fund.

June 1: Vespers. Dr. J. K. Browne of Turkey had charge of our service tonight.

June 2: Athletic Banquet. As a general wind-up this year the Athletic Association, whose very efficient president was Priscilla Barber, and who we feel quite sure, was strongly supported by Miss Badger, got up a dinner to which members of the L. A. A. only were invited. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter. From the shouts and singing one can only feel quite positive that a fine time was enjoyed by each and every one who attended.

June 3: Woodland Park School Closing. The Junior School closed officially tonight with a musical recital, a short one act play, and a

reception tendered to the parents and friends of the members of the School.

June 4: Commencement Concert. The annual concert at which a specially selected group of students perform was held tonight. From the performance generally we should say that our music at Lasell is well taken care of.

June 6: Exhibition Day. This is the day on which the Home Economics, Art and Swimming departments shine. This year a swimming pageant was held in the swimming pool. Upstairs the Home Economics department put on a Style Show which was really quite professional. The spectators were enthusiastic about the garments displayed and the efficient way in which the mannequins did their work. One doesn't have to go to Paris to know what the styles are. Just come to Lasell and see what Mrs. Saunders and her assistants can do. Those who climbed to the top of the house were well rewarded for their pains, for this year's was considered the best Art Exhibit in a long time. We congratulate Misses Peterson and McNeil.

June 7: Senior Banquet and Tea Dance. Do you know the place? Well, then, all right but we're not going to be so indiscreet as to tell. The Senior Banquet and Tea Dance were beautifully managed by Janice Whittaker and her committee. Those attending will long remember the very delightful occasion that it was.

Senior Reception. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, assisted by Miss Potter and Mary Moss, received the Seniors, old girls and parents and friends of the members of the Senior class tonight at Woodland Park. Much praise is due to Miss Williams and Miss Seale for the very beautiful floral decorations of lavender rhododendrons and yellow lilies, making the halls and dining room look like veritable bowers. The Misses Callahan and Wellahan are also due our thanks for their efficient handling of the large numbers. This reception is always a most delightful occasion and we are particularly thankful that while theoretically formal it is actually so informal that everyone enjoys going.

June 8: Baccalaureate Sunday. The service was held at four in the afternoon in the Congregational Church. The Invocation was made by Mr. Clarke, pastor of the church, the lessons read by Messrs. Bullock and Wood, ministers of the Methodist and Episcopal churches respectively. The sermon was preached by Dr. Merrill of West Newton and a fuller account of it will be found elsewhere under the title, "Three Streams of Life."

June 9: Class Night. With anxious hearts we watched the skies and were really thankful that the weather was no worse. With the exception of a single shower things went off splendidly. The usual exercises were held, only that they seemed very much shorter than usual. Dorothy Inett's Prophecy for 1930 was one of the best and cleverest that has been given at a Lasell Class Night for a long time. We missed not seeing the objects of the Last Will and Testament but we appreciate them just the same. We especially congratulate the Seniors for their clear enunciation.

Lamp: Wonder of wonders! The 1930 *Lamp* was distributed tonight. Congratulations are due both Helen Crego and Dorothy Inett who made this possible. We also wish to tell them that we think it's a very fine one. The dedication was to Miss Potter.

June 10: Last Chapel. For the twenty-third time the school sang "Be Strong" the very admirable substitute for "God be with you," and one felt that truly the last school day had arrived. A full list of prizes will be found elsewhere.

Graduating Exercises: Rev. Albert Parker Fitch was the splendid speaker of the morning and his brief but pointed and spirited address will be long remembered by all who heard it. It was in keeping with the new day. It is hard to say anything that has not been said before on such an occasion but we believe this time such a thing happened. For a fuller

account please see under the title, "The New Freedom." Dr. Drew, our old friend and neighbor, gave the invocation. Seventy-two students received Dr. Winslow's injunction "to protect her (Lasell's) honor" on this the 75th Commencement Day of Lasell.

Crow's Nest: This was the final exercise and Eleanor McKenny was the farewell speaker.

Luncheon: All the guests of Seniors, old girls and present students attended the luncheon held immediately after the exercises.

Alumnae Meeting: A report of this will be found in the Personals column.

The following students were elected to the various organizations thus:

Leaves Staff: Editor-in-Chief, Kitty Comstock; Associate Editors, Norma Keller, Ruth Jones; Art Editor, Christine Hadsell; Locals, Catherine Smith, Lillian Carl; Short Stories, Betty Dean, Jane Hupman; Athletics, Aline Paull; Poetry, Constance Keene, Doris Lecky; Essays, Dorothy Herring, Elizabeth Bear; Exchanges, Florence Herrup; Business Manager, Dorothy Brown; Assistant Business Managers, Harriet Cole, Karin Eliason.

Student Council: President, Ruth Tilley; Vice-President, Aline Paull.

Athletic Association: President, Mary Tucker.

PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES
June 10, 1930

Field Day Numerals: Awarded to the girls winning eight or more points in the Athletic Meet. (1) Natalie Best, '32, 15 points; (2) Priscilla Barber, '30, 8 points; (3) Caroline Lincoln, '31, 8 points.

Field Day Cup: Won by the Freshman-Sophomore Classes. Presented to Dorothy Herring, President of the Sophomore Class.

Crew Awards: Members of the losing crews receive LCC's; girls in the crews for the second time receive Bars.

Sophomore Crew: Julia Case, Captain; Natalie Best, Anne Baker, Barbara Thompson, Dorothy Trask, Dorothy Herring, Helane Jones, Gertrude Hooper, Betty Richards.

Senior Crew: Katherine Fitch, *Bar*; Priscilla Barber, *Bar*; Marguerite Boyd, *Bar*; Helen Morgan, *Bar*; Helen Roberts, *Bar*; Beatrice Alderman, *Bar*; Emma J. Thompson, *Bar*; Joan Collier.

Junior Green Crew; Esther Hugo, Captain; Harriet Cole, Ruth Gerry, Virginia Hinshaw, Caroline Lincoln, Pearl Thompson, Elizabeth Daun, Marjorie Middleton, Lucienne Blanchard.

Winning Crew: The Junior White Crew won. Members of this crew winning for the second time receive a Bar; those winning for the first time receive L's.

Junior White Crew: Ruth Tilley, Captain, *Bar*; Charlotte Buck, Eleanor Idler, Eileen Hancock, *Bar*; Eleanor Hankey, Elizabeth Bear, Kathleen Comstock, Louise Roberts, Ruth Rohe.

Tennis: Marguerite Boyd, winner of the tennis tournament, receives an "L." Her name is engraved on a cup that remains at the school. An individual statuette is given to her by the Athletic Association. Members of the Tennis Team receive "T's."

Caroline Lincoln, Mary Louise Keating, Marguerite Boyd, Dorothy Kaull, Jane Porter, Marjorie Tillotson, Blanche Ainsworth.

Golf: The winner of the Golf Tournament, Virginia Whitman, receives an individual statuette given by the Golf Club. Her name is also engraved on the school cup.

HOME ECONOMICS CERTIFICATES

Clothing and Foods: Priscilla Barber, Kathryn Chamberlain, Joanna Ruth Collier, Corinne Cowdrey, Eleanor McKenney, Elsie Margaret Moore, Rosalind Marie Roberts, Frances Smith, Ruth Mary Tilley, Helen Sawyer Whittle.

Clothing: Natalie Converse, Juanita Marie Dudley, Eleanor Viola Raymond, Dorothy June Young.

Foods: Sarah Elizabeth Heyer, Helen Elizabeth Neilson.

Secretarial: Marguerite Esther Boyd, Esther Simcox Brodeur, Ruth Doughty, Kathryn Manning Dow, Dorothy Jeanette Kaull, Dorothy Elizabeth Inlett, Harriet Virginia Kimberly, Mary Virginia Moss.

Accounting: Dorothy Virginia Douglass.

Shorthand and Accounting: Helen Elizabeth Crego, Betty Jane Davis, Jeanette Elizabeth

Gessner, Katharine MacLean, Charlotte Carter Sherman.

Shorthand and Typewriting: Betty Condit, Dorothy Louise Dunham, Alma Elizabeth Gale, Libbey Ina Hershon, Phyllis Russell Jensen, Ida Violet Murphy, Virginia Allen Riley, Kathryn Haring Van Valen, Dotha Elizabeth Warner.

Shorthand: Karin Ingeborg Eliason, Ruth Carolyn Ericson, Dorothy Meeker, Emily Eva Mulford, Janice May Whittaker.

Typewriting: Evelyn Naomi Davis, Ruth Violetta Hehner, Louise Ann Houlihan, Pearl Estelle Thompson, Dorothy Isabel Wickham.

Art Certificates: Doris Colatia Hatch, Alyce Lona Martin, Virginia Lee Johnson.

Academic Music: Elinor Ruth Taylor (piano).

Leaves Prizes: Honorable Mention: The following girls will receive one year's subscription to the LEAVES: Teresa Kovner, Norma Keller, Helen Crego, Kathleen Comstock, Doris Hatch; awarded for excellence of workmanship on the Lasell LEAVES Staff, 1929-1930: 1st, Marjorie Hubler; 2nd, Janice Whittaker, Mary Moss.

Marjorie Hubler: We wish to mention especially the very excellent work of Marjorie Hubler as Editor-in-Chief of the LEAVES this year. She has taken the *full* responsibility of publication. Not only has she given a great deal of her own time and energy but she has done a very much more difficult thing; she has been able to get each member of the staff to share the extra work of proof-reading and setting-up of copy which had to be done outside of the regular class sessions. It takes tact and real leadership to do this. The whole work has been accomplished by her so quietly and unobtrusively that few have been aware of the person behind it all or of the great amount of work involved. It is a real pleasure to make this report.

Food Prizes: Honorable Mention: Elizabeth Heyer, 88.1; Rosalind Roberts, 87.1; for one year, Helen Neilson, 88.2; 1st, Corinne Cowdrey, 89.5; 2nd, Helen Whittle, 89.4.

Sewing Prizes: Honorable Mention: Kathryn Chamberlain, 91; Frances Smith, 90.6; 1st, Priscilla Barber, 93; 2nd, Corinne Cowdrey, 92.3.

Coats: Honorable Mention: Priscilla Barber, Ruth Tilley; 1st, Clare Hightower, '30; 2nd, Katherine Fitch, '30; 3rd, Natalie Best, '32.

Scholarship: Honorable Mention: Corinne Cowdrey, 88.703; Mary Moss, 88.542; Sarah Clark, 88.468; Elinor Taylor, 88.422; 1st, Marjorie Hubler, 91.549; 2nd, Alice Bohn, 89.099.

THREE STREAMS OF LIFE

The Baccalaureate sermon at Lasell was preached by the Rev. Boynton Merrill of the Second Congregational Church, West Newton. Dr. Merrill opened his address by saying that he was taking neither subject nor text but wished to speak informally about the possibilities of our lives being made, across the marching days, richer, steadier, stronger.

First of all he emphasized the fact that we each had our own individual lives to live and that we should accept life's privileges and joys as normal men and women with open and eager minds and hearts. Our loved ones may help us, they may even influence to some extent the direction our lives will take but in the end we must catch our own visions, dream our own dreams, face our own defeats and win our own victories.

Again we are gifted with various powers and various capacities which are native and natural to us and which are given so that we may better cope with the dangers and difficulties which we shall often meet in this world. After all the world about us holds forces which will draw out our latent powers if we will but go half-way. That is, humanity is limited solely by its desires and its dreams, nothing else.

Dr. Merrill in closing stressed what to him are the three great streams of life, Nature, Truth and Human Nature. He felt that these streams could cut into our lives and thus reveal what was really within ourselves. For instance, in the world of Nature: to some of us mountains stood as the symbols of strength, security and vision; the sea for eternity and the majesty of God. The wonders of the world without us has power to evoke the wonders of the world within us.

Secondly, we must ever seek to be refreshed

by the stream of Truth, Wisdom and Knowledge. All through life if we are growing beings we shall be questioning the facts of life. The impact of truth against men's minds was greater than the impact of any violently destructive physical force. Let us open our minds to this impact of truth instead of hiding behind our petty conventionalities and fears.

Lastly, the stream of Human Nature. He enjoined us to let life itself touch and sweep us and never to lose touch with fellow human beings. Men and women are greater than flowers or trees or mountains. Let the river of friendship flow in, for great friendships are rare and we must hold on to them when they come our way.

Outward Beauty then, plus Human Wisdom and Human Love are the three great streams of life. They will lift us into strength, sweetness and joy.

"Members of the graduating class: you are closing a door behind you but simply because you are stepping on into a larger room. You are nearer womanhood, with its privileges and responsibilities, than a year ago; you are stronger and wiser and more fit. I suggest this attitude for you as you face life: the attitude of prayer. Not the historical Christian attitude—knees bent, head bowed—but rather the nobler attitude which we find exemplified in the great bronze statue which stands before the Museum of Fine Arts—'The Appeal to the Great Spirit'—head up, eyes lifted, arms outstretched to whatever life and God may send."

THE NEW FREEDOM

Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, D.D., in a delightfully pithy manner spoke pointedly and briefly thus:

"No valuable human beings are either solemn or frivolous. They are merry and serious. I'm not going to tell you, the members of the graduating class, that you're the hope of the world for I don't believe you're going to be. However, you're free. You're free because you're incredibly young, you're pathetically inexperienced, you're unsated and have half-concealed the emotions of youth. What is more, you have the tremendous physical vigor of youth. As yet you have no hopeless habits, good, bad or indifferent; and better still no ineffaceable memories.

"Most of the time our masters are those of fear: fear of what others are going to say, fear of failure. This gives us a very small area of freedom so let us rather have courage as our master and thus have a larger area of freedom.

"All through life we have to choose. Education is supposed to help us train our minds so that we can choose aright. We should base our choices on facts and not on vague impressions, keeping our minds open and keen to enable us to get hold of precise facts. Huxley says: 'that the educated person is he who can do what he ought to do whether he feels like it at the time or not.'

"It is extremely difficult for us to retain facts instead of impressions. It takes real intellectual industry to do so. However, it is important that we do so and thus that we learn to appraise ourselves, that is, to be constructively critical.

"What are the dominant notes of this new freedom? First, every young woman should learn to earn her own living. Economic freedom leads to spiritual and intellectual freedom.

"Secondly, be sure to choose the right man to marry. He will either fulfill or maim your life. Marry a man who is a great one and a poet, a man who is not all the time thinking of how much money he is going to acquire but one who is adventurous, who is not afraid of being called a fool. We need some of God's fools in this world of acquisitive Babbittry.

"Again, my children, you are freer than your mothers and your grandmothers because you are no longer under an external authority, that of husband or father, but you are governed by an internal authority, that of your own inner mind. Remember, that to be free you must be under some authority but let that be yourself. God bless you!"

SEMINARY LIFE: RECOLLECTIONS AND REVIEW AFTER THREE SCORE YEARS AND TWO

It was the year eighteen hundred sixty-eight,
When from Lasell, I was made—a graduate.
'Twas in the beautiful month of June
When birds were singing, and roses in bloom.

We marched through the halls to the chapel in the rear,
Our minds full of learning, our hearts filled with cheer;
Where our friends were in waiting to witness our display,
To do well, or ill, we were all in array.

How well I recall that curious meeting,
Who watched every motion and heard every greeting;
'Tho we spoke with emotion our voices were known,
We felt ourselves guarded, and by no means, alone.

Our teachers we trusted, we loved, we well knew
That their hearts beat in union; that they were true-blue;
In all their stern duties they had proved well their skill
But now we must part from each one with good will.
Oh, those dear, old classrooms: how sacred they seem,
Their memories fill our hearts with sure and gentle gleam.
'Twas there we learned of matter, of mind and art, as well;
And of very many other things; too numerous to tell.

At the room of Prof Moran wherein we learned our French,
To translate, read, and write, was a hope we could not quench;
He taught us not to emphasize, but clearly to pronounce;
That many rules in English, in French, we must renounce.

He once said to me with a tap on my shoulder,
"Some day you shall have a Prelate, to make you bolder."
In this he was mistaken: the Prelate never came;
But some-one-else; and was happy just the same.

Then there was Mr. Wilson who taught music by the way,
To learn to play the piano well; we must not delay.
And gentle Mr. Lummis who taught many a surprise
The wonders of Geology: and to make us very wise
He showed minerals, and specimens, of every kind and size.

Mr. Lummis was very successful in everything he taught
He taught as he believed; sincere, in every thought.
His manner was ever-courteous; his tones were ever sweet
A man of strength and influence; a man you'd like to meet.

And another first-class teacher with eyes, clear and brown,
Always ready to respond, 'tho never with a frown;
That was Louise Treadwell; a wise and able leader
Who fully understood life's rules and practised, like a preacher.

Miss Treadwell understood the mind: just how it ought to work,
She always kept us busy and never let us shirk.
Mental Science, Logic, Literature, and History combined;
She aimed to make us clever, good students and refined.

Miss Ripley was the artist, she taught us how to paint,
To draw, and crayon pictures of sinner or of saint;
At her chosen post of duty she was ever to be found,
And in her daily intercourse, always sane and sound.

There may be some one else I should mention at this time,
But the name of our good Principal must end my simple rime.
Mr. Cushing was a model: a man of dignity and grace;
In every way well-fitted for his important place.

He never was unreasonable: too rank, or too severe,
But conquered with his manly tact quite apart from any fear.
In opinion he was firm and ready on the dot,
To answer "yes," or "no," "you may," or, "you must not."

But this was sixty-two years ago: what of it now, today?
Is it not a bigger, better, more ample place in all and every way?
Has not its growth been steady, its qualities well defined,
Has it not become a veritable boon for ambitious woman-kind?

At Auburndale, Massachusetts stands my own dear Alma Mater
Ready to give good service to the lesser or the greater.
But its choice is fully understood: its measures all made plain;
Ability, Will and Character with plenty of means to sustain.

Adrianna Chandler Bradford, '68.



"If any one thinks the Alumnae is not fine,
They'll have to change their min-d."

The above refrain is stolen from one of 1930's class songs and in view of our most recent Commencement events, this refrain is quite in order for each member of 1930 is now an alumna.

This was a singularly happy year for our former graduates. They returned literally in flocks bringing with them their own class songs and enthusiastic pep, reviving in the hearts of those of us who are still "on guard" no end of delightful recollections of their doings and some merry mis-doings.

The report of the Alumnae meeting will appear elsewhere, but the Personals' editor begs the privilege here and now of expressing our indebtedness to the retiring President of the Alumnae Association, Susan E. Tiffany, '15. Her efficient and gracious administration has repeatedly called forth merited expressions of appreciation from members of the Association. Susan, with all our hearts we thank you!

We feel that a truly worthy successor has been found in the person of our new President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, whose genial personality will prove a delightful connecting link between the earlier and later classes, while en rapport with all that is best and up to date she will not lose sight of those ideals which have made and kept secure Lasell's high standards.

Not because of any clever planning on our part have we kept for this June number of the LEAVES the surprises which follow. As usual, the fair Lasell bride decides on her own wedding day, which accounts for this goodly number of wedding announcements in this issue.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Rich Davis announce the marriage of their daughter, Helen Stratton, '27, to Mr. Roger Conant Lummus on Saturday, May 24. After the first of August Mr. and Mrs. Lummus will be at home to their many friends at 175 Ocean street, Lynn, Mass.

An announcement has been received of the marriage of Doris Margaret Crawford, '20, to Mr. Hayward Edgar Clovis, May 10. Mr. and Mrs. Clovis are now at home at 911 Ann St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

On May 10, Mary Oleson Mann, '27, became the bride of Mr. James Burnside Baird.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Helen Mary Burwell Black, '25, and Mr. George Edward Sprague on Friday, June 27, at Deep River, Conn.

An invitation has also been received to the wedding of Elizabeth Frances Adams, '28, and Mr. George Edwards McGregor Wednesday evening, June 18, at Haverhill, Mass.

The marriage of Dorothy Mae Hopper, '19, to Mr. Cleon McKinley Musser has been announced.

Dr. and Mrs. Woodruff Lyndon Crawford announce the marriage of their sister, Marian Jean Crawford, '22, to Mr. Eugene Miller McColm on Tuesday, December 24, at Singa-

pore, Straits Settlements. Mr. and Mrs. McColm are now at home at Boenoet, Kisaran, Sumatra, East Coast.

On Saturday, June 28, Naomi Margaret Davis, '22, became the bride of Mr. James Diller Jones.

An announcement of the marriage of Mildred Chandler, 1918-1920, to Mr. Oscar Lloyd Johnson on Thursday, May 15, has been received.

The marriage of Evelyn Virginia Suor, '27, and Dr. Thomas Butterworth of Philadelphia, was solemnized April 23, at the Town Club, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Word has been received recently of the marriage of Barbara Foster, 1925-1926, to Lieut. Eugene L. Moseley on August 17th last. Lieut. and Mrs. Moseley are now stationed at Fort San Huston, San Antonio, Texas.

Ruth Griffin MacDonald, '16, and Annie Stronach, '18, with Ruth's sister-in-law dropped in unexpectedly and we learned to our satisfaction that Miss MacDonald is to be one of our new girls for 1930-1931, and will occupy Ruth's old room in Bragdon. The girls brought a picture of Ruth's charming little daughter. We allowed them to depart only after they had promised that wee Patricia would accompany them on their next visit.

Pauline LeClaire, 27, had only a few days release from her duties at Johns Hopkins and sped home at once, making a friendly detour in favor of Lasell for just a few moments' stay here, but long enough to satisfy us that her strenuous duties at the famous Baltimore hospital have not "told" on her health. She gave a good report of other Lasell girls in training with her at the hospital and also had a very kind word for their efficient head dietitian, Phyllis Rowe, '19.

Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Rita Ells, the former director of our art department, who has recently lost her father. Mr. Ells was a citizen of more than local distinction. His sudden death called forth many public expressions of sympathy and esteem.

Betty Smith, '28, was a pre-Commencement guest of her classmate, Lillian Bethel, '28. This dear woman of affairs is doing secretarial work for one of the insurance companies in Keene, N. H. Betty is a fine type of a successful Lasell business woman. Our congratulations.

Ruth Hayden's, '20, call was a business one but we got her attention long enough to learn that Sister Maude, '16, and her family were prospering and later we received a most attractive invitation to the Commencement Recital of Ruth's music pupils.

"Tiny" Adams, '29, during her last evening with us, reported a happy close to her successful year in training as a kindergarten teacher.

Maude Tait, '20, has won an enviable reputation as an aviatrix. On May 30 at a dinner given the visiting pilots in Springfield, Maude was presented with a fine trophy given by J. P. Mueller, national president of the Exchange Club. She was the only girl pilot in the recent New England air tour and was one of the flight leaders. But alas! June 2 she attempted a flight during a severe wind storm, lost control of her glider, the wings of her plane crumpled and she crashed to the ground receiving severe injuries. She is at present in one of the Springfield hospitals. We extend our sympathy to this dear disabled pilot and wish for her a speedy recovery.

Another Massachusetts girl heard from recently is Ruby Blaisdell Carter, 1888-1889, of Chicopee Falls. She and her husband have just returned from a four-months' cruise around the world. While in Peiping, China, they were privileged in being guests of Dr. James Yen, head of the new educational work in China.

Ruth Beckley, 1927-1928, retiring president of the New Haven Lasell Club, sends this newsy letter to our Helen Roberts, '30, recent associate editor of the LEAVES.

"Dear Helen:

"Now for a bit of our New Haven Lasell

Club news. We have had a happy and successful year and I can't tell you how much it has meant to me to meet and know the sweet girls here in New Haven who also love Lasell. During the winter we have given two 'Endowment Fund Bridges,' both of which were very successful. Mrs. Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18, was chairman of the first and Emma Ockert, '26, chairman of the second. On April 26 our annual spring luncheon was given and Dr. Winslow sent Miss Frances Badger of the Faculty who brought us a very interesting message. It gave us a great deal of pleasure to give Miss Badger a check to take back to Dr. Winslow for our portion in the great 'Endowment Fund' drive and we hope that each year we may be able to give as best we can to try to show in a practical way to you all how much 'Lasell Days' meant to us. The luncheon was my last meeting with our New Haven girls for I am going to be married in June. I will feel badly to leave them and certainly intend to join the nearest 'Lasell Group' to my new home. As Miss Potter would say, 'Another little dove is feathering her nest.' Gook luck to you, Helen, and lots of future happiness."

Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, closes her last letter to the Personals Editor with these words: "I wish I had some news to send but just now haven't a bit." And yet her note was filled with just what we wanted most to hear, —references to her own dear self and family. What could be finer than this? "I love Lasell and all connected with it and how our father enjoyed it too! Those were happy days when my family would come up to Lasell and enjoy the spirit of the school along with us. I fear I cannot return for Commencement. Am so busy with this thirteen-months old son. He is a darling and nothing can equal the joy of watching the development of a little child. I suppose I should say nothing and let others talk, but I just can't help it. The last LEAVES were great. I could not go to bed until I had read every word."

Helen Foster, '16, writes: "I was so glad that Miss Witherbee's picture was in the recent number of the LEAVES. I have taken it out and pasted it in my Memory Book. Was also most surprised and saddened to learn of our Miss Packard's passing away. The last time I saw her she was busily and happily engaged in her missionary work. Through the generosity of a friend I received as a Christmas gift the *American Organist* and have been thoroughly enjoying Mr. Dunham's Memoirs. In the last number of the magazine he gives a well-deserved paragraph to Mr. Schwab whose characteristic loyalty to both Mr. and Mrs. Dunham meant much to them, especially during these later years. During the spring of 1929 after my mother passed away, Mildred Ordway Brahana, '16, spent many of her free Saturday afternoons with me to my great comfort. I have been substituting a number of times as organist in our church at home." Helen has refused several attractive offers along professional lines, feeling that her first duty is to her home and father. She hoped to join her class who were holding a reunion this year, but to our disappointment failed to make it. We are grateful for her "good, long letter."

An East Orange Daily contained last month a charming picture of little Nancy Grimm under the title of "New Jersey's official baby." On the motion of a New Jersey Assembly woman, little four-year-old Nancy was named as the New Jersey Assembly's official daughter. Nancy's mother, Marjorie Gifford Grimm, '22, also enclosed a fine program of the dedicatory services of their new Baptist Church of which she and Judge Grimm are most active members. She closes her kind letter with cordial greetings to all her Lasell friends and especially Mrs. Saunders, of whom she writes: "In Mrs. Saunders' transfer to another school, Lasell is losing a most valuable teacher."

It is eighteen years since Jane Parsons, '12, was graduated from Lasell. It seems hard to believe but we take her word for it. We share in part a letter received from her this

month. She writes: "Since I cannot run in and say hello at Commencement time I am taking this means of sending my greetings. I enjoy reading the LEAVES immensely. The picture of Miss Witherbee looked as I remembered her. Auburndale must be lovely now. I wonder if any of our Class of 1912 will report at Commencement time. It would certainly be a joy to see them as well as the teachers and other old girls who might remember me. Mother and I spent the winter in Florida. On my return my sister gave a party at which time my engagement to Mr. William J. Westervelt of Umatilla, Florida, was announced. The wedding is to be in the fall and I am happy with my plans for the future. We are to live at Umatilla which is in the central part of the state, not far from Orlando where Marjorie Risser Blackwell, '12, is living. We met several times last winter and had some good old fashioned talks about Lasell. Marjorie looks well and has an interesting boy, Gordon, about eight years of age. Her address is 815 E. Colonial Drive, Orlando, Florida. It will be delightful to be near my old roommate. If Dr. and Mrs. Winslow or you should ever come to Florida, please be sure to give us the pleasure of entertaining you. Did you know that Marian Keefer Lansing is now Mrs. O. W. Kreutzer. Her address is 294 Central Ave., Orange, N. J., and I hear from her frequently. She seems very happy." Jane closes with greetings to her Lasell friends and Lasell extends most hearty congratulations to Jane and Mr. Westervelt.

Barbara McLellan, '18, to our knowledge is the first Lasell girl to take a public part in our New England Tercentenary celebration. A Boston paper gives a telling picture of the committee who had charge of the Dorchester Day parade. Here appeared our Barbara in a fine colonial costume, escorting a dame of ye olden times.

Members of the Class of 1901 will indeed be saddened to learn of the recent passing of Elizabeth Marie Lum's, '01, dear mother. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to this graduate and her family in this hour of bereavement.

Ruth Thresher Jenks, '14, her husband, and three children spent their Easter vacation in Bermuda. They planned a short stay but the little daughter's illness prolonged their visit. However, to our joyous satisfaction Ruth returned in time to carry out her plan of reporting at Lasell for Commencement. We trust another year Ruth will bring with her some of those fine Rhode Island Lasell graduates who are her near neighbors.

Phyllis Dawson Rowe, '19, and Miss Potter did not meet as usual in Washington at Eastertide, but our Dean declares she was reconciled in part when she received Phyllis' good letter and read: "I have been so proud of the Lasell girls who have been at Johns Hopkins. They have all been most attractive and have done so well. I had to go to New York on business a few days not long ago and it just happened that Norma MacMillan Sisson, 1914-1918, was there visiting her aunt. We had a grand visit and talked of you and Lasell. We sort of thought of going back together in June but I am afraid I will not be able to do so."

From the American Education Press of Columbus, Ohio, our Principal has received the following gratifying notice: "It is a real pleasure to inform you that the material prepared by one of your students has been placed in the preliminary Honor List of the National High School Awards. This means that this contribution is being submitted to the final judges for consideration. The contribution submitted by June Pankhurst of Lasell Seminary has been awarded Preliminary Honors in the National High School Awards, a joint contest sponsored by twelve of the leading magazines of the country. More than 30,000 manuscripts were submitted for the awards, but that represents only a small fraction of the number who took part in the contest, as most schools conducted local contests, submitting only their best manuscripts to the national

judges. Prizes totaling more than $4,000 in cash will be distributed in the twelve sections of the contest, and silver loving cups will be awarded to the schools attended by the winners."

We have on our desk a note stating that Grace Rowe Vail, '05, called at the Seminary recently, but unfortunately we were away and missed a much desired visit with this dear old girl.

Avis Ballou, '24, spent a week-end at Lasell in May. She is very happy in her work, being private secretary to the Personnel Manager of the Narragansett Electric Company of Providence. Avis, you live near by, why not come home oftener?

The School for Dental Hygienists of the Rochester Dental Dispensary sent out a most attractive Commencement invitation. Our Mildred Carey, '26, was a member of the graduating class and this valuable news item came through the courtesy of Mrs. Hooker, one of the invited guests.

Martha Fish, '25, was graduated from the Children's Hospital a year ago. Since graduation, she has been successfully serving the hospital. Her responsibilities have steadily increased until now she is director of one of the units. Her recent call at Lasell furnished an opportunity to hear all about her unusual professional duties. But the delightful finale of all was the announcement of her engagement to Dr. Edgar Milton Holmes, Technology, '26, Harvard Medical, '30. Martha's loyal enthusiasm brought together at Lasell during the Commencement festivities a fine group of her classmates.

Margaret Newman, '28, took time in the midst of one of her busiest days to send this courteous word of Godspeed to the graduating class. To Dr. Winslow she writes: "Just a note to wish the graduating class the best of luck. I surely wish that I might be with them during the next few days but work comes before pleasure. Just now I am enjoying selling furniture to make summer homes more attractive. This is our busy season and we are going at top speed, but it is all pleasure and interesting for me. Remember me to all the good people at Lasell and those who come back to the exercises. If some one should stray off in the direction of Cape Cod, Falmouth in particular, just tell them to stop at the William C. Davis Company and say 'Howdee' to a Lasell girl.

Yours truly,

MARGARET NEWMAN, '28."

Former members of the faculty and old girls will remember pleasantly Miss Eva Chandler, an instructor in our Science Department. June 2 was her wedding day and members of the faculty will join us in extending felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin Schindler who were married in Sante Barbara on Monday, the second of June.

Loretta Krause's, '27, engagement was recently announced at a shower which she was giving to another bride-to-be. In the center of the table was a little white church with bright ribbons streaming from its windows. At a given signal each guest pulled a ribbon and found a dainty gift attached to the streamer. The grand surprise was Loretta's engagement ring. Mr. Howard E. Ayer, her fiance, is a graduate of the Benjamin Franklin University, Washington, D. C.

The fashion editor of *Modern Priscilla* recently wrote to Louise Wemple Lukens, '27: "My dear Mrs. Lukens: It is so very pleasant to be able to tell you that the dress you entered in the *Modern Priscilla* Cotton Picking Contest was awarded one of the prizes. You may well be proud of this as there were quantities of beautiful models from which to choose. Your dress was beautifully made and your choice of pattern and material excellent. I am glad that you were successful in this contest and want to extend my congratulations. Your dress will be kept for display purposes for a time but eventually will be returned to you." To Mrs. Saunders Louise adds this postscript: "No doubt you have heard all about this contest. I made a little blue and white striped pique dress and entered it, so you see

I still keep up my sewing. In fact I have not bought a ready made dress since I married. I think that I can afford more clothes if I make them myself. I would like to come for the Commencement, but cannot. Just thought you might like to see this letter." Lasell is proud of this practical prize winner.

Class Night who should appear on the Lasell campus but our beloved Miss Roxanna Tuttle, former member of the Household Economics Department. Her winter in Florida was evidently a happy one and she is anticipating her summer on Cape Cod. It was a privilege to meet and greet her.

A sad word came to Dr. Winslow lately from Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, announcing the passing away of Madge Hollenbeck Pinney, 1900-1901. For some time she has been in poor health so that her going was not unexpected. Those of us in residence at Lasell a year ago will remember her visit at the school accompanied by her husband and a friend. How well she seemed and such a delightful guest! At the close of her letter, Mrs. Mayne writes: "There were at least twenty Lasell girls at the funeral. They all had learned to love her. Helen Howes Haller, '02, Helen Wallace Brown, 1902-1903, Ethel McKeig Butler, 1911-1912, Ellen Siedentopf Haas, 1894-1896, and the rest of the girls from the Club at Omaha were there. Last fall Madge, Helen Howes Haller, Floss Hayden Lockhart, '02, and myself had two glorious days together. If you remember, we four roomed side by side in Bragdon and always were together at school. We wondered then if we would ever all four be together again. I can't realize she has gone. She was one of my girlhood friends. I induced her to come to Lasell with me and she was always dear and sweet. I am surely better for having known her. It was hard to give her up. I am glad you saw her so lately. She did enjoy her visit with you very much at the old school." In closing, Mrs. Mayne spoke hopefully of the possibilities later of sending her own daughter, Marjorie, to Lasell. We surely hope her good intentions will materialize.

Geraldine Garvey, 1927-1928, is still devoted to her art. A charming musical program is before us announcing a graduating recital by this successful young artist. Lasell's hearty congratulations to Geraldine.

This letter to Mr. Amesbury from Jean Ayr, '29, deserves publication. Jean writes: "This bad penny is turning up again. I just remembered that I owe you some of my hard earned money—my Alumnae dues and Endowment pledge. I haven't received a bill for either but I know my dues and I believe the pledge is five dollars. I am enclosing the two checks in this letter. Enough of business. I'll give you some news. Betty Barker of our class is working at Post's Furniture Store doing advertising for and also working in the store. She enjoys it very much and is planning to be married some time this fall. Mary Korper, '29, is helping her mother run their large home, in that way keeping on with her household science work. As far as I know Marjorie Churchill, '29, is still working in some gift shop in New Rochelle. She announced her engagement during the winter. Barbara Wilson, '29, is doing social service work in her church at home and is far happier than while she was at Normal School. Helen Holt, 1926-1928, who is now Mrs. Clark, has a darling baby boy to whom I play nurse maid every once in a while. Dorothy Jean Robertson, 1928-1929, is going to a business school in Hartford and keeping her mother company. I am doing secretarial work in the Trust Department of a bank. There is quite a little law work with it and I love it. You have no idea how much fun it is for me to take dictation *now*. Perhaps you remember my attempts at school! I am planning to be at school the seventh and eighth of June and I wish I could stay longer but business comes first. Please give my love to Miss Potter, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Winslow, Mrs. Amesbury, yourself and the teachers, and tell them that 'I'll be seein' them soon.'

Respectfully,

Jean B. Ayr, '29."

Among our many callers in May was Dale Whipple Turnbull, '16. The Personals Editor unfortunately was away and missed meeting and hearing, she is sure, some worthwhile news from this dear Vermonter.

A most elegant invitation came to our Principal from Grinnel College. The fair graduate who extended the invitation was Ruth Willard, 1926-1927. Ruth was one of 137 to receive the Bachelor's degree and to her Lasell's hearty congratulations are due.

Madalyn Patten, '27, has finished her course at Johns Hopkins and has accepted a position at the New Haven Hospital. We are not surprised at Madalyn's uninterrupted success and feel quite confident the new position is offering this gifted alumna a fresh field for conquest.

Nellie Wong, 1916-1917, is again heard from. In the "Greater Service News" we read under the title "Savors from China" this item: "During the past month, a most interesting series of lectures has been given in the Home Maker's Forum. If you have not had the opportunity to make a visit here, we hope you will in the near future. Nellie Wong, our little Chinese lecturer, spoke to a large gathering on a recent Thursday evening. She made and discussed American Chop Suey, which she compared with the Chinese way of preparation. In a most interesting and charming costume she greeted her audience. Her recipe book is composed of recipes from the "Only Place in Peiping," the Nellie Wong Tea Shop, Peiping, China.

Irene Stroh's, 1911-1912, cordial note explains itself: "Dear Dr. Winslow: The enclosed check is the Michigan Lasell Club's little 'bit' toward the Lasell Endowment Fund. Our bridge-tea given in April was quite a success considering that it was the first attempt at such form of entertainment. We hope in the future to add to our contributions as all our members are enthusiastic over the plan. I am very sorry not to be back at Lasell for Commencement as I know what a delightful time you are all going to have. My heartiest greetings and best wishes to all."

Miss Martha Ransom, 1877-1881, and Mr. Wagner has returned East from their winter sojourn in California. Miss Ransom is stopping in Williamsport to visit her nieces, Martha Hazelet Crooks and Elizabeth Hazelet Weis. Mr. Wagner is now in residence in his Auburndale home.

Richard Austin Winslow has just been graduated from his father's Alma Mater, Tufts. Because of his exceptionally fine scholarship, he was honored in being chosen to represent his class on Commencement Day. Lasell extends renewed congratulations to this honor student.

Rev. Mabelle Whitney, '03, is enjoying a sabbatical year. Her present address is Mount Desert Ferry, Maine. We regret that she failed to receive the notice of our Commencement program because she was in Boston June 10 and would have gladly joined us.

Vera Bradley Findlay, '11, and her husband came to Massachusetts to attend Mr. Findlay's reunion, but stopped off at Auburndale. Vera is the mother of two sons and a daughter now taller than her mother, but so young in appearance were this old girl and her handsome husband that we suggested they might easily be mistaken for bride and groom off on their honeymoon ,and our graduate laughingly answered, "You are not the first to make that mistake." We were especially pleased to get from Vera such good news of Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12, and her happy family.

Shortly before Commencement we were surprised and delighted to receive a call from Mr. and Mrs. Philip Buehner of Portland, Oregon, parents of Meta Marguerita, '06, and Lillian, 1910-1911. They brought greetings from Meta and Lillian and promised that their daughter-in-law, Myrtle Brix Buehner, '15, would report at Lasell later. That promise was fulfilled when Myrtle appeared with her stalwart son, young Phillip Junior, who was "on East" looking over his future school in New England. On Commencement Day, Myrtle joined her Lasell classmates celebrating their fifteenth anniversary.

Dorothy Messenger Heath, '26, this last

time brought with her her precious little daughter whom we promptly tucked away in a warm corner of our hearts. A day later, we had just been seated in the dining room at Bragdon when down stairs flitted Vera Studley Bailey, '28. Our greeting was "Vera, where is that banner baby?" Back she returned to the car which had just brought herself, her husband and wee Dorothy up North, and seizing the laughing baby at once reported again in the dining room. Two hundred girls shouting "We love you every morning, we love you every night," failed to frighten the wee, curly-headed baby, whose plump, little paddies kept waving a joyous salute to her admirers.

That seemed to be Baby Week at Lasell for straightway appeared Peggy Rix Cole, '26, with her twenty months' old daughter who, entering the Dean's office immediately appropriated "Winkle" and "Lindy," the new dolls. The mother told us that Nancy is very proud of and devoted to her new little brother, Richard Barton Cole, Jr.

Was it not fine that our Sylvia Morgan regained her health in the Southland, came back to us, made good and was graduated with her class. Congratulations, Sue.

The last word from Miss Grace Austin reports a chance meeting with Evelyn Streeter, 1924-1925, formerly of Belmont, who is a secretary at the Unitarian Church in Portland. She also hopes soon to meet Margaret Anderson Gage, 26, whose husband is a professor in the Oregon State University. Miss Austin is still enjoying picturesque Oregon. Her letter was written in April but she writes "It is full summer with us now and oh, so beautiful."

We missed dear Marjorie Magune at Commencement time but this brave little scout is putting up a fine fight and if not able because of illness to complete her course this year, we sincerely hope to count her in next year's class.

Marcia Pinkham, '27, remembered Dr. and Mrs. Winslow at her Commencement time, sending them a most attractive invitation to the graduating exercises of the University of New Hampshire of which she is now a graduate. Lasell takes this opportunity of extending congratulations to this old girl.

It seems to be Children's Day all the year round in our Lasell Alumnae calender. A most loving welcome to these latest arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. U. L. Hinds (Helene Salzenstein, '28) announce the arrival of Janet Lee Hinds on March 23, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Villars (Clarine Booth, 1925-1926) are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth, on May 28.

William Norman Clarke, Jr., has arrived to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Norman Clarke (Catherine Worrall, '28).

We recently received an announcement of the birth of Christopher Weeks, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold N. Weeks (Alice Phillips, '19).

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Flemings (Marjorie Taylor, '28) announce the arrival of Richard Davis Flemings on June 7.

The Class of 1880 were six in number. Two have passed on; one, Lucy Curtis, was unable to come on account of ill health; Amelia Watson Thomas, '80, was in Europe. However, she sent a fine letter, referring to some of the worthwhile personal work and philanthropy which have claimed her time and also sent an unsolicited check to her Alma Mater. Lasell's greetings goes to these absent members of 1880.

THE LASELL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., was held at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, June 10, 1930, at 2:15. The meeting was called to order by our president, Susan Tiffany, '15. She made a touching reference to three of our old girls who had passed away during the year —Lillian M. Packard, '83, Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-1901, and Madge Hollenbeck Pinney, 1900-1901. A silent prayer followed and

at its close the president read a most appropriate and beautiful poem. A word of welcome was extended to the Class of 1930, Charlotte Ridley graciously responding for her class. Dr. Winslow was then called upon and gave a few words of cordial greeting and hopeful prophecy which we were delighted to hear. The Class of 1905, through Miriam Nelson Flanders, presented the school with a check for $175. We were next entertained by a group of lovely songs sung by Charlotte Ridley of the Class of 1930, her mother kindly accompanying her. The real business of the meeting followed. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. The reports of the Caroline Carpenter Fund and the Scholarship Committee were also read and accepted. The report of the Nominating Committee was then in order and upon motion duly made and seconded, it was voted that one ballot be cast by the secretary for the following new officers: President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10; Vice-President, Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05; Secretary, Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19; Treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing, '73; Asst. Treasurer, Louise Furbush Prout, '20; Directors, Edna Thurston Follett, 1903-1907, Frances Badger, '24; Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06.

Then followed greetings from the different classes holding reunions. Miss Potter and Mrs. Peirce were present for their fiftieth reunion. They were each presented with a corsage of yellow roses and white sweet peas and Miss Potter was given $50 in gold from the Lasell Alumnae Association.

Mrs. Peirce gave a very interesting description of the chapel as it used to be in her day, and at the close of her talk read a letter received from Miss Potter soon after they had been graduated, describing her two years' tour through Europe and the Orient. A most unique surprise was introduced at this time when the President presented our Dean with a beautiful cage containing three white doves and one black one. Then followed an explanation on Miss Potter's part as to how she chanced to adopt the "white dove habit." Miss Potter referred to the times when such great scholars as Henry Hudson and Professor Rolfe of Harvard were members of our Lasell faculty. She amusingly referred to the birth of domestic science at Lasell when the distinguished teacher did all the work and the students provided themselves with very small note books and very large spoons, being privileged to sample Miss Parloa's excellent dishes. She also paid fine and deserved tribute to Dr. Bragdon and her beloved teacher, Miss Caroline Carpenter; referred to the girls of these latter days as her unofficial teachers and with feeling thanked Dr. and Mrs. Winslow whose unfailing kindnesses had changed Lasell for her from a school into a home. The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club through Lillian Grant, '20, added a purse of gold as Miss Potter's gift and the Portland, Maine, Club gave a like generous offering. The Class of 1910 through Mildred Goodall Campbell added a check for $100. Several classes had representatives speak for them,—Lillian Grant for 1920; 1895 sent word from the Lasell Club at Omaha, Nebraska; 1887, 1880, 1905, 1910, 1915, 1925 and 1929 all made a very good showing. The Class of 1880 presented Lasell with a check for $50. A motion was duly made and seconded to send greetings to our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon. The vote was unanimous. It was voted to accept an amendment to the By-Laws whereby dues for a life membership can be paid in five payments of $5 each, at successive intervals of six months.

Miss Irwin was then called upon to read a paper written to honor Miss Potter and entitled "The Lady of Our Love."

The meeting adjourned after we had joined in singing "Bound Firm by Bond Unbroken."

Respectfully,

Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, Secretary.

THE LADY OF OUR LOVE

"What shall be done," demanded Ahasuerus of his minister Haman, "to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" And as Haman

said, thus was it done, and so came Mordecai to high honor for the good deeds he had done in the king's defense.

The old story gives us today *our* question, "What shall be done to the lady whom Lasell delighteth to honor?"

"Who is that Lady Fair?"

"Who but our own ever beloved Miss Potter, who shall wear today, as when has she not worn, the royal robes of our praise and honor, and the golden crown of our undying love."

So long has Miss Potter been the rudder, so to speak, of our good old ship Lasell that for most of us here it would be difficult to imagine Lasell without her, but perhaps even more so to fancy her as a slip of a girl, coming as we did, one momentous fall day in the Long Ago to our school on the hill-top, her young head buzzing with a confusion of thoughts, questions, conjectures, anticipations, even fears, perhaps,—strange faces, unfamiliar teachers, lessons, an as yet unknown roommate in whom she would find either comradeship or coldness, of troops of girls among whom were certainly future friends of hers, the familiar home faces which she was so longing to see. Miss Potter remembers it all, and quite as clearly as we do our own feelings and perplexities when we were "new girls."

Fast and firm friends she gathered around her—how could it have been otherwise with dear Miss Potter, along whose pathway thro' life friends have invariably sprung up, as flowers, so the poets tell us, mark the progress thro' the meadows of the Lady Spring. Then she, too, came to *her* Commencement Day and afterwards tript away into the "Great World."

After she had been for some years thus severed from her Alma Mater, Lasell had a rush of wisdom to the head, and invited her genial, clear-headed, able and endearing daughter to return as school mother to the girls—Preceptress, they called her first, and then Dean; but let the title be what it might, she has always been a sort of second mother to the girls intrusted to her, a gracious, sympathetic, understanding friend and mentor, genuinely loving her young charges,—a rare woman for the place. Would you have proof, find it in her many abiding friendships among the girls not alone of this and recent years, but of all the years since she began here her noble and enduring service for her young sisters. Those friendships that stand unshaken the test of time, and of prolonged absence, often necessarily lacking, too, the bond of an exchange of letters, are vital These are tests that in many cases have tried and proved these girl friendships of hers.

Add to this happy endowment of hers, her wisdom, her spirit of fairness, and her strong unfailing sense of personal responsibility to God for her part in the direction of these young lives, and you have the secret of her success with them. Who can estimate the worth of such devoted service? These be serious things, albeit happy ones, too. But this lady of our love is also merry and jocose, with a keen, quick sense of humor and hearty enjoyment of a good joke, a winning smile, a merry laugh, and a social gift that is distinguished among her many graces.

Said Haman, "Let a royal crown be given him." If I were to name the jewels in the crown our dear lady wears, they should be Wisdom, Understanding, Sympathy, Christian Faith, Justice, Patience, Love.

Let this be the last word: The loving heart, the Christian spirit, builds ever for itself a living memorial in those whose lives it touches.

M. P. W.

THE NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB

Dear Mr. Winslow:

The New Haven Club presented me with the enclosed generous check and I am in turn presenting it to you. They would have liked to have made it a larger one, but nevertheless they worked hard and enthusiastically for it, and I am very happy to send it along to you with their best wishes and promises of future support.

The following girls were present: Ruth Beckley, 1927-1928, Marjorie Lowell Weeks,

'23, Margaret Behrens, '28, Margaret Beck, '26, Gertrude Moeller, '26, Anita Hotchkiss Scott, '18, Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell, 14, Helen Kowalewski, '28, Emma Ockert, '26, Hazel Kramer, '26, Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCES BADGER, '24.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

The twenty-second annual luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club was held at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on March 4, 1930, the president, Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901, presiding. On account of illness Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon were not able to be present. We all regretted this exceedingly. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the secretary, Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, who also read a telegram from Dr. Winslow sent in honor of the occasion. Any word directly from the school is always gratefully received.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Miss Packard. We had had her with us at our previous luncheon when she gave us such a delightful talk and when she seemed to be looking and feeling unusually well,—so much so that the news of her going was a surprise. Many messages from many girls were passed about the table during the conversation which took place at the luncheon and we all felt that the affair was most happy.

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Emily Kothe Collins, '00; Vice-President, Mary Hubbard, '20; Secretary, Elizabeth Lum, '01; Treasurer, Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1900-1902.

Those present were: Geraldine Banks Wilkinson, 1920-1921, Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, Lottie Appel Levey, 1890-1893; Marriott Degan MacDonald, 1906-1908; Nell Chase Wood, 1893-1894; Argenta MacDonald Carothers, 1901-1902, Bertha Gray Richards, 1887-1888, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, 1902-1903, Evelyn Hauser Allen, 1912-1913, Amy Kothe Collins, '00, Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1900-1902, Hattie Church Cottle, 1886-1887, Amy Dupont Phillips, '18, Elizabeth Lum, '01, Lela Goodall Thornberg, '08, Isabelle Bowers Church, 1900-1901, Lucy Muth Kinney, 1898-1899, Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, Florence Gifford Fleming, '23, Mary J. Wilson, 1874-1875, Nellie Briggs Sandos, 1895-1895.

ELIZABETH LUM, '01, Secretary.

MRS. MARTIN'S CHAPEL TALK

Speaking with all her old time power, Mrs. Blanche Martin again convinced every last one in her Lasell audience that "some good news is surely coming." Under the inspiration of her splendid message, each girl and teacher was impressed with the truth of her prophecy —"If you give to the world the best you have, the best will come back to you." We are most grateful to our former teacher and wish her Godspeed in her mission of good cheer and uplift.

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